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Aug 3 1918

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

There is a melancholy interest at present in everything connected with the activities of the Demon Rum. We read that in England a movement is on foot to guarantee to him that looks upon the wine when it is red, white or golden that the contents of a bottle shall henceforth correspond with the label. There is to be a "Wine Exchange." Only wines in their natural state will be admitted, and if there is blending it will be permissible only with wines produced in the respective countries: French wines with French vintages only. Wines will then gradually become known by their real names, not imaginary ones. "Probably few people in this country have heard of Argentine, Bessarabian, Caucasian, Chilian, Serbian, Roumanian or Uruguayan wines, much less have tasted them, yet these wines are said to be good quality." In Maine the sturdy, fearless inhabitants are now joyous or bellicose on a fluid extracted from checkerberries. What substitutes may not be eagerly drained within the coming year!

Family Prayers

As the World Wags:

I see that Sir Joseph Maclay wishes that Englishmen should return to the habit of having family prayers. My fellow sociologists have given various reasons for the abandonment of the practice in many families. One of them has pointed out that the household prayers remained the order of the day as long as the family breakfasted together. "Disruption came in with the institution of a bath room in houses." Before that, in England, morning baths were taken in bedrooms, and members of the household went down stairs practically together. When there was a succession of bathers in a room where there was a set tub, the first had finished his breakfast before the last had begun. Thus breakfast became "a series of semi-detached meals." Thus the family circle was broken, and family prayers gradually disappeared.

When I was a boy in a town that had the doubtful honor of being celebrated in verse by J. G. Holland, family prayers were regarded as more important than breakfast. The head of the house read a chapter of the Bible, often stumbling over the names of persons, tribes and towns. He did not believe in expurgated chapters, and sometimes as he read, the women blushed while we boys snickered. In some families each member of the household read a verse in turn. There are fathers who read in a voice that convinced the listeners that the reader had himself written the text and was laying down his own parental laws. There were also fathers oratorical in the prayer that followed the reading. I doubt if in this town today there are many families that unite in reading and prayer.

Charles Lamb argued against pompous grace before meat, "blessing" we used to call it, when if a minister were at table, the host would ask him to "say the blessing," as he would afterwards inquire if he would "have anything from the castor." I confess I mourn the abandonment of family prayers. Our young folks are shamefully ignorant of the Bible; they do not appreciate it as literature; its simple, beautiful, noble English does not enter into their daily speech; they seldom recognize a quotation from the Old or New Testament; they are historically and anthropologically the poorer.

It is true that in the old time the extemporaneous prayer was sometimes grotesque. I remember a solemn guest at my father's house who, when answering an invitation to "lead in prayer," prayed that "those two sons" —my brother and I—"might be like two hemispheres." After we had risen from our knees my father said: "That was a fine prayer, but just what did you mean by wishing that my sons should be like two hemispheres?" "O, nothing particular, Mr. Johnson, but I thought it would please the boys."

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport.

Realism in Literature

Rubert Brooke, exposing the folly of those complaining that the Elizabethan drama is coarse, remarked: "Their wail that its realism is mingled with indecency is more than thrice repeated. True literary realism, they think, is a fearless reproduction of what real living men say when there is a clergyman in the room."

Aug 31 1918

These American composers of music are represented at the Promenade Concerts in London (Aug. 10-Oct. 19): MacDowell with a piano concerto; Henry F. Gilbert of Cambridge with his Comedy Overture on Negro Themes; John A. Carpenter with his "Adventures in a Perambulator," and Charles S. Skilton with Two Indian Dances. There is fortunately for the concert goers of London, no Mrs. William Jay in that city; for music by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Dvorak, Mendelssohn and Mozart will be played.

Mr. Henri Verbrugghen, director of a music school at Sydney, Australia, visited New York and other cities of the United States last winter. Following the example of the count whom Mr. Pickwick met at Mrs. Leo Hunter's, he has written his impressions of a country hastily and partially seen. He attended some concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra. "I was surprised to hear the delicate symphonies of Haydn and Mozart everywhere performed with 60 strings, the result being that the woodwinds were never heard." Mr. Verbrugghen neglects to state that for these symphonies performed by the Boston Symphony orchestra the woodwind instruments were doubled. As his hearing was not sufficiently acute to hear them, and his eyes not sharp enough to see them, it is probably a subject for congratulation that he has not been called to conduct this orchestra, though some have been insistent, loudly proclaiming that as a conductor he is a genius—a Dutch genius.

Reminders of Mortality

It has long been believed by many that the owner's peculiarities, physical and mental, have something to do with the behavior of the watch he carries. A correspondent writes: "I once carried four in three months and all stopped. A watch maker told me that they behaved as watches do when the spring of the balance gets magnetized, though why they should have done so he could not say." A person well versed in electrical matters observing that the wearer of these watches fidgeted, ventured the opinion that this fidgeting perhaps generated a small amount of frictional electricity at high tension, which might at times magnetize the spring.

But why does a watch behave itself with one person and not with another? Not from any magnetic cause, says a watch maker. "Some watches have faults in the escapement which cause a stoppage when in a certain position." Now no two persons move bodily in precisely the same manner. A watch with a faulty escapement might stop with one wearer and go well with another.

The war has largely removed the prejudice against the wrist watch, although some, conservative by nature, are still faithful to vest or trouser pocket with metal chain or leather string. There was a time when the hair of a mother, sister, grandmother or maiden aunt was woven into a watch chain. Curious discoveries about wrist watches have been made in England. We quote from a contributor to the London Daily Chronicle.

"I know an officer on whose wrist no watch will work properly; the same watches, transferred to another soldier's wrist, regain their composure and keep time. In another instance, the same watch will persistently gain on one man's wrist and as persistently lose on another. The obvious suggestion is that some emanation from the wearer's body is responsible; but could this possibly reach the works through double cases, and even if it did, could it have this disturbing effect? The wrist watch that I am wearing now would never keep time for its previous owner, but it serves me faithfully, and I have had nothing whatever done to it."

There are strange stories, beliefs, superstitions about clocks, whether the clock was the one that stopped, never to go again, when the old man died; a cuckoo clock that is prophetic or ironical in some households; the kitchen clock that went with the old-fashioned oven built into the wall; or some French clock inserted firmly in the body of a goddess, demi-goddess, lady at the court of the Grand Monarch leering from respectable New England mantelpieces, a clock for barbaric ornament and not for domestic use. There are men—we sympathize with them—that cannot endure a clock in bedroom or study. The ticking, whether it be slow or fast, is irritating; it recalls a page in the old reading book about each second hastening us to the silent tomb. Thus time is forgotten in the thought of eternity, and to the meditative the battles of Marathon, Waterloo, Gettysburg and the Marne are synchronous.

Sept 1. 1918

By PHILIP HALE

Hollis Street Theatre: First performance in Boston of "A Little Bit Old-Fashioned," a "melodramatic farce" in four acts by Anna Nichols. Produced by Augustus Pitou (Inc.)

John Gordon Smith.....Burr Caruth
Stenographer.....Lillian Harmer
Terry McClellan.....Howard I. Smith
Betty Warrington.....Peggy Cameron
Billy Burrows.....C. A. Winters
Mrs. Langley.....Jessie Shattuck
Mrs. Van Duyser.....Edith Conrad
Mrs. John Gordon Smith.....May Robson
Butler.....J. A. Kiernan
Quinn.....Henry Lester

Mrs. Langley's emerald was stolen. It was the second finest emerald in the world, worth at least $500,000. She felt badly about the loss, and so did Mr. Langley, for a Russian Prince had intrusted it to him for safekeeping. It was all that was left the prince after the riotous scenes in Russia, and he would soon be in New York to claim it. Mrs. Langley could not resist temptation. She wore it, and her women friends were envious.

John Gordon Smith, the famous criminal lawyer and the husband of an old fashioned woman, who had made him, was searching for the thief. In his employ was Mrs. Van Duyser, the detective, who according to the susceptible McClellan was like a rose garden. She was also described as having personality; she was classed with Theda Bara; she was described as a pippin. Smith planned cleverly, as he thought, with had to find the thief at Mrs. Langley's ball. As Mrs. Smith was going into the country, Mrs. Van Duyser was to attend the ball as Mrs. Smith;. but Mrs. Van Duyser did not attend the ball, and Mrs. Smith was there. Strange things happened. The emerald was found.

There are other characters in the play; the butler, who had been recommended to Mrs. Langley by Mrs. Van Duyser; Betty, who was loved by Billy, but Billy, noble fellow, seeing she loved McClellan never told his love, he loved her so. Add a stenographer, who seemed amused by Mr. Smith's callers at the office, and Quinn, who finally took the thieves in charge.

Miss Robson in her familiar farcical manner succeeded where Mr. John Gordon Smith would have failed. It is enough to say that one audience, filling the theatre the first night of the season, laughed uproariously at every line, at every gesture, at every facial twist and contortion. It took the piece frankly as a farce, did not question probability, was amused by Mrs. Smith's behavior at the hall, sympathized with her in the scenes with the detective, rejoiced in her triumph.

Mr. Caruth was appropriately gruff in manner, indifferent in speech, toward his wife until he saw the emerald she had found; then he became uxorious. Miss Conrad did her best to live up to McClellan's glowing description of her. After the third act Miss Robson made a little speech in which she expressed her joy at being again in "dear old Boston." She referred to the Empire Theatre Company and invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the audience.

Sept 2 1918.

In Napier's "History of the Peninsular War" is a remark that must strike the English of today as terribly true: "In the beginning of each war England has to seek in blood the knowledge necessary to ensure success; and, like the fiend's progress towards Eden, her conquering course is through chaos, followed by Death!"

Prussian Courtesy

This story, known to many Americans, has just made its way to England, where it is told as illustrating the characteristic attitude of the Prussian mind toward women. Some years before the war a group of prominent Germans, with their wives, visited the United States. On their return, someone asked how they liked the sleeping cars in America. "We found them comfortable, but our wives didn't like climbing up to the upper berths."

A Prussian teacher of musical composition once introduced us to his second wife in Berlin, after the lesson was over. He was apparently a good-natured fellow, fairly well educated, on the staff of the Vossische Zeitung as a music critic. Mr. Paderewski was at the time studying with him. As the wife left the room Mr. Urban remarked: "Handsome woman, what? She is a good housewife. And I am kind to her. I take her with me to the beer-hall almost always once a week."

"W. C. T."

As the World Wags:

One of the pleasures of life is personal acquaintance with "W. C. T."

Unknown to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, I have also held for that gentleman a certain regard until lately, when, in the words of Detective Twombley, he committed "a jolly little faux pas" in the matter of invitations to an outing, or walking tour, or something of the sort.

"W. C. T.'s" letter this morning is wonderful; he was with Mr. Johnson in spirit, yet the learned sociologist must have gained from that letter some glimpse of the deeper feelings of a fellowman which may be reflected later on in his colossal work, if published.

Although but a member of the "Under Forty Division" of the World Wags Contributors' Club, surely I am at one with those of the club's more mature members who know W. C. T. in believing that the patience and courage with which he has fought a physical handicap will eventually bring him into "the open road" once more.

Boston, Aug. 26. SOUTH STREET.

Pratt, Ri Jon and Angela Cavalli

As the World Wags:

A native of Chelsea and resident there for many years, I have read with much interest your articles on my townsman, the great American traveler, Daniel Pratt.

I confirm Dr. Crockett's diagnosis that Daniel was a "smileless" man. He died in Boston, I think, in 1879.

Some years ago I read in the Herald an account of the finding in a harroom of a battered pewter pitcher presented Gen. Pratt by some of his admirers. It might be a good time to reproduce the article if you have it indexed.

Are we to hear from Mr. Herkimer Johnson on the only Daniel? They must have had much in common.

Tom Ri Jon Elliot I saw much of in the 70's. Unless the weather was too inclement he was accompanied by Mrs. Tom Ri Jon, who wheeled a perambulator, in which was a baby, presumably a young Elliot, and a supply of "volcanoes."

How many of your readers remember Angela Cavalli, a little old woman, probably Italian, who played a wheezy organ in the downtown streets in the 70's? She had a framed certificate, I think, in the French language, certifying to something or other, on which was displayed a bronze medal. She was credited with owning the conventional "block of brick houses."

POWDER HORN HILL.

Don't Waste Paper!

As the World Wags:

Don't waste paper! Why use envelopes? For all ordinary, casual correspondence fold a page twice, or a sheet thrice, and fasten with a drop of gum where a wafer was placed before you were born, or envelopes handled. A few "ladies of importance" (to use Dante's classification) promised to set the fashion—like Mr. J. L. G.—but alas! the "Old 'Un" has no means of knowing if they have kept their word. Let this remind them of it, as they all read you and give a hint to ld genus omne who like to follow such examples and who want to help win the war.

Boston. THE OLD 'UN.

Sept 3. 1918

'HITCHY KOO' IS AT THE COLONIAL

"Hitchy Koo," that jazzy and hilarious vehicle which carries Raymond Hitchcock through an uproarious evening of fun, has come back. Not that "Hitchy" was ever in danger of being down and out—"Not at all! Not at all" as Mrs. Chestnut Hill says so effectively in one of its sheer nonsense scenes. It has just come back; that's all

It arrived at the Colonial Theatre last night and was boisterously welcomed by an audience that filled the house. It is now "Hitchy Koo—1918"—a second edition, revised, improved, brought up to date; lines and lyrics by Glen McDonough, music by Raymond Hubbell, interpolated numbers by Harold Orlob.

The plot, if one ever existed, is gleefully "amputated" by Mr. Hitchcock in the second scene, ably assisted by Eleanor Sinclair and Ray Dooley, and then the many clever singers, dancers and funmakers move from scene to scene all around the map—from the rubber plants of Brooklyn to Babylon and Tokio with changes as sudden and bewildering as the news from Russia—only "Hitchy's" shiftings bring only joy and no tragedy, except when Roy Cummings comes down the aisle offering a play he has written. Hitchcock puts it on right there and to end it kills all the characters in a wild west saloon.

There are life and beauty, fetching music, brilliant costumes, excellent dancing by both girls and boys. The "chorus under 20" makes you believe its title is true, by the lithesomeness, slenderness and youthfulness of its members, while their war-time conservation of cloth by frequently wasting no material on tights from the tops of their low stockings to somewhere above their knees adds convincing evidence.

Description of the scenes is impossible in these days of saving white paper. Their happy wanderings must be seen to be understood. In their varied characters rare entertainment is given by Charles Howard, Earl Benham, Gene Tyne, June Roberts, Florence O'Denishawn, Anne Murray, Edna Lindsey, Lucille Darling, Laura Maverick and Ruth Mitchell.

Among the new songs "How Can You Tell?" composed by Harold Orlob and sung by Miss Tyne and Mr. Benham won particular and deserved success.

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... Mr. Eugene ... the elder, ... in streets of Boston he saw shop windows displaying chocolate drops, Mexican kisses, wafers, Turkish Delight, cocoanut kisses, marshmallows, fudge, gum drops, caramels and other sweet stuff in heaps. Looking into the shop he saw buyers three deep at the counters and young women with fantastical coiffures filling and tying-up boxes. ... slightly smiled bitterly, for that morning at the Porphyry a waiter had brought him a spoonful of granulated sugar wrapped in paper for his coffee.

The Herr Doktor Als Gott

There are some good stories in Lady Jephson's "notes of a Nomad." She was at Mannheim when the war broke out, but many petty annoyances there did not make her forget the courtesy shown by certain German physicians. One of these has since been penalized for his kindness towards persons stranded in Germany. He was the leading doctor of the place, having many patients, and he was not noted for his modesty.

"When the little English church above was opened he was one of the invited. Some one asked him afterwards what he thought of the ceremony. 'Ach!' said he, 'I felt very shy. You see, the bishop preached about the healing waters of Nauheim, and he said, "But we must none of us forget the Great Physician!" Naturally, I felt bashful.'"

Collectors of curious epitaphs may add this one seen by Lady Jephson in the porch of a Gloucestershire church:

Under a Stone
Beneath this Wall
Lie several of the Sandersee.
Further particulars
On the Day of Judgment.
Amen.

Inter-Dependence Day

It appears that the honor of renaming the Fourth of July "Inter-Dependence Day" belongs to Mrs. Victoria Woodhull Martin. She telegraphed the suggestion to the Daily Chronicle of London in July, 1917. Her name means nothing to the younger generation, but some of us remember when Victoria Woodhull and Tennessee Claflin of New York were frowned on, derided, caricatured, abused, as apostles of female suffrage and free love.

Patriotic Catalogues

Even the catalogues of second-hand books may furnish material to the future historians of the war. A catalogue published recently in an English provincial town contains this item:

"Reprisals. Straube's Plan of Berlin, linen, 24 by 24 in., useful for any Member of R. F. C. or R. N. A. S., gratis and post free to any man in above services."

The American Invasion

There is one Englishman that is not sufficiently grateful to the American army. He has written to a London journal deploring the "heavy invasion of American words and phrases—all hideous." He objects particularly to "hike," "rooter," and "in with both feet"—"the sort of thing with which we are threatened."

A more sympathetic and tolerant Englishman observes that the Americans in France are leaving their mark, not only on the Germans but on current speech. "We are all talking of 'the pocket' today, as in the earlier days of flight we talked of air pockets; but this new pocket is straight from the vocabulary of the gold miner. We are picking up Americanisms right and left. The Irishman begins his sentence with 'Sure,' as the Puritan opened his with 'Verily;' but 'Sure,' as now used by our men is a simple affirmative; an Americanism come to the homeland to roost. In a little guide to the origin of war phrases America would have many entries. We hustle, we get a move one. And our airmen do their daily 'Stunts.' 'Push' or offensive, we have adopted, and the inelegant 'cold feet.' Temporary nervousness we called 'getting the wind up.' But the phrase is undergoing modification. A military brother has come with the new term, and in an hour his refined and gifted sister tells you that she is badly 'winded' by a little misadventure.'

Polychromatic Eyes

Does any one read Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels today? We should prefer to look again at Mr. Max Beerbohm's caricature of her and Matthew Arnold. Turn the pages of "Eltham House." On one the eyes of the heroine ... are brown; 40 pages further on there is mention of her "deep ... eyes"; a few pages later the eyes ... of "a bright and delicate blue"; still later in the book she looks on us with her "frank, grey eyes."

'EXPERIENCE' AT MAJESTIC

George V. Hobart's modern morality comedy drama, "Experience," which played for nine weeks at the Shubert Theatre, three weeks at the Boston Opera House and four weeks at the Wilbur Theatre during the season of 1915-16, opened a three weeks' return engagement at the Majestic Theatre yesterday with a special Labor day matinee.

The production, which closed its stay here three seasons ago when far from having exhausted its popularity, is on the same elaborate scale as when first staged.

Spectacular in each of its 10 episodes, "Experience" unfolds the adventures the average youth of today meets when he sets out from his country home to conquer the big city. The character, Youth, is well portrayed by Raymond Van Sickle. In the role of Experience, Duncan Penwarden seems to have found his forte. Flov Murray acts the part of Love in able fashion, while Ebba Andrus is much at home in both the roles of Excitement and Frailty. William Betts of the original cast does justice to the part of Grouch and Guy Collins to Ambition. Frazer Coulter, long a skilful portrayer of such characters, plays Wealth with marked reality. Marie Horne shows skill in the role of Pleasure.

All through the production, the supporting cast is strong, even though several of the players appear in two and three parts. The songs and cabaret music are excellent.

CHARMING JANET ADAIR AT KEITH'S

Janet Adair, in song recitations, assisted at the piano by Miss Adelphi, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that gave unmistakable signs of approval.

Miss Adair adds to the effectiveness of her act by two excellent gowns that she wears becomingly. The comedienne has a delightful personality and excels as a dialectician. Her songs gave especial satisfaction.

A feature is the new act of Hermine Shone and company, in "The Best Seller." This act has the stamp of novelty and there is the refreshing feature of a new idea. The chief characters are introduced from the pages of three books by the Red Cross Girl who importunes the casual male to purchase and thus contribute to the cause. The audience is made acquainted with the roaring giant, the "bad" woman and the passionate lover. The piece is delightful in its burlesques, for there is never a serious moment. Miss Shone played with the art of the true comedienne. The same compliment must be laid at the door of her colleagues. Her associates were Ainsley Lambert, Bessie Mulligan, Regan Houston and John Lee.

Other acts were Dooley and Sales in their hardy perennial, "Will Yer, Jim?"; Lester Sheehan and Pearl Regay, in an episodic dancing act in which Miss Regay excelled in an interpretative sense as well as in fleetness of foot and physical charm; Hallen and Fuller, in an allegorical satire on fame; Stan Stanley and company, who gave pleasure in the dryness of his wit and sallies; Harry and Grace Ellsworth, in an excellent dancing act, and Fern-Bigelow and King, in pantomime and acrobatics.

Sep. 4 1918

Sir Herbert Warren in his introduction to "Good Stories from Oxford and Cambridge," compiled by T. Selby Henrey, has much to say in praise of the "chestnut." No jest, he thinks, is so stale that it is not new to someone. In other words, at least one sucker is born every second. In this anthology there are two stories told by Archbishop Temple that may be new to the younger generation.

Not long after his appointment to the Bishopric of Exeter, he was walking in the main street of that city when he saw an evening journal placard and the newsboys shouting: "Astounding statement by the new Bishop of Exeter." He bought a paper and read: "The new Bishop of Exeter presided this afternoon at the annual meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, and made the astounding statement that he had never been drunk in his life."

At dinner a lady sitting near Temple said: "My aunt was prevented at the last moment from sailing in that ship which foundered last week, would you not, Bishop, call that a most providential interposition?" Temple answered: "Can't tell! Didn't know your aunt."

Mr. Henrey evidently has a high respect for the clergy. Even their most familiar wheezes find a place in his anthology.

Doing His Bit

This legend was attached to a basket of new laid eggs put up for sale in London for France's ...:

Six pullet eggs
Fresh Laid.
A City Man's Willing Effort.

For Statistical Bores

"It is estimated that in 12 months the net result of multiplication from a pair of rabbits will be 240 progeny, and in five years there will be 1,800,000 descendants."

Nobel Prizemen

An Englishman, commenting on Mr. Roosevelt's disposition of the Nobel Peace Prize money awarded to him in 1906, figures that at 5 per cent. compound interest for 12 years the sum now amounts to £14,726. Lord Rayleigh gave his Nobel money to the Cavendish Laboratory; Maeterlinck endowed a French literary prize; Rabindranath Tagore set his aside for educational work in India, while Sir W. R. Cremer, a poor man, gave the whole of the sum he received in 1903 to further the cause of international peace.

Saints and Airmen

The name of St. Michael has been given to a new Roman Catholic guild for airmen as the patron saint of flying men. In the early days of the war the Orthodox Church of Russia nominated the prophet Elijah for that holy and comforting office on account of his justly celebrated ascent to heaven in a chariot of fire. The choir will now sing: "Where, oh Where, is the Good Elijah?" Then there was Enoch, who was "translated"—but how?

At the Club

"I think the Germans should go north of the Vesel."

"Some people pronounce it 'Vail.'"

"Quite so; and some people pronounce Paris 'Paree.'"—London Daily Chronicle.

A Canadian in London longed for a universal language, plus uniform pronounciation after he heard persons "experimenting" with the names of foreign places. "No two men pronounce a name exactly alike. Each adds trimmings of his own. It's bad enough with Englishmen, but when one hears a Frenchman—well, it doesn't sound like school geography at all. Mark Twain says somewhere that foreigners always pronounce better than they spell. Seems to me t'other way about."

A Suit for Airmen

Was Mr. Rudyard Kipling's invention, eight years ago, of an air-inflated suit for airmen, ever put into practical use? If we are not mistaken, he described the suit in a technical journal and drew his own diagrams. A helmet of rubber was inflated on the crown, round the back and over the collarbone. The padding on the shoulders was high enough to cushion off the worst of a wrench sideways. Rolls of rubber were placed under the chin. Mr. Kipling argued that protection about the head and shoulders might make the difference between life and death in a fall from 10 to 50 feet.

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It is a pity that Matthew Arnold did not live to see the war; for he would, then, have blotted out with a hanging head these lines from his "complete works":

Not in sunk Spain's prolonged death agony;
Not in rich England, bent but to make pour
The flood of the world's commerce on her shore;
Not in that madhouse, France, from whence the cry
Afflicts grave heaven with its long, senseless roar;
Not in American vulgarity,
Nor wordy German imbecility
Lies any hope of heroism more.

More than once in his prose and poetry the gifted Matthew was nothing more or less than an uncommon scold.

Yet it was Matthew Arnold who put this sentence into the mouth of his German visitor to England, Arminius, Baron von Thunder-Ten-Tronckh:

"I am a republican. I desire a republic for every country in Europe. I believe no country of Europe is so fitted to be a republic as Germany; I believe her difficulties are from her Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs, and nothing else. I believe she will end by getting rid of these gentry." But this was written in 1871.

Ancient T. D's

When King George visited Wimbledon to see the allotments he showed a royal interest in clay pipes that had been unearthed in quantities. These pipes were thought to be relics of Waterloo days. (A wig-curler was also unearthed.) Some think that they were "plague pipes," for short clays with a small tulip-shaped bowl are often dug up all over England, and the popular belief is that they were smoked as a protection against contagion in the time of the Great Plague, especially by those burying the dead. We read some years ago that Elizabethan pipes were found at Lincoln's Inn during the digging of a sewer. Their bowls were very small nearly on a direct line with their stems.

Boys Born in May

What is the ... of the ... that boys born ... of May are cruel by nature? In Notes and Queries for June, Mr. John T. Page says that he was born in May, and as I look back into the days of my boyhood I am often horrified to recall many acts of cruelty perpetrated by me, and at my instigation, on birds and animals. I seem to have delighted in these acts of cruelty until I was about 12 years old, when they ceased." Mr. Page adds that as a man he is super-sensitive "I cannot now kill a bird or an animal without experiencing most poignant feelings of abhorrence of the act."

Are not nearly all healthy boys destructive and cruel? They were in our little village. One of our favorite amusements was the reckless employment of sling and buckshot. We would lie on the roof of the minister's house on Elm street and plug horses, dogs, farmers in carts or on wood-sledges, just to see them jump. Nor were we then aware that surprise was the chief element of wit. "That's what makes a man laugh so when he sits down on a bent pin." Riddling the windows of a schoolhouse was almost as good sport as tearing off the pickets of Deacon Bodman's fence. Hitting little boys' heads with ice balls, not snow balls, was a favorite winter amusement. It was considered a good joke to kidnap a youngster at night, take him far into the Bridge street graveyard, and then run away from him. Tormenting cats and dogs was common when a small boy was not easily caught. The slingers, the throwers of other missiles and the tormenters of animals were surely not all born in May. Nor were all boys born in May skilled in rude or ingenious torturing.

"Literally"

The author of a leading article on Lord Rhondda was taken to task because he wrote: "He died literally in harness." "It ought to be possible to prevent the confusion of ideas and of words that are not merely different but contrary, opposite, antithetical. A writer who would certainly not write 'black' when he meant 'white,' does, nevertheless, write 'literally' when he means 'figuratively.' And this most patent of blunders remains and flourishes when the excusable, nay even the subtle, are gradually being excluded from our rhetoric."

Has not usage, erroneous though it be, enlarged the meaning of the word? Meanings often change with the years. Take "egregious." It originally meant surpassing, distinguished—one chosen from the herd. An Italian dedicating a love poem, song to a woman writes "alla egregia signora." "Egregious" is now usually connected with words having a bad sense as, "you egregious ass."

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The result of my system of philosophy will be to show that so far from the world being a goddess in petticoats, it is rather the devil in a strait waistcoat.—Coleridge.

Misguided Attentions

As the World Wags:

In Julian Street's delightful sketch of an American's experience with an English valet we have a clear picture of the intolerable nuisance of the valet to a man of any independence. The nuisance becomes more intolerable when you realize what a help a valet of ordinary intelligence might be to one whose fingers are a little rheumatic, whose adipose accumulations interfere with his easy tying of shoes, and whose slightly weakened memory is greatly aided by reminders of committee meetings, engagements and the like. The usual run of them, however, promptly unpack your valise and deliberately proceed to hide everything. Literally, one has to hunt for almost every article of clothing. An artist friend of mine had to go out and purchase not only a shirt, but other articles of clothing, only to discover the next morning his property carefully hidden away in an obscure drawer. I had to wake up my host to help me find a simple nightgown that his idiot had ingeniously hidden. The chambermaid is infinitely better in arranging your things. In one respect, however, she has never been taught by her mistress to properly dispose of the most important adjunct of going to bed. If you have slippers, they are properly placed at the foot of the bed; the pitcher of ice water is within reach and not hung up on a hook in some remote closest where the valet would probably hide it. Your nightgown is placed upon your bed not in the proper way, unbuttoned, face down, with the hinder portion turned up so that, no matter how sleepy you may be, you can dive into it without awakening. Not at all! It is buttoned up, folded carefully and placed face upward on the bed, conveying the hint that you had better repack your case and clear out. Why can't the women have some sense about this necessary article of dress? F. ...
Salem.

A Dish "Strangely Named"

A correspondent of ... was surprised if not ...

S[illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] of 'Lemon Pie' and the [illegible] of [illegible] strangely named delicacies [illegible] to the Canadian Soldier."

So "Lemon pie" is "strangely named?" Is it possible that this dish is unknown to the English housewife? She may well be proud of her damson tart and her gooseberry tart, but lemon pie when it is skilfully made is worthy of being set before King George and his royal spouse.

The English housewife, we read, now uses the phrase "I Butch with so-and-so," instead of saying "Jones is my meat man." In a Cambridgeshire village the butcher sends his boy about for orders. If they warrant it, he kills the sheep. If the customers do not bespeak the whole animal, no one gets anything; the sheep is not killed.

What is the "Primus" stove which every British soldier in the trenches longs to possess?

"Eggs and doings" with the British soldier means eggs and fried chipped potatoes. "Coffee and doings" is coffee and rum.

Peat in Boston

As the World Wags:

There really was a peat industry once here in Boston conducted by a man named Betteley. We used to burn the stuff in an open grate. It made a flameless, glowing fire, like coke, excessively hot, but without blaze, crackle, odor, or any other traditional quality of the literary "fireside." It simply "got there," like George Thacher's bed bug. Still, I would far rather be kept warm all winter by its imperfect technic than frozen to death by an insufficient quantity of coal, or roasted on one side and frozen on the other by wood.

Milton. ABEL SEAMAN.

Kultur in 1773

As the World Wags:

Kultur had just as many contemptible and conceited germ(an)s breeding in it in 1773 as today. In Jest No. 1005 Joe Miller ("Joe Miller's Jests," published in 1789) relates:

"The Bishop of Ermeland lost a great portion of his revenues, in consequence of the occupation of part of Poland by the King of Prussia. Soon after this event, in the year 1773, he waited on his majesty at Potsdam; when the king asked him if he could, after what had happened, still have any friendship for him? "Sire," said the prelate, "I shall never forget my duty as a good subject, to my sovereign." "I am," replied the king, "still your very good friend, and likewise presume much on your friendship toward me, for, should St. Peter refuse my entrance into Paradise, I hope you will have the goodness to hide me under your mantle and take me along with you." "Sire," returned the bishop, "that will, I fear, scarcely be possible, your majesty has cut it too short to admit of my carrying any contraband goods beneath it."

Norwood. W. W. EVERETT.

Sept. 7 1918

The Pall Mall Gazette of Aug. 5 published a remarkable article, remarkable because the author, Mr. Bernard Gilbert, proclaimed loudly that baseball is "the king of games"; that cricket, football, boxing and horse racing "fall before it." And this from an Englishman!

Mr. Gilbert is also a blasphemer. "Cricket, as its lovers admit, is cousin to fishing, most enjoyable to see on a hot day upon a grassy bank, when leisurely attention is given for a few seconds every five minutes; the pastime of the idler. Ninety-five per cent. of the time at cricket is wasted over lost balls, waiting for the bowler, crossing between overs, waiting for the next batsman and delay whilst the ball is being retrieved. * * * Both cricket and football are doomed. Baseball is alive. * * * The fielders dance about in sheer excitement all the time."

There is a vivid description of the scene when bases are full; the batter is "getting ready to strike at his third ball"—"and the fielders are yelling to the pitcher to send them the ball, for heaven's sake, and the umpire is watching everybody at once, and spectators are screaming at the top of their voices—then even a stolid Englishman grips his seat with both hands and shouts with the best. It is as exciting as roulette, prize-fighting, looping-the-loop, and a burning hotel, and it lasts, without a pause, for two hours."

Mr. Gilbert explains the game at length. "It's just rounders with a cricket ball, and the 'striker' has a bat like a policeman's truncheon, but twice as long. * * * The ball isn't thrown at a runner, as in rounders, but towards one of the fielders who stands by a base. * * * The 'pitcher' standing 60 feet away, pelts the ball any way he likes, and, of course, it takes a lot of hitting, especially as only forward strokes count. * * * The fielding is amazing! I don't know how to describe it. Of course, the ball is seldom hit very far, and it is heavier than a cricket ball, and the fielders are always within throwing distance of the bases, but they take your breath away. * * * Our cricket players must blush and tremble to [illegible]."

The [illegible] Marathon [illegible]. They [illegible] athletes and acrobats in their absurd baggy breeches and peaked caps. They would run a footballer to death. The striker stands beside the home plate (let into the ground) and the ball must pass over that, between the striker's shoulders and knee. The target is probably the same size as at cricket, but it's a full toss. The striker only gets a fair hit now and then, which also is not surprising as there are no restrictions on delivery, and he only has a sort of broomstick in his hand. The catcher stands closer than most wicket keepers, and is twice as quick, and is padded and masked with a fencer's helmet, and as for the umpire—he bears a charmed life. They all must suffer from palpitation of the heart."

Mr. Gilbert's enthusiasm hits the sky with his closing paragraph:

"I am going as often as I can. I've been bitten. I understand now why Americans think war dull and uninteresting. They are used to baseball."

When Mr. Gilbert and King George attended the baseball game, the Daily Chronicle, commenting on the fact that it was the first occasion on which a British sovereign had taken part in an Independence day celebration, remarked that George III. might consistently have let off fireworks on the Fourth, for he said to John Adams, "the first minister of the United States accredited to him": "Sir, I will be very frank with you. I was the last to consent to the separation, but, the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power."

How is this? Thomas Pinckney of South Carolina was the United States minister appointed to Great Britain under Washington in 1792. When did George III make the quoted statement to John Adams? The Chronicle's statement is misleading in one respect. Adams, it is true, represented this country in France and England, but not as minister of the United States.

Unconscious Humor

We spoke recently of the polychromatic eyes of the heroine in one of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels. A correspondent reminds us that Miss Marie Corelli, in her "Treasure of Heaven," describes some one as "bringing home eight Highland bull heifers from pasture." Miss Stevens, in "The Veil," makes the full moon rise and set in less than three hours. Even Jane Austen commits queer slips in "Emma." Emma had no brother, but Knightly is represented suddenly as her brother.

[illegible] .8.1918

Little or nothing has been said in the American newspapers about the death of Paul Cinquevalli, the surprising juggler. He died at his home, Mostyn road, Brixton, on July 14. Born at Lissa, Poland, in 1859, the son of a miller, he was taken to Berlin; the family moved for political reasons. When he was 13 years old he ran away from home, purposing to be a gymnast. He joined an acrobat, one Cinquevalli, and took his name. Becoming proficient and conspicuous, he earned the nickname, "The Little Devil."

His first appearance as a gymnast was at Odessa, where he performed on the high wire and the trapeze. He toured the continent, but at Petrograd, then St. Petersburg, he met with an accident. An assistant had neglected to wipe a bar. There was no net. Swinging from one trapeze to another, "The Little Devil" (so he was billed) slipped and fell. His disabled wrist and other injuries kept him in a hospital for 10 months. The wrist was permanently disabled. His career as an acrobat was over. He became a juggler.

When he came on the stage in Russia for the first time as a juggler, there was dead silence. "It was as though I had received a blow in the face," he recorded. "I stood petrified. Then from the orchestra arose the gentle, impressive strains of the Russian Thanksgiving Hymn, and the great audience fell on its knees in prayer, in gratitude that one who had served them so faithfully had been snatched from death."

He had known exciting moments. Performing on a trapeze from a ballon, he was carried out to sea. Once a roof fell in, and when he fell on a woman, she was killed. As a juggler before the Shah of Persia at the Crystal Palace, he happened to carry an assistant at a false balance. Unwilling to drop him, he strained himself so that he retired from the stage for some time, and at last underwent a surgical operation.

It is said that Cinquevalli, humorous, apparently simple in performance, would spend years on the perfection of a trick. He worked for eight years on the famous feat with a couple of billiard balls, a wine glass, and a billiard cue. At least two hours a day were spent in practice. Before the performance of a trick he would practice diligently sometimes eight hours the day before.

He first appeared in London, at Covent Garden, which was then a circus, in December 1885. He then determined to make England his home. His last appearance [illegible] New Brighton in June 1914, but he made a year's tour in Australia afterwards as his last series of engagements. When was he last in Boston?

Mr. E. V. Lucas, an indefatigable and agreeable writer, has stated that a friend said unto him: "The odd thing about Cinquevalli is that he always makes me cry." Mr. Lucas then quoted William Blake. "A tear is an intellectual thing."

How Hazlitt, who watched with admiration Indian jugglers performing in London and wrote about them with his own peculiar gusto would have revelled in the performance of M. Paul Cinquevalli, whose death was, fortunately, sudden. Renowned in his profession, honored and beloved by all that knew him, he knew no lingering years of poverty, neglect, obscurity and pain.

The Stage Year Book of 1918, recently published in London, contains a review by St. Clair Bayfield of the American stage from November, 1916, to November, 1917. Mr. Bayfield names the comedy "Turn to the Right," the greatest financial success of that season. "The story is chronicled in that 'up state' comedy style which has always been so popular." Praising the acting of Miss Ruth Chester, Mr. Bayfield epigrammatically says: "The characters are true, but the pathos is threadbare." The play is supposed to have produced over $350,000 in royalties.

To Mr. Bayfield's mind "A Successful Calamity" was the season's best play in polite comedy vein.

By a slip of Mr. Bayfield's pen we read the praise of "John Barrymore as Col. Ibbetson"; while Lionel Barrymore is mentioned as Peter. Mr. Bayfield cannot account for the failure of Bataille's strong play "The Torches." "The Wanderer" attracted chiefly by "scenery, dresses, stage mounting, and a picture of oriental sensuality and voluptuousness."

"It is remarkable that at the present time there is, in the United States, no recognized successor to those who in times past have stood as the exponents of Shakesperian and other first-class drama. . . . At present there is no star or company backed by large funds capable of doing repertory, including Shakespeare, with an organized band of players, and backed by a sufficient capital to mount such plays adequately." Mr. Bayfield courteously adds: "This may be partly owing to a conclusion that everything is too much awry to allow the theatre to do anything but 'get by' until the conclusion of the war."

"Some of the best plays of the year were 'The Gods of the Mountains,' 'The New Word' and 'The Old Lady Shows Her Medals'; 'Bushido,' an adaptation from a Japanese play, and 'The Rider of Dreams.' "

We are sorry to find Mr. Bayfield of the opinion that Mrs. Fiske's acting the part of George Sand "added to the many laurels she has obtained upon the American stage."

Notes About the Drama, Music, Stage Folks and Musicians

The Pall Mall Gazette said that Arnold Bennett's new play, "The Title" (The Royalty, London, July 20), as a play, is very hollow and trivial. "Indeed, it practically ends with the first act, and is prolonged only by recourse to some very old farcical dodges." The Gazette admits that it is brightly written, ingenious, with brisk and frank satire on the bestowal of honors; with "shrewd digs at the government, coming somewhat strangely from a government official." The Times: "Plenty of unpretentious fun, not too recondite, about honors, lists, governments, newspaper-owning families, schoolboys, modern girls, matrimony and other not unfamiliar topics. The overworked word 'camouflage' is not disdained." The vivacity of Aubrey Smith and Eva Moore "achieves the miracle of rejuvenating a superannuated theme."

"The Purple Mask," adapted by Charles Latour from Armont's and Manoussi's "Le Chevalier au Masque" (the Lyric, London, July 10), is another "Scarlet Pimpernel"—"clever, brisk, picturesque, full of ingenious device and hairbreadth escape." After each adventure the hero leaves his signature and motto, "I take what I will!" behind him. Chateaubriand is introduced, but not eating the steak that bears his name.

The Marquis Chi Lung is the hero of "The Chinese Puzzle," by Marian Bower and Leon M. Lion (the New Theatre, London, July 11). The critic of the Times was fascinated by his prose style. "He cannot call a pen a pen: it is 'your barbarian writing instrument.' He scatters apothegms and apologues as other men scatter cigarette ash. 'Silence is of the gods; only monkeys chatter'—this from so sesquipedalian a prosaist is delicious. His contempt for the fair sex is unmeasured. 'The tongue of a woman is but three inches long, yet it may slay a man six feet high.' So when women attempt to talk to him he turns his back and refers them to his secretary." His only passion is gratitude to the man who has saved the tombs of his ancestors. On this gratitude the play hangs. "The Chinese Puzzle" was produced at Liverpool, July 1.

The plays of J. M. Barrie are to be published in a uniform edition, at 3s. 6d. a volume, by Hodder & Stoughton, London, the first on the list being "What Every Woman [illegible]. This is to be followed immediately by "The Admirable Crichton," "Quality Street" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals."

A committee is being formed among the many friends of the late Sir Herbert Tree with the idea of erecting a bronze gilt tablet to his memory on the wall of His Majesty's, at the corner of Charles street and the Haymarket. Any one desiring to join in the memorial is requested to send a subscription to the Hon. Sir Charles Russell, Bart., secretary of the Tree Memorial Committee, Garrick Club, Garrick street, W.C. 2. A model of the memorial, designed by his lifelong friend, Mr. W. H. Romaine-Walker, can be seen at the latter's offices, 6 Old Bond street, W. The department of woods and forests has given permission for the erection of the memorial, and Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard, the lessees of His Majesty's, have agreed to preserve it and keep it in order. Mr. Asquith has consented to unveil the memorial. It might he suggested that an additional and appropriate memorial to Sir Herbert could be secured by calling the Academy of Dramatic Art (founded by him in 1904) the Herbert Tree Academy of Dramatic Art.—The Stage.

A perfect copy of an exceedingly scarce morality play, "A New Enterlude, Called Thersytes," consisting of 17 leaves quarto, printed in Lombard street, circa 1550, has been sold in London at auction for £210.

"The Freedom of the Seas," a new play by Walter Hackett, was produced at the Haymarket, London, on Aug. 1. The Times: "Mr. Hackett, wily old theatrical hand that he is, prefers the orthodox stage method of marked contrasts to fine shades, or anything like a real 'psychology' (blessed word); his simpleton thus starts as a sheer idiot who could never, in fact, have metamorphosed himself into a man. Why will not our playwrights give their public credit for appreciating delicate nuances? Novelists do it freely, and, we believe, sell none the worse." It is a drama of villains sending wireless code messages to U-boats and being outwitted by Dennis Eadie as a sub-lieutenant. "Also there are the humors of limp shipwrecked travelers, bo'suns, Irish stewards, and other maritime delights, but the real fun is the skipper. He is always roaring for more grog save when he is quoting from the 'Good Book' (which reveals many hitherto unsuspected texts in support of grog) or (after burying three wives) betraying a heart still soft for the fair."

Cyril Maude, returning to England—he left in 1916—had traveled over 35,000 miles. He told a reporter that most of the time—in the United States and Australia—he had played Grumpy (125 times altogether now), "staving off possible delirium from acting the same part too often, by acting Eccles in 'Caste' as well, and General John Regan, and the screen scene from 'The School for Scandal.'" Mr. Maude is now twice a grandfather. His American son-in-law is in the American army.

"L'Experience du Docteur Lorde," played at the Grand Guignol, Paris, tells of a scientist that attempts to prove the existence of the soul by killing a murderer and transferring his spirit to a student betrothed to the daughter of a rival professor. The daughter is then lured to a laboratory by the young student, who, possessed by the murderer's spirit, slays her.

Quinson's little subterranean theatre in Paris, L'Abri, is said to combine safety, novelty and elegance. A long broad staircase leads to a large cellar, which was once a cafe-chantant.

Here is the story of "Le Petit Sac" at the Varieties, Paris: "Georgette Chervais, a fashionable woman, decides from snobbery to have an affair with Julian de Chateau-Fronsac, but insists that he should first meet her husband. They form such a liking for each other that Julian does all in his power to evade Georgette until she declares that her husband thinks him harmless, which makes Julian furious. But Chervais artfully evades the crisis, and even marries Julian to his wife's sister, while the wife, whose jealousy has been aroused, returns to her husband repentant of the fault she did not commit."

Le Sage's "Turcadet," with its adventures of a shady financier and other swindlers and their victims, has been revived after many years at the Comedie Francaise, Paris.

On July 19 "Le Coque d'or" ("The Golden Cockerel") was performed at Drury Lane in English and strictly as an opera, as Rimsky-Korsakoff intended. The Pall Mall Gazette said that the story thus moved "with more ease, although the imagination was not stimulated in the manner of which Karsavina had the secret." Sylvia Nelis took the difficult coloratura part. "Her ear seemed to have a curious antipathy to the interval of the augmented second, which is so prominent in Oriental music, for, as often as not, she Europeanized the scale, especially in the cadenzas." The Daily Telegraph: "It may be, sheer fantasy though the opera is—of its underlying significance which led to its being banned by the Russian censor we know nothing—that the com-

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... parts ... allow ... the facial ... to ... of the artists ... low ... annoyed by ... genius of Berlioz, is now director

... along the lines of com... in France.

... Saturday's column it was noted ... new edition has recently been ... of Beethoven, with a preface in ... the reader is told that in the su... distress of the war, so criminally ... on the German people, ... appears as 'a consoling spirit': ... of Lichnowsky!" Mr. W. Elkin ... "May I point out that ... author's apostrophe is perhaps ... appropriate than even he realized? ... Beethoven's friends and admir... was a certain prince who not only ... him frequently but made ... an annual allowance, and this ... was Prince Lichnowsky. No ... the late German ambassador is a ... direct descendant '—London Daily Telegraph.

Vladimir de Pachmann, now over 70 years old, will give recitals in England this fall.

Messrs. Augener have published a ... pamphlet on the Variant Readings ... Beethoven's Sonatas, in which J. S. Shedlock shows his invariable erudition, and once again proves himself a scholar ... with pedantry. While taking ... as his chief authority, Mr. Shedlock has carefully examined editions too numerous to mention. His pamphlet is far more interesting than one would expect of such a work; and, though an 'apparatus criticus' is not ... suspects) much desired ... of the average pianist, this one should be studied at least, by all those who aspire to the concert platform."

Gertrude Elliott will begin her season in London early this month in "Eyes of Youth."

The Diaghileff Russian ballet has been performing at the London Coliseum.

Eugene Walter's melodrama "The Knife" has passed its 150th performance in London.

The ... memorial tablet, which ... be affixed to the wall of His Majesty's Theatre in London bears this inscription: "This Theatre Was Founded ... by Herbert Tree, Actor and ... Him until His Death, 1917."

Julian Tomlin, the music critic, and ... is dead. For some time editor of ... he wrote later for L'Eventment and Comoedia.

Gopsall Hall in Leicestershire, England, owned by Earl Howe, has been sold. The mansion was built at a cost of £100,000 by Charles Jennens, known ... as "Solyman the Magnificent." He was friend of Handel, ... texts for him, and at Gopsall portions of "The Messiah," if ... all of it, were written. The original ... was a treasure of the house. When Jennens died, unmarried in 1773, he bequeathed to Lord Aylesford the ... of his music and the organ on which Handel played when he was a guest at Gopsall.

Let no one be foolish enough to sneer at our "... " and the like, whether made at home or in America ... nearly every Tommy wearied ... which was always ... contemptible little ... The was the inevitable penalty of ... huge popularity. At the ... its equivalent in favor with the ... American army is a song called "Over There"—a tune of which the rigid ... disarms criticism. But it ... has helped to make it ... and publisher's fortunes. The ... probably is that really good ... tunes—like other tunes, for that matter—are born, and not made. The best of Sousa's have a rhythmic impulse and swing that are hard to beat. But in this country now many, in the last two decades, have approached, say, "Sol... in the Park," for downright ... fulness and lilt? There are some of us, too, who easily recall to this day the clevery strains of "Tommy Atkins" (interpolated, was it not, into "A Gaiety Girl"?) and "Soldiers of the Queen." Cannot one of our "frivolous" composers oblige at the present day with something equally taking in the ... London Daily Telegraph.

A Londoner's View of Realism in Music

In the last line of a certain song—"It was only the voice of a bird"—a singer lately made on the final word three successive trills which do not appear in the ... and there were those who smiled. If they smiled at that, why do they or should they not at the cuckoo whose actual call is heard in Beethoven's "Scene at the brook," or at the nightingale's "evensong" in Handel's L'Allegro? And is there not something presumptuous in rejecting such a device when we know from Lucretius that "the act of imitating the liquid notes of birds was far earlier than the art of linking smooth verse to song"?

There are, if we except Mozart, few ... them schemes for local color. Palestrina sent the voice ... for "... endit in coelo," and down for "sepultus est." Purcell's "For look how high the heaven is in comparison with the earth" combines both motions; and once, in his anxiety to be appropriate, he even misses the point, when he sets "They that go down to the sea in ships" to two descending octaves—as if the words had been "go down at sea!" Handel makes the sun stand still upon Gibeon on a high A, and Brahms bases the stability of the faith on a low D. By Schutz the stone is "rolled away" from the sepulchre on a series of melodic curves. Bach would go off into an orgy of chromatic intervals at a word like "sin" or "deceit," or of involved figuration at "wander" or "confuse"; and with this the question merges itself in the deeper one of the power of tones in general to express the sense of words, with which we are not now concerned.

In these instances and thousands of others there is a progress from literal to allusive, from fact to idea. As long as the imitation of external sounds by music is confined to allusion and stops short of statement it does not break the flow of the thought. When Wagner's heroes enter to fanfares, when his dragon moves lumberingly on low muttered notes, or his flames leap to bright points fanned by the wind of intermittent crescendos, we feel that there has been no imitation, only suggestion. But the guillotine in the Symphonie Fantastique, like the executioner in Salome, pulls us up short with gruesomely realistic sounds. It is as if our boat suddenly grounded on a shallow. The bleating of sheep that breaks in upon Don Quixote's dreams of chivalry is as incongruous as a cat marching down the aisle tail in air during the Psalms. And it is meant to be so, because, overdone and unmusical as the bleating is, the incongruity of a bemused hero and a misunderstanding world is the very thing to be expressed. Again, the brass band in "Cockaigne," the kitchen implements in Vaughan Williams's "Wasps," and the mouth organ in his symphony are the very stuff out of which the music is to be made.

Poetry has an interesting analogue to this imitation of external sounds in music. The "music" of verse is too subtle a thing to imprison in a definition, but it includes such suggestions as the fretful -s's followed by the smooth liquids in "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well," and the hollow vowels of "Toad, that under cold stone . . ." A subtle use of this devise makes it sometimes state facts, sometimes hint at feeling. Thus, in "First Murderer.—Safe in a ditch he bides with twenty trenched gashes on his head" we hear the reiterated and monotonous blows in the alliteration and assonance of "twenty trenched:" and in "Macbeth.—Here lay Duncan, his silver skin laced with his golden blood," the level antithesis with its balanced euphony contradicts the broken sense of the words, and by that contradiction hints at the turmoil in the speaker's mind. The monotony there and the smoothness here are both external to the sense of the words, and are both woven into it for a purpose; and this is much what music does when it calls in the monotonous hum of a spinning wheel to accentuate Margaret's dull despair, or falsifies the Walhalla motive to hint at what Wotan has forfeited by his huckstering spirit.

To return now to our original questions. As to Lucretius, art is most itself when artists are most themselves; it, in the morning of the world, they were closer than we are to nature, they were right to domesticate the skylark's unpremeditated lays, though we cannot. Beethoven has led us so naturally out through the woods and streams that we hear the cuckoo as an integral part of the landscape. In Handel's time singers sang like nightingales, and there was nothing startling in a soprano pretending to be one. Mr. Landon Ronald might have, but has not, written a bravura song; so that when the last word was trilled there was a musical pun which neither composer nor singer intended. —London Times, June 22.

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That terrible Hun called the boche,
Simply thirsted for "Rheims" and its cloches;
But the French on the ... ,
Threw him back with a jerk,
And his pain now is real, thanks to Foch!
—London Daily Chronicle.

In Italy

As the World Wags:

If it please you to know that your winged words are giving aid and comfort to those in the war zone, you will be interested in the opening paragraph of a letter from a Cambridge man now in Italy with the Y. M. C. A. He writes:

ZONA DI GUERRA, June 3, 1918.

Dear M.:

Somewhere there's a letter from you which I should answer if I remembered any questions in it. One's things get scattered a bit. What I do remember very distinctly is the story about Ypres which made a great hit here. I also remember the stuff about Cape Cod and found one man here who appreciated that, too. I'm dashing this answer off rapidly because there's a nearly full moon, there is sure to be an air raid presently and then the lights will go out, when no man can write. Last night was the first one since Sunday (this is Friday, I think) that I spent in bed. That doesn't mean I haven't slept in all that ... unremitting ... last Saturday ... and we have transferred ... for the time to the front, where we ... cigarettes into the mouths of the wounded and get the most genuine gratitude you can imagine. . . The surgeons like them, too, and smoke them while they carve. I've seen some unpleasant sights and heard unpleasant sounds and smelled unpleasant smells, but one is so busy and every one so cheerful and patient that one doesn't mind."

The air raid came and cut short the letter, which was hastily concluded next morning.

The Ypres story" was the hic-cough story which appeared in your column some time ago. M. U. L.

West Medway.

Anecdote for the Day

Thirty years or more ago Mr. Swift MacNeill, a courteous member of Parliament, was frequently portrayed in Punch as the link between a man and a gorilla. One day he met the caricaturist in the lobby of the House of Commons and publicly remonstrated. The caricaturist afterwards wrote to Mr. John Burns asking him if he had not seen Mr. MacNeill spit on him. Mr. Burns made this reply:

"Dear ———. I am sorry to say I did not see Mr. Swift MacNeil spit upon you."

To Butch

We spoke of the English phrase: "I butch with So-and-so," meaning "I buy my meat from So-and-so." A London journal was shocked by this phrase. The verb "to butch" is still in dialect use, but only with the meanings "to cut up, hack" and "to follow the trade of a butcher." There are paragraphs on the subject in Notes and Queries for July, with an allusion to "butching" as a verbal substantive and a quotation from Burns's "Death and Dr. Hornbook."

A Russian in Chicago

Old Mr. Auger told at the Porphyry last week of a Russian now in Chicago who is worth between $600,000,000 and $750,000,000. One or two hearers ... coarsely Mr Auger was not ... certed. This visitor, he said, is a ... ant. He cannot speak polite Russian, and has been advised not to learn it, lest he lose force and terseness in speech. His only study has been psychology, which has helped him in his business. He is fond of music and discusses it shrewdly. In Chicago he is conferring with the McCormicks. Where did the venerable Auger hear this story? How did this Russian peasant Croesus obtain his wealth? What is more to the point, how has he kept it from Lenine et al.? Did Mr. Auger mean 600,000,000 rubles? No, he repeated "dollars" with emphasis. The Emperor, of Germany said by Rudolf Martin, an expert in calculating fortunes, to be the richest man in his empire, has only 400,000,000 marks; the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz is worth 350,000,000 marks; Mrs. Krupp comes next with 320,000,000; the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, fourth, with 270,000,000 marks.

Brooke's "Doggerel"

Mr. E. Marsh in his memoir of Rupert Brooke, included in the recent edition of the collected poems, says that Brooke wrote much light verse. There is a delightful couplet written on "an unfortunate town-bred friend who arrived late on a wet night at a camp where all the beds were occupied, and didn't rise to the occasion:

In the late evening he was out of place,
And utterly irrelevant at dawn."

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A ruler who appoints any man to an office, when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it, sins against God and against the State.—The Koran.

A "Boss Poit"

The Chronicle, which is not sold on vulgar newsstands and has for its subscribers only "our best people," publishes in the "September edition" a poem in very free verse by Mr. Benjamin de Casseres. There is this editorial preface: "Unleashing his imagination, Benjamin de Casseres, certainly the most original of the American poets, turns to that haunted figure of history—the German Emperor." We quote one of the 11 lines:

"His prayers ooze out of his mouth like curdled milk and slobber the bib of his conceit."

Truly Mr. Casseres is original. Artemus Ward's characterization of Shakespeare may well be applied to Casseres: "Not one of these common poits, like that young idyit who writes verses to our daughter, about the Roses as growses, and the Breezes and blowses—but a "Boss Poit."

Even the Horses Laughed

As the World Wags:

I wonder why honest-to-gosh, real country farmers always laugh at the ... at the ... a ... that even in farm work ... ter, ... farmer ... mules and go to raising the ...

I read that editorial to ... team of ... as he was ... a 10-cent piece of ice (for 25 ...), and they laughed. Then I read it to the iceman, and he laughed, too. Now, was it pride or prejudice, or merely their bucolic incredulity, that caused such a lack of appreciation of an enlightening and perspicacious city farmer outgiving?

Brookline. W. C. T.

"Tories of Boston"

To go back to The Chronicle of the "September Edition." It contains a violent editorial article with the above title. The writer taunts us "with the license of ink." It appears that German Kultur has made "deeper inroads" in the emotional fabric of eastern Massachusetts than in any other section, and slight traces of this influence are revealed, especially on the part of a few arrogant oligarchs, who control various social and financial destinies." Listen to this: "German music and German intellectuality were warmly received in the mental purlieus of Boston and Cambridge which were one of the main objectives of the enemy intriguants. The Bostonians were an easy prey for the symphonies of the morose Muck and the teachings of the specious Muensterberg and the austere Francke * * * Obstinate, proud and complacent, the people of the Boston vicinity were slow to realize the peril of their trust."

"Mental purlieus" is a good phrase. We are ready to maintain it with our sword, but whatever were the failings, crimes, sins of Dr. Muck, he was certainly not "morose." Nor did he compose symphonies. In this respect he was as blameless as the Ethiopians who were visited by the ancient gods. He conducted French and Scandinavian symphonic works, and even American symphonies appeared on his programs. Nor could Kuno Francke properly be called "austere," even if he could not see the outrageous, inhuman conduct of Germany.

Yet there is hope for us in our little village. To use the inspired language of The Chronicle, "the young blood of Boston asserts itself against the senile dupes of Kultur and after all, Berlin has not a monopoly of junkers. They flourish like a few baneful weeds in every garden of democracy." And now some impertinent person may ask how The Chronicle can endure the thought of Mr. Bodansky conducting at the Metropolitan Opera House and Mr. Stransky conducting the Philharmonic Society.

"Only Too" for "Very"

As the World Wags.

To the word "literally" of which you recently copied from the London Daily Chronicle an adverse criticism as being often "grotesquely misused" for the word "figuratively," I wish to add the expression "only too" as being often grotesquely misused for the word "very," as in the sentence, "They are only too ready to do."

OLDSCHOOL.

Brookline.

It Is Allowed

As the World Wags:

We always say "if the worst comes to the worst." Should not the phrase be "if the worse comes to the worst"?

MIRIAM LOWELL.

Winchester.

"If the worst comes to the worst," meaning if the worst happens, is allowed by leading Dictionaries.—Ed.

SONG BIRD REVUE A KEITH FEATURE

Entire Bill Wins Very Liberal Applause

Joseph E. Howard and his Song Bird Revue is the headline feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience which applauded warmly.

The piece is episodic—the four scenes are distinct in themselves, and have their place only as a setting for the compositions of Mr. Howard. There is plenty of color, and the act is not without its spectacular interest. Boston has from time to time witnessed many convincing rain storm scenes on the local stage, but the shower of last evening, with the startling lightning bolt that aroused the audience, was ingenious and nicely contrived and the rain poured down in torrents.

The outstanding feature of the act was the singing of Mr. Howard and Ethelyn Clark—the former ... pleasant memories in songs of his composition that had their ... decade ago, and the latter ...

... of stag ... choice bits from everyday ..., ... decidedly entertaining feature of the bill. Miss Ju...t is not the ... mimic. Her subjects cover a wider range than do many of her contemporaries on the vaudeville stage, and she has a penchant for picking those that make the task the harder.

Other acts on the bill were Cooper and Ricardo, in songs and chatter; Mme. Violet Besson and company, in a patriotic sketch; Lynn Cowan, excellent in songs of the syncopated style; Madam ...

...urnell, in an electrical act; the Gal... ...ini sisters, instrumentalists, and ...nk Hartley, juggler, by far the best ...t of its kind seen here this season.

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... hot day we saw the elder Golightly at the Porphyry Club pouring maple syrup into a tall glass of iced tea. That night at dinner he sweetened his little cup of coffee in the same manner. Thus did he go back to old times. Morris Steinert, in his entertaining "Reminiscences," describing his life at Thomasville, Ga., in 1857, speaks of granulated sugar as unknown in those days. "The beverage called coffee, which was indistinctly related to that product, was sweetened with brown sugar or molasses." We remember a picture in Harper's Magazine years ago in which a hostess is shown pouring molasses or syrup into the tea cups of the visiting minister, who tries to moderate the pouring, while she, all smiles, tells him that nothing can be too sweet for him. And so when Tom Corwin was entertained by a genteel person who inquired what "condiments" he would take in his tea, he replied: "Pepper and salt, if you please; no mustard." We have related this anecdote at least once in this column, but it will bear repetition, for the genteel person is still with us, "retiring," but not going to bed, and saying "proven" when the word is "proved."

As beer will soon be an expensive and rare beverage, we may all become hardened tea drinkers. John Leech drew a picture of sailors carousing, one whiskered tar complaining that Jack had brewed the tea too strong, at a time when there was talk of stopping grog in the Royal navy. If we all must come to tea in clubs and in metamorphosed bar rooms, will there be discussion over the proper pronunciation of the word itself? Last spring Mr. Justice Darling in the divisional court, ruling that tea is not a food within the food hoarding order of 1917, quoted Pope's lines:

> Here thou, great Anna! Whom three realms obey,
> Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

This is said by learned men to show the correct pronunciation of the Chinese word for the herb "Teh," seen in the French "thé" (with an acute accent on the "e") and the German "thee." But is not "te" Chinese dialect, and "ch'a" the Chinese word? We are not laying down any law; we are merely asking questions.

Edward Young, a contemporary of Pope, rhymed "tea" with "thee." Pepys wrote the word "tee" and "tea," while an Englishman in 1615 referred, in a letter to the East India Company, to the China drink "Chaw." An advertisement in the Mercurius Politicus (1658) may throw light. "That excellent, and by all physicians approved, China drink called by the Chineans Tcha, by other nations Tay, alias Tee, is sold at the Sultaness Head Cophee House, in Sweeting's Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London." Beer has this advantage, among many others, over tea: There is no dispute over the pronunciation of the word.

Must "food" be something eaten as distinguished from something drunk? Justice Darling said that no one invited a friend to eat tea leaves. (There is an old story that when tea was first brought to England a housewife cooked the leaves and served them as she would have served spinach.) No one invites a friend to drink soup or to eat cocoa-essence, yet the two are classed as food by having a food value. The argument of dietetic sharps is more plausible: Tea contains no nourishment, therefore it is not a food. In many houses "afternoon tea" is practically a meal; muffins, hot buttered toast, jam, marmalade accompany the drink to the detriment of the stomach expectant of dinner or supper. Fanny Kemble first knew "afternoon tea" at Belvoir Castle in 1842. The ladies took it surreptitiously in the boudoir.

The aunt of Mamie Chariton in Mr. Leonard Merrick's pleasant novel "One Man's View," appeared to H. Eriot as a woman that might make "ghastly antimacassars for horse-hair armchairs." Furthermore "she wore jet earrings and poured her tea into the saucer." Was not the saucer originally intended to bear the liquid to the mouth? The cup was the reservoir. In our little village many God-fearing men and women not only ... from the saucer but cooled ... tea by ...g on it. A dish of tea.

Good ... beyond recall! All up for the simple life! We love to think of old Auger, the Golightlys, father and son, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, Mr Lucien B. Henderson, Mr. Marcellus Graves, Mr. Percy Beauregard and others at the Porphyry cooling trimming saucers, or calling impatiently for hot water to mitigate the strength, while the smeared syrup pitcher stands on the table.

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When tea drives out beer, there will, of course, be adulterations and substitutions. We do not refer to catnip tea, camomile tea, or Greeley tea, the innocuous but horrid decoction given to us children while grown-ups poisoned their systems with tea that had been steeped by standing on the stove until it was as strong as lye, as strong as the gossip that was quickened by the drink. We spoke of Fanny Kemble drinking surreptitiously at Belvoir Castle in the boudoir. Now "boudoir" literally means a sulking place.

Someone at Verdun, years before the Huns vainly attempted to pass, imitated Chinese tea by heating the leaves of the hornbeam in an earthen vessel, placed in the midst of boiling water, till they acquired a brown hue, light or deep at will. They were then scented by putting them in a box with the root of the Florence iris, powdered, for several days.

Lime tea is recommended by Mrs. George Cran, F. R. H. S., in the Country World. The dried blooms of lime trees are made into tea in the same way and same proportions as the ordinary tea. Serve with lemon and sugar. The drink is said to be "stimulating and sedative."

Another finds that an infusion of dried blackthorn and red raspberry leaves tastes like the tea of China. Or one might sip the tisanes of France, infusions of blue borage, orange flower, mint, dandelion, marjoram, hyssop, sage, rosemary, stinging nettle, dried cherry stalks.

Hardened tea-drinkers in clubs, barrooms, parlors, restaurants, should revive an old English custom as described by Mr. Thomas Ratcliffe of Workshop in Notes and Queries: "Sixty years ago it was customary at most tea drinkings to turn the teacup as a sign that the drinker had finished. Another sign was to place the teaspoon on the right side of the empty cup in the saucer to signify that more was wanted, and on the left side to show that the drinker had finished. these two signs being used at private or social 'hen' parties—that is, at drinkings in cottage houses." And so in German beer houses if a student left the cover of his mug raised, it was a sign he wished more beer; but if any beer was within the mug fellow-students piled their mugs in order upon it and the careless one paid for as many fresh mugs as stood on his.

William Cobbett's violent attacks on the tea kettle are well known to readers of his "Advice to Young Men." Let us listen to the saintly Wesley, the Rev. John. We quote him from his Journal, Sunday, July 6, 1746: "After talking largely with both the men and women leaders, we agreed it would prevent great expense as well of health as of time and of money, if the poorer people of our society could be persuaded to leave off drinking of tea. We resolved ourselves to begin and set the example. I expected some difficulty in breaking off a custom of six-and-twenty years' standing and, accordingly, the three first days my head ached, more or less all day long, and I was half asleep from morning to night. The third day, on Wednesday, in the afternoon, my memory failed almost entirely. In the evening I sought my remedy in prayer. On Thursday morning my headache was gone. my memory was as strong as ever; and I have found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in several respects, from that very day to this."

Prolific Bunny

As the World Wags:

The fact that the statement printed yesterday concerning the prolificacy of rabbits was anonymous moved me to investigate its truth. My inquisition brought me to the conclusion that either the mortality rate of the animals investigated was remarkably high, or the rabbits were Welsh. I can conceive of no other reason for such a deviation from the natural course of events; and courageously daring to be called a "statistical bore," I bring you my figures to explain my attitude:

At the end of the first year the two original rabbits have given to the world 240 offspring. Very well, we have 121 pairs of rabbits to start the second season. At the rate of 240 progeny per annum, the close of the season shows us 3,513,840 new bunnies, which, added to the previous capital, starts us on the third season with 1,771,561 pairs. The offspring this year totals 425,174,640 individuals, or 212,587,320 pairs, and with their ancestors give us 214,358,320 pairs to start the last lap. At the same rate of 240 a year, the close of the fifth season sees us with no less than 51,446,131,440 rodents on our hands! What shall we feed them?

I shall await breathlessly the explanation of "Anon" how he could account for only 1,800,000 bunnies. SATYROS.

Wollaston.

Applied Emerson

As the World Wags:

The preserving maiden may well say, with Emerson,

> When duty whispers low. Thou must!
> The youth replies, I can!

Ipswich. THE OLD 'UN.

Sept 13 1918

We are informed by a trustworthy correspondent that the Canadian soldiers, when they wish boiled or poached eggs at the Hut buffet, ask for cackleberries.

The luxury tax committee of England thinks that a patriot should not spend on a hat, duty free, more than \$4.50. This is another blow to the topper, silker, plug, stove pipe. The committee has raised the "necessity line" for women purchasing a hat to \$8.50.

The World War

"Eh, but this war is a big 'un," said the West London tram car philosopher expansively. "The whole world is full of war and fighting and munition making for war—in every place from A to Z—from 'Ammersmith to Zeebrugge."—London Daily Chronicle.

John Adams, Minister

As the World Wags:

If John Adams was not the first minister from the United States to England, not only the "Daily Chronicle" but Senator Hoar was in error. In his address made at the delivery of the manuscript of Bradford's history "Of Plymouth Plantation" into the hands of Gov. Wolcott, May 26, 1897, he said: " * * * Mr. Bayard has sought to represent to the mother country, not so much the diplomacy as the good-will of the American people. If, in this anybody be tempted to judge him severely, let us remember what his great predecessor, John Adams, the first minister at the same court, representing more than any other man, embodying more than any other man, the spirit of Massachusetts, said to George III, on the first day of June, 1785, after the close of our long and bitter struggle for independence: 'I shall esteem myself the happiest of men if I can be instrumental in restoring an entire esteem, confidence and affection, or, in better words, the old good-nature and the old good-humor between people who, though separated by an ocean and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion and kindred blood.'

"Let us remember, too, the answer of the old monarch, who, with all his faults, must have had something of a noble and royal nature stirring in his bosom, when he replied: 'Let the circumstances of language, religion and blood have their natural and full effect.' " G. H. S.

Dorchester Centre.

John Adams made the speech quoted above in 1785. The first President of the United States, Gen. George Washington, was inaugurated in 1789. The first minister to Great Britain under Washington was Thomas Pinckney of South Carolina, who was appointed in 1792. He was succeeded in Washington's administration in 1796 by Rufus King of New York. No one disputes the fact that John Adams represented the confederation in Great Britain, but he was not the first minister appointed by a President of the United States. He was appointed minister to negotiate a treaty of peace and commerce with England, and he was later minister of the Confederation of States, not the United States of America, in England, 1785-1788.—Ed.

"As She Is Spoke"

As the World Wags:

I do not profess to be a French scholar. Much as I regret it, I neglected to make the most of my schoolday opportunities to learn something of the language, memorizing only the first four lines of

> Maitre Corbeau, sur un arbre perche,
> Tenet en son bec un fromage,

and the present indicative of aller. Today, when I receive a letter in French, as I do occasionally, I am obliged to devote an entire evening to translating it, with the aid of Heath's French-English dictionary. Therefore I welcome any help in the pronunciation of names commonly met in the war news. I refer to such assistance as the Traveler gives.

I am a bit puzzled, however, to find that one or two pronunciations do not agree with those given in the same paper about a year ago. Joffre, for instance, is given as Zhoff, whereas a former issue gave it as Djoff. Which is right? I had the impression that Zhoffr, pronounced practically as a single syllable, more nearly expressed the true pronunciation. Chemin-des-Dames become Shman-day-dain. Dain? Cambrai is written Kon-bray. Of course, this may be right, but it has a peculiar look. Mangin becomes Mong-ja. I am glad to learn the correct pronunciation of Foch. Fush, the Traveler says, is correct. It is a relief to know that the ch has not the German sound as in Ich and Gott. But does Fush rhyme with push or with mush? PHINEAS PHIPPS.

Malden.

Sept ... 1918

The pig is doing his bit in England as in America. Punch pays him this tribute:

> Much obloquy was thine in days of yore,
> O Porker, and thy service manifold
> (Save for a casual mention, curt and cold)
> Ungrateful man continued to ignore;
> Nay worse, he ceased not daily to outpour
> Abuse upon thy breed, to sneer and scold,
> Till every porcine trait, in days of old,
> We learned to ridicule or to abhor.
>
> But now the days of calumny are past.
> These cruel innuendoes we disown,
> And epithets designed to blame or blast
> Take on a new and honorific tone;
> For England needs thee, blameless Porker, now,
> And Prothero salutes the sovereign sow.

"Pants" and Poets

In St. Louis there is a manufactory of "Masterbiltrousers." Were these trousers first worn or invented by Master Bill, or does a pun lurk in the name? As yet no poet chants the praise of these trousers. Here in Boston years ago the verses shouting for Plymouth Rock pants were a constant source of delight. Nor was the laudatory prose displayed in street car advertisements inferior in fancy. "See the well dressed man sitting opposite you. He wears Plymouth Rock Pants." Several of Boston's literati were named as the ingenious author. It was generally supposed that the late Lorin F. Deland thus added to the gaiety of our too daily life. We met the gifted poet of Ivory Soap 30 years ago in Nick Engel's beer house in New York. With him were the most famous of New York police inspectors, "Red" Leary, the burglar, a quiet man with a singularly ingratiating manner, the shipping editor of the New York Herald, and delightful Harry Macdona, who after an adventurous life as a reporter—he went on an Arctic relief expedition sent out by James Gordon Bennett—was private secretary in turn to Mr. Pulitzer, William C. Whitney and the Manhattan Club. The poet of Ivory Soap did not have the long hair, wild eye, or flowing cravat, of the traditional bard. Nothing in his appearance indicated that his lips had been touched with celestial fire; but his income was a large one and his verses were read by thousands. Mr. Deland, to our knowledge, never admitted that he sang the praise of the "pants" that are no more. Chaffed about the authorship, he only smiled an inscrutable smile. He was shrewd in the theory and practice of advertising; he had a lively sense of humor and a fluent pen. Fond of him as many of us were, we hoped that he was the author. The verses and the prose almost persuaded us to wear the bags he celebrated.

Scotch and Scottish

The Scotch Education Department has altered its name to the Scottish Education Department, for so the Scottish Grand Committee voted. Thus is a vexed question revived. The man that proposed the change asserted that Burns used the word "Scotch" chiefly in regard to drink. The member for Govan, Mr. D. T. Holmes, said that the poet never used any other adjective in connection with the Demon and his beverage, and that in England the word belongs exclusively to the vocabulary of the "pub." But a gentleman of Glasgow insisted that Burns used the word "Scottish" when he was writing English; "Scotch" when he wrote in the vernacular. He added that Englishmen almost invariably use the word "Scotch," not "Scottish," and he asked Mr. Holmes if in Govan one spoke of the "Flying Scottishman" or the "Scottish Express." It has been suggested that the old historic form should have been adopted: Then we should have "The Scots Education Department." W. E. Henley, living in Edinburgh, edited the Scots Observer. There was at the time an attempt to bring "Scots" into daily use. In this country we doubt if even the proudest Scot would ask at a bar for a "Scot highball," or a "hot Scot." Soon, alas, there will be no asking for either "Scot" or "Scotch," not even for a medicinal "hot Scotch" against a sorry rheum.

"Nonetheless" as one word is an excellent example of war economy in space, and its appearance in our daily paper should be welcomed by all who deplore unnecessary expenditure. While we have such forms as "nevertheless" and "notwithstanding," regard for consistency justifies its use. "Allthemore" should follow suit, and perhaps we may also hope to see "inthecircumstances," "Bytheby," "undertheconditions," and why not "whatthedeuce?" Thus will more room be found in the paper to supply mental pabulum for the voracious reader.—London Daily Chronicle.

Boys Born in May

As the World Wags:

You are certainly right in suggesting that Mr. Page's confession is the result of the old fallacy, "After this, therefore because of this." This fallacy none of us can wholly outgrow, as most of us can the well-nigh universal "infantile" cruelty or Sadism (named from the well-known writer, the Marquis of Sade).

[illegible] results, surviving from [illegible] infantile sadism, can be seen in [illegible] Fears and Compulsions" . . . (by H. W. Frink), New York, 1918, p. [illegible]6. "Compensation for an overdeveloped and imperfectly repressed sadistic tendency seems not infrequently to take the form of a passionate devotion to anti-vivisectionist activities. In certain cases that have come under my notice the parents, during early childhood, were exceptionally cruel to animals, and delighted in torturing them. This was succeeded by a period of relatively perfect repression. Then when the repression began to fail, the anti-vivisectionist interests became conspicuously manifest." P. 290 ("A man of education and of unusual intelligence . . . quite exceptionally moral in his ordinary behavior. . . . But these traits, be it remembered, were expressions of his *conscious* personality. The history of his early childhood presents quite a different picture.") "His compulsion for the most part was an *overcompensation* on the part of his conscious personality for his unconscious sadism. It was as if, vaguely perceiving his subliminal murderous tendencies, he could not be content merely with avoiding actual murder, but must avoid also *everything even remotely suggesting it.*"

Boston. ROCKINGHAM.

Sept 15 1918

Mr. E. A. Baughan, summing up in the Stage Year Book for 1918 the dramatic season in London of 1917-18, speaks of plays that are known in Boston. He says nothing produced in 1917 promises to equal the success of "Romance," "Chu Chin Chow" and "A Little Bit of Fluff." "Romance" has been seen here and all of us now wonder at its success in London. "A Little Bit of Fluff" failed in New York, where "Chu Chin Chow" has been popular. Mr. Baughan says of the three: "What a trio of plays! What kind of deduction can one make from their success? There is one aspect of playgoing which one must bear in mind. The theatres are largely kept going by men from the front or the training camps and their friends. Short leave from France or leave after convalescence is unthinkable without visits to theatres. All the successes must be seen, and some of them more than once. In this respect nothing succeeds like success, and for that reason the war has brought several phenomenally long runs. On the other hand, quite good plays which in the old days would have had exceptional success have met with comparative neglect."

"General Post," which for some unaccountable reason did not draw well in Boston, is named by Mr. Baughan the best perhaps, of the war plays, because "it gives some idea of the curious social upheavals which the war has caused." Henry Arthur Jones's "The Pacifists" is dismissed as unworthy of Mr. Jones's pen.

"'The Thirteenth Chair' is our old friend, the American 'surprise' melodrama. The mystery is cleverly sustained to the very end, but you feel after seeing the play that you have to some extent been duped by the author. He has done his best to make you follow false trails, and has allowed you to know nothing of the real criminal. Surprises of that kind are a little cheap."

"Under Cover" was quite exciting, but hardly strong enough in its main motive. "Inside the Lines" was "rather remarkable in giving expression to the indignation of Americans at our high-handed treatment of neutral nations, as it seemed to them at the beginning of the war, and as polite melodrama it is sufficiently exciting."

"As if to show that perhaps London audiences do want plays of some serious interest, Mr. Michael Morton's 'The Yellow Ticket' has been a great attraction. Its subject is not altogether pleasant, but that may or may not be in its favor. One can predicate nothing of what will constitute a theatrical success."

"The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" has "more of the real spirit of the war than most of the plays produced this year. It has the characteristic fantasy of Barrie, but beneath it all there is a fine pathos and the curious humor that in his work always seems to be born of pathos."

Mr. Baughan thinks that musical comedy in England seems to be going through a phase of improvement. "Revues are gradually becoming what they should be, and do not endeavor to compete with musical comedy."

"Shakespeare emphatically has not come into his own in this war. * * * Some people seem to have thought that Shakespeare's historical plays should appeal to his nation at war, but the fact is, I think, that war in Elizabethan days was a great adventure rather than a terrible tragedy, and the alarums and excursions of his battle-fields do not appeal to those who have had even an indirect experience of this war."

Mr. Baughan says that the output of new plays in 1917-18 was far below the average in quality as well as in quantity. "The war has so altered the point of balance in social life that the older dramatists have either to depict a world that no longer exists or to deal with circumstances which have not yet fully developed themselves. In either case the playwright feels that he is writing of unrealities. The period when peace shall once more reign on the earth promises valuable material for drama, but that period seems remote, and any attempt to deal with it now can only take the form of a fantasy, or be in the nature of a play with just a passing reference to the war. The younger men are actual protagonists in a tragedy greater than the mind of man ever conceived. When the time comes they will probably have something valuable to say, but it will not necessarily deal directly with war. Of one thing we may be certain, however—war has made all of us see realities with cleared eyes. Many things that once mattered very much indeed do not now strike us as essentials. . . . At present the theatre is entirely a place of entertainment, in the narrowest sense of the word. That is quite intelligible. We all are living at high-pressure amid great anxieties, either national or personal, or both, and we must be amused or entertained, without being compelled to use our brains. Other nations, of a different psychology, might find consolation in dramatic work of high art, but we do not care to play sentimentally on our sufferings. It is not that we are lacking in seriousness, but rather that we are too serious as a nation to take our amusements seriously. That has always been our weakness from an artistic point of view, and the war has accentuated it."

War Plays in England, with Other Dramatic Notes

Nearly every week a war play with or without a spy is produced in London or the English provinces. "The Freedom of the Seas," by Walter Hackett (Haymarket, Aug. 1) was one popular success, although the Pall Mall Gazette said that, as with so many plays that succeed in these days, there is a great deal that is simply childish in it. "But if this way of taking our recreation is part of the war-time psychology, it is of no use to ignore it. 'The Man Who Stayed at Home' was childish enough, in all conscience, and yet . . . in comparison with 'The Man Who Stayed at Home' Mr. Hackett's play is less ingenious but has more picturesque character, and the ever-popular magazine serial sea flavor will help much." "The Luck of the Navy" by Mrs. Clifford Mills (Queens Theatre, Aug. 5) is "very shallow, little else but melodramatic stock with familiar character trimmings. Despite its 'naval interest' it does not take us to sea, either actually or—shall one say?—to any vital extent 'atmospherically.' Still as a spy comedy it is a lively little affair." Add "A Spy in the Ranks" by Mrs. F. G. Kimberley (The Grand, Croydon, July 29), "A German Shell" by J. J. Mannix (Hammersmith Palace, July 29). "The Skipper's Submarine" by Charles L. Ayre (The Empire, Dublin, July 29) with Fred O'Donovan as Peter Rooney, an old sea dog.

During recent months kinema owners, warned by public agitation, have set their stocks in order. There has been less of crime and outrage, less of the plot of the penny dreadful. But a new terror is creeping in; the picture house is becoming the medium for advertisements. To have to pay for an entertainment, a large part of which is devoted to advertising articles of commerce, is a little grievance that the picture patron is generally airing.—London Daily Chronicle.

I once consulted Robert Buchanan, the poet, in reference to an idea I had of making a certain heavy part in one of his plays a blond instead of the usual black haired scoundrel so common on the stage, which I suppose gave rise to the expression "villain of the deepest dye." Buchanan liked my idea, said it was novel and original and would strike out a new line which would benefit the play. It was never done, however, for he was shortly after stricken with that terrible illness from which he never recovered. The blond beast of the war has brought this idea back to my mind, and I shouldn't wonder now if we had a surfeit of blonds in heavy parts in the future.—The Stage (London).

"Chu Chin Chow" was performed at His Majesty's Theatre, London on Aug. 13 for the 900th time. The seating capacity of the theatre is over 1700.

A copy of the third folio of Shakespeare, 1664, brought £480 at auction this summer in London; a copy of the fourth folio, 1685, brought £130.

London newspapers speak of Anna Held's success at the Palace Theatre in that city in 1895, but add that her first appearance in London was at the Princess's Theatre before she sang in music halls on the European continent. The [illegible] at the London [illegible] in the revue, "Come Over Here." She was [illegible] the talk of the town because of the [illegible] studded stockings she used to [illegible]r. She also caused some stir by riding in Rotten Row in bifurcated garments.

In "As You Were," an adaptation of "Rip's" revue "Plus ca Change" (London Pavilion, Aug. 4) a millionaire takes a magic potion to translate him to other ages, where, he prays, there may be no war and no women. "But through the ages he finds the same state of affairs. Athens is suspicious of the attitude of Helen to its Trojan enemies; the Court of Louis XIV. can discuss nothing but war and the wiles of women. There is a prehistoric grove, also a mediaeval German Count" (Hunzollern at Potterdaemmerung.) Miss Delysia is seen as the eternal woman; Ninon de l' Enclos in a pannier skirt; Helen of Troy, "in a costume no doubt authentically classic, who gives him the glad eye, and incidentally helps to justify the revue's label of 'fantastic' by introducing Ancient Athens to ragtime." She also appears as Lucifer among the Seven Deadly Sins.

Robert Lorraine, an officer of the royal air force, was badly wounded—a smashed knee cap—in close quarters with a Hun machine. He managed to bring down the enemy and land his airplane in the British lines.

To the business done at most of our theatres in the August holiday week previous records furnish no parallel—at a time, too, remember, when in pre-war days hardly more than half a dozen houses, not counting those devoted to "variety" kept open their doors. More than one theatre given over to musical comedy played to over £2500 on the week, and it is a detail worth noting that, at the Tuesday matinee of "The Maid of the Mountains," Daly's receipts exceeded by £5 the highest total ever registered in the history of that house.—London Daily Telegraph.

Mr. Ryan Writes About Local and Favorite Stock Comedians

The Editor of the Herald:

The old National Theatre, as I remember it, say from the middle forties of the last century until its second destruction by fire in the early sixties, seems to me to have been prolific in low comedians. Let me recall some to the present generation of Boston playgoers.

Among them was J. R. Vincent, the first husband of that philanthropic actresh who never, even after her mistaken marriage with John Wilson changed her name before the footlights. I remember Mr. Vincent best as Aminidab Sleek in "The Serious Family," when it was originally produced in this city. He was a good comedian of the broad English type, but though he made others laugh, he ended his life mournfully by jumping the life to come. Possibly if he had lived in our more prohibitive times he might not have faced death in such a voluntary manner. Following him, I have recollections of S. D. Johnson, a brisk little purveyor of comicalities, who also figured as a dramatist, and who was, later on, in the first company at the present Boston Theatre when it was opened in 1854. Charles H. Sanders, who was another of the humorous histrions of the National Theatre, also attempted to shine as a playwright. He turned into a drama that had comparatively long-lived popularity William B. English's sensational novel entitled "Rosina Meadows," which told the old but ever recurring story of the perils of city life to the ever trusting maiden, reared amid the retirement of village surroundings. Afterward there came James Pilgrim with his own farce "Paddy Miles's Boy."

Then I must not forget "Old" Spear. [illegible] age was not burdensome when I first knew him, but the boys, who ad[illegible] his somewhat boisterous fun, [illegible] him his nickname as a term of en[illegible]ment and admiration. Great was he [illegible]eir eyes as Blueskin in "Jack Shep[illegible]" and as Roaring Ralph Stackpole [illegible]ick of the Woods," for he had a [illegible]ty voice that could wake the [illegible]s; not a great artist, surely, but a [illegible] man, indeed, who did not shine [illegible]r Peter Teazle when he was cast [illegible]at character. Alas, the last time [illegible] him he came into my office at [illegible]ght eating peppermints from a [illegible] bag, perhaps for the lack of [illegible]hing more stimulating. No engage[illegible] from the frolicsome future then [illegible]ned him. He was literally played [illegible] J. H. Robinson, one of his succes[illegible] was ponderously entertaining. He [illegible] enacted Falstaff to my knowledge, [illegible]e could have done so without stuf[illegible] when he first passed across my [illegible]. His years as a slim Jim had departed, and his breath had [illegible] somewhat strong. I once saw [illegible]s one of the Dromios in "The Com[illegible]f Errors." John Salmon, an inter[illegible]nt actor, who was for some time [illegible]yed at the Chickering pianoforte factory, was the other twin. Robin[illegible]ight have been a good legitimate [illegible], but he preferred to shine in broad [illegible]que and his Macbeth, with a mam[illegible] dagger hanging from the flies, [illegible] a great delight to the green and [illegible]n judgment.

[illegible] we come to "Tim" Hampton as Blossom in "The Three Fast Men," [illegible] of [illegible] i[illegible] a piece that had [illegible] humor in it as the rustic grin [illegible] horse-collar. Nevertheless [illegible] drew crowded houses at the N[illegible] a long time, and amply repaid [illegible] B. English, the manager, for his [illegible] as a playwright. It abounded [illegible] strokes of silliness as this: Lucille Western, the real star of the hodge-podge, in masculine habiliments, saying "Blossom, my boy, a chair for my right arm; Blossom, my boy, a chair for my left arm; Blossom, my boy, a chair for my right leg; Blossom, my boy, a chair for my left leg." In complying with these demands, Hampton did a multiplicity of clowning which amused the uncritical audiences, who applauded vigorously when "Charley" Boniface, one of the trio of heroes, exclaimed tragically, "I have lost all, but I will preserve this ring even at the risk of life itself." I have heard many legends of the "wickedness" of "The Three Fast Men," which in the later fifties was a town topic. It was too flat to do much harm and many of the stories about it that have come down to the present time are fabulous. Lucille Western and her sister Helen, Mr. English's step-daughters, were magnets of the play, especially when they sang the fatuous ditty with the refrain "Skiddy, skiddy, skiddy, iddy ids." Lucille rose to better dramatic things through her native genius, but Helen, as an actress afterwards traveled exclusively on her shape. They were somewhat wayward sisters, generous to a fault, and that ought to cover a multitude of human frailties. There must have been a great deal of money made from the performances of "The Three Fast Men," but it was apparently not carefully husbanded for the mother of the Westerns—she later on ran the little playhouse back of the old Boston Music Hall as Jane English's Theatre—died in the Forrest Home. (Her place of amusement was better known as the Little Tremont.)

But before the English regime at the National, E. A. Sothern came there when the house was rebuilt after the first disastrous fire. Manager Thomas Barry brought him over from England to be the leading comedian in the new company. Sothern was a failure. His Doctor Pangloss in "The Heir at Law," which he played on the opening night was the performance of an intelligent amateur, nothing more. Evidently he did not give satisfaction to the management, for he drifted from the National to the Howard Athenaeum where he appeared in what was called juvenile characters. This was long before he literally hopped into permanent popular favor as Lord Dundreary at Laura Keene's Theatre in New York. In that character he had no equal and he developed a genius in a few other parts that was unexpected.

There were many low comedians at the Howard Athenaeum under its different managers. It was there I first saw William Warren, fresh from his home city, Philadelphia. But more of him anon. "Dan" Setchell was one of the low comedians at the Howard that I regarded with especial favor. Afterwards I recall him at the Boston Theatre in "The Cataract of the Ganges," in which he won plaudits for his singing of "Oh, Poor Robinson Crusoe," a comic song that preceded a later one on the same subject. Poor fellow! his life went out in the whirl of many waters, as did that of the elder Tyron Power before him. I never witnessed a performance by the last mentioned. He was even before my theatrical day. The first time I saw John Brougham was in "The Irish Ambassador" at the Howard. This was before he became a member of Oliver C. Wyman's company at the reconstructed Federal Street Theatre, when I was a little tow-headed lad. At this later time I knew him on and off the stage, for he was always a welcome guest at my father's house. Perhaps I should not call him wholly a low comedian for I once saw him play Horatio to the Hamlet of James Murdock. However, he did act Micky Free at the Federal Street and in a farce called "The Invincibles," sang "The Bould Soger Boy," a popular ditty of 70 years ago, when war was less ghastly than it is today. The real low comedian of Mr. Wyman's excellent company was Tom Placide. My recollection of him is rather hazy, but I know that I enjoyed his acting. His brother, Henry, appeared with him at this period in a special engagement. But this troupe, though it had among its other members glorious John Gilbert, a Boston born player, failed to attract continuous paying audiences, and it was disbanded. John Brougham, J. Humphrey Bland and Mrs. Bland, who had been Harriet Faucet, the sister of Helen Faucet of London fame, went to the Little Adelphi in Court street, as I have before stated in these columns.

There were many comedians at the Boston Museum at both its locations on Tremont street at different times, but, of course, William Warren towered above them all, a great dramatic artist truly, although he was not so well appreciated in other American cities as he was here. He was no one-part actor, and, as Kitty Clive said of David Garrick, he could act a gridiron metaphorically speaking. He was indeed, a faithful student of his art. In high comedy, a farce, or in pathetic [illegible] bits like the veteran of "Napoleon's Old Guard" he was equally at [illegible]. H[illegible]

...ad his [illegible]. [illegible] realized the [illegible] Myles [illegible] in "[illegible] O'll [illegible] Bawn" was deficient in [illegible] it and natural[illegible]. The Boston Museum was his dramatic home for about 35 years. After he came there in 1847 he was away from its stage only one year when he starred in a combination under Mr. Barrett's management. During his absence his place was taken, not filled, by Frank Hardenberg, a good character actor, but by no means Mr. Warren's equal in versatility and intellectual grasp. And what a charming gentleman was Boston's own comedian in private life! Philadelphian as he was by birth, he was more Bostonian than many who were to the manner born. I was commissioned once by J. C. Freund of Music and Drama of New York to write an article en Mr. Warren. I called upon the actor at his long-time homo at Miss Amelia Fisher's, 2 Bulfinch place, and was received in a kindly and unobtrusive way that was charming. He was wholly devoid of the artificiality and assertiveness that too often surround the prominent player in private life. All that he told me about himself was presented in the most unassuming way possible. Of all the notices given of him he had saved only one single bit. The scrapbook kept by many actors was not in his library. He loved, and was conscientiously devoted to, the art which was his by heritage. I came away from the little front parlor in that quaint old house with as great an admiration for the man as I had previously entertained for the actor.

George Finn, one of my boyhood acquaintances, was for a time in the Museum company. He promised to be a comedian of erescent note, but like young Lycidas he died long ere his prime. He was tho son of Henry W. Finn, noted as a punster, whose acting delighted our grandfathers in the days of the Powells, when the drama was still young in Boston and not over popular with the descendants of the early Puritans. J. H. Ring was always from the prompter's box in support of Mr. Warren. He radiated good nature and unforced humor, in any character he attempted. He was especially good as Sam Gerridge in "Caste." He came to the Museum from the National Theatre, where he was especially popular in Negro characters, which he acted with an ease and naturalness that were vastly amusing. His range was not great, but he was never guilty of overacting.

I have a faint recollection of seeing Charles W. Hunt at the old Museum at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets. It was on the occasion of his benefit, for which my father bought tickets because this low comedian was one of his guests. It was not convenient for my father or my mother to go, so I was sent to the entertainment with my grandmother, who did not care for theatrical entertainments and, moreover, had conscientious scruples about going at all; but she went, dear old soul, to give me pleasure. I can just recall that one of the plays was "The Turnpike Gate," a farce that has long gathered dust on the shelves of dramatic managers. There were others who essayed humorous interpretations at the Museum —"Jimmy" Nolan, the husband of sunny Kate Ryan, who was funny in unobtrusive parts, and J. A. Smith who excelled in the performance of stage fops. Jacob A. Thomas, though he aspired to tragic impersonations, sometimes was best for farcical characters at the Museum.

John Wood came to the Boston Theatre on its opening night in 1854, and made his first appearance there as Peter Spyk in "The Loan of a Lover." He was entertaining in farce, but beyond that he did not shine conspicuously. Moses Fiske was also in the same company. He was from Barre, or thereabouts in this state. As a rustic neighbor said of him, he was a "good 'meejum." Mr. Biddles, who came from London with his daughters, Adelaide and Clara, afterward Mrs. Thomas Barry, was likewise among the early comedians at the Boston. Sometime afterward came William Davidge, who had not many gifts as an interpreter of comedy, although he always, for some reason or other that I could not divine, always held prominent places. He was the typical John Bull, not the friendly ally that we now so justly esteem, and he was assertive to a degree that eliminated all ideas of fun.

Daniel J. Maguirness was long the favorite comedian at the Boston Theatre. He came there from the Continental Theatre, having begun his stage career at the minstrel hall of the Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge, by singing "Pat Molloy." Dan was not a handsome man, either in face or figure. He was wont to say of himself that when his legs were encased in black tights they looked like a pair of shoestrings. Whatever he did was conscientiously performed. On and off the stage he was everybody's friend, a distinction that the late Warren L. Brigham emphasized in a poetical tribute to his worth. Dan could not play Sir Harcourt Courtley, like Mr. Warren, but within his line of strictly low comedy he was always a success. As one of the beats in "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler," he was the typical southern military sponger. George Wilson first won distinction in the same drama after he had passed from the amateur to the professional stage. Afterward at the Boston Museum he [illegible] a steady advancement as a [illegible]. The phrase "Yer 'and, Guv'nor, [illegible]" he delivered with so much gusto is still repeated by old theatre-goers.

James Lewis, so long a prominent member of Augustin Daly's New York company, was at the Continental Theatre when it was under the proprietorship of B. F. Whitman, after Lon Morris had failed to make it a success. In "Cinderella" and in "The Black Crook" Lewis was an immense favorite. The last mentioned spectacular drama, by the way, had its first representation in Boston at the Continental.

Stuart Robson was the leading comedian at Selwyn's Theatre when it opened. A funny man, naturally, an unfortunate squeak in his voice distracted from the force of some of his impersonations, though it added to the ludicrousness of his Captain Crosstie in Burnand's burlesque of "Black-Eyed Susan." The true dramatic artist was, however, perceptible in all his efforts in legitimate comedy.

Harry Josephs, also in the company, was a brisk little comedian of a limited capacity, but he acted an English footman on the opening night of this gem of a theatre with remarkable alacrity and spirit. He was a half-brother of Manager Selwyn and likewise of the Rev. George C. Lorimer, so long the popular pastor of Tremont Temple.

When the name of Selwyn's Theatre passed out of existence to be transformed into the Globe Theatre, under Charles Fechter's management, Mr. Leclercq—his initials escape me—attempted to enact humorous characters there. He had an intelligent conception of the parts that he attempted, but the mechanism of his art was so apparent that he gave little genuine entertainment to his audiences.

Arthur Cheney brought over George Honey from London when the Globe Theatre was rebuilt after its first destruction by fire. This actor made a decided hit as Perkyn Middlewick in "Our Boys," supported by a cast of unsurpassed excellence, in which were John C. Cowper, Harry Murdoch, Owen Marlowe, Mrs. Maeder, Katherine Rogers and Lillian Conway. In some other parts he proved himself a well graced actor. I never liked his Old Eccles in "Caste." It was overdone, for this father of two charming daughters was a sot, but not a gutter roller. Mr. Honey told me that when he was cast for the character at home he searched through nearly all the old clo' shops in London to find the most disreputable suits possible. Having obtained garments to his satisfaction he had them washed and baked them, to rid them of all possible vermin. It is hardly possible that Polly Eccles, who said that her father had his good points, would have allowed him to appear in such a rig. Harry Montague said that when the comedy was originally brought out Honey was "out of the picture." That remark was applicable in Boston as it was in England. Honey was never well contented in Boston, although for a time he was among Miss Amelia Fisher's guests. He came into my office on the day of his arrival here, and he was a most melancholy specimen of depressed humanity. He thought he had lost his baggage, but I assured him that it would turn up all right and it did. He had the English idea of paternal respect. When an American friend subscribed "From your Awful Dad" in some books that Honey was sending over to his son he was offended and did not see the humor of it. Well, perhaps, he was right. I think sometimes that here in free America we have too little reverence for some conventionalities. I do not remember that Honey appeared in any other American city, except once at Wallack's Theatre in New York on a special occasion. At last he went back to dear old foggy "Lunnun" never to return.

I might summon other local stock company comedians from the long ago, but perhaps enough has been said of the time when the stage held for me a glamor, and the mute acrobatic Merry Andrews of the "movies" were unknown.

Dorchester. JOHN W. RYAN.

We remember seeing George Honey with the Boston company in "Our Boys" at New Haven, Ct. Was not the Leclercq mentioned by Mr. Ryan Charles, who afterwards went to New York?—Ed.

Sept 16 1918

To them that are debating whether Latin or Sanscrit should be the universal language, and discussing the question of pronunciation, we commend the words of Mr. Robin H. Legge, the music critic of the Daily Telegraph, London. Urging English students of music to learn Italian, he wrote:

"Often I have wondered if it would not be of some assistance if in our public schools Latin were to be taught to be pronounced"—a clumsy sentence, Mr. Legge—"as in Italy. Really, I believe that if it were so—and for the life of me I can see no reason why it should not be so—the initial difficulties, or an initial difficulty, would be removed, for Latin would take upon itself at least the semblance of a living language. And would not this provide something of a key to the Latin languages that are spoken, not only in Italy, but also in France, Spain and South America?"

Johnsonian, but a Relief

"The most potential histrionic contribution to an approaching dramatic season of significant productions will be the advent of ———"

Rather Johnsonian, but a blessed relief from the customary heralding of an actor's approach, with the announcement that the "production" will be "pretentious," a vile distortion of the adjective's meaning; that the "vehicle" is the one best suited to display the actor's talent; that the worth of the play has been "proven," not "proved."

Gum in France

Gertrude Atherton as a journalist is pungent and usually sane. She has the gift of humor, also of common sense. Inveighing against social or national foolishness, she is often eloquent. But why does she implore good Mr. Hoover to keep chewing gum out of France? She wrote an amusing letter against the exportation, addressing the editor of the New York Times (Sept. 8), having heard that "all France has fallen a victim to the vulgarest of American habits, not excepting the justly renowned toothpick."

Let us here remind her that the toothpick flourished in France, as it did in ancient Rome, years before the first white American sported one at table or on a hotel veranda. The Admiral Coligny wore one in his hat when the pick was not in action. His Catholic foes had a saying: "Beware the admiral with his toothpick."

"I hear that the French jaw is working as one," writes Miss Atherton. "That great and famous generals—in their scant leaves of absence—promenade the boulevards grinding away like the historic cow on its cud or certain of our southern solons in the United States Senate on something even more appalling than gum. That duchesses presiding austerely at committee meetings have learned to flirt it agilely from one jaw to the other or to paste it on the under side of the table. That children—and not only children—may be seen in the street any day pulling out a long string from their lips and chuckling with glee as it snaps back again. Oh, shades of prewar Paris, when the world sat at her feet and humbly learned all it knew of fashion, of style, of supreme elegance!"

Man, savage or civilized, is a chewing animal. He chews, whether the chew be gum, betel, flag-root, lovage, slippery elm; the inner sheath of a tree, snake root, or tobacco, plug or fine cut. The chewing aids in concentration of the mind; it encourages meditation and self-introspection; is is an invitation to the soul. French noblemen, as well as sea-faring men, chewed tobacco soon after the weed was known in France. Are we not reminded daily by advertisements in street cars, periodicals, and on billboards that gum is sanitary, a digestive, a strong help in time of stomachic stress and trouble.

We admire the French above all nations: their language, art, literature; their national spirit, devotion, heroism; yet their own writers on social life and manners confess that in matters of domestic and personal cleanliness they for centuries were not so fussy—to put it mildly—as the English. The noble dames at the court of Henry IV, and the gallant Henry himself, were sadly in need of soap and water. Louis XIV received ambassadors in a manner that might have been attributed by Rabelais to Gargantua. From Montaigne to Michelet, from Brantome and Tallement des Reaux to Alfred Franklin, commentators on French domestic life, there is page after page, anecdote after anecdote, showing a supreme indifference towards what English-speaking people regard as necessary to health and comfort. There was no need of a Hazlitt remarking on the hands and fingernails of Parisian ladies. There was no need of a John Leech picturing the amazement of two Frenchmen at the Crystal Palace standing before a washstand, bowl, pitcher, towel-rack, and asking the purpose of that curious machine.

Sept 17 1918

DITRICHSTEIN AS A MATINEE HERO

By PHILIP HALE

Tremont Theatre. First performance in Boston of "The Matinee Hero," an original play in three acts by Leo Ditrichstein and A. E. Thomas. Produced last week in Hartford, Ct., by Messrs. Cohan and Harris.

Richard Leroy	Leo Ditrichstein
Mrs. Leroy	Catherine Proctor
Miss Blanche Langlais	Margaret Dale
Miss Hopkins	Cora Witherspoon
Miss Davis	Jessie Parnell
Frances	Josephine Hamner
Frank Fairchild	Lyster Chambers
Sam McNaughton	Robert Cummings
Giovanni	William Ricciardi

Leroy, a popular actor in plays that he in a splenetic burst denounces as "mush," wishes to win abiding fame as Hamlet. For 16 years he has been personally conducted by a devoted wife who has looked after his health, his diet, his amusements; she has winked at his mild flirtations, and when any one of them was about to be serious she made herself the intimate friend of the possible rival. She was proud of his success as an actor and as a pecuniary investment.

Miss Langlais, a woman with a shady past, becomes acquainted with Leroy, and spurs him on to Shakespeare. Leroy finds in her a helpful pal. He is not sentimental over her, although his wife is soon jealous. Miss Langlais, in spite of her escapades—Leroy, of course, has no knowledge of her unsavory adventures in New Orleans and in New York—is apparently ready and eager to fall into his arms; but Leroy is only a great boy, singularly unsophisticated for a matinee idol. Strengthened by Miss Langlais's prophecy of his future greatness, based on her reading of Pythagorean numbers—an old trick of hers—he breaks with his manager and with the playwright that had provided romantic comedies for him. The playwright had warned him against his attractive pal. It is left for Miss Hopkins, a newspaper woman, to show the actor how Miss Langlais had behaved in former years. He no longer has illusions. His wife, having surprised him and his pal in what would seem a compromising situation to an outsider entering the room unexpectedly, farewells him. She reviews their happy years, but now as she is no longer necessary to him, she will leave him. He mutely begs forgiveness, and is her boy as in the past.

In the third act Miss Langlais makes a dignified exit. She had previously torn up a check for $1700 which Leroy had given her, moved by her ingeniously false tale of woe and shame. Wife, manager and playwright talk over Leroy's future. They agree that Shakespeare spells ruin. Leroy himself is now doubtful. He will leave the stage. The talk is again about "Hamlet," and to prove a contradiction in appearance of the ghost and in the famous line about the undiscovered country, etc., Leroy delivers the famous soliloquy. The three doubters are enthusiastic. The manager is keen for a speedy production of the tragedy.

"The Matinee Hero" is an unusual and interesting play. Interesting as a study of character, interesting by reason of the dialogue in which managers, playwrights and audiences are assailed; interesting also as a personal expression of revolt. Was Mr. Ditrichstein when he framed the scenario of this comedy thinking of Calderon's play, which after a few performances was withdrawn, greatly to his disappointment, to make way for the adaptation of "Le Roi"? But "The Matinee Hero" is more than a personal expression of disgust and longing—and surely Mr. Ditrichstein has no reason to be ashamed of his performance in that brilliant comedy "The Concert," in "The Great Lover," in "The Phantom Rival," with its delightful first act, or even in the adaptation of "Le Roi." The character of Leroy is intelligently drawn; the duel between the two women holds the attention; the dialogue is generally brisk and at times witty. Nor can the comedy be dismissed as "too conversational."

The adventuress is not the ordinary one of melodrama. She is a complex character. She saw true greatness in the actor; she wished for him triumphs more worthy of him; she fired his ambition, took him out of his lucrative rut. Probably she was in love with him, but if she were willing to break up his household, it was chiefly for his own glory.

The play is well acted. It is needless to dwell on Mr. Ditrichstein's ability as a comedian. As Leroy he has put on the stage a subtly portrayed type, a noteworthy addition to his gallery of actors. He is no longer the spoiled amorist, the one pursued by foolish women, irresistible and vainglorious. Leroy is now confidently ambitious, now easily discouraged. Originally without initiative, he yet wearies of the routine in which he has prospered; credulous, he is inspired by a woman not of his household, but he has no thought of wounding the woman that had long cared for him. And then the disillusionment, the sense of shame that he had been deceived. Yet he had cause for the rest of his life to be grateful to Miss Langlais. Possibly before she dies, Mrs. Leroy will recognize her as a benefactor. Mr. Ditrichstein played with even more than his accustomed finesse, ingratiating ease and significance of diction. The soliloquy of Hamlet was loudly and deservedly applauded.

Miss Proctor and Miss Dale were finely contrasted. The former was not too wifely; sweet and wholesome, she was not lachrymose in her farewell. The latter played with admirable understanding, avoiding any incongruously melodramatic touch, always plausible and resourceful, not wholly crushed when Leroy was acquainted with the truth. A word is due to Miss Witherspoon for her excellent scene with Leroy. The other parts were satisfactorily played, although Miss Parnell was practically inaudible in the opening scene, and Mr. Chambers was at times heard with difficulty. Mr. Ricciardi was amusing in speech and pantomime as Giovanni. There was a large and deeply interested audience.

'FOLLIES' AGAIN

Will Ro[illegible]s, Ned Wayburn, Joseph [illegible]an, Eddie Cantor, W. C. Fields, [illegible]rry Kelly, Lillian Lorraine, Marilynn [illegible]r, Ann Pennington, the Fairbanks [illegible]r, Allyn King, Frank Carter and a [illegible] of other folks figured more or less [illegible]ntly in Mr. Flo Ziegfeld's 1918 [illegible]n of the "Ziegfeld Follies," as pre[illegible] at the Colonial Theatre last even[illegible] for the first time in Boston. Of [illegible] named above, all save Messrs. [illegible]feld, Wayburn and Urban appeared [illegible] divers times upon the stage, in varied [illegible]k-up and character. Yet in a great measure it was this same invisible trio to whom must be given chief credit for [illegible] wonderful entertainment provided in [illegible] period of three hours.

In the present "Follies" we have Mr. [illegible] ban at his best. Nothing more viv[illegible]idly colorful than the Arizona buttes, the background for Mr. Rogers's skil[illegible]ul rope twirling and his homely, humorous comments on affairs national and local, could be imagined. Through[illegible]out colors are blended audaciously, ef[illegible]fectively. Lighting effects are equally [illegible]ndid.

Likewise do we salute Mr. Wayburn. Ever a master hand in creating novelties for his chorus material, he has in the current diversion excelled himself. The climax to the old-time amazonian march, when nearly two-score girls were grouped four abreast on an im[illegible]mense practical stairway to sway in in[illegible]tricate gyrations, was just one feature in an evening of many surprises.

Not that the 1918 Follies lack pungent wit, frothy humor or even bald innu[illegible]endo. For these there are Mr. Rogers, Mr. Fields, Mr. Cantor. The former grows versatile. He dons evening dress, and even in that he looks comic. He sings to Miss Lorraine from an upper stage box. He pirouettes with the elfin [illegible]ington. Mr. Fields is funniest with [illegible]rops," such as his patent hat rack, [illegible] perverse golf clubs. Mr. Cantor is [illegible]n overmuch in white face, and then [illegible] forced to limit his blackface turn; [illegible]ch is a pity, anyway one looks at it.

Miss Miller, always a favorite in Bos[illegible]ton through her Winter Garden show [illegible]its, again delights with her joyous dancing. She suggests Geneo in her ballet, again she does a shuffle or a buck and wing; all with the enthusiasm of a miss romping on the lawn under the witchery of a golden moon. Miss Pennington, a tiny bundle of nimbleness, [illegible]es like the geisha girl of George [illegible]wardes's days, "in quite a different [illegible]y"; yet she is vastly clever and win[illegible]e.

Miss Lorraine was always picturesque. It is peculiar, however, that her voice always sounds tired, listless, when it [illegible]nes Boston. As Miss King so suc[illegible]cinctly puts it in her opening song, it is the girls who make the piece; it is they who have their limousines and pearls. Whether that be mere fantasy, they cer[illegible]tainly earn such baubles, for they wear their beauty lightly, and they toil tire[illegible]lessly.

Reynold Wolf and Gene Buck are credited with the lines and lyrics; Louis A. Hirsch, who wrote "The Rainbow Girl" score, and Dave Stamper, with the score, Irving Berlin and Victor Jacobi adding certain numbers. The music as a whole is sprightly, varied, here and there tuneful. The lines are minor matters, anyway. Lines of another sort are those which count.

COPLEY THEATRE—Reopened for the season by the Henry Jewett Players in the first production in Boston of "Never Say Die," a farce in three acts by W. H. Post and William Collier. Cast:

The Hon. Mrs. Stevenson	Essex Dane
Violet Stevenson	Mercedes Desmore
Sir John Fraser, M. D.	Fred W. Permain
Hector Walter	Montague Weston
Dr. Virgil Galesby, M. D.	H. Conway Wingfield
Griggs	E. E. Clive
Dionysius Woodbury	Nicholas Joy
Perchesi	B. N. Lewin
[illegible]ster	Cather Lexow
La Cigale	Viola Roach
Mr. Gibbs	William Podmore
Herman, the Dog	By Himself

Dionysius Woodbury, a creation by and for William Collier, who portrayed the character for some years and then transferred him to Nat Goodwin, is a youngish American, who has more money than he knows what to do with. In trying to get rid of it he has lived swiftly in Broadway and Paris and the result is that two eminent English physicians say he will be dead in a month.

He doesn't look like a dying man in London, where the verdict is given, nor does the sentence seem to worry him. Yet he hates to be reminded of it and won't have people call him "Di." "Never say Di," he demands. "It's Dee." Hence the title.

To keep a penniless American chum engaged to a charming English girl, whose mother's fortune has just gone in a bank failure, he proposes to the couple to marry the girl, she going straight to Norway, he to Paris. In a month he will be dead; she a rich widow; the young folk can wed and his money will be of some use. It's done, then Dionysius throws physic to the dogs, lives on cocktails and lobsters and at the end of a year is very much alive, in love with his wife, whom he has not seen since they said: "I will,

[illegible] and [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible]nd out her penni[illegible]

To carry out his b[illegible]in D[illegible] plans a divorce. The English doctor [illegible]nd a queer detective bring girls to his rooms to help the scheme. His wife comes in, too, and there is a consider[illegible]able mix up till husband and wife learn the real situation.

There are many amusing situations and bright lines, and the first night audience that filled the theatre gave every evidence of enjoying the farce. Individually the chief characters ar[illegible] portrayed convincingly, and with copi[illegible]ous snap and ginger, particularly b[illegible] Mr. Joy as Woodbury, Mr. Clive as Woodbury's faithful and solemn valet, Miss Desmore as Violet, Miss Dane as her mother, Mr. Lewin as Perchesi, the comic cook, and Messrs. Permain and Wingfield as the two doctors who de[illegible]cided that a very "live wire" was a "dead one." Yet the performance as a whole lacked last night a certain touch-and-go team work that a farce of th[illegible] kind demands. That may come later.

The Henry Jewett Players will ap[illegible]pear at the Copley Theatre next week in "The Man Who Went," a companion piece to "The Man Who Stayed at Home," written by W. A. Tremayne. This will be its first production in Bos[illegible]ton.

3 MORTON TEAMS ON KEITH BILL

The Morton family, numbering three different teams that stand for the best traditions in vaudeville, is the chief at[illegible]traction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that applauded warmly.

First, and setting a lively pace for their children, are Sam and Kitty, the parents of this interesting group, as[illegible]sisted by the most recent aspirants to histrionic honors, Martha and Joe. The elder Morton is the exponent of a style that is fast becoming obsolete on the contemporaneous stage. A low come[illegible]dian, he is always funny in a vigorous way; nor is he less interesting in char[illegible]acterization. At the conclusion of his act the entire family gathered to be greeted by one of the most sincere dem[illegible]onstrations ever heard at this theatre, and the comedian explained the reason of the reunion—the call to the colors of Paul and Joe.

Morton and Glass (Mrs. Paul Mor[illegible]ton) have long been favorites at this theatre, the former by the excellence of his dancing and breezy flippancies, and the latter for her fleetness of foot, her skill as a comedienne and for an unmistakable personal charm. Last evening they again scored in their de[illegible]lightful bits of burlesque on suburban married life as they see it in 1950.

Clara Morton, in her "Solo Songa[illegible]logue," added to the pleasure of the reunion in a group of songs that gave her excellent play as a comedienne. She clearly differentiates all her num[illegible]bers, and there was wonder at her vivacity and eagerness for the task.

Other acts were the Koban Japs, in characteristic athletic pastimes; Flor[illegible]ence Roberts and company, in a sketch; Charles Olcott, in an operatic trav[illegible]esty; Lee and Cranston, in a romantic sketch; Clara and Emily Barry, in a singing and dancing specialty, and Tozart, "the vagabond artist."

The following appeal to patriotic pa[illegible]tience came to us in a parcel received from a northern firm of manufacturers:

Keep your temper, gentle sir,
Writes the manufacturer.
Though your goods be overdue
For a month, or maybe two,
We can't help it. Please don't swear!
Labor's scarce and looms are rare.
Can't get yarns, can't get dyes;
These are facts, we tell no lies.
Harry's drafted, so is Bill:
All our work is now uphill.
So your order, we're afraid,
May be still a bit delayed.
Still, you'll get it, don't be vexed;
May be this week, may be next.
Keep on hoping. Don't say die:
We'll send your order by and by.

—The Daily Chronicle, London.

Linguistics

As the World Wags:

No one expects that our gallant boys in France can acquire off-hand a per[illegible]fect knowledge of the French language, but we may be sure that they are "do[illegible]ing as well as can be expected." Cer[illegible]tain it is that the brave poilus, courte[illegible]ous as they are brave, will never laugh at the mistakes of their Yankee com[illegible]rades-in-arms. Even the sceptical Mis[illegible]sourian will be convinced of his progress in the language after he has listened to the polite compliments of Gaston! The boy from Cape Cod will have no diffi[illegible]culty in understanding the full meaning of "Bonsoir," though his French com[illegible]panion may fail to grasp the significance of the Cape Codder's "GOOD night!" How well I remember my own expe[illegible]rience during a year's residence in the pleasant land of France some 30 years ago!

That our soldier lads are popular in France seems certain. I have a copy of Le Petit Parisien of July 15 which testifies to the enthusiasm with which the American troops were greeted dur[illegible]ing [illegible] in Paris.

"Everybody wanted to see th[illegible], th[illegible] Americans. Their comrades of all arm[illegible] and all the nations, and the civil[illegible]ians also. They spread joy everywhere these devils of Yankees, a joy that was healthy and frank, that of a people young and strong."

And the reporter notes how "genti[illegible]ment" the Yankees kissed "sur les joues des fillettes qui leur rendaient leurs baisers de grand coeur." And the girl he left behind must be satisfied with the explanation that Bill was only fol[illegible]lowing the custom of the country.

In a friendly tilt with Dr. Ralph Adams Cram on Latin, the learned editor of the Herald wrote in Sunday's paper: "The whole tendency of lan[illegible]guage, so far as it is not stereotyped by literature, is to work itself free from such grammatical distinctions, inver[illegible]sions and suppressions as we find in Latin." It may be said that the Ameri[illegible]can language long ago declared its in[illegible]dependence of foreign dictation. It has practically discarded the subjunctive, an act of Bolshovickery which, a few years ago, evoked an indignant protest from the conservative Herald. The penetrat[illegible]ing power of some of its additions to our vocabulary is felt throughout the whole world. We are told that French children greet our fighting men with the cheery salutation, "Hello, kid!" In his conversations with Gaston or Yvonne, the Yankee soldier will surely work him[illegible]self free from "distinctions, inversions and suppressions," but his listeners will have no doubts about his meaning when he gets "through." And in this he will be following the distinguished example of Rudyard, who said that by ignoring gender he found his intercourse with the poilus at the front much easier.

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

East Brewster, Cape Cod.

The Friendly Hand

Nor are Englishmen, Mr. Fitzgerald, sluggish in their welcome to American soldiers. Witness the injunction printed on Brixton Independent Church service-paper on Remembrance day:

"If you see an American soldier in the tram make yourself his friend. He is your friend already. If you see a lonely American soldier in the street prove that you and he are kinsmen. You know what he is doing for civilization, but you do not always remember that he has come from 3000 to 7000 miles to do it. He might want a friend to talk to. Ours was the home he went from. Make him remember he has come back to it."

Gaseous Mendacity

The Germans have told many lies in defence of their introduction of gas into warfare. Their latest lie—or one of their latest lies, for it is hard to follow them in their mendacity—concerns a proposi[illegible]tion of Lord Dundonald years ago. He had a plan for using gas in view of the then approaching Crimean war, hoping to have the sea command and work out his experiment against Sebastopol, while Napier should use gas against Cron[illegible]stadt. The plan was laid before Gra[illegible]ham, master of the mint, and Lord Play[illegible]fair, who was well known in Boston, a welcome visitor at the clubs. The Brit[illegible]ish government refused to use the in[illegible]vention. Playfair himself invented an asphyxiating shell and incendiary shell. These, too, the government scorned. "It would be as bad as poisoning the wells of the enemy."

It is whispered that the Americans will use in the drive next spring a gas more terrible in its effects than any one yet invented by the chemists of the Hun; that the drive will be emphatically a gas drive. May those that first used gas in war perish by gas!

Sept 19 1918

For what is war? What is it, Yorick, when fought as ours has been, upon prin[illegible]ciples of liberty, and upon principles of honor—what is it but the getting together of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambi[illegible]tious and the turbulent within bounds?

Aliens and Zipporah

The question, when did the word "alien" appear in the English language? has been raised. The expression "alien comers, strangers" was in use in the middle of the 15th century. "Stranger alcyn" is in an act of Parliament in 1503. In a parish of Surrey 20 years later "alyons, viz. douchemen," prob[illegible]ably from the Low Countries, paid a double tax. But when a record of those not English living in London was com[illegible]piled for Queen Elizabeth, the word "stranger," not "alien" was used. There were many of them. In Blackfriar's and St. Katharine's near the Tower alone there were 212 Dutch and 48 French. The Scotch were then aliens, and seven were recorded in this district.

In Exodus ii, 21-22, we read: "And he gave Moses Zipporah his daughter. And she bare him a son, and he called his name Gershom; for he said, I have been a stranger in a strange land. In Ex[illegible]odus xviii, 3, we have: "And her two sons; of which the name of one was [illegible] [illegible]n in a strange land."

The [illegible] an[illegible] a [illegible] [illegible]e [illegible] was [illegible] daughters, born to [illegible] known as Jethro, the prince or p[illegible] of Midian. Here we have the mys[illegible] number seven, as in many legends and fairy stories. There are seven princesses in Materlinck's strange play. Zipporah perhaps fell in love with Moses the moment he drove away the shepherds preventing her and her sister from watering Jethro's flock. When Moses took his wife and sons on a journey to the land of Egypt, did the Lord meet him or one of his sons in an inn and seek to kill him? It was there that Zipporah performed a bloody rite and made a singular speech with reference to her husband. It appears that Moses sent her back with the two sons to Jethro.

The writer of Exodus represents Jethro as hospitable. When Zipporah told him how Moses had helped her at the well, he said: "And where he is? Why is it that ye have left the man? Call him, that he may eat bread." The Rabbins tell a different tale. Jethro at first threw Moses into prison with the intention of sending him back to Pharaoh, but Zipporah, in love with Moses, procured his liberty. Jethro then consented to make Moses his son-in-law, if he could pull up a twig of saphir that was in his garden. Moses pulled it. They said it was inscribed with the sacred name Jehovah. Moses afterwards used the twig as a wonder-working wand.

Unfortunately we know little about Zipporah. "And Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman whom he had mar[illegible]ried: for he had married an Ethiopian woman." (Numbers, xii, 1.) In the margin against "married" stands the word "taken." Who was this Ethiopian or Cushite? Surely not Zipporah. Did the two speak against Moses because he had separated himself from her? Was Cush synonymous with Midian, and did the two regret that Moses had married a stranger? Was the woman Tharbis, who had been forsaken by Moses; Thar[illegible]bis, the daughter of the Ethiopian king? Or was Zipporah tactless, pluming her[illegible]self unduly on the favors the Lord had vouchsafed Moses, swelling and strut[illegible]ting; or perhaps her beauty was a thorn in Miriam's flesh, for we are confident that Zipporah was beautiful. These are fascinating, perplexing questions, to be asked with that old one as yet not sat[illegible]isfactorily answered: "Where was Moses when the light went out?"

At any rate Zipporah's son Gershom was so called because Moses had been an alien in a strange land. This re[illegible]minds us that it was Mr. Gershom Stew[illegible]art in the House of Commons that moved a clause in the Aliens Bill.

Some have wished for the revival of the old word "comeling," for alien or emigrant. Wicliff used it. In Scotland the dialect and adjective "comual" ex[illegible]pressed the same idea. "This very sum[illegible]mer," we read in a London newspaper, "a Scottish dame at a farm house pointed out to me in the poultry yard a pair of comual ducks—strangers, that is, who had migrated from some distant home and taken up their abode in new quarters."

Monteux, Conductor

It is a pleasure to learn that Mr. Pierre Monteux will be the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the month of October. Trained in the most thorough and famous of mu[illegible]sic schools, the Paris Conservatory, an excellent musician, he has had wide experience and has won an in[illegible]ternational reputation as a conductor of opera, ballet and symphonic con[illegible]certs. His leadership of opera and ballet has already been warmly praised in this city.

His engagement will put an end to the ungrounded, preposterous theory that only a German or an Austrian can successfully conduct Symphony concerts. It is eminently fitting that a Frenchman should begin the season with an orchestra that is now largely composed of French virtuosos. His present engagement at the Metropoli[illegible]tan Opera House will prevent his re[illegible]maining here through the season, but he will have a brilliant successor.

There should be, there undoubtedly will be, lively and widespread inter[illegible]est in the approaching Symphony sea[illegible]son. The board of trustees has been diligent in securing accomplished musicians to fill the places made va[illegible]cant by popular demand and patri[illegible]otic feeling. The trustees fully in[illegible]tend to maintain the standard that has made this orchestra famous throughout the world. The list of assisting soloists already engaged is of itself a strong attraction. For many years the orchestra has been the pride and the glory of this city. It should be the zealous care of Boston that this glory shall not fade

Sep [illegible]

M[illegible] to celebrate the birth of [illegible] the following translation (made recently by Mr R. [illegible] Marriott W[illegible] and Mr Clifford [illegible]) from a Jap[illegible] of four centuries [illegible] is the most interesting thing of its kind I have ever come across:

ON THE BIRTH OF A SON

Families, when a child is born
Hope it will turn out intelligent.
I, through intelligence
Having wrecked my whole life,
Only hope that baby will prove
Ignorant and stupid.
Then he'll be happy all his days
And grow into a cabinet minister.

—Morning Telegraph.

His Great Experience

We are indebted to "M. M. M." of North Cambridge for the title-page of Farm and Fireside. It carries a colored picture by Mr. Stahr of a young American soldier smiling on a little child held by a comely young woman with a noticeable hat. Under the picture in bold type is the legend, "The Great Experience 'Over There.'"

"M. M. M." writes: "Enclosed is an object lesson in the danger lurking in magazine cover illustration; there appears to have been some lack of co-ordination between artist and 'leading article.' Still, used as a poster, this might bring cheer to the hearts of prospective recruits. * * *" Is Prof. Johnson interested in local antiquity, and in curious old names? The Man of the House recently ran across two colonial gems—Renewed Sweet was one and the other rejoiced in the pleasing name of Engrossed Bump. Mr. Herkimer Johnson is not a professor. He scorns the title.

Adorable Simplicity

As the World Wags:

Among the few of us remaining male derelicts in town is a man commonly spoken of, and to, as one "simple-minded." The old-fashioned epithet may be said fairly to apply to him in his relation to the dull details of daily life in ordinary times, but in a few moments with him this morning he demonstrated a finality of grasp and solution of problems vital in these days of scarcity and striving through that very simplicity of thinking which the most highly convoluted brains of the whole country are still unsolved.

I came upon him by chance as he sat on the end of the step in front of the entrance to the store. The sight of him reminded me of a recently delivered load of cord wood, as yet unfitted to the stove, which I have been passing by on the other side these last days. Would he come and saw some of it? Yes, he would. "I'm waiting here for a woman who has owed me 50 cents all summer and I want to get it. When she comes I'll get it and come up. The way I do," he continued, "is to do some work every day and put what I make right into groceries before they get any higher. Something you can eat. And after I've et I go to sleep and sleep just as long as I can, and that makes the groceries last out."

What have the expert conservationists of energy, finance and food to offer against that?

Withal, my wood is still in four-foot sticks, for he did not come to saw it. As Mr. Cram would have it said: Necque venit, necque vidit.

And now the question is, Is he still watchfully waiting on the step—there is a bright new moon—or did he collect earlier in the day and call it one, and so to groceries and bed? ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

"Only Too"

As the World Wags:

I observe with pleasure that "Old School" condemns the expression "only too," as "only too glad." For 50 years this phrase has been my pet abhorrence. How so senseless, paltry, sickening, idiotic an expression has survived causeth me to marvel. Selah! R. H. G.

Milton.

American by Adoption

As the World Wags:

I see by the September Atlantic, in which a partial translation of his wife's reminiscences are published, that Lafcadio Hearn was a "strange American genius." Wasn't he of Greek and English parentage? B. C.

Watertown.

Epistolary Assurance

Mr. Walter Price of Richmond, Surrey, asks in Notes and Queries the meaning and origin of the expression at the end of a letter, 'Yours to a cinder.'' Has any one in New England ever ended a letter with this assuring flourish?

[illegible] 21 1919

The Daily Chronicle of London, commenting on the attempted assassination [of] Mr. L[illegible] remarks, "When one [tr]ies to recall the names of those who [ha]ve struck at the great ones of the [ea]rth, it would seem as if women filled [th]e stage. Judith, Jael, Charlotte Corday and Sophie Perovskaya! Most of [th]e male [illegible] [ha]ve se[illegible] unstable [illegible] have

[illegible] "[illegible] tributes from the poets."

Does the writer extol the behavior of Jael. She violated the rites of hospitality held sacred in the East. Inviting the defeated Sisera into her tent, she told him to fear nothing, and as a pledge for his security she gave him milk, "she brought forth butter in a lordly dish." Furthermore Jael was the wife of Heber the Kenite; Sisera was the captain of Jabin's host, and there was peace between Jabin, King of Canaan, and the house of Heber. Sisera, weary, fell asleep. Then Jael with a hammer drove a nail into his temples and so he died.

A contemptible action, although it inspired Deborah and Barak to sing their magnificent song. The Rabbins felt that Jael's behavior was outrageous. So they invented an apology for her. They said that the words: "At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell," imply that he attempted rudeness, and to resist him she put her right hand to the workman's hammer and smote him. But this verse in the song comes after the statement that she had killed him. Let us quote a remark from the Charlestown edition of Calmet's "Great Dictionary of the Holy Bible" (1813, Vol. II, supplement, "Jael"): "It should be remembered that a fugitive as Sisera was would have had little inclination for such an adventure at such a time; and it appears clearly that fatigue and sleep overpowered him." No, we cannot hold up Jael as an example for the young person.

Two English poets have written with gusto in praise of tyrannicide, Landor and Swinburne. Swinburne spluttered, raged in screaming eulogy. Landor was more judicial:

A better faith was theirs than 'pulpits preach
Who taught the brave how patriot hands can reach
And crush the proudest crown.

Tyrannicide is discussed in several chapters of "Policraticus," by John of Salisbury. It is a pity that John's treatise "Do Exit Tirannorum" was never published, or if published, is lost. He drew the line between "private tyrants" and those that oppressed a state. In "Policraticus" he treats of Aoth (Ehud), Jael and Judith.

Gabriel Peignot, the amiable and indefatigable bibliophil of Dijon, whose many books are dismissed by Anatole France as not being books—Charles Lamb would have agreed with him—nevertheless they are curious and often useful—drew up a list, and published it in a thin pamphlet of rulers that had met with a violent death. Compiled 60 or more years ago, the list could be horridly enlarged.

Pound, Masters Et Al.

As the World Wags:

It is said that Mr. Perkins put Col. Roosevelt into the Progressive movement to kill it; certainly it was doomed from the moment Col. Roosevelt adopted it and began changing it from a liberal party to a personal faction. Does some malevolent to free verse egg on Ezra Pound? The late Frothingham Clancy of South Boston, the inventor of free verse, recognized its limitations. He never thought of his free verse effusions as songs. When in the lyric mood he sought expression in sonnet, ode and blank verse like any decent poet. He never told such songs as "Only a Dog" and "The Hopelessness of the Human Why" to "go, little songs."

Ezra Pound's "Lustra" is a volume without a poem; there is occasional smartness, but no feeling; much vehemence, but no passion. He takes a fantastic conceit—some wild contract or affinity—and sets it baldly down. "Lustra" seems to be the sweepings of his workshop, if he has one. But Pound is such an egregious poseur that one feels little pity for him.

Turning to Masters, there is more to be said. "Toward the Gulf" is a pathetic monument to what might have been. Much of it is truly poetic. For instance, there is the poem "Draw the Sword, O Republic," a noble lyric. Yet how much more beautiful it would be if its author had fashioned it more artfully—in some more enduring form. The poem is worth remembering, but not a line save that quoted sticks in the mind. A very little labor would have fixed or set the poem—made it an entity. Now it is as if a sculptor with a beautiful vision had disdained imperishable marble and wrought dimly in clay alone.

Other verses are less poetic, but fascinating: sketches of men, like that of the senile farmer-politician. Yet how much better they might have been in prose. Give them to Galsworthy—would they mingle and fade as they do now? I call to mind the "Five Tales"—five separate pictures of power and rare beauty. Read continuously and some time ago, nevertheless the two brothers, the old director, the cautious lover, the enthralled husband, the old man in Indian summer—their faces, their words, their beliefs, their personalities are as clear-cut (and yet as suggestive) as when I read the book. But what consummate toil must have been exercised on "Five Tales"—what loving care for detail and concern against a single incongruous touch—in short, what superb art. The free versifiers are not artists. That is why they fail.

T. K. DEEDLEDUM.

Dorchester Centre.

Yeoman

How did the word "yeoman" come into the naval vocabulary? Originally

the [illegible] was an Englishman qualified by possessing free land of 40 shillings annual value to serve on juries, vote for knight of shire, etc. Then it came to mean a man that farms his own freehold; still later a member of the yeomanry force, volunteer cavalry force raised from farmers, etc. But "yeoman" is not synonymous with "farmer." It is still customary in parts of England, as in Dorset, to address a letter to "Mr. John Smith, Yeoman." There is an entertaining chapter about the yeoman and his store room on a United States man-of-war in Herman Melville's "White Jacket." In 1843, when Melville shipped on a U. S. frigate as an ordinary seaman, the yeoman in an American line-of-battle ship received $10 a month and in a frigate $35.

About two years ago when the prospects of the allies did not seem so bright as they are today, Mr. Albert de Courville, a British theatre manager, wrote for the Pall Mall Gazette an article entitled "Theatres and the War." This article might well be pondered by those at Washington that insist on a raise in the taxation of theatre tickets; it enters into the consideration of the play now at the Tremont Theatre.

Mr. de Courville says a few words about the lighting regulations in consequence of air raids; the presence in London of officers on short leave, though "curiously enough, the audiences one sees at such theatres as the Hippodrome and the Empire are mainly civilians, and that they are present in large numbers my box office testifies." He then speaks of the theatre as a cure for care.

"These are depressing times, and dull times, and people require the idealisations that the theatre, and particularly that section of the theatre which produces the fantastic type of entertainment, provides. I will not be guilty of the cliche which has been so well worn that people want 'taking out of themselves.' All they want is a rest and the diversion of their minds from the gloom of everyday happenings—which are necessarily tragic—to brighter channels of thought. If we can make sad people laugh, or forget the problems which have been puzzling and worrying them for every 21 hours out of the 24, we are rendering some little service to the nation.

"What class of entertainment do warweary people require? They require charm and comedy. They require restful light and melodious sound. They require from others a demonstration of that energy which they themselves cannot effect. It is an extraordinary fact that a tired audience, even though it offers the most generous tribute to the abilities of the artistes, and gives every evidence of its enthusiasm, will reduce a stageful of 200 people to rags. Some day a clever scientist may invent a machine which will be able to reduce to figures the amount of energy which passes across the footlights to the audience.

"Intangible as that 'something' is, it is nevertheless a very real thing, and, in consequence, one aims as much to enthuse a company as to enthuse an audience. Beautiful people must be beautifully dressed, and must move in beautiful settings. Without the expenditure of a great deal of money the effect cannot be produced that is desired in these times. Mere verbal cleverness, that is to say, the cleverness of an author both in dialogue and in plot, is not sufficient. I have seen one of the most amusing comedies that has ever been produced in this country fail because it lacked the color, the bustle, the light, and the sound which the jaded appetite requires.

"The criticism which is offered about the 'waste' in the big productions is offered because the critic is prejudiced by the fact that the money expended comes into the category of amusements. Yet this is not a sound criticism. Logically, every penny that is expended in other than actual war work is a waste unless a sensible proportion of that money goes back to the treasury in the shape of taxes, licenses, etc. It would be as true to say that jam for the troops was unnecessary, and indeed I have seen that criticism offered by foolish people who did not realize that that pot of 'unnecessary jam' contained certain elements which made for the sustenance and nourishment of the soldier. The theatrical entertainment is the jam of national life. You may replace it with good bread and cheese, and yet fail to satisfy the appetite of the people you feed, and I maintain that so far from being a luxury the theatrical entertainment is a necessity. There is no need in England to emulate the Caesars and give the people 'games and cakes' to keep them quiet, but even in that act of diplomacy was an underlying wisdom and an acknowledgment that diversion from care which a crisis produces is a very desirable measure."

It has been said, and more than once, since the theatrical season opened in Boston, that men and women when they go to the theatre do not wish to think; they wish to see a show: gorgeous or curious stage settings; pretty women,

handsomely and [illegible] costumed; lively music, the greater part of it in ragtime; comical situations in which husbands, wives, lovers are leading a gay life, or are suspected, justly or not, of conduct that is, at least, indiscreet. They argue that there is something not wholly displeasing in the marital infelicities of others. They rejoice in slangy dialogue, in slang that may or may not enter finally into the language. The titles of certain plays are in themselves a lure, and the public demands that the plays should live up to their titles. Seeing the success of comedies and farces, with or without music, of the nature described above, they do not believe that now, when this nation is at war, when households are anxious day and night,

when the casualty list is eagerly scanned at morning and at evening, there is any place for plays of a serious nature.

But "Friendly Enemies" treats in an entertaining manner a serious subject, a subject of vital importance to this country, now and in the future. The play has met with great success in New York and is still drawing crowds to the Hudson Theatre. Here in Boston at the Plymouth Theatre it has completed its fourth week. Its success is not due wholly to the excellent acting of Messrs. Fields, Winninger and Miss Marie Reichard; not due also to the amusing portrayal of character, the subject itself has weight; it does that which, according to some, it should not: it compels the spectator to think, to reason, to glow with patriotic fervor.

And here is "The Matinee Hero," the comedy by Messrs. Ditrichstein and Thomas at the Tremont Theatre, a comedy that should be seen by all those that are interested in stage life. Take it, first of all, as a human document, or, if you please, as an actor's self-examination of his career and his success. One hears the questions: "Does Mr. Ditrichstein really purpose to play Hamlet?" "Will he rearrange and revise the tragedy?" "Does he intend to leave the stage, to live in the country with his wife and books and a dog, not a lapdog, but a real dog, a man's day?"

Other questions might be asked in connection with this comedy. Does Mr. Ditrichstein, portraying the hero, having sketched with Mr. Thomas, his character, believe that the comedies in which he has acted brilliantly of late are nothing but mush, sugary sentimentalism? We do not think that in his characterization of the plays made for LeRoy, as a tailor fits a suit, he is autobiographical. Take, for example, "The Concert." Any comedian might well be happy to play the leading part in it, although we cannot imagine him duplicating or approaching Mr. Ditrichstein in the impersonation. In the original German, and as it was acted in Austria and Germany, it is a bitter satire. It has been whispered that the dramatist had in mind a popular pianist of Vienna, the man to whom Moritz Rosenthal made a memorable reply. The pianist—he has been heard in Boston—returning from a tour, met Rosenthal in a cafe. "I had great success, Moritz, colossal success. How much do you suppose I made?" To which Rosenthal answered: "Half."

Or take "The Phantom Lover." After one of the most amusing first acts that have been sent here for many years, the play became fantastical. It may have perplexed those pleased only by the obvious, but it was surely not mush.

The English adaptation of "Le Roi" did not draw large audiences during the whole of the engagement. In the original play the visiting King was not the chief character. Pages were cut out, and not merely for the sake of the prude. Some of the dialogue excised was droll beyond measure. The satire of the playwrights was in certain instances local, to be appreciated chiefly by Parisians thoroughly conversant with politics and knowing political characters as if they were neighbors. "Mushy" is the last word that can be applied to this cynical play.

Yet why this treatment of managers and playwrights in "The Matinee Hero?" Mr. Ditrichstein last season, before he appeared in "The King," had brought out—we think it was in Chicago—a serious play by Calderon. Those who saw it were loud in praise of Mr. Ditrichstein's performance of a character far removed from any one of those that had won him fame. His managers thought that the play was of a too serious nature for the East. When Mr. Ditrichstein was in Boston last season he still dreamed of the Spanish play in Fitzgerald's version. He talked of giving a performance or two in this city. Now we have "The Matinee Hero." Did the policy of the friendly managers—we say "friendly" in good faith, for they admire Mr. Ditrichstein's great talent as an actor and are solicitous for his welfare—lead him in framing the comedy to voice his opinion of existing theatrical conditions?

As for any desire to play Hamlet that may burn in Mr. Ditrichstein's breast. It has been said that every man is sure that he can do two things successfully: run a newspaper and play Hamlet. Nor is there need in the performance of the tragedy to point out apparent contradictions in the text, or to quote opinions of alienists for or against the madness of the melancholy Dane. Many actors, some of them over-ambitious in the

[illegible] before the [illegible] [illegible] have played the part. No [illegible] within our recollection, [illegible] failed, save the late E. S. [illegible]ard.

We are more than content with Mr. [illegible]stein as he is. There are few [illegible] on the stage that can vie with him [illegible] lightness, elegance, grace; in significant gesture and diction. In a personal[ity] that vitalizes comedy, especially the [illegible] into which romance enters. Yet [we] should like to see him in the play of Calderon, and when he does appear [as] Hamlet, may we be there to see!

A Specimen of Harry Bloodgood's Humor in By-gone Days

To the Editor of the Herald:

I [ran] across the other day in a lot of old stuff from the estate of a recently de[ceased] collector of theatrical rubbish the inclosed manuscript specimen of the humor of the (not very) late Harry Bloodgood, who in his time easily threw crowded audiences into convulsions of mirth and thus earned a large wage. I do not know whether or not it will be worth while to reprint this item as a kind of knot-hole through which to view the theatrical taste of 30 years ago, but if not it will at least be of interest to your private eye, and on this chance I send it. F. E. C.

Boston

We have often wondered whether a Boston audience of 1918 would be im[pressed] by Forrest and Charlotte Cush[man], whether they would be amused by the Morris brothers, Pell and Trow[bridge], Dan Bryant's Minstrels, the San Francisco Minstrels, even by the Vokes family! As for "The Black Crook," once [condemned] as only fit for Sodom and Gomorrah, if it were revived today, there [would be] matinees for children. Harry Bloodgood was very funny in many [sketches], especially in "He's Got to Come," which in these days of air-war[fare] and air-postmen would seem singularly pertinent. We say he was "very funny." We thought he was funny, we know he was funny in those days. We [gladly] publish the report of Mr. Bloodgood's lecture, which in type no doubt will seem to Mr. Gradgrind, his relatives and his friends mere silliness. They would not say to the ghost of Mr. Bloodgood, as Sir Andrew said to the clown in Olivia's household: "In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?" Nor would they smile when the clown answered: "I did impeticos thy gratility: for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses." But Sir Andrew leaped in the air with delight and cried: "Excellent! Why this is the best fooling, when all is done." The most amusing stump speaker we ever heard in a minstrel show was Mr. Addison Ryman. He was a man of refinement and native wit; a man of letters and the world. His manner on the stage was dignified; the audience knew at once that he was not of the [grin]-through-a-horse collar order. [His] wit was biting when he discussed the politics of the day. Would he now be appreciated? More so, probably, than Mr. Bloodgood. Here is the latter's lecture as reported, but in the case of [these] minstrel lecturers, the manner of delivery was half the battle and the [personality] of the speaker greatly helped.

Intellectual, theoretical and hydrophobical essay, on the Spitz dog, as indulged in by the Ethiopian delineator, Mr. Harry Bloodgood:

Fellow Convicts.

I disappear before you, on this official occasion, by request of the com[mittee] on painting the Old South Church. They have solicitated an expression of [my] indifference in regard to the overwhelming refulgence, and the painful [magnitude] of the Spitz dog.

Convalescent to their unmitigated ac[cusa]tions I now amble to the task, and [shall] proceed to enlighten the heathen [many] of which I now see before me) [as to] the where, the whencely, and the be[cause]iveness of the animal in question. [Duri]ng my—during my re— — — [excu]ses, I shall briefly assault other [matters] such as the introduction of soup [[illegible]] into southern Africa, the cause, [the] result and the quensekonee thereof. [As] my constituents, the seventh act of [Congress]'s water, in the sledislature of the commonwealth, declares that ac[cording] to the abbreviation of the law—[it is] decided that when the somnambulis[tic] tendency of the lachrymose organ in [the] functional depravity as designated [illegible]—

And then, on the other hand, twenty-[ni]nthly and secondly, what says the [orat]er? Beneath the fool of men en[tire]ly great, there's no such word as [fail]. The childmat[e] of my playhood, where are they? [Th]us put on the [spec]tacles of [illegible], and look back to the period of t[ime] gone by. What is the whencity o[f the] animal? By turning to the [illegible]-eighth chapter of [illegible] on Tell, claws two, [illegible] Spitz dog first got a [illegible] the [wo]rld's arrangements in [illegible] he assisted in biting the [illegible], by which she overturned the [illegible], upset the lamp that busted [illegible] the great Boston fire to Mr Hamwell, we had arranged to take in a larger part of the palatial residences, near and about Pitts st., but through some misunderstanding Guy Fawkes and Mayor Gaston were setting fire to another part of the city altogether. I persuaded Mr. Gaston to resign, but to return to the doggerel which first submitigated our reamputation. there are many pleasing varieiles of dog. There is the brown poplin dog, with calleo eyebrows and east lake ears. The stuh tailed ash cart dog, the oldfoundland, the skye terrible. I have omitted to mention the bologna sausage. But we anticipate. Let us in conclusion, my brother lunatics, discuss the true refulgence of the term hydrophobia. Alden on the Connecticut river, page one thousand and one thousand, chap one, lobster claws. The right hand cuticle of the occeput, coming in contact with the ossification of the nervous system, disoperates on the nasal organ of the eye, and produces the palpitiation of the refrigerator, parallel to the trincular splniticum of the cerebro spinal meningitis. And now, my benighted enthusiasts, it is with feelings of the utmost disgust that I feel called upon to bring these few feeble remonstrances to a close, feeling sure that they have been so placed before you that not one jot nor one tittle of their existence will exemplify them from their previous -——— re horseness. By whose supplicati are we invincible? Without we have a character of our own distinguishness? And I would further remark that—no pedestal is a sufficiency. To commence a new subject——

(Disturbance)

Light completed romans, fare thee well. I have concluded to commence the new subject in E Boston.

Notes About the Stage, Players, Music and Musicians

"Shakespeare and the Stage," by Maurice Jonas, published by Davis & Orioli, Museum street, London, is described as "a work bearing evidence of patient investigation, laborious research and no little scholarship, and containing a mass of well digested information, comprising numerous items of theatrical and antiquarian interest." There are chapters on familiar subjects, as "Inn Yards," "The Early Drama," "The Theatres," "London Theatrical Companies," "Court Performances," "Shakespeare as an Actor," but "the last and perhaps the most valuable portion of Mr. Jonas's book deals 'With a Complete List of Theatrical Terms Used by Shakespeare in His 'Plays and Players.' Arranged in Alphabetical Order and Explanatory Notes.'

"In picking out a few of the theatrical allusions which Mr. Jonas has taken pains to collate and comment upon, we might make special reference to the interesting discussion raised by him on the passage from All's Well: 'Faith, sir, had led the drum before the English tragedians'; to the Nine Worthies (Love's Labors Lost and Henry IV., Part II.); Whitsun Pastorals (The Winter's Tale); Jigs, Pageants, Dumb-show, the Hobby Horse, the Vice-groundlings, and so on (Hamlet); the 'well-graced actor' (Richard II.); 'the deep tragedian' (Buckingham's speech in Richard III.), and so forth and so forth. Speaking of the remarks about the boy-players in Hamlet, the author says, aptly: 'These topical references must be treated sensibly and logically; the safest plan is to ignore them completely without ample evidence is forthcoming of their real existence, otherwise it will surely lead the commentator into various pitfalls.' 'This Wooden O' (Henry V.) and 'Hung be the heavens with black' (from the doubtful Henry VI., Part I.),' might also be noted."

Business has, I hear, been good all round during the week, mainly due, I am told, to the enormous influx of American soldiers, who, always great playgoers, must go somewhere every night, and as they chiefly go in parties it means something. I find they are rather more discriminating than Londoners, and one house, with an expensive attraction, where a slight inclination to drop occurred, was absolutely saved by the overflow from an adjacent theatre. That proves the value of theatres being in a cluster.—The Stage, Aug. 22.

There is talk in England of a company to tour the provinces and then to give performances of the better known Shakespearian plays in London. It is hoped that Mary Anderson will be the leading lady. She has been asked to play Queen Katharine in "Henry VIII."

Miss Doris Keane, before opening her season at the Lyric, London, in "Roxana" tried the play at Eastbourne, Sept. 9. The comedy was known in New York as "Nobody's Widow" when Miss Blanche Bates took the leading part.

I hear from a well known author who has had occasion to visit several large provincial centres during the last few weeks that the country seems infested with money, and playgoers are pouring it out like water for shows that they want. He believes that revues without plot are dying the death, and draws my attention to the fact that in Paris, where revue was invented and brought to perfection, there is always some con[tin]uity, not [illegible] part, [illegible] to various [illegible] of [illegible] revue as we have [illegible] a [illegible] until very recently consisted of a number of variety turns or disconnected scenes put on in any order and the pro[ducer] trusted to luck and the variety artists to pull matters through. I believe with my friend the author that a great change will shortly take place, and these haphazard performances will cease for lack of public support.—The Stage, Aug. 15.

There was a curious discussion in a law suit in London not long ago about the precise meaning of the word "matinee" in a music hall contract. The plaintiff, known on the stage as Billy Merson, contended that when there were afternoon performances daily for an indefinite period, they were not matinees within the meaning of the contract. George Robey testified that if there were five afternoon performances a week they were matinees. If there were six they ceased to be matinees. "An habitual afternoon performance was not considered in the music hall world to be a matinee." Harry Vernon, the author of "Mr. Wu," said that if the afternoon performances exceeded three they ceased to be matinees. Charles Gulliver, called for the defence, said that a matinee meant any afternoon performance and the counsel for the defence quoted the Oxford Dictionary's definition "a musical or theatrical afternoon performance." The judge concluded that it was impossible to say from the evidence that there was any general meaning given to the word in music hall circles, and he was thrown back on the contract. "He found that the plaintiff had contracted to perform at any matinees that the defendants might desire. It appeared, therefore, that on the true construction of the contract, a matinee meant any performance given in the afternoon, and the action must be dismissed with costs."

The Daily Telegraph of London was impressed by the dancing of Decima and Eddie McLean, "well known in America and Australia," appearing in "Yes, Uncle," at the Shaftesbury. "One of the features of their performance is especially noteworthy. Imagine a couple of human teetotums spinning round with amazing rapidity and a precision that never fails, and you have an idea, however faint, of what the newcomers can achieve in this direction. But everything seems to come easy to the clever couple whose repertory ranges from the Russian quick step to the more graceful English waltz. With her long hair streaming down her back, Miss Decima McLean also makes a singularly striking figure."

How often the play is made or marred by a fortunate or an unfortunate title. H. V. Esmond's new play for Wyndham's was originally announced as "The Love Divine," which was calculated to arouse very tender feelings in the breast of the average flapper, whose soul has starved since Romance disappeared from the Lyric. Now comes a cold douche in the way of the altered title, "The Law Divine," which to their soulful thoughts is a very prosaic affair. Still there are other things than parchment in the law, and those deed boxes in the lawyer's office hide many romances, and "The Law Divine" must surely mean something about marriage.

Talking of titles reminds me of a chat I once had with the late Laurence Irving. I was congratulating him on his success in "The Unwritten Law," and I presumed the title was an American one. "No," he said, in that dreamy way of his. "It had a splendid title in America, where E. H. Sothern played the part, but the play was not a success there, where it was called 'And a Fool Hath Said in His Heart There Is No God.'" If a title like that won't kill a play it must be a cast-iron attraction. —The Stage, Aug. 22.

There are certain types of music which are never out of fashion. The strenuous composer may or may not obtain a hearing, as he ranges at will from, say, Prometheus to perambulators. But the gentler type of bard who warbles innocuously of a not too hopeless love is always sure of an audience. Phyllis-like, he never fails to please; but, unlike the maiden who was sometimes coy and sometimes forward, he is almost the singer's only joy, because he is never startling or unexpected. There is certainly nothing startling in most of the new songs to hand from Messrs. West & Co. They are sufficiently reminiscent to arouse the placid pleasure one feels in meeting an old acquaintance.—London Daily Telegraph, Aug. 17.

The Daily Telegraph quotes these remarks about Beethoven's "Moonlight" (so-called) sonata: "There is a cheap opening to the Allegretto, and the Presto agitato is largely a shindy; to split the plexuses of the groundlings, etc. It has no real passion, or, at most, a mere trace toward the finale." It adds that this pourer out of vials of scorn is a "lofty modern critic." Name, please.

Referring to Mr. Caruso's engagement for the films, the Daily Telegraph says "Just why the American, or any other public should yearn to see him in a picture-play just because he happens to have a glorious voice—which won't be heard at the 'movies'—it would be hard to say. Caruso, it is true, has become quite a good actor. But experience has shown that some of the best actors make the worst film-players."

[illegible]

The Dash and the Kaiser

[as] the W[o]rd W[ag]

Does [illegible] a man [worry] [about] o[ur] a[n] aid in classifying [illegible]. It [was] somebody [illegible] that letter writer who was worrying recently for fear the Germans cannot pay their war debts unless we [illegible] in and buy loads of German goods. Strange thing for an American to worry over! How about our own war debts?"

Then there was that very lady-like soul who was worrying about the current use of cuss-words, especially the invocation, which, as he puts it, "consign the Kaiser to ——."

Now —— is a bad neighborhood, to be sure, if indeed there is a ——. Beecher insisted that —— did not exist. From ——'s general repute, no one would take up voluntarily a ——ish residence; but from the Kaiser's well-earned repute, there are those who feel that —— is a blanked sight too good for him, and that the undue lowering of ——'s moral tone is the only argument against "consigning" him to ——, by fast freight, all charges prepaid.

And what in —— is there which makes it needful to mask it by a long-dash logotype? Those rudely human documents, the Bible and the Prayer-Book, are not so squeamish. The latter says: "He descended into hell." Plain h, e, double l, hell.

How perfectly sweet it must be to have a mind so delicate and so rose-leaf texture that it finds nothing to concern itself with but a bit of army profanity! How deep must be the peace of a mentality which in contact with this riot of "battle, murder, and sudden death," reacts only to such a trifle, and sends forth its thoughts parading so discreetly in long-dashed pantalets! Truly, war is a developer of contrasts, and it's a long way from that serene objector's door-yard to the front trenches—to that stinking hell's cess-pool, foul with mire and blood and guts and all corruption, where tens of thousands of tough, swearing (possibly), but hard-muscled, clear-eyed, clean-hearted, splendid young Americans are fighting our battles. God bless them, and God have mercy on our craven, dawdling souls, if we can find no other work than quibbling over trifles, left behind here in safety as we are. As for hell and the Kaiser—may damnation seize not only the Kaiser but the whole Teutonic brood of cruel, lying murderers who set loose this war. The only curse we need fear is "the curse of Meroz." And was Deborah reproved for inveighing it, or was she exalted? It was a righteous curse!

But 'scuse me; I was near getting in earnest. If I did, I might be tempted to say something emphatic. Yep; war is indeed contrast-y. And as Sherman so delicately remarked, "War is ——!"

Brookline. W. C. T.

Perhaps "the Curse of Meroz" is unknown to some of our readers, for Biblical speech is not now, alas! familiar. The inhabitants of Meroz, refusing to assist their brethren when they fought against Sisera, were cursed bitterly by the Angel of the Lord's command. This we read in the Book of Judges. Some of the old Jewish commentators believed that Meroz was not a place, but a mighty man; who, because he did not join Barak and Deborah was excommunicated by the Angel of the Lord with the sound of 400 trumpets. Others said that he was the Angel of the Canaanites, who was cursed by Michael, the guardian angel of Israel. There is also dispute about the identity of the Angel of the Lord. Was he Barak, the general of the Lord's army, or a high priest for the time being; a prophet; or the Angel Michael or some other angel? It is a pity that there is this uncertainty.—Ed.

French Appreciation

Mme. Emelie Alexander-Marius of Boston has received a letter from a French friend now in Paris, who pays a glowing tribute to the work of the American Red Cross in France. The letter is dated Aug. 2.

"Words fail to describe with what swiftness, noble courtesy, zealous and discreet sense of duty the Red Cross has succored not only the soldiers and the wounded, but the civilians, those driven from home, those returning and restored, the widows and orphans. It is everywhere; its beneficent hand is over all those that suffer. How is it possible for France not to love America with all its heart?"

M. Jean Jullien in this letter also speaks of the enthusiastic reception of American soldiers in France; of "the intensely sympathetic relationship that was established immediately between them and their French comrades-in-arms; of the genuine affection felt by the people of many towns and villages for these brave youths, so simple and so good; and note that it is not merely because they come to aid us and are admirable soldiers: they can pride themselves on being loved for their own sake."

Sept [illegible]

"While the authorities have been careful, and very properly careful, to warn the public against waste of paper, they have refrained from dealing with the waste which goes on under their own noses. There has been no waste by private persons at any time to compare with that of the government departments. * * * It is doubtful if all the posters and pamphlets and other documents issued by the departments are necessary or even desirable."

One would think that these words were written with reference to the waste of paper at Washington, D. C. Oh, no! They are in an editorial article of the Pall Mall Gazette, entitled "Waste of Paper: A Hint to the Controller," and reflecting on the wastefulness of the British government.

Concerning Dr. Page

Deep as our regret may be at losing Dr. Page, we may be sure that America's pleasure in receiving him back will balance the account. There runs in the memory a story once told by a publishing partner of the American ambassador that illustrates his countrymen's regard. "You know," said the partner, that O. Henry is reported to have said that Page could write a letter to an author, declining a manuscript, that was so cordial and apt and interesting that he could take it to a bank and raise money on it!"—London Daily Chronicle, Aug. 28.

Our Uneducated

As the World Wags:

I am not sure that the Yankee prisoner was "kidding" the Crown Prince in the matter of Alsace. It's no lie I be after tellin' yez when I say that there is a Yankee working alongside of me in the office, who said he graduated from the high school, and the other day he asked me who this Joan of Arc was that he is hearing so much about lately! Fact! He also asked the other day what the meaning of "fluted" was, as he had never heard of the word before, and so on, ad infinitum. Of course he is an unusual example. He is also an expert accountant; very expert, by the way, as he offers occasionally to a list of accounts, included among the assets being "bad debts" and "trading losses." Every time he tries to puzzle out a telegram, that is to condense his harangue, he has to take a pill in order to regain his juxtaposition—he does not possess equilibrium. He must have been caught in a rainstorm one time with a cheap suit on, as his conscience is badly warped, and his left shoulder blade, like the divine Katisha's, is a wonder. He can easily stoop out of the window of a one-story building and pick up a footstep dropped by someone on the sidewalk; and, like Uncle Ned, his fingers are as long as the canes in the brake. I also met another "kidder" who could put "cash paid out" on the "received" side of the cash book, and make a balance. He was also an expert accountant, and consulting engineer besides. I think he "consulted" that bridge that got tired standing and fell down the other day. No, no, the Yankee prisoner was not "kidding" the Crown Prince. The more education, generally speaking, the native American receives, unless he travels, the less he knows, and high school scholars are notoriously ignorant. The system of education in this country is indeed inferior; no home lessons, running in the streets, fooling in the school room. Wake up! VERITAS.

Boston.

"Sir" and "Ma'am"

As the World Wags:

"Tyburn itself," said Dr. Johnson, the great Conservative, "is not safe from the fury of innovations." His horror would doubtless have been more keen if he were alive in these times of revolution; and yet he, like others of his temper who are living now, would have found a scrap of comfort here and there. For revolution often brings the circle round and some of our innovations are merely the revival of old habits. Among these is a little matter of courtesy. Military discipline is now teaching many an unwhipped cub to say "Sir" to an older person or a superior. It is one of those fine habits that we hope will not be dropped ... and the war, but will be carried back to civil life along with their [illegible] and polished shoes. The 18th century used the expletive such as Americans use "Say," but what a difference between the two words! It was used with a meditative intonation when Dr. Johnson remarked, "Sir, it is surprising how people will go to a distance for what they may have at home." There was hot anger in his reply to Boswell when he asked him if he would not allow a man to drink in order to forget what is disagreeable. "Yes, sir, if he sat next to you." The innocent Sir is found in his criticism of Sherry, otherwise Thomas [illegible] "Why, Sir, [illegible] must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity, Sir, is not in Nature." A moralizing intonation may be detected in "A man, Sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair." And what bitterness of sad experience lies in his saying: "Ah! Sir, a boy's being flogged is not so severe as a man's having the hiss of the world against him."

Along with this revival of "Sir" I hope there will come a more frequent use of "Ma'am" in addressing women. To get the full flavor of the expression nowadays one must revert to "Cranford." Miss Deborah Jenkyns, in an argument with Capt. Brown regarding the superiority of Dr Johnson to Dickens, said she considered it vulgar to publish in numbers, as the Pickwick Papers were coming out. Whereupon the captain retorted sotto voce, "How was the Rambler published, ma'am?" There you have respect and disagreement all in one sentence! To hear one of our southern students in the naval radio school say "ma'am" is to make one wish its use would immediately become universal. ACADEME.

Cambridge.

Sept 24 1918

Copley: The man that went

Majestic – Thurston the Magician

Keiths' — an American Ace.

Sept 26. 1918

Mr. Herkimer Johnson has written a letter containing such intimate information about his health and financial condition that it was probably not intended for publication—yet he may have written in the hope that publication in the Herald and Journal would excite sympathy and loosen purse strings to the advantage of his colossal work. Is there lurking irony in his final flourish, "Yours for the Fourth Liberty Loan"?

If we quote one paragraph from the letter it will do no harm. It is an anecdote of simple life showing how the vast knowledge of Mr. Johnson is unappreciated in Clamport.

"I was talking with Horace Eldridge yesterday, who does odd jobs. He was complaining bitterly of his lonely life; how he could not get anyone to cook for him. 'I've not tasted roast pork or corned beef this summer or last winter. I haven't eaten any meat to speak of; it costs so much and there's no one to cook it.' I thought that the prophecy uttered by Berthelot, the great French scientist, at a dinner of manufacturing chemists, might console him, so I read it to him from a chapter of my magnum opus (as yet unpublished; elephant folio; sold only by subscription). 'When energy can be cheaply obtained,' said Berthelot, 'food will be made with carbon taken from carbonic acid, hydrogen taken from water, and nitrogen taken from the air. Beasts need not be bred for slaughter, and barren regions may be preferable to fertile as habitable places, because they will not be pestiferous from ages of manuring. There will be no need to disfigure our planet with the geometrical works of the agriculturist or the grime of factory chimneys, and the earth will become a vast pleasure-garden.' To this Mr. Eldridge replied: 'That sounds mighty fine. Perhaps you know what it's all about. You say that Frenchy was agin eating meat. All I can say, by heck, he was a damn fool.' I shall not attempt again to prescribe a healthful and economical diet for any neighbor in Clamport, or in Blossom Court, or at The Porphyry."

Help! Help!

As the World Wags:

Once again I invoke your friendly aid in finding the source of the following quotations. As a reward, I am promised some money for the Red Cross. The first is said to be changed by one letter, and I have to supply the correct one, also tell where it is to be found. It seems such a very remarkable instance of history repeating itself that I can hardly think it a quotation, though I am assured that it is one. At any rate, it has vigor, and is in "a tongue understanded of the people."

Our Devil who dast in Brussels dwell,
Cursed be thy name in Heaven and Hell.
Thy Kingdom speedily pass away
Which has blighted and blasted us many a day.
May they will never more be done
In Heaven above or under the sun;
Thou takest daily our daily bread,
Our wives and children lie starving or dead.

No man's trespasses thou forgivest,
Revenge is the food on which thou livest.
Thou leadest all men into temptation;
Unto evil thou hast delivered this nation.
Our Father in Heaven which art
Grant this hellish devil may soon depart
[illegible] his [illegible] f[illegible] and bl[illegible]
Who makes murder and rapine their daily study;
And all his savage war dogs of pain,
Send them back to the Devil, their father again.

Amen.

Here is tho second:

The pulpit from which such ponderous sermons
Have fallen down on the heads of the Germans,
With about as much real edification
As if a great Bible bound in lead
Had fallen and struck them on the head.

TEMPERANCE BODFISH.

Boston.

In the Day's Work

As the World Wags:

Illustrative of variety in the miscellany of a single day, I cite:

1—The entertaining discussion of tea, by the Chief World Wagger—which recalls the Dickensian gentleman in "Our Mutual Friend," who was generally to be found "floating his powerful mind in tea."

2—An impressive drawing of Uncle Sam. The artist's name, Krieghoff, brings to mind a variety of American war posters done by artists—and lithographers—whose names are no less American than this. And, incidentally, one wonders whether the name of the gentleman who lately retired from the federal reserve board is not an anglicization of Krieghoff?

3—A current item of news. A committee representing the society, Sons of Sicilian Vespers, is reported to have provided cigars for the wounded soldiers now at the Boston City Hospital. One is a bit hazy as to the origin of this society. Perhaps a species of "Sicilian vespers" now prevails in Bolshevik Russia—but perhaps, also, some erudite World Wagger, or the Chief himself, can enlighten us about this little known product of Sicily? SOUTH STREET.

Boston, Sept. 12.

Sept 27. 1918

The death of Dr. Joseph Kidd at the age of 94 on Aug. 20 excited little attention in this country, although he was the physician of Disraeli, John Bright and many other prominent men. He was also a native of Limerick, and the father by two wives of 15 children. All this was enough to commemorate him, but we hold him in honor because he was a stanch advocate of the soft collar, insisting that his patients should abjure stiff collars and wear loose clothing, for in his opinion diet and clothing had more to do with health than all the pills, powders and potions. He was over six feet in height, broad in proportion. One of his grateful patients remarked: "You could have put a loaf of bread down between Dr. Kidd's neck and his collar."

"Gadget" and "Straitsman"

Perhaps Capt. Brassbound, whose letter follows, can answer two questions asked in the last number of Notes and Queries (London):

What is the meaning of the nautical term "gadget"?

Mr. Watson, not Dr. Watson the friend of Sherlock, wrote: "In W. Hickey's 'Memoirs,' vol. ii., p. 8, I read: 'All (the shipping), with the exception of one, which was a large Straitsman, were transports bound to America.' What manner of a ship was a 'Straitsman'? It is, of course, a description not of rig, but of the trade the ship engaged in—like East, or West, Indiaman."

Gas Shells and Dundonald

As the World Wags:

Others besides the Germans and Lord Dunronald) seem to have been occupied with the problem of asphyxiating gases and bullets. Sir Howard Douglas, in the second edition of his "Naval Gunnery," published in 1855, has this to say of the matter:

"We find in the chapter on Projectiles, in M. Charpentier's work, 'L'Artillerie de la Marine,' that experiments have been made at L'Orient and Brest, with a new description of missile, denominated 'asphixiants, because it develops a deleterious gas, which produces the immediate suffocation of all organized beings.' Whether those truly diabolical weapons, as M. de la Gravière denominates all such means (vol. 1, p. 98), have been adopted in the French navy is not known; but they stand in type as one of the weapons of the new French system of warfare."

In a footnote to this, Sir Douglas adds "The author learns with great regret that some awful experiments have been made, with fearful success, in the royal arsenal (at Woolwich, probably) with projectiles asphixiants, combining in a frightful degree incendiary with suffocating effects."

The expressions employed by Sir Douglas reflect interestingly the early Victorian view of such means of warfare, at a time when the punctilio of the duel and the "pomp and panoply of war" had hardly passed away.

The plan of using gas was proposed by Lord Dundonald as early as 1811. His plan was investigated by a committee at that time, which reported it "effective, but inhuman."

Lord Dundonald took out patents for inventions in other lines, such as lamps for burning oil of tar, for improved propulsion of ships, for improvements in mining, excavation and sinking, and for rotary steam-engines, and as early as 1843 urged the use of steam and the screw propeller in warships. This inventive genius seems to have been inherited; for his father, the ninth Earl of Dundonald, seriously impoverished the family fortunes through various schemes for new processes of alkali manufacture and other uses of applied science.

If ever there was a stormy petrel, it was Lord Dundonald himself. He served with brilliant success during the Napoleonic wars, but in 1814 was expelled from Parliament and the order of the Bath as a result of disastrous speculations on the Stock Exchange. In 1817 he went to South America, and helped the Chileans in their revolt against Spain, being in command of their naval forces. In 1823 he went over to Brazil and aided the Brazilians in shaking off the Portuguese yoke. Later falling out with the Brazilians, he returned to Europe, and aided the Greeks in their revolt against the Turks. He was restored to his rank in the British navy and served till 1851.

Perhaps his best-remembered exploit was the capture of the Spanish frigate Gamo, when he was in command of the Speedy in 1801. The Speedy was small, even for her time and class, being of 158 tons only, with a crew of 90 men and carrying 14 four-pounder guns. Lord Dundonald used to remark that when he wished to shave himself he had to put his head out of the cabin skylight (he was a tall man) and use the quarter-deck for the arrangement of his shaving tackle! In this small craft, while cruising off the Spanish coast on blockade, Dundonald fell in with the Gamo, carrying 32 guns and a crew of 300 men. Being unable to escape, he decided to fight instead of surrendering, and promptly ran the Speedy under the side of the Gamo, locking yardarms with his antagonist, where he hammered away with his four-pounders. The Spaniards were unable to depress their guns sufficiently to do any damage, and an attempt at boarding was driven back by sustained musketry fire. Dundonald, with only 50 men (the balance were away as prize crews), boarded in his turn. When the fight was at its hottest he ordered one of his men to haul down the Spanish colors, an incident which so disconcerted the Spaniards that the Gamo was soon in his hands. He then had the problem of keeping the upper hand of 260 unwounded prisoners with his small crew. By driving the Spaniards into the hold and training loaded cannon down the hatchways he kept them in good order until they were landed at Port Mahon. CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Boston.

Sept 25 1918

Mars and Apollo

With a few exceptions, the military bands of the United States, when this country declared war, were inferior to those of France, England and Italy. For many years in those countries the aid of music in maintaining the morale of an army and in keeping alive the martial and patriotic spirit was fully recognized. The foreign bands had for years been carefully drilled by competent musicians. Treatises, practical and historical, were published; witness the remarkable "Songs of the French Army" and "History of Military Music" by the Alsatian, George Kastner.

Gen. Pershing was quick to realize the American need in this respect. The war department has authorized a large increase in the size of our bands and granted commissioned rank to bandmasters that have passed prescribed examination. In France the American bandmasters and their men are to be trained in a school established under the superintendence of the best French army musicians; but it was not necessary for certain leaders and soldiers now in this country to wait until they should arrive in France. At least three months ago the New England Conservatory of Music placed its facilities, and the service of any teachers needed, at the disposal of the commanding officers of the northeastern department and of the first naval district for special instruction during the summer months, free of cost. The offer was accepted. That excellent musician, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, dean of the Conservatory faculty, acting as advisor to the war department commission on training camp activities, formulated the required instruction and saw to it that it was judiciously—that is, eclectically as well as aesthetically—exercised. Nearly 50 classes have been organized; nearly all the military

... [illegible] ... and ever ... [illegible] ... instruction. Thus ... [illegible] ... that has worked here for musical righteousness in time of ... give gladly its name and experience to the government in wartime. Mars is the more warlike by ... on of Apollo's aid.

Sept 29. 1918

The visit of the Paris Conservatory orchestra or, to speak properly, of the Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, is eagerly anticipated. The concert in Symphony Hall on Thursday evening, Oct. 9, will no doubt be fully attended. A short historical sketch of this organization is now pertinent.

There were orchestral concerts in Paris long before this famous society was founded. In 1725 it was thought that the Parisian public, deprived of the opera in Lent, would enjoy music of a serious nature. This led to the Concerts—Spirituels with programs including motets, instrumental solos, and orchestral pieces, symphonies among them. These concerts were at the Tuilaries from 6 to 8 P. M. Mozart wrote a symphony for one in 1778. Other orchestral concerts were given; those of the amateurs, founded in 1775, and conducted by Gossec, and the illustrious mulatto violinist, the Chevalier de Saint-Georges; those of the Loge Olympique, of which Marie Antoinette was the patroness, for which Haydn composed a set of symphonies; the concerts of the rue de Clery by an orchestra of 80; concerts of the Opera led by Habeneck; a second series of Concerts d'Amateurs, etc.

Francois Antoine Habeneck, born in 1781 at Mezilres, played the violin in public when he was 10 years old. In 1804 he was awarded the first prize for violin playing at the Paris Conservatory, a pupil of Baillot. The Empress Josephine, having heard him at a concert, granted him a pension of 1200 francs. Serving as violinist, first in the orchestra of the Opera-Comique, then in that of the Opera, he soon by chance showed his ability as a conductor, and was appointed by Sarrette, the director of the Paris Conservatory, to be the sole conductor of the orchestra of pupils. In one of these concerts the first symphony of Beethoven was performed for the first time in Paris. At one of the "Sacred Concerts" of the Opera he brought out Beethoven's second symphony, but, as the musicians did not like tho second movement, he was obliged to substitute for it the famous allegretto from the symphony in A. which made such an impression that it was repeated. In 1821 Habeneck was appointed director of the Opera. He resigned the position in 1824. At the Conservatory he was the teacher of a violin class expressly formed for him. He was also the general inspector.

On the festival of St. Cecilia in November, 1826. Habeneck invited to luncheon a large number of his musical friends—the majority belonged to the opera orchestra. He asked them to bring with them their instruments. They read the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven and were so interested that they did not sit at table until 4 o'clock. There were other meetings of this nature. Cherubini was informed by Habeneck of the rehearsals. He welcomed the idea of giving some concerts in the hall of the Conservatory. Sosthene de Larochefoucault, the minister of the King's household, granted the required authorization, but as the budget of the Conservatery was rather small, Habeneck and his comrades agreed to provide the money necessary for light, heat, service, billboards, programs, etc. Now M. de Larochefoucault appreciated Habeneck's talent. He drew up a document giving permission for six public concerts every year to begin, at the latest, on the first Sunday of March, at no longer interval than a fortnight; graduates and pupils of the Conservatory were to play, and in case of need teachers were to be added.

"No foreign artist shall be heard in these concerts, however great his talent." This rule was afterward not enforced. Only the graduates were to be paid for their service; their fees were to depend on the number of rehearsals and performances in which they took part. The price of seats was thus fixed: First boxes, 5 francs; gallery, second boxes, rez-de-chaussee, 4 francs; parterre, 3 francs; ampitheatre, 2 francs. Certain committees, the inspectors of the fine arts department, the directors of the Royal Institution of Religious Music, of the Opera, the Opera Comique, the Theatre Italien and the Odeon were to have complimentary tickets. This decree was published Feb. 15, 1828.

The first concert of the Conservatory orchestra took place on March 9, 1828, at 2 P. M.

The orchestra as planned was thus composed: First violins, 15; second violins, 15, violas, 8; violoncellos, 12; double basses, 8; flutes, 4; oboes, 3; clarinets, 4; trumpets, 2; horns, 4; bassoons, 4; trombones, 3, ophicleid, 1; kettle drum, 1; harp, 1. There were famous virtuosos in this orchestra: Urhan, the Tolbecques, ... [illegible] ... (later the conductor) among the strings; Tulon the flutist, Vogt and Brod, oboists.

The chorus consisted as a whole of 17 first sopranos, headed by Mme. Cinti-Damoreau; 19 second sopranos, headed by Caroline Maillard; 22 tenors, among them Ponchard, Dupond, Nourrit, Wartel, Massol; 21 basses, with Levasseur, Dabudie, Prevost, Derivis the younger among them.

Habeneck was the conductor; Tilmont the elder was assistant conductor.

The concerts were in the large hall of the Conservatory, famous for its acoustics. There was room for an audience of 956.

The musicians were seated in the following manner: The soloists were in front of the conductor, the sopranos and tenors—16 first sopranos and 16 second sopranos, 10 first tenors and 10 second tenors, were on each side of him—sopranos at his left, tenors at his right. In front of him were 10 first basses and 10 second basses, behind them the harpist. To the left of the basses were the first violins, to the right the second. Behind the harp and facing the conductor were 10 violas. Behind them in the first row were clarinets, oboes, flutes, four violoncellos and two double basses. In the second row were four horns, four bassoons, four violoncellos. The third row was made up of two trumpets, five double basses, four violoncellos. In the fourth row were three trombones, with ophicleid behind them, and two double basses. The kettle drums were in the back centre. Other percussion instruments were at the right of the kettle drums as the conductor faced them. It should be observed that in the first row the double basses, one each, were placed between violoncellos. In the third row the four violoncellos were between three double basses and two double basses. This was the order of seating under Habeneck's reign.

The program of the first concert was as follows:

Beethoven—"Eroica," Symphony.
Rossini—Duet from "Semiramis." Sung by Mlles. Nella and Carolina Maillard.
Meifred—Solo for cor a pistons performed by the composer.
Rossini—Air sung by Mlle. Nella Maillard.
Rode—New concerto for violin. M. Sauzai, violinist.
Cherubini—Chorus from "Blanche de Provence."
Cherubini—Overture to "Les Abencerrages."
Cherubini—"Kyrie" and "Gloria" from the Messe du Sacre, by the chorus.

The Maillard sisters were excellent pianists as well as singers. The two married. Nella died in 1836 at Paris; Caroline at Dresden in 1858. The cor-a-pistons was then a new instrument. Meifred, afterward the teacher of the instrument at the Conservatory, wrote a method for it. The violin concerto should have been played by Baillot. He was indisposed, and Sauzai, his pupil, took his place. "Blanche de Provence" was produced at the Opera to celebrate the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux. Cherubini's mass was composed for the consecration of Charles X. at Rheims.

The second concert on March 23, 1828, was devoted to the memory of Beethoven. The program was made up wholly of his works.

Habeneck conducted a Conservatory concert for the last time on April 10, 1848. He died at Paris in 1849. Narcisse Girard succeeded him and conducted until his death in 1860.

There was an elaborate set of rules and regulations for the Societe from the beginning. Some of them were changed as the years went on. The Societe was governed by a committee chosen by the members. No one could be a member of the Societe unless he had belonged to the Conservatory or to the Royal School of Music. If the presence of a foreign artist was recognized as indispensable, the committee proposed his admission in open meeting. No one could be a member of the Societe unless he was a Frenchman or a naturalized citizen. Free tickets were thus distributed: Four for the conductor; two for each member of the committee; two for each other member; two for the "inspector of the hall"; two for each soloist, whether he played a concerto, sang, or took part in a duet, trio, quartet, etc.

The programs of the Conservatory concerts from March 9, 1828, to April 22, 1859, inclusive, are given in full in the "Histoire de la Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire Imperial de Musique," by A. Elwart (Paris, 1860). During those years there were 280 performances of Beethoven's symphonies: No. 1, 13; No. 2, 26; No. 3, 28; No. 4, 24; No. 5, 53; No. 6, 51; No. 7, 52; No. 8, 14; No. 9 with chorus, 19.

Haydn was represented by 58 performances of symphonies; Mozart by 37; Mendelssohn, by 7; Spohr, 2.

There were 64 performances of Weber's overtures; 33 of Beethoven's; 9 of Mozart's; 19 of Mendelssohn's.

Conservative in those days, the programs from 1828 to 1859 bear the name of Berlioz only three times: overture "Rob Roy," "The Damnation of Faust," Marche Hongroise.

Among the solo performances were 27 by flutists, 46 by oboists, 19 by clarinetists, 13 by bassoon players, five by trumpeters, 20 by horn player, two by trombone players.

Among the solo violinists were Alard, Ernst, Molique, Sivori, Vieuxtemps. Among the pianists were Alkan, Bertini, Chopin, Doehler, Cesar Franck, Kalkbrenner, Halle, Herz, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Meyer, Prudent, Thalberg. The list of solo singers was a most ... [illegible] ... was Mme ... [illegible] ... of the Havana Opera ... [illegible] ... at the Howard Athenaeum ... [illegible] ... to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and was the first to take the part of Venus in the memorable production of "Tannhaeuser" at the Paris Opera. The only English name we see is that of Miss Marla B. Hawes (1844). She sang two airs by Handel. Elwart wrote of her: "The young Englishwoman was very successful at this concert; it was the first time the audience heard in that place singing in the language of Milton."

The programs became more catholic as the years went by. Let us look at some of them taken at random.

In 1874-5, Deldevez and Lamoureux conductors, there were portions of Bach's great mass: "The Damnation of Faust"; the overture "Les Franc Juges" and Berlioz's "Death of Ophelia"; Massenet's "Dramatic Scenes"; Bizet's suite, "L'Arlesiennes"; Gounod's "Salutation Angelique," which was pooh-poohed; music by Weber, Rameau, Lulli, Gluck, Vaucorbeil, Mozart, Haydn, etc.

In 1885, Garcin conductor: Music by Beethoven, Weber, Spontini, Mendelssohn, Wagner (Pilgrim's Chorus from "Tannhaeuser"), etc.

In 1895, Taffanal conductor: Bach's great mass complete; Lenepveu's Requiem; Beethoven's "Egmont" music; Saint-Saens's "Deluge"; portions of "Alceste," etc.

In 1905, Georges Marty conductor: Handel's "Saul"; Franck's "Beatitudes"; Liszt's Psalm XIII.; Paladilhe's "Stabat Mater"; music by Chausson, Debussy, Guiraud, Bruneau, G. Faure, Dubois, Lenepveu, Ropartz, Georges. Alfred Cortot, who will visit Boston with the Conservatory orchestra, was then a soloist.

In 1913, Messager conductor: Schumann's "Faust"; Verdi's "Requiem"; symphonies by Dubois and Dukas; Franck's "Psyche" and Beatitudes"; Chabrier's "A la Musique"; music by Gounod and Rabaud; Strauss's "Don Juan" and "Death and Transfiguration."

In 1914, Messager and Gaubert conductors. Bach's Passion according to John, Rameau's overture to "Zais"; Balakireff's "Thamar"; "Messe du Fantome," by Lefebvre; Florent Schid's "Eros Vainqueur"; symphony with chorus by Ropartz. Cortot was again a soloist.

Beginning Nov. 29, 1914, the concerts were given at the great hall of the Sorbonne for the "Matinees Nationales." The conductors in 1914, 1915 were Messager, Cortot and Rabaud.

Alfred Denis Cortot, who will play in Boston for the first time, was born at Nyon, Switzerland, Sept. 26, 1877. He took the first prize for piano playing at the Paris Conservatory in 1896, being a pupil of Diemer.

In 1917 the orchestra made a trip through Switzerland—the first concerts by this organization outside of Paris—for the sake of French music. A similar trip to Spain, planned for the spring of this year, was abandoned on account of the difficulties caused by the close approach of the Germans to Paris and the final completion of plans for the American trip. The orchestra will arrive in New York about the first of October, giving its first concert in Carnegie Hall early in that month, and then will follow a tour of 10 weeks—the leaves of absence cannot be extended for a longer time. The orchestra comes here under the auspices of the French government itself. Chambers of commerce and patriotic and civic organizations of every sort in all the larger cities of the United States have greeted its coming with the utmost enthusiasm, and it will have a guaranteed tour such as no foreign body of musicians ever enjoyed in this country before.

"The patriotic note will be sounded throughout the tour, from the time of the visitors' welcome in New York until its departure for home. The musicians of the organization are individually prominent in France and for the most part represent the professorship of the Paris Conservatoire. Their concerts in Paris have for generations been cherished as the choicest offerings of all France's musical art. Seats have been practically unobtainable save by those patrons of long standing who have retained their subscription privileges and handed them down to members of their families and most intimate friends. These subscribers have virtually enjoyed a privilege as exclusive as the members of the stock exchange."

Notes About the Stage, Actors, Music and Musicians

"The Law Divine," a comedy by H. V. Esmond was produced at Wyndham's Theatre, London, on Aug. 29. The Times enjoyed it: "A lady in the play who has had three husbands, and therefore speaks with authority, says they only keep straight for X years (we forget her evaluation of X); thereafter they either take to drink or run after other women. So when it is explained that Jack, the husband of Edie, does not drink, you know the rest. But it is not so much Jack's fault as Edie's. She is too busy. War work absorbs her. She is so sorry for everybody, you ... [illegible] ... these ... [illegible] ... must do things— ... [illegible] ... all on committees, p... and ... parcels—all day long and half the night. So Jack, poor thing is the neglected husband (Note how the war has turned the old story topsy-turvy. It used to be the husband who was busy and the neglected wife who fell a prey to the nearest Don Juan.) The neglected husband does not exactly fall a prey. He has not even kissed the other women, or so he says. One kiss, however, he does at last accomplish coram populo. But, thank Heaven, the sanctity of the home is only for a moment imperilled. There are boys there, big, noisy, boys, home on short leave, who simply couldn't stand a dad who was false to mummy. Besides somebody tells mummy about the other woman. Mummy's course is very simple. She puts on her most diaphanous gown and reminds dad of the fun they had years ago on their honeymoon. No more war work, but champagne for supper and, generally speaking, la joie de vivre, ohe, ohe! We leave the pair arranging a second honeymoon, and evidently purposing to live happily ever afterwards. Nobody seemed to bother about the other woman, who was really quite nice. After all, bocca baciata non perde ventura, and perhaps she went off to be the heroine of some other play."

"The Live Wire," by Sydney Blow and Douglas Hoare (St. Martin's Theatre, London, Aug. 30), should interest newspaper men. Again we quote from the Times: "The proprietor of the Live Wire must be worth knowing. He is his own editor. We think he is seen at his best at the solemn moment when 'tho proofs have arrived.' Not that he deigns to correct them, but he has a way of dropping an encouraging word to the writers which would make him the idol of any newspaper office in Fleet street. One of the writers is a lady, whose style he so much admires that he makes her an offer of marriage. When she is by-and-by denounced to him as a German spy, he buries his face in his hands and says, 'This is, indeed, a blow.' It is more than that, it is a stroke of irony, for his newspaper is for the time being wholly devoted to the topic of German spies. Now the lady has been run to earth by a youngster who makes a hobby of spy hunting, and is also himself being hunted, as he has escaped from prison. He is being hunted by (of course, blundering) police, and also by another member of the Live Wire staff. Which of these three do you suppose was really the German spy? You have seen No. 1 denounced as a spy by No. 2, and No. 2 identified by No. 3 as an escaped convict; what does the proprietor do? Why, he says in heart-broken but stern tones, 'bring me the files.' To turn over the files with one hand while the other is laid upon the telephone to Scotland Yard is, for the proprietor, tho work of a moment; the search reveals that the real German spy is No. 3. His leading articles have covered a code addressed to the enemy. What aggravates his guilt (and leads to his detection) is his abominable habit of interlarding his English with French phrases. For our part we find this even more difficult to forgive than his secret communication with his own countrymen. It is rare indeed to find a play, written ostensibly to amuse, not only affording valuable information about the inner life of our newspaper offices and the tender hearts of their proprietors, but ruthlessly exposing one of the worst of modern literary vices."

Arthur Playfair, an English Canadian, who has been seen in this country and liked, died Aug. 28 at Brighton, Eng. Born in 1869, a son of Maj.-Gen. Archibald Lewis Playfair, intended for the army, he went on the stage when he was 17. He was with the Kendals, then at the Gaiety, later with Charles Hawtrey. He made a great hit as the butler in "The Man from Blankley's." Of late his chief successes were in revue. His first wife, Lena Ashwell, divorced him.

Robert Edeson will soon produce a play of his own writing.

A London theatrical journal recently spoke of Basil Gill as Doris Keane's husband. His secretary writes to us that Basil Sydney is the husband of the actress. She speaks of possibly appearing as Carlotta derived from Arnold Bennett's curious novel. Edward Sheldon is writing a play for her.

I am informed we shall shortly see a revival of "In Dahomey," that very melodious opera written by colored people for colored people to play. Negotiations are on foot for a tour of the principal variety theatres with an all-star cast, under the direction of Norman J. Norman, who originally brought over the Williams and Walker company and ran this production in 1903 for 250 nights at the Shaftesbury. It will be good to refresh one's memory with these rich old melodies, "My Castle on the Nile," "My Dahomian Queen," "Brown Skin Baby Mine" and that unctuous song, "The Jonah Man."—The Stage (London).

In these "Notes" recently was printed a letter from Mr. H. J. Rowlett with reference to a remark of ours about Sullivan's "Rose of Persia," which he rightly characterized as "a most refined and musicianly work." By two correspondents we have since been asked why this particular opera has dropped

[illegible] of the [illegible] es we are [illegible], after the London [illegible] ney—"The Rose of [illegible]" went touring in the usual [illegible] of things. But it has never formed part of the list of operas performed year in and out by the popular "Repertory Company." This may seem a pity to many Sullivan-lovers, seeing that the score contains a madrigal and some other things worthy the composer at his best. But its disappearance from the repertory is probably due to the fact that Gilbert was not associated with the work, the writer of the book being the late Capt. Basil Hood. Similarly, "Haddon Hall" (in which Sullivan's collaborator was Sydney Grundy) has been undeservedly consigned to oblivion, although it contains a wealth of quite charming music. Why may we not hear it again?—Daily Telegraph (London).

Mr. H. B. Irving, in his "Book of Remarkable Criminals," describes King Claudius in "Hamlet" as "the most successful and, therefore, perhaps the greatest criminal in Shakespeare," who, if the Ghost had not revisited Denmark, might, "smiling, jovial, genial as M. Dernes or Dr. Palmer, have gone down to his grave in peace as the bluff, hearty man of action." Cassius, he believes, is a criminal by instinct."

Irene Franklin has arrived in France to entertain the soldiers.

"Mike" Donlan is playing Slippery Muggs in "Turn to the Right" in New York.

It appears that Alexander Siloti, the Russian pianist that delighted Boston as virtuoso and man, was giving concerts in Petrograd as late as last May, but in a Lutheran church, for the Salle de la Noblesse was occupied by soldiers. Earlier in the year he was editing Bach and working on a plan for supplying village schools with "cheap, harmonious and good selections from the musical classics—including Purcell's 'Dido.' Mme. Siloti's property was largely land, and as all the land was nationalized, the family was forced to sell plate, furniture, pictures and clothes in order to live."

"We may, with Croce and Tagore, call what the artist does a creation—a word dear also to cooks and milliners, to name the ideas they have imported into food and dress; for he certainly puts something there which was not there before, that becomes dangerous when it leads to such fallacies as that the pianola plays the piece and the pianola player 'puts in' the expression. Merely to hear the notes is a very pale reflection of the experience got from playing them, and we cannot find the 'right word' for a thing we have not fully experienced."

Sept 30 1918

We have all heard of the man in W. S. Gilbert's "Bab" ballad who was intrigued to know who wrote the mottoes in Christmas crackers. We, in our turn, would like to know who invents the trade terms used by butchers. Readers of this column have already been made acquainted with some of the bewildering terminology of the butcher, from clods and stickings to jemmies. But unless one knows every term——? Well, the head of a family, when sent to purchase the weekly joint at an East Coast resort, was tempted by the name to invest in a "target" of lamb. On delivery it turned out to be the scrag-end, with a chop or two not yet detached.—Daily Chronicle (London).

Even the Concise Oxford Dictionary defines "target." It is the neck and breast of lamb as a joint: the forequarter without the shoulder. The poet Gray, in a letter to Mason, wrote: "Lord Surrey loved buttered lyng and targets of mutton for breakfast." Lyng was the fish which Mr. Pepys enjoyed when it, with herring, was served as a [illegible]. "Sticking" is coarse, bruised, inferior meat; specifically, portions damaged by the butcher's knife. "Jemmy," otherwise called "Sanguinary James" or "Bloody Jemmy," is a sheep's head. "Clod" is the coarse part of an ox's neck nearest the shoulder. Are these terms in the American butcher's vocabulary today? Perhaps some vegetarian will inform us.

As the World Wags:

While I was making my way down Washington street one day last week, my progress was suddenly arrested by a considerable crowd of people who stood looking intently at a display in a shop window. As I have a small but poorly repressed share of natural curiosity, I was impelled to join the throng, and in the course of time I was able to look in the window and see what provoked such interest. The display consisted of scores of pieces of music, so arranged that only the titles were visible, and above them the placard "All the New War Pieces."

"Now," I thought, "I have the chance to see how our spirit has been softened and refined by the influence of the war." I started down the first column of titles. At the top of the list was "If He Can Fight Like He Can Love, Why, Then It's Good Night Germany." "Like" made me wince, and besides, I was rather surprised at the sentiment. I had heard of no report from the other side which drew parallels between the operations on the firing line and love-making. It must have been the frequent engagements that was meant; yes, that was it—fre[illegible] Me [illegible] the next title, "Round Her Neck She Wears a Yeller Ribbon." This stumped me for a minute. "She" might refer to the wife of Mars, if he had one. I dismissed this solution as improbable, however. Ah! I had it. "She" was Germania, and the "yeller ribbon" was euphemistic for the collar of subjection. The next was "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry." The only mental picture I could summon for the title was a Yank wiping the streaming eyes of a captured Hun. The last in the column was "Just Like Washington Crossed the Delaware, Gener'l Pershing Will Cross the Rhine." Here was the same whimsical use of "like" as a conjunction; but aside from grammatical eccentricities, Washington crossed the Delaware with a shattered army; he and his men crossed covertly in small, open boats, on a bleak winter's night. While I was trying to reconcile this with the coming triumphant passage of the Rhine by the Americans, I was pushed from the window by the surging crowd, and continued on my way down Washington street. SATYROS.

Wollaston.

Oct 1 1918

It appears from a letter addressed to this column by Prof. T. K. Deedledum, dated Oxford, that the literary executor of the lamented Frothingham Clancy, the rapt bard of South Boston, will soon serve his country as best he can. May he aid in crushing the Hun and return, heroic and modest, to his congenial tasks! We regret to say that the length of his letter in these days of limited space, requires cutting.

Deedledum and the War

As the World Wags:

War casts a long shadow. It obscures once-clear issues and obliterates many reasonably doubtful opinions and principles. Minority rights disappear; the vociferous patriot must be listened to with respect; mob psychology ousts dispassion. Shibboleths, tags, and arbitrary labelings are accepted and held infallible; consideration of individual pros and cons goes by the board. While I am waiting for my orders, let me mention some glaring examples of these conditions.

(Yes, Deedledum puts on panoply; he is an old man, a trifle obese, and extremely near-sighted; he is draft-exempt; he is thrice rejected of recruiting officials. But now he goes, by grace of a special dispensation, hoping that in his old age he may yet strike a blow for freedom.)

A notable instance of how war wrecks judgment is the publicity accorded an atrocious piece of sculpture entitled "France Aroused." I suppose that because it is labelled "France," and because it is intensely, even painfully, emotional—hysterically emotional—and because we love France and like to think of her as of something feminine roused to sublime wrath in defence of her own—I suppose these are the reasons why the statue has been commended. The thing is grotesque—repulsive: a termagant, lean and sinewy, a witch-wife with streaming hair—raises her skinny arms in mad imprecation. In this—not feminine, rather, this rattily female specimen—is she La Belle France? A moment's consideration condemns the monstrosity. I have seen nothing in the press but praise of it.

Another case in point is that of the famous soldier's wife Atlantic letter—the one in which the writer tells how her husband blubbered about going to France and how she gave him up to God and never expects to see him again. Doubtless the editor who was responsible for the printing of such a painfully religious exhibition of hysterics repented as soon as criticism led him to analyze the letter. I hope the editor repents his mistake. Was he led into it because the letter was from a soldier's wife, described their parting, dilated upon the sacrificial aspect of his departure, and above all was intensely, even painfully, emotional—hysterically emotional?

Many young and able-bodied men have enlisted or been commissioned in noncombatant branches of the army. Public opinion appears to lavish indiscriminate heroic appellations en bloc upon wearers of the military and naval uniforms. That is inevitable; at least it is impossible to discriminate against certain branches of the service. But is it not perhaps due to the conditions which form the subject of this letter that there appears to be no public demand (one frequently hears the opinion voiced privately) that the war department institute a vigorous and thorough combing out of young and able-bodied men from the bomb-proof branches, sending them into the line of the army, and replacing them by the older men who will be called under the new draft law? The quartermaster's corps, the ordnance department, yes, the navy and the merchant marine, are harboring a host of moral slackers. This is strong language, especially in view of the fact that many members of these branches are beyond reproach; many of them are men who have [illegible] their special technical equipment at the disposal of the government.

I know one man who said he would go to jail before he would enter the line of the army; he is now an ensign in naval aviation; he inspects airplanes. He had no technical knowledge which particularly qualified him for his work. I knew a man who said that a genius like him (he wrote financial news for a morning paper) "ought not to have to rub elbows in the army with 'hoi polloi'." He went to Washington and stayed there till he had found his bomb-proof shelter in a lieutenancy in the ordnance department. Both these men are under 30; they are unmarried and quite able-bodied. I will not name; I could name them, and I could name others like them.

The real heroes of this war are men like the Canadians at the first Ypres, unsupported and without proper artillery, stopping the foe with smouldering rifles and their own flesh. Under the stimulus of reports of such battles—of such frightful and repeated decimations as those of the Princess Pats—some of our young men have regarded assignment to the infantry as a death warrant. Even since the scale has been so splendidly turned in matters of equipment and position, till the chances of safe return are very favorable, there is still a feeling among some men of "anything but the trenches."

It seems to me that for able-bodied men, unembarassed by dependents, there is one test of patriotism: "Are you willing to risk your neck, if your government is willing to let you?" And one test of manhood: "Do you want to be where the biggest things are happening; that is, on the western front of the Hunnish line?"

T. K. DEEDLEDUM.

Oxford, Sept. 23.

As the World Wags:

Who wrote these lines concerning Harvard University?

Nicest place that ever was seen.
Colleges red and common green;
Sidewalks brownish with trees between.

They are quoted in Mr. Robert Shackelford's "Book of Boston" and attributed to "one of the most distinguished of Americans." Have they not the flavor of Holmes? JUNIOR.

Cambridge.

"Native Born"

As the World Wags:

Discovering, as I believe, in your recent discussion of the word "alien," the hand of the learned Herkimer Johnson, A. M., Ph.D., LL.D., D. C. L., S. T. D., etc., etc., etc., ad lib., I wish to submit to him as the final court of appeal a linguistic question that I am too ignorant to answer and too indolent to investigate. Why "native born"? Is not "native" enough? As I recall, the official name of the Know Nothing Party in our politics was "Native American." Can it be that the discredit visited upon the party was extended to the phrase? Had we up to the time of that party's appearance in the political field used the word "native" in places where "native born" is now popularly used? I have heard that "native born" is a phrase of some discredit applied to those of British blood and East Indian birth who were never sent to the British Isles for education. One can easily see that by this phrase such persons were distinguished from the "native" Indians or natives. Possibly in our own colonial days the phrase was used to distinguish Americans of European blood from the savage red men. A convincing line from the august H. J. would suffice to set my mind at rest upon this point. Perhaps at the same time he could remove my scruples as to the use of that alien looking word "nationals." It likes me not. DISCIPULUS.

Chestnut Hill.

Oct 2 1918

A correspondent wrote to Notes and Queries: "I have lost sight of the following nursery rhyme:

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
Had another, didn't love her,
Causing instantaneous bother.

Can any one tell me its source, and where it is to be found?"

In our boyhood this rhyme ran:

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
He put her in a pumpkin-shell,
And then he kept her very well.

Should "then" in the last line be "there"? Peter's matrimonial adventures are not mentioned in James Orchard Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes of England." We do not remember reading about him in the "Hieroglyphic Mother Goose" that was the delight of our childhood, but he figured in another copy, illustrated, of "Mother Goose" that was given to us by Uncle Thomas, who used to frighten us with his story of the Whimbamber and the Gyascutus. Nor was Peter known to the ingenious John Bellenden Ker, Esq., who, 80 years ago, wrote a curious "Essay on the Archaeology of Our Popular Phrases and Nursery Rhymes." A second edition, greatly enlarged, was published in two volumes. Ker insisted that these rhymes were "popular pasquinades, elicited by the soreness felt by the population at the intrusion of a foreign and onerous church-sway, bringing with it a ministry to which a goaded people imputed fraud and exaction," that they were a version of the original Dutch. For example:

Hie' diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumpt over the moon.
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.

The original was as follows:

Hye! diod t'el died t'el
De guit end de vied t'el.
De Kauw f'hummt: "Hoever eer; dij moe aen."
De lij t'el doghe laft tot slj sus sport;
Hou ye te dies: "Ran! haft er dij spae aen."

This, being interpreted, means: "You that work hard for your bread, do contrive among yourselves to shame the common thief and mischief-maker. This Jackdaw (priest) keeps on repeating 'Plough the land duly; be painstaking, my man.' And this curse to every virtue continues harping on in the same strain till he is stopped short. Be sure you salute him at once with 'My active fellow! take you this spade and get your own bread with it honestly, and don't filch from others.'"

Symbolism in "Mother Goose"! The Mother Goose cipher! Sunbeams from cucumbers!

"The Gentle Correction"

The Daily Chronicle (London) publishes interesting notes about the influenza, or the grip—when it raged in this country for the first time it was often spoken of as "the la grippe." "In 1889 we called the influenza Russian. But in Russia they called the disorder Siberian fever; and in Siberia they called it Chinese fever. In France it has been known as Spanish catarrh. And in Spain? Well, they said the epidemic came from heaven as a punishment to those who persisted in singing a paticularly ribald song. When anybody was seized he was reminded of this fact by his friends: 'Ah, you have sung the song,' they said. 'The gentle correction,' 'the new delight,' 'the new acquaintance,' and 'the knock-me-down fever' were the sort of terms we used to apply to influenza in olden days. It seems that it got its present name by a mistake. Italian writers spoke of 'una influenza di freddo' (an influence of cold), and 18th century British physicians adopted the word influenza, and applied it as a label for the disorder itself."

The Oxford Dictionary, on the other hand, has this note: "Italian 'influenza' has the various senses of English influence: but has, besides, developed (apparently from the notion of 'astral' or 'occult influence') that of 'visitation' or 'outbreak' of any epidemic disease which assails many people at the same time and place (e. g., 'influenza di catarro,' 'influenza di febbre scarlattina'), a sense known as early as 1504; hence absolutely 'an epidemic'; in 1743 applied specifically to 'the epidemic' (called also la grippe) which then raged in Italy, and spread over Europe generally, and for which the Italian word (Anglicized in pronunciation) became the English specific name."

We Don't Know

As the World Wags:

Will you please tell when Lincoln said, in view of some downcast moments in the civil war, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera"? T. H. B.

Boston.

Oct 3 1918

Obituary articles appearing in newspapers often enlarge the grief of the mourners or acutely irritate them. Some articles, by sickening flattery, by a snobbish touch, or by sheer ignorance of the dead man's character, excite the laughter of even friends and relatives. A refreshingly unconventional notice of Henry Hamilton was published early last month in the Daily Telegraph of London. Hamilton, who died when he was about 62 years old, was an actor, manager and playwright. His melodrama written with Cecil Raleigh for Drury Lane, though not the best of his plays as "The Armada" and "The Great Pink Pearl," brought him large sums of money. Many of us remember "The Whip" with its racing scene; its handsome female villain; the weak and erring clergyman that aided her and her wicked accomplice, who, by the way, did not incessantly smoke cigarettes and wear on all occasions a glossy silker; the well preserved Squire acted jovially by our old friend "Jack" Barnes.

Note the closing paragraph of the article in the Daily Telegraph:

"On the whole, having regard to the promise of his youthful days, his career can hardly be described as a complete success. He himself realized the fact, and never attempted to hide it from his more intimate friends. Had fortune been a little more unkind to him, had he known the sting of poverty, it is possible he might have had more of a name for himself. * * * Never married, he became, as time went on, something of an epicure, finding his chief pleasure in good fare, old chums and rare books, and offering a hearty welcome to any of his acquaintances who cared to spend a few days with him at The Haven, Sandgate. As a host he was, indeed, the very soul of generosity, while his ready wit and interesting fund of anecdote made conversation with him a sheer delight."

[illegible] and rare [illegible] at S[illegible]ate Mr. [illegible] smile on colleagues [illegible] to be ranked with the masters [illegible] playh[illegible]. He reminds us of Mr. [illegible] [illegible]gly described by William [illegible] "His oister-table stood at the [illegible]nd of the room, which was in [illegible] t[illegible]e twice a day, all the year for he never failed to eat oisters [illegible] dinner, and supper." In the [illegible] of an old chapel of his house, [illegible] d[illegible]d for devotion, was always [illegible] found a cold chine of beef, a [illegible] pasty, a gammon of bacon, [illegible] great apple-pye, with thick crust, [illegible]ked. His table cost him not [illegible] tho' it was good to eat at. His [illegible] [illegible]ied all, but beef and mut- [illegible] [illegible]pt on Fridays when he had [illegible] of fish. He never wanted a [illegible] pudding; and he always sang [illegible] in with, "My part lies therein-a.' He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; [illegible] strip of gilly-flowers into his sack; [illegible]d had always a tun-glass of small- [illegible] standing by him, which he often [illegible] about with rosemary. He lived [illegible] an hundred; and never lost his [illegible]ht, nor used spectacles. He got [illegible] horse-back without help; and rode to the death of the stag, till he was past [illegible]rc." By the way. What was 'London pudding"?

[illegible], ere I descend to th' grave
I a small house and large garden have!
[illegible] a few friends, and many books, both true,
[illegible] wife, and both delightful too!

* * * * *

[illegible] and ambition here,
[illegible] in far-fetched metaphors appear.

The Penologist

Mr. Thomas M. Osborne in his governance of the prison at Portsmouth, N. H., reminds us of the Governor of Millbank, who always hoped for a criminal's final reformation, however violent [illegible] depraved he might be, so long as he retained an appetite for apple pie.

"As She Is Spoke",

As the World Wags:

I did not happen to notice till today your reply to the inquiry of Miriam Cowell whether we ought not to say "if the worse comes to the worst," instead of using the superlative, worst, as subject of the verb. I have long thought, as she does, that the proper form is "If worse comes to worst"; because this makes sense, as the phrase "from bad to worse" does, expressing what we may call an earlier stage of the same thought. Consequently I wish to suggest with all due politeness that your reply to Miss Cowell, that leading dictionaries allow the clause with the form worst in both parts, is plainly trying to support an error by weight of authority. Idioms that almost defy sensible explanation (parsing) have often been thus defended, as "had better," "was made an example of," etc. F. K. C.

Newton.

We are old-fashioned and prefer "had rather" to "would rather." Years ago the New York Sun replied to a correspondent protesting against "had rather." "The English language is what it is and not what it should be." "Miriam Cowell" was a misprint for [illegible]iam Lowell.—Ed.

Oct 4 1918

[illegible]n this country and in England some [illegible]ve found a wastepipe for their intel[illegible] by tracing the derivation of certain words. In New York an old question has been revived: What is the origin of the word "skedaddle"? The word was [illegible]ed constantly during our civil war and even then there was discussion concerning it. Some went back to the Greek verb "skedannumi" meaning to scatter, dissipate. This always reminded us of Eugene Field's derivation of "corker," as in "she's a corker": "from the Greek 'korka,' meaning the adorable one." Others spoke of an English provincial vero, to spill, etymology dubious: Now comes a deep thinker who believes that "skedaddle" is compounded of two Gallic words, "scedad nile," "all scattered," or "all scatter," that is, "out of the way, all."

Why are men in the infantry called "doughboys"? The term is an old one. Did the name come from the globular buttons on the infantry uniforms in the time of the civil war, or was it derived from the fact that the infantry had long been known as the "flower" of the service? Some say "doughboy" had its origin in the use of flour to clean the white stripes of the infantry's trousers. This is the explanation given by "Army Woman" of Stockbridge: "At least that is what was told me some 25 years ago when I married an infantry officer." And now comes some one going back to the Mexican war and connecting "doughboy" with "adobe"!

Londoners are solemnly discussing the word "stunt." The Daily Chronicle tells us that the word was "greatly in favor in baseball circles before the war." It further adds to the gayety of Americans by saying. 'Probably the noun means 'a dodge for stopping the growth of [illegible] dodge or trick [illegible] from the Oxford Dictionary? A correspondent of the Daily Chronicle asks if "stunt" is not a corruption "by way of America" of the German 'stunde,' an hour,' hence a 'lesson' or 'task.' Then follows enlightenment. "Before 1912 it was known chiefly through American comic papers, but it was used that year in a novel called 'The Golightlys,' by a forgotten author. The reference was to the first motor exhibition at the Imperial Institute. 'Stunde' in its significance of 'lesson' gave a name to the Russian sect the Stundists, whose pious exercises were measured by separate hours."

Baseball and Cricket

The Daily Chronicle mentions baseball in its discussion of "stunt." The Times of Sept. 4, describing the oversea soldier at play, says that cricket, owing to unfavorable conditions, has not held its own this year. "People with minds in a state of suppressed excitement cannot settle down to a game which requires length of days, or at least of hours, and arrives at its tense moments by way of deliberation. * * * The Americans have brought us baseball, and he must be a dour and devoted cricketer who would refuse them gratitude for the gift. * * * When the U. S. Navy beat the U. S. Army at Stamford Bridge in the presence of the King, Londoners received the pleasant shock of hearing once again a riot of cheers and of being introduced to other varieties of shouting, which still reverberate on grounds once thrilled only by the modest applause of the cricket or football zealot, and in parks sacred for centuries from any game whatsoever. The summer of 1918 may, in our social history, mark the conversion of England to baseball. It may, on the contrary, get a mere line of mention as a period when England thought about another game, but, on turning the matter over in her mind, decided that her vocal chords were not equal to the novelty."

"Scottish" and "Scotch"

Some time ago we spoke of a controversy raging in Great Britain over "Scotch" and "Scottish." The newspapers of Scotland have come to the conclusion arrived at years ago by Sir James Murray, the lexicographer: "It is proper for an Englishman to speak of a Scotchman, but wrong for a Scotsman to do so. The old English 'Scottise' turned into 'Scots' in Scotland and 'Scotch' in England." Dr. Murray approved Burns's indifferent use of Scottish, Scotch and Scots. In England and America any one of the three forms may be used. We may be thankful, as Dr. Murray put it, for the "agreeable liberty."

Tar and an Epidemic

Mr. W. B. Wright reminds us that in the London plague of 1665 tar was burned in the streets for the disinfectant effect of the smoke. We do not find a statement of this fact in Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year.' Some were for Fires, but that they must be made of Wood and not Coal, and of particular sorts of wood, too, such as Fir in particular, or Cedar, because of the strong effluvia of Turpentine; Others were for Coal and not Wood, because of the Sulphur and Bitumen; and others were for neither one or other." There are unconsciously humorous passages in this dreadful book, as when Defoe remarks: "When we saw a Gentleman dress'd, with his Band on and his Gloves in his Hand, his Hat upon his Head, and his Hair comb'd, of such we had not the least Apprehensions."

Oct 6 1918

Gabriele d'Annunzio, poet, novelist, dramatist, whose feats as an airman in the Italian army have excited the admiration of the world, including, no doubt, his Italian creditors, has a presentiment that he will die in action. He recently said to a friend: "My worldly life is ended. What can I do after the war? I shall write no more. Every time I go off on an expedition I hope it will be my last. That is the reason for my fearlessness. The finest end I wish for is to die for my country."

Signor d'Annunzio may yet write an epic of aerial warfare. He would not be the first Italian poet to sing the joys of flying. Luigi Tansillo (1510-1568) was a Neapolitan warrior as well as poet and courtier. One of his sonnets on flying was quoted by Giordano Bruno in "Heroic Rapture," dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney. And before Tansillo, another Neapolitan, Sannazaro, wrote a "flying" sonnet. Tansillo, as a matter of fact, wrote two "flying" sonnets. The one quoted by Bruno was translated as follows by some one for the London Times:

As on wide wings exultant through the air,
The depths beneath unfold them to my gaze,
With keener joy my pinions swift I raise

And spurn the ea[illegible] [illegible]aide
far[illegible]
Nor a[illegible] thought of D[illegible]
Tempt me to swerve. [illegible] gaze
Onwards I soar conscious w[illegible]
Of lowering Death for what life may compare
With this my death? I hear the faint soul cry:
"Return" she pleads. "dare not, too rash, the grave,
"Nor ne[illegible], nor art may, reckless, Fate defy."
"Fear not," I answer, "the fell crash, nor brave.
"Unshaken cleave the clouds, and happy die,
"Should Heaven ordain us the proud death I crave."

The Countess Martinego Cesaresco, speaking of the sonnet, adds this note: "Bruno returns to the subject in another part of the book; 'as happens to one flying in the air' (he writes) 'the higher he rises above the earth, the more he has of air beneath sustaining him, and, in consequence, he is the less exposed to the plagues of gravitation; thus he can fly the higher because he cannot return to the under world without painfully dividing the air, although he may consider it were easier to divide the depths of air about our earth than the heights of air about the stars.' It is interesting to speculate whether Leonardo da Vinci's plans for flying machines were at all widely known at that date."

And there were daring Italian men of the air before d'Annunzio. We quote from Mr. Pierre Bayle's Critical Dictionary as translated by Messrs. Bernard, Birch, Lockman and other hands.

"Dante (John Baptist), a native of Perugia, was an excellent mathematician. One of his most subtle inventions was to make a pair of wings so exactly proportioned to the weight of the body, that he made use of them to fly with. He made the experiment of it several times over the lake of Trasimenes, and with such success that it inspired him with the boldness to divert the whole city of Perugia with the sight. The time he pitched upon was the solemnity of the marriage of Bartholomew d'Alviano with the sister of John Paul Baglioni. When the crowd of spectators was assembled in the great square, behold, our Dante at once shooting from the highest place of the city appeared all covered with feathers, and moving two large Wings in the midst of the air. He directed his flight over the square, and struck the people with admiration. Unfortunately, the iron with which he managed one of his wings broke; and then, not being able to balance the weight of his body, he fell on the Church of Our Lady and broke his thigh. It was set by the Chirurgeons; and he was afterwards invited to profess the Mathematics at Venice. He died of sickness before he was 40 years old. There is no need to say why he was surnamed Daedalus.

This Dante flourished towards the end of the 15th century.

The Ghent Pater Noster

As the World Wags:

Temperance Bodfish may find the first of the poems quoted in your column of Sept. 26 in the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," by Motley, on page 508, volume 2, of the edition published by Harper & Bros., 1864.

The poem was addressed to the Duke of Alva, and was called "The Ghent Pater Noster" (Gentsch Vaderonne). The original is given on the same page of Motley as the English translation. The letter omitted is "S," making "Savage war dogs of Spain" in the original, read "Savage war dogs of pain." There are a few other slight mistakes, and I enclose a copy of the translation given by Motley. EDITH R. BRADLEY.

Brattleboro, Vt.

Our devil, who dost in Brusels dwell,
Cursed be thty name in earth and hell;
Thy kingdom speedily pass away,
Which hath blasted and blighted us many a day;
Thy will nevermore be done, in heaven aoove nor under the sun;
Thou takest daily our daily bread;
Our wives and children lie starving or dead.
No man's trespasses thou forgivest:
Revenge is the food on which thou livest.
Thou leadest all men into temptation:
Unto evil thou hast delivered this nation.
Our Father in Heaven which art,
Grant that this hellish devil may soon depart—
And with him his council false and bloody,
Who make murder and rapine their daily study—
And all his savage war-dogs of Spain,
Oh, send them back to the Devil, their father, again. Amen.

Many are curious concerning the programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season. Mr. Monteux has expressed his opinion about music by Germans and Austrians that should [illegible] not be performed during the war [illegible] sensibly. Some really [illegible] a symphony by Haydn, [illegible] Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, an over[illegible] by [illegible] or Schumann should [illegible] [illegible]age act. Hear[illegible]

[illegible] or even [illegible] [illegible] living German [illegible] the famous man fest[illegible] of professors and others. Any American that refuses to hear music by any living German or Austrian shows patriotic fervor that is not wildly extravagant. But why should a sane person object to music by the old masters, by the old that are still young? If there is to be no music by Beethoven and the rest, who are to be heard? Will there be 24 interesting programs drawn only from French, Russian, Scandinavian, Italian, British and American sources?

The programs of the Promenade Concerts conducted by Sir Henry Wood in Queen's Hall, London, have long been famous. This year there are many protests against them. Mr. Robin H. Legge discussed the matter in the Daily Telegraph of Sept. 7. He found a wonderful unanimity in the large number of protesting letters; "their unanimity is based upon the hopeless monotony and conventionality of the entire scheme." Mr. Legge quotes from two letters. The first should interest Bostonians, for it was thought at one time that Sir Henry Wood would conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck, leaving Boston, recommended him; but Dr. Muck, after his first sojourn in Boston, recommended Mr. Max Fiedler; Dr. Muck also brought over Mr. Schmidt to be the assistant conductor. Dr. Muck was a humorist when he was not an ironist.

Mr. Legge's correspondent wrote: "It is a great loss to the country that Sir Henry Wood could not see his way to accept the Boston offer. I had hoped against hope that he would go and afford us some relief, taking, of course, his British sea songs and Tschaikowsky with him. What is the matter with the direction of these concerts? They are, to start with, almost unique in Europe. . . . Yet when everyone is talking of keeping the foreign article out these people gaily insist on the same old stuff we have heard for years and years. . . . I am getting sick to death of hearing the eternal Tchaikowsky, Grieg, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Saint-Saens, Handel, the same old 'Peer Gynt,' Hungarian Rhapsodies, Pathetic Symphony—and I protest vehemently it is playing down to the public. Fancy five new native works, small trifles carefully selected not to disturb the main Tschaikowsky, Rachmaninoff-Wood pieces in the program." The writer pointed out by way of comparison Beecham's last Philharmonic program, "a delight even to look at, the main piece nearly always by an Englishman and a full house!" He ended in a fine burst: "If you critics do your duty you will point out that Vaughan Williams, Elgar, Bantock, Gardiner, Holbrooke—even Stanford and Parry I prefer to the everlasting Rachmaninoff-Wood business—are real English composers, as fine as the formerly overplayed Strauss, who, of course, will be reinstated the day peace is signed!"

Some of us feared the coming of Sir Henry Wood, lest under his consulship there would be orgies of British music in Symphony Hall. There are compositions by Englishmen that one would gladly hear. William Wallace is known here only by his "Villon." The irrepressible and irascible Mr. Holbrooke has been represented by only one of his many works. There is music by the younger school; some of the members are ultra-modern in their expression; this orchestral music is wholly unknown here. We feared Sir Henry bringing with him scores by Parry, Stanford, Mackenzie and other ancient worthies, including cathedral organists who have written overtures and even symphonies, not to mention gifted beings that have received the degree of Mus. Doc.

The other letter on which Mr. Legge comments was written by Sir Ernest Palmer, "the founder of the patrons' Fund and Fanatica per la Musica Nativa." He wrote: "These (promenade) concerts are entirely supported by the British public and British money, and the orchestra is also English. It is, then, indeed strange that so little regard is paid to our own composers and their works. I am quite sure there must be many frequenting them who are patriotic enough to see fair play and wish for a reasonable supply of English music, but which no one who looks over the programs can honestly say is forthcoming. A Wagner night, a Russian night, a Symphony night are set forth, and two nights are devoted to or termed 'popular,' whatever that may imply; but these also are mainly devoted to foreign works. Can anyone say a British night would be unreasonable? Surely no difficulty could be suggested in finding good and attractive works, and, I venture to say, with as much appreciation as many of the foreign. The policy adopted I fail to understand; it is not patriotic or complimentary or encouraging to our own composers, or instructive, from a national point of view, to the audiences. But whatever the reason may be assigned, I think one night a week ought to be devoted to British works."

[illegible] Legge agrees with [illegible] correspond- [illegible]

[illegible] ality alike [illegible] who are [illegible] those men [illegible] the aegis of [illegible] serious efforts [illegible]

[illegible] for a "reasonable [illegible] of [illegible] music." There [illegible] United States that [illegible] able amount of [illegible] works performed at [illegible] "unreasonable" [illegible] all works of [illegible] performed, [illegible], that the composers [illegible] learn their [illegible] encouraged to write better. Sir [illegible] Palmer does not think [illegible] "British [illegible]" would be unreasonable [illegible] some of [illegible] chauvinists would [illegible] American [illegible]. We do not believe in any [illegible] "night," French, Scandinavian, Russian, British or American. Some years ago Dr. Muck arranged a Czech program. The concert was a tiresome one, not because the compositions themselves were dull, but there was a monotonous flavor; there was a lack of contrast.

Great conductors often fall in program-making. In the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Messrs. Henschel and Fiedler were by no means the most illustrious conductors, yet their programs were better arranged and more pleasing than those provided by Mr. Nikisch or Dr. Muck.

Mr. Monteux has announced the programs for the first three concerts. They are interesting; not too conservative, not too radical. The symphonies are by Cesar Franck, Beethoven and Brahms. We hasten to add, for the sake of the hypersensitive, that Beethoven and Brahms are dead; neither one was connected with the Hohenzollern family. Schumann, whose overture to "Manfred" will be performed, died some years ago. He was not a Prussian; Nor was Byron's hero a Prussian. Rabaud's "Procession Nocturne" will be played for the first time at these concerts. It was played here in January, 1903, by the Orchestra Club, Mrs. Longy, conductor.

Liszt wrote music illustrative of the same subject, to go with his "Mephisto" waltz. Loeffler's music suggested by a poem of Verlaine has not been performed here since it was brought out at a Symphony concert with his "Devil's Villanelle." For some reason or other he has been unwilling to publish it, yet we thought when it was played that it was singularly poetic. It is a pleasure to know that Vincent d'Indy's gorgeously colored "Istar" will be played at the third concert. No one of d'Indy's orchestral compositions was performed at the Symphony concerts in tho last years of Dr. Muck, who, taking offence at remarks by M. d'Indy about the musical Germanization of the United States, thus deprived the audiences of a great pleasure. Liszt's concerto in E flat major will be played by Mr. Hofmann. If any chauvinist should object to Liszt because he was a Hungarian by birth, let him recall the fact that Liszt spent many years in Paris and in Rome, was greatly influenced by the French, wrote essays and the great bulk of his letters in French, and, incidentally, was the father of children by a French countess. It might be added that neither Berlin nor Vienna enjoyed his music; that Weimar is not in Prussia; that he is buried in Bavaria. The concerto will be played by Mr. Hofmann, and thereby hangs a tale.

The New York Times of Sept. 29, publishes the following paragraph:

"That Josef Hofmann will reappear with the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season is good news today and a good deal of a departure, as well, from some previous misunderstandings. Those differences were serious enough to have led to a severance of relations practically since the war, and on one occasion to a controversy in print and even a formal statement that it is true that Mr. Hofmann will not again appear with the Boston Symphony. Now the wounds are healed, whatever they were."

Mr. Hofmann played in Boston with the Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoon, Dec. 12 1913. He then gave a thoughtfully considered performance of Schumann's concerto. At the concert of the following Saturday night his performance of the concerto was deliberately grotesque in rhythm and in phrasing. It was evidently his purpose to disconcert the conductor and the orchestra. This he did not succeed in doing, but by his conduct he wantonly insulted an orchestra that had always supported him loyally and an audience that had applauded him for many years. Various reasons were given for his behavior. No one of them was a sufficient excuse. It was reported at the time—and the report was not idle gossip—that Mr. Hofmann boasted of "the trick that he had played on Dr. Muck." About the same time Mr. Hofmann had much to say in various periodicals about the duty of a conductor towards the pianist of a concert directed by him. Let us hope that since his last appearance with the orchestra Mr Hofmann, like Saul of Tarsus journeying to Damascus, has seen a great light, that he will treat Mr Monteux and the audience courteously and prove himself an artist without personal prejudices and injurious caprices.

Mr. Stransky, the Philharmonic, and the Chronicle of New York

Some have wondered why certain New Yorkers, that were shocked by the thought of Dr. Muck conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, were not vexed by the sight of Mr. Josef Stransky at the head of the Philharmonic Society of New York.

The editor of the Chronicle freed his mind on this subject as long ago as last May. His article included a letter from the secretary of the American Red Cross war fund.

"The opposition to Stransky's remaining at the head of this 76-year-old orchestra will not be abandoned until the conductor explains away much evidence against his claim of pro-Americanism. It is true he now bleats of a belated and unconvincing loyalty to the United States. To quote a witty New Yorker, 'Stransky now expresses fervent admiration for every atrocious billboard in the Hudson valley and each bump in the road he compares to a symphony of Beethoven.' But the allies have been bitten too often by 'military' and 'musical necessities,' not to be a bit shy of Mr. Stransky's 'spring defensive.' Over his signature this conductor stated that he was a contributing member of the American Red Cross."

Then follows the letter of the secretary to the editor of the Chronicle:

"I have made a very careful search of our records and do not find that Josef Stransky nor Dr. Karl Muck have ever contributed to the American Red Cross war fund through New York headquarters. We also checked up against the Philharmonic Society and the Boston Symphony to see if there was any possibility of a concealed contribution coming in through that source, but did not find anything to warrant our saying that we have received a contribution from either of these men.

"I have arranged with the proper person at the Red Cross headquarters here in New York city to see if by any chance a contribution should have come in through that source, which would be a direct contribution to the Red Cross and not in any way identified with the Red Cross war fund campaign. I am also writing to Washington headquarters to see if any information can be brought out down there."

The editor called upon "the stubborn directors" of the Philharmonic to investigate further the status of their protege.

"How many and what Liberty bonds has Mr. Stransky bought?

"Why are so many of his associates identified constantly with revelations which have led to punishment by the generous officials?

"Why should any musician who admits a pro-German attitude up to the time of America's declaration of right be employed in so high a capacity?

"Why this discourteous neglect of musicians from allied countries, many of whom are undeniably Stransky's superior in skill and inspiration?

"Will the Philharmonic directorate not profit by the facts that the enemy employs German music and Teutonic musicians to propagate Kultur in America? * * *

"Are the Philharmonic concerts next season to be known as a rendezvous for enemy sympathizers?"

Yet we read in the N. Y. Times of Sept. 29 that the Philharmonic Society would give a concert soon under the auspices of the New York Liberty loan committee. "The entire orchestra and its conductor, Josef Strancky, now in his seventh year of service, have been 'donated' to the committee and will be the feature of a loan meeting. On Nov. 13 the society will give a concert exclusively to and for soldiers, sailors and marines in the service of the United States government. Mr. Felix Leifels says the activities of the orchestra for this season "will conform in every possible way with the exigencies of the hour." There will be "patriotic concerts." The orchestra "will be made up entirely of American musicians or those whose countrymen are fighting in this war for the cause of the allies." We may yet see Mr. Stransky draped becomingly with an American flag when he comes upon the concert platform.

Notes About the Stage, Actors, Music and Musicians

John Drinkwater's new "character" play, "Abraham Lincoln" with W. J. Rea as Lincoln, will be produced by the Birmingham (Eng.) Repertory Company, Oct. 12. Joseph Conrad's "One Day More" is another new production of this season.

"The Red Hussar," in which Miss Marie Tempest appeared in Boston for the first time, has been revived at Liverpool.

Mr. George M. Cohan's "Over There" pleased Mr. Puccini greatly when Mr. Moranzoni played the tune to him at Viareggio, and Mr. Puccini then and there treated the theme symphonically. Sir Frederic Cowen's real name is Cohen, it is whispered. He has written symphonies. Is it possible that Mr. Puccini will compose a "Cohan" symphony?

Among minor changes made by the new vicar at St. Alban's, Holborn, are regulations for ringing the bells, "which," says Fr. Ross, "have a meaning and a means of instruction." Besides the "Angelus," which commemorates the Incarnation, "there is the bell that calls us to church, and this rings 21 times before each mass—three times seven—the perfect number, in honor of that perfect service. For sermons and other services the bell rings 29 times, made up of 12 clauses of the Creed, 10 Commandments, and seven petitions of the Lord's Prayer." So now the horticulturists of Baldwin's gardens will become expert campanologists, and know exactly how much bell-ringing they may expect.—London Daily Chronicle.

A singular composition by Howard Carr was produced at a promenade concert in London Sept. 5. "Three Heroes" is the title. The music is supposed to portray O'Leary, V. C., Capt. Oates, and Warneford, V. C. It is said to have brightness and life and individuality. "Particularly was this evident in the second of the sketches, that which was inspired by the wonderful passage in Capt. Scott's diary which describes 'a brave man and an English gentleman' going forth to his death in the blizzard. Musically this is the best of the three, but the most popular was certainly that in which Warneford's destruction of the Zeppelin in midair is depicted with great resource and ingenuity."

The London Times says that the modern watchword for the executant artist is "self-expression." An earlier watchword was "distinction"—to play or sing with distinction. "It was run very hard in the 80's or 90's, and it died the death of many another good word, only because it was used eventually to flatter those whose powers of expression determined little or nothing, and to be told that you played 'with distinction' came to be the faintest praise that ever damned."

Diaghileff's Russian ballet in London again brought out "The Good-humored Ladies," founded on Goldoni's "Le Donne de bel amor." The music was arranged by Vincenzo Tommasini from Scarlatti's sonatas. The evolutions were in duo and trio form, "interspersed with solo bravura, culminating in a whirl of interlacing and dissolving groups to the 'Cats'' Fugue. This is the only moment when there are as many as eight dancers upon the stage. By their lightning movements they seem to crowd it." The Times says that a spinet introduced on the stage was picturesque if inaudible: "One was reminded, by contrast, of Mahler's ridiculous idea of driving nails into the felts of a grand piano to represent a harpsichord in one of his symphonies."

It seems that there are in England players of Chamber Music that still beat time with the foot. Mr. W. W. Cobbett, writing for the Music Student, comments on a letter writen by "Battute," who is displeased because a colleague in a string quartet objects to his counting time in an audible voice during rehearsals. Mr. Cobbett defends "Battute," first, if the music is rhythmically complex. "As we all know, modern composers are quite capable of juxtaposing seven notes in one part with 13 in another, and if cacophony is to be avoided, occasional counting is absolutely necessary, however able the performers may be. Again, he is right if his colleagues are of a type sometimes met with, if they are absorbed in their own parts and never dream of listening to others. There is a technic of listening, an aural technic, if you like to call it so, which some never acquire. * * * 'Battute' makes no allusion to the use of the foot in beating time, and I only allude to it myself in order to compare notes with readers on a point which has always struck me as strange. My experience has been that I have rarely found a string player who can be relied upon to beat the foot with consistent accuracy. Nearly all seem to be carried away by their feelings and down goes the foot at an inconvenient moment, sometimes in the middle of a bar. When challenged, all indignantly deny the impeachment, and if the peace is to be kept the incident has to close."

Mr. Emil Paur, when he conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra, frequently beat time with his foot and stick. As he was not a canary bird, sitters in the front seat were disturbed. An irreverent person suggested in print that Mr. Paur should be compelled to conduct in rubber boots.

Military Bands and Their School in England

The good work done by the New England Conservatory of Music in the education of military bandmasters and their men has already been described by the Herald. It has been said that before the war the American bands were as a rule inferior to those of France, England and Italy. An article published recently in the London Times considers the future of the English bands. "Good as they are, there are some points in which they might be bettered, and as most of them will have to start afresh after the war they may as well start on the lines on which it is desired that they should continue." England is proud of these bands, which now stand "as the one department of English music in which there is no dependence on foreign players or instructors and little on foreign music."

Kneller Hall is now 70 years old at least. It was depleted of its staff in August, 1914. The teachers were gradually replaced. There are now 140 boy pupils, but only two dozen men students instead of the usual four dozen. A boy who joins the army is glad to find something to do until he is of the right age to be a soldier, and there are few of them who do not take kindly to music, when they enter after obtaining the good word both of their bandmaster and their commanding officer. After one year of instruction, two-thirds musical and one-third general, they go back to their own bands as proficient on one instrument. At 18 they are taken now for active service, so that at the end of the war the bands will consist of these boys and such men as may come back from it. The students, with three years' band service behind them, come here for a two years' course. In this they learn every instrument in the band, study composition, including scoring, and have ample practice in teaching and conducting. At most of the weekly concerts an original work by one of the students is played, and at all of them the conductor is a student. The programs contain such things as the 'Egmont' and 'Euryanthe' overtures, the 'Peer Gynt' Suite, 'Scheherazade,' the 'Unfinished,' as well as the more irresponsible music."

The military band programs are not of so high a class. The audience, not a specifically musical one, has not assembled solely to hear the band, which has come "to help them to get through some social function or some piece of duty cheerfully." The publishers say there is a demand for easy music, but that is is a demand for lazy music, but that is not necessarily the same thing. Some publishers have capable readers, others not; it would pay them to have better ones." A band should not be driven to arrangements. "Composers might remember that, apart from the piano and the solo voice, the most direct medium in which they can write for the whole of England, and not the great centres only, is the brass band."

In some regiments the band is a Cinderella. "Not only is its music dictated by people who do not understand the problem, but its time is broken into for non-musical purposes. It is sometimes in the heat of the moment alluded to as 'that' band, or distinguished by some more pointed demonstrative. * * * Lastly, our army is, we believe, the only one in which it is rare for a bandmaster to rise above the rank of warrant officer."

How the Finn Composer Sibelius Escaped a Violent Death

Jan Sibelius, whose symphonies and other orchestral works are familiar here, was supposed to be at heart a revolutionary. The stipend awarded him by the Russian government under the Tsar was once stopped, it is said, on account of his political principles or manifestations. It is also said that his symphonic poem, "Finlandia," aroused revolt against Russia whenever it was played in Finland. Apparently he should have been highly honored by the Russia of the revolution, even by the Bolsheviki; but an article published in the Basle Nachrichten on July 14, translated by Mr. O. M. Kling and sent by him to tro Daily Telegraph of London, shows how Sibelius was marked for execution.

"During the reign of terror in Finland John Sibelius, the great Finnish composer, was in very great danger of losing his life. His rescuer, Prof. Kajanus, tells in the 'Nationaltidende' the following interesting story of the escape: At the time the Red Guards thought themselves safe in power, they made up a blacklist of persons to be put to death, which included the names of Finland's greatest men. On top of this list was the name of John Sibelius. The composer was then living in his country house near Helsingfors, and it was impossible to communicate with him. Sibelius himself knew his name to be on the blacklist; his friends in Helsingfors knew it, too, and were much distressed about it. But no escape seemed feasible. One day, in spite of all, Kajanus succeeded in obtaining a sledge, found it possible to drive to the country house of Sibelius, and to make good his escape.

"The house was guarded, and subsequently it was known that Sibelius would have been executed two days later, although he had nothing to do with politics. Kajanus called upon a chief of the Reds, bearing the title of war minister; he was a workman whom the Red Guard had taken out of the prison where he had been confined for several years for murder. By chance Kajanus had heard that this murderer and 'war minister' was a cornet blower and generally fond of music. After a long conversation, he asked the 'war minister' whether he really wished that Sibelius, the creator of so many musical works, be killed. This remark made such an impression upon the 'war minister' that he made out a passport for Sibelius, with which Kajanus succeeded in passing the ring of Red Guards, and so saved Sibelius."

Music in Country Houses; Vacation and Week Ends

Now is the time of the year when, the majority of the concert givers having ceased from troubling, he whose professional duties oblige him to listen to their performances is able to take a little re-

[illegible] in all probability [illegible] arduous season, he [illegible] that he is sick to [illegible] music and never wants to hear [illegible] again. As a matter of fact, [illegible] of the kind. No one with [illegible] music in him is ever really [illegible]. What he is tired of is hearing Miss [illegible] Jones, conscientious, but [illegible] plodding with an air of grim [illegible] through the Moonlight Sonata [illegible] Mr. Robert Smith singing "How [illegible] Love Thee" as if he didn't mean it, [illegible] and depressing concert hall. [illegible] change of environment and atmosphere, and the taste soon returns, and [illegible] in the country that both are to be [illegible].

Country house music is not, of course, [illegible] what it was in the old days. The [illegible] with the pleasant baritone is in the army, the daughter who played the violin is working in a hospital or driving a service car; the mother, who learnt [illegible] Benedict, and has a pleasant, old-world touch upon the pianoforte, is at a [illegible] all day, and is tired in the evening. Still, you get echoes of the pleasures of the past even today, and most [illegible] they are, not only for themselves but also for the memories that they bring. Think of it. To sit at one's [illegible] in a comfortable chair on the lawn [illegible] the open drawing room window, [illegible] denied the solace of tobacco. The curtains are drawn today, as they were [illegible] in times past, or the local police would have something to say.

Within, the mistress of the house, after an apology for stiff fingers, plays the Moonlight Sonata — not, perhaps, with the technical accuracy of Miss [illegible], but far more expressively; the [illegible] on leave and out of practice, [illegible] "How Do I Love Thee" not with the finish of Mr. Smith, but with infinitely more sincerity. The listener's mind [illegible] back to the Aeolian or Wigmore Hall, he thinks, with a shudder, [illegible] they would be like on an evening such as this, he compares their atmosphere with that which actually prevails, and he admits that, in his heart [illegible] he really does like music a [illegible] after all.

The country house music has two great charms, its atmosphere and its sincerity. However comfortable, however beautifully decorated, however well ventilated a concert hall may be, its stiffness and formality are soul-destroying. A great artist can triumph over his surroundings because he can create an atmosphere of his own and carry his audience away with him into it. The lesser light, who has not that power, suffers under disabilities that are generally absolutely fatal. Over and over again have I sat at a concert wondering what single member of the audience could possibly have the slightest pleasure therein, and [illegible] at the powers of endurance [illegible] enable them to sit through it at all. [illegible] the majority of cases I am perfectly [illegible] that they only do so out of [illegible] spirit of regard for the feelings of [illegible] friend and concert-giver, who [illegible], not unnaturally, be hurt if they [illegible], after the first group of pieces, [illegible] for which they have paid half a guinea apiece. So far as enjoyment of [illegible] is concerned, that, at the average [illegible] concert, is out of the question.

Country house music, however, you can enjoy. To begin with, the atmosphere is right. Quite apart from the [illegible] of physical well-being, which is by no means an unimportant element, [illegible] is the fact that it only exists for the reason that those who make it do so because they are fond of it. I would far rather sit upon the lawn and hear a Chopin nocturne played with a hundred wrong notes by an amateur who really loves it than listen to the same nocturne played in a concert hall by a professional with ten times the technique and half the soul. It is this element of love and sincerity that alone can get the best out of music, and I often think that amateurs, on the average, have it, or at any rate display it, in a greater degree than professionals. Very possibly it is killed in the course of that operation, which is far too common nowadays, the manufacture of a good amateur into a very moderate professional, just as a child's rich imagination is killed in the course of education. Once let the amateur get obsessed by technique, and he becomes self-conscious and his playing loses its native charm. It is a thousand pities that amateurs are not left in their natural sphere when they can do splendid work for music instead, as is too often the case, of being forced into ranks in which they will earn neither distinction nor money, while their music will, as likely as not, lose the only quality really worth having, the quality of life.—London Daily Telegraph, Aug. 24.

Mr. Ryan's Supplementary Note About Comedians in Boston

To the Editor of the Boston Herald:

Charles, as you suggest, was the Christian name of the comedian Leclercq, who was at the old Globe Theatre during the brief management of Charles Fechter. His sister, Carlotta Leclercq was also a member of the company. I did not know that George Honey appeared in New Haven as you inform me. He was so averse to travel that I am quite sure he did not make any extended tour of American cities. He had an [illegible] for [illegible] London, where he made the reputation on the stage comparatively late in life.

In my article published in the Herald of the 15th inst. the types made me recall "Dan" Setchell as "Dan" Getchell. I am not surprised at the mistake for my handwriting is somewhat obscure. I would I were a typewriter, and not a puzzler to the proofreader and the copyholder. Then "Tom" Hampton would not have appeared as "Tim" Hampton.

By the way, in my reference to comedians at the Howard Athenaeum I forgot to mention W. F. Johnson, a skilful interpreter of Shakespearian clowns. His Touchstone in "As You Like It" was a dramatic treat. William Scallan, a comedian of the Joseph Jefferson school, who performed the title part in the burlesque of "Mazeppa" at the Howard is also worthy of pleasant remembrance. JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

Music of the Better Class in Theatres of Moving Pictures

To the Editor of the Herald:

One hears a good class of music at the better grade of picture houses. This is what I heard one night at the Exeter Street Theatre to accompany one of William S. Hart's Western films. The organist did not use the cue which is furnished with many of the film plays. He's an artist in his way.

The "popular" selections were "Baby's Prayer at Twilight," "Little Gray Home in the West," "Love's Old Sweet Dream," "Long, Long Trail."

The other selections were Dvorak's "Humoreske," Schubert's "Marche Militaire" (brought in three times), Schubert's "Earl King" (particularly well suited to the scenes of daring riding), Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, an excerpt from "Lohengrin," nearly all the second movement of Beethoven's "Pathetic" sonata. F. R. F.

Boston.

This reminds us of a paragraph published last week in the Morning Telegraph and entitled "Hints to Musicians." "The following 'hints to musicians' is contributed by an observing member of the Morning Telegraph family, who confesses to being a regular attendant at all the moving picture theatres. Do not use 'Jingle Bells' as an accompaniment for 'The Bells,' even though there are sleighing scenes in it. It is not that kind of picture. When depicting the flight of a German spy do not play 'The Flying Dutchman.' 'I'm Sorry I Made You Cry' is not a good musical setting for a comedy. Do not play valses during murder scenes. It makes even the shadow actors nervous."

How the War Has Affected Street Musicians

A London journalist, mourning the disappearance from the streets of wandering musicians, German bands, grinders of barrel-organs, tells a strange story: "There was one figure in particular that was fairly familiar in the West end of London not so very long ago, concerning the owner of which a tale is told. Possibly there is not a word of truth in it, but this is how it goes. The man in question was tall and romantic and ascetic-looking. He had a sorrowful face, long black hair, and he wore a felt hat and a long, thin, black coat, which would both have been all the better for a good brushing. And he really played the violin uncommonly well. His repertory consisted of things like the slow movement from the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, Bach's Air for the G string, Handel's Largo, and Dvorak's 'Humoreske.' His tone was rather small, but sweet and pure, and he played with great feeling. The passers-by liked his music, as well they might, and coppers and silver flowed in upon him in a constant stream of most satisfactory dimensions. I should imagine that he must have taken at least two or three pounds a day, and quite possibly more. But one day he was missing from his accustomed haunts, and the story got round that the inquisitive police had demanded to see his military papers, though it might have been thought that his seeming middle-age would, in those days, have rendered him immune from such an indignity. These not being forthcoming, they haled him off to the place proper to such occasions, and, on closer inspection, found his hair to be a wig and his complexion grease-paint which veiled the identity of a young and clever violinist not unknown on the concert platform. Finding that engagements were not coming in to his satisfaction, he had adopted this ingenious method of making a living with most conspicuous success."

A Few Notes About Traditional English Harvest Songs

The Daily Chronicle of London published these notes about harvest songs:

"Have we in England (asks a correspondent) any traditional harvest songs that still survive? I never heard harvesters singing at their work—they need all their breath for the work itself—but I have often enough heard singing on the homeward way. Yet Wordsworth's 'Solitary Reaper' sang as she bent to the sickle. A pretty intimate experience of several counties never revealed to me any distinctive harvest songs. Snatches of all manner of songs were sung, most of them infinitely removed from any idea of harvest, and occasionally a familiar hymn would be gone through.

"[illegible] harvest songs [illegible] work [illegible] on [illegible] in the [illegible] Uplands to this day the last load of the hay harvest is followed home by all on the land. They sing:

> Hip, hip, hooray!
> We've done t' hay.
> Weel mahn,
> Weel strahn.
> Hip, hip, hooray!

"Sometimes a sort of encore verse is added:

> Good luck to t' gaffer!
> Good luck to t' gammer!
> And a drop o' good yal (ale)
> At t' end of it a'
> Hip, hip, hooray!
> We've done t' hay.

"One haymaking chanty which had vogue in the northern counties two or three generations ago was evidently used as a sort of pacemaker. It was to be heard when the haymakers were turning the grass, the rakes keeping time with the rhythm. It was:

> Queen, Queen Caroline,
> Washed her hair wi' turpentine.
> Turpentine made it shine,
> O, Queen Caroline!

"As an instance of a snatch 'infinitely removed from any idea of harvest,' it would be hard to beat, unless it could be traced back to Queen Caroline, the wife of Farmer George III.

"If you had searched Worcestershire for traditional harvest songs, writes a correspondent, you would probably have encountered 'The Partridge in the Pantry.' It was a hardy annual at our harvest home. There were at least 30 verses, but honest Tom Ward of Stourport never faltered for their words all the years I can remember the event. How he found wind after the meal he put away is still a puzzle to me. There were other harvest songs, broad as 'The Partridge' was long, and the announcement of their titles was the signal for the departure of my mother and sisters from the feast."

Oct. 7 1918

Bulgaria

> I stood beneath an apple tree
> This afternoon,
> Picking the ripened fruit
> From drooping, weighted boughs,
> When all at once
> The whistles all began
> To blow in hoots and screams
> From the nearby metropolis
> And our own village bells began to ring
> At schoolhouse, church and fire company,
> And with all in full cry
> An apple swift
> Descended from aloft
> And beaned me
> Sore.
> And lo, the apple was a wormy one
> And rotten to the core
> But kept I at the task
> And in due course
> The fruit was basketed to barn
> Save three on topmost twig
> Not then getatable.
> Tonight, down at the Postoffice I learned
> Bulgaria
> Had fallen too.
> And so tomorrow, when the chores are done,
> I'm going down beneath that tree
> And whistle at those other three
> Up there.
> And if they don't come down
> I'm going to heave
> A rock
> At them.

RICHARD D. WARE.

Amherst, N. H., Sept. 30.

"Say, Can You See," in the Dark

As the World Wags:

"The Star Spangled Banner" not singable? I know better, for I heard it sung just recently. Still the circumstances were exceptional, it may be admitted, and perhaps helped the effect.

Everything had quieted down for the night in the men's ward. The day nurses had gone off duty, having finished the day's work. Supper had been served and cleared away; then came the evening wash-up and then draw-sheets had been pulled straight and smooth, and stray crumbs brushed out, and pillows shifted, and tight bandages loosened for the "surgical cases," and all the aching backs rubbed with alcohol (on which Mr. Kitchin wants to double the tax), and a night light shaded and screened by the bed of the Sickest Man, who was at times delirious and was apt to be found wandering in body as well as in mind. The night nurses had quietly tested the call-bells and adjusted windows. Twilight had deepened into darkness; a cool breeze drifted through, and the ward drifted with it toward pleasant dreams, or very bad dreams, or no dreams, in silence, except for the soothing chirp of the Faulkner crickets. Then from across toward Jamaica pond a 9 o'clock bell sounded, and on the signal a faint chord or two from small instruments came in with the breeze, and then—"The Star Spangled Banner" from the nurses assembled on the lawn—by the trees, perhaps 100 yards away; every word and note as clear as a bugle-call, true in tone, well phrased! Some, who could, sat up in silence till it ended, and lay down again in silence, and I wondered why some such "taps" could not be sounded every night at hospitals, and why people say "The Star Spangled Banner" is not singable.

Why not learn to sing? I can't sing it myself, but I can't sing anything else, either. Those who can sing at all should be able to master it. To bring the public generally up to the ability to sing it would increase the national sum total of musical intelligence fully 30 per cent. The drill would be valuable.

Lower the pitch if needful; there is nothing sacrosanctified about a musical signature. And write a better "words and music" who can. But don't shirk [illegible] that [illegible] do a [illegible] "Austrian" [illegible] "Die Wacht am Rhein" [illegible] or even the [illegible] people's national hymn of [illegible] seldom heard in this country.

Learn to sing it, and perhaps [illegible] grant inspiration to one of us to write the unassailable, perfect, [illegible] hymn that we will all agree is THE hymn of the nation. Meanwhile, "The Star Spangled Banner" is our best substitute for perfection. C.

Brookline.

Nicest Place

"Nahant" answers "Junior's" question about the authorship of

> Nicest place that ever was seen,
> Colleges red and Common green.

The lines are from Holmes's "Parson Turell's Legacy, or the President's Old Arm Chair. A Mathematical Story." (Second verse.)

For Temperance Bodfish

As the World Wags:

The other day a reader wished to know whence came the quotation beginning "The pulpit from which such ponderous sermons," etc. It is to be found in Longfellow's "Golden Legend," Part I., Scene: A Village Church. Lucifer speaking. NICODEMUS O'FARRELL.

Boston.

We are also indebted to Mr. Guy Hall of Dorchester for the answer—Ed

A Moving Assignment

A young woman on a certain newspaper in our town asked her city editor if she would be expected to cover Theda Bara in "Salome" on Sunday night. The editor, suffering with dyspepsia, looked up at her a minute, frowned, and then said testily.

"Of course, of course. She will probably need to be covered."—The Morning Telegraph.

Oct. 8 1918

He that [illegible]reth no faults in men's writings must only read his own, wherein, for the most part, all appeareth white. Quotation mistakes, inadvertency, expedition, and human lapses, may make not only moles but warts in learned authors, who, notwithstanding, being judged by the capital matter, admit not of disparagement. I should unwillingly affirm that Cicero was but slightly versed in Homer, because in his work, De Gloria, he ascribed those verses unto Ajax, which were delivered by Hector. What if Plautus, in the account of Hercules, mistaketh nativity for conception? Who would have mean thoughts of Apollinaris Sidonius, who seems to mistake the river Tigris for Euphrates? And, though a good historian and learned bishop of Avergne had the misfortune to be out in the story of David, making mention of him when the ark was sent back by the Philistines upon a cart; which was before his time. Though I have no great opinion of Machiavel's learning, yet I shall not presently say that he was but a novice in Roman history because he was mistaken in placing Commodus after the Emperor Severus. Capital truths are to be narrowly eyed, collateral lapses and circumstantial deliveries not to be too strictly sifted. And if the substantial subject be well forged out, we need not examine the sparks which irregularly fly from it.

Mr. Chesterton, Geographer

As the World Wags:

Why is it that almost invariably English novelists, essayists and journalists make a botch of it when they tackle American geography? Here is Mr. G. K. Chesterton in the London Illustrated News of Aug. 17: "Were it not for the inconvenient conduct of various persons on the Ourcq or the Vesle we might expect to hear of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia and Virginia successively pruned away from the confused and shapeless map of the United States." One can only infer from this that Mr. Chesterton imagines Philadelphia to be one of the 13 original states of the Union. Otherwise, how the deuce can Pennsylvania and Philadelphia be successively pruned away from the United States map? Mr. Chesterton must be some pruner if he can attempt that job and get away with it. Can you imagine any American man of letters of Mr. Chesterton's rank making a similar blunder in a reference to matters of British geography? He would not, even with respect to the geography of Australia or New Zealand. He might be very hazy as to the relative importance of Australian cities and of their direction and distance from one another. He might be stumped to tell what provinces they were in. But he would not write himself down an ass. He would consult an atlas and get the thing right before sending his copy to the printer. Some good American ought to retaliate and get the British lion's goat (so to speak) by writing an English novel and opening the grouse-shooting season on the fourth of July, putting Blarney Castle in Warwickshire, having the boys at Eton speak with a strong Scottish brogue and making the late John Redmond prime minister.

Boston. W. E. K.

Yet Mr. Stimson, in his tragic story of Cape Cod life, based on a singular episode in Osterville life, confuses the location of certain towns on the Cape. No [illegible] other American novelists [illegible] in matters of geography [illegible].

Type-Written Poetry

As the World Wags:

Apropos of Poetry and, by the way, why do people in the Transcript for instance—keep saying or writing "Apropos beans," "Apropos fine weather"? Naturally it should be "apropos of" or "apropos de" if you want to be beastly particular.

But as I was saying when you interrupted me, apropos of poetry, it's suddenly borne in on me that the reason so much modern poetry is rather poor is that it's composed on the type-writer. Eh! What? How do you like canned music? I confess I sometimes enjoyed "Celeste Aida" shrieked by Caruso through the medium of a vulcanized rubber disk—but I feel sure you don't. And type-written poetry: ah, no; it won't do. Imagine "Best and dearest, come away," beaten out to the sharp, snappy, white-souled businesslike click of a twpewriter. Never!—Jamais de la vie! Surely it was half-sung, as Shelly swung along a country road—or wandered in piney woods, where by chance a blucjay's feather came drifting through the sombre boughs, shot with purple and gold—sunlight and shade.

Or else, like Arachne's web, it was spun from the end of his gold pen, late at night, by the light of a dying lamp. Perhaps something of Milton's organ melody came from his strictly meditating the thankless Muse in bitter blindness. Victor Hugo used to talk or sing his poems as he walked. So—God save the mark—does Rudyard Kipling. But, anyway, when he says the American spirit is

"Elate—nor fears
To grasp the iron hand of Fate
Or match with Destiny for Beers."

It is fullmouthed—one doesn't hear the syncopated ragtime of the typewriter.

So no more at present from your humble friend. DRYASDUST.

Dedham.

"Natural-born Citizen"

As the World Wags:

Apropos of Discipulus's disquisition upon the use of the term "native-born," I should like to inquire whether the expression "natural-born citizen," which occurs in section 1 of article 2 of the Constitution of the United States, means the same as the expression "native-born citizen"? If it doesn't mean the same, what does it mean?

Brookline. INQUIRER.

Oct 9 1918

We commend to the attention of those insisting that the universal language should be Latin the following passage from "Christian Morals," by Thomas Browne:

"'Tis an unjust way of compute, to magnify a weak head for some Latin abilities; and to undervalue a solid judgment because he knows not the genealogy of Hector. When that notable King of France would have his son to know but one sentence in Latin, had it been a good one, perhaps it had been enough."

The reference is to Louis XI. The sentence runs: "Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare."

Uncrowned Kings

Some one that knows all about kings and their doings—this time he is not an American dentist—says that Ferdinand of Bulgaria is not the only European monarch who has never been crowned. William II. has never been crowned King of Prussia, for, claiming sovereignty by divine right he would not stoop to accept a crown from his subjects. His title of German Emperor is only one of courtesy; it involves no sovereignty. The Emperor of Austria has been crowned King of Hungary, but not Emperor of Austria. "As Emperor he is theoretically the Pope's nominee, Austria being an Archduchy of the Holy Roman empire, and as such a coronation ceremony for its archduke is unnecessary."

Ironist or Chauvinist?

As the World Wags:

Although I realize that the World Wagger cannot bother to give advice to every puzzled reader, I sincerely hope that he will find opportunity to help me out of the perplexity in which I am at present engaged. I am a native-born American of good breeding and a high school education, and though not blessed with a wife or family am a man of considerable standing, I believe, in the community. As I am undoubtedly a bit too middle-aged and fat, though I hate to confess it, even to my best friends, to be of any real service to the armed forces of the United States I am quite naturally desirous of showing in every way possible my unswerving patriotism and my firm and honest hatred of all that savors of the Kaiser and Germany. To this end I purchased Liberty bonds of every issue to the limit of my ability, I have cut down my cigar allowance from five to four per diem and given the money thus saved to the Red Cross, I have spoken and anted up freely for the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C., in fact I have done all within my power to further the aims of our great democracy and preserve the ideals of national and personal liberty in this awful struggle.

Nor have I deemed it sufficient merely to have helped my nation in this crisis; I have always held that to really win the field of Armageddon, we must abstain from all that is German—music, "art" (God save the mark!) and literature—yes, and even science. I rejoice in the happy fact that German science is fast being supplanted by the more human artisanship and more fantastic inventiveness of the French. I am elated at the prospect of innumerable tomes of German culture and romanticism, German history and German drama rotting on their shelves, or maybe being gathered in a vast heap and being burned in the market place of Liege as a sacrifice of atonement for the wrongs inflicted on little Belgium. I revel in the thought that some day the world will no longer throng to attend art congresses at Dresden, that the stolen treasures of the Berlin galleries will be returned to their rightful owners, f. o. b. Hamburg. I pride myself on no longer attending the concerts of any disloyal organizations that persist in performing the dissonant melodies of Handel, the absurd compositions of Bach and his crew. But one thing is still troubling me. I have a very dear friend who is eager to enter an officer's training camp and become a member of our superb force of fighting men. He has just discovered that to earn his commission he will be compelled to study German! I have of course urged him most strongly not to enter any branch of the service where he will be forced to suffer any such indignities, but he is as yet unconvinced. Perhaps a word coming from the lips of one so high in authority as the World Wagger would help him to reach the proper decision in this matter. Cannot something be done to wipe out this outstanding relic of Teutonic savagery, this final trace of Hunnish brutality in this fair land of ours? The time would seem to be ripe for a last determined effort. AULUS.

Cambridge.

"Usefully"

As the World Wags:

Anyone with a sense of humor enjoyed reading the decision of the Massachusetts clergy published in the Herald and Journal not long ago: "Persons who feel themselves affected with coughs and colds are requested to remain in their homes and spend their time usefully instead of attending service." That churchgoing is not "useful" is pretty good for Puritan Boston. M. J. C.

Eliot, Me.

Oct 10 1918

A sociologist in London, one of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's colleagues and correspondents, notes that the disappearance of motor omnibuses from the streets of his city and the comparatively little motor traffic of other descriptions have given a much needed rest to the senses of hearing, seeing and smelling. "The momentary absence—almost a complete one—of the smell of petrol is the most striking thing in connection with the present strike—at least to people with sensitive noses. * * * The little local smells have their chance once more. Passing a public house just now one is surprised to inhale an atmosphere reminiscent of days gone by—a whiff of the past, as it were. Druggists' scent and soap-sellers stand out once again. The jam and pickle maker, however, holds its own now as ever."

Someone, a few years ago, said that if he were dropped blindfolded from an airplane into various cities he could identify them by the smell. Munich reeks of beer, and nose as well as eye warns the approaching traveler. London has its smell of sea-coal, soot, etc. One town mentioned smelt of leather, another of chemicals, and so on, and so on. Has Boston any smell peculiar to it? In boyhood days our delight was to sniff the various smells on the wharves in this city—odors of spices, sugar, coffee, rum, molasses, bales of leather, less familiar and even baffling smells. A year ago, strolling along the wharves, we found the smells less fragrant, pungent, acrid, enticing, madding. Was the difference due to the flight of years? Are our nostrils less sensitive, less receptive? Have tobacco and countless rheums blunted exquisite perception?

Their Turn for France

As the World Wags:

Just a little story from life about the much-abused theatrical profession.

I am a vaudeville performer in class A1. I claimed no exemption, although I am married to the best little girl in the world, who is also in the profession. Now I am waiting for my route on Uncle Sam's Big Time in France. Yesterday the mail man handed me my call to do my bit. I handed my wife over my bank book. "Girlie, I hope this will keep you," I said, "until I come back, which will be just as sure as there is a God in heaven." She took every dollar—our savings of years—and bought Liberty bonds. "I can go back to chorus," she said, "until you come back."

Are the women of the stage as bad as painted? Damned if I think so.

YOURS FOR FRANCE.

Boston, Oct. 1.

Whippets—Tanks and Dogs

The Italians should especially applaud the smallest British war tanks called whippets, for the whippet, the racing dog, used also for coursing rabbits, is [illegible] and the Black Country [illegible] greyhounds with terriers. "The original 'running dogs,' weighing barely 11 pounds, were scarcely strong enough in the jaw to hold a rabbit, but could go at a great pace for a short distance. These were again crossed with the terrier, and the present smaller-sized whippets were produced, the larger variety being mongrel greyhounds not truly described by the title."

The Ghent Paternoster

"Xenes" of Chestnut Hill, answering the question of Temperance Bodfish concerning the Ghent "paternoster" addressed to the Duke of Alva, refers Temperance to Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and adds to the information already given in this column last Sunday.

"It (the paternoster) might be made more applicable to the present by leaving the line containing 'Spain' as printed 'pain'—in the Bodfish quotation and substituting 'Berlin' for 'Brussels' in the first line.

"Anyone who reads Motley's great work will be convinced that history is repeating itself almost word for word in the low countries.

"In 'William the Silent, Prince of Orange,' by Ruth Putnam, vol. 2, p. 437, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1895, there is another version of the Paternoster.

"'Oh, Bishop Sonnius, who at the Bosch now art,
Cursed be thy name by every heart!
Thy Kingdom is no good nor worth,
In heaven nor upon the earth;
Daily thou ettest our daily bread,
Our wives and children are not fed.
Oh God, who heaven doth maintain,
Rid us of these bishops and their train;
Let us fall in no disgrace,
And drive this rabble from the place!'

"No dates are given, but Bishop Sonnius dates circa 1562, while Alva was in the low countries from 1567-1573, which would make this the older version."

Oct 11 1918

Ferdinand, ex King of Bulgaria, purposes to devote himself to his favorite pursuits, chiefly to botany. Diocletian, leaving the throne after his persecution of the Christians, spent his time gayly in raising cabbages. It may also be noted that Marshal Foch, largely instrumental in the downfall of Ferdinand, is a lover of trees. Neither Paris nor Venice would be an agreeable city at present for Ferdinand in retirement. He cannot, therefore, serve as a footnote to Daudet's "Kings in Exile." It was at Venice that Candide sat down at table with half a dozen deposed monarchs who were in town to see the Carnival.

White Eskimos

Mr. Stefansson is bringing with him blond hair from the blond Eskimos to prove that far east of the Mackenzie river and also on Coronation gulf there are Eskimos with white skins, red hair, light eyebrows, men with full beards.

When it was announced that Knud Rasmussen earlier in the year had rounded off the survey of Greenland, it was asked, What is the Eskimo name for the land? The Eskimos accompanying Peary called themselves Innuit, "the people." Their ancestors thought that their land was the entire earth. Does "Eskimo" mean one that eats raw meat? It is believed that the Vikings taught this people to use iron for hunting weapons. Unfortunately for this paragraph, Mr. William B. Cabot is not near us at present. We should like to hear him discuss the subject of "white" Eskimos.

How the Vine Twineth

As the World Wags:

Inquirer of Aug. 28 can get a good start in "The Curves of Life" . . . (T. A. Cook, London and New Pork, 1914), to be seen in the fine arts room of the Boston Public Library. This has several chapters with direct bearing on the query, with much information elsewhere. The illustrations are very good, especially several showing how plants, tired of turning say to the left, "changed their minds" and reversed.

Has not inquirer played the same trick on himself which Charles II did on the Royal Society, asking a question based on insufficient observations? Investigations of R. H. Campton and others, half a dozen years ago, seem to show that the right or left twinings in any species of plants are more likely to be 50—50 than "always"—in either direction. The allied riddles of Heliotropism, Right and Left-Handedness, Orientation, etc., are likely to be solved by the next generation, but not before. Even so simple a matter as to why generally men button coats toward the right, women to the left, had a lot of theories set out here by me on Nov. 20 last, with no conclusion. Orientation, especially, has hagridden English archaeologists for centuries, being clewed up with the bastard-theology which possesses almost every thinking Englishman of whatever church. Much real light has been thrown by Prof. Frothingham of Princeton in American Journal of Archaeology, 1917, xxi, 55-76, 187-201, 313-336, 420-448.

Boston. CHARLES EDWARD AAB.

Mr. Baxter and "Over There"

As the World Wags:

I have no desire to force into your column the discussion concerning the merits and demerits of "The Star Spangled Banner" as a national anthem. In fact, I am inclined to question the wisdom of such a controversy. To be sure, I agree with those who find the words unworthy and the music unsuitable for public singing, but I fail to discover an entirely satisfactory substitute in the list of proposals. Even "America the Beautiful," which is enthusiastically advocated by many, falls short of the ideal. For instance, even the precedent of reputable poets does not fully justify the apparent attempt to rhyme "spacious skies" with "majesties," and "proved" with "loved." I agree, too, with those who do not wish to adopt a song which is primarily a battle cry, yet I hope for something which will possess the glorious swing of "Aux armes, citoyens!" Even if a satisfactory composition can be produced, how are we going about to insure its acceptance by the public? And when the army comes home and we tell the boys that we have a new national anthem, I can imagine them saying, "The hell you have!" And they will continue to recognize "The Star Spangled Banner" until military decree compels otherwise. Yet I would not discourage any effort to produce something better. I would that I had the power to write it myself. But above all, let it be original in words and music—and made in America.

However, I am off the track. I am inconsistent in intruding my own ideas after stating that I had no desire to force the discussion into your column. What I was about to comment upon was an observation in Mr. Baxter's letter of a week or so ago, in which he referred to "Over There," which happens to be my particular red flag. He finds the words punk. They would be, of course. But he also finds a stirring quality in the tune which might well enter into a national anthem. I regret that I haven't his letter at hand that I might quote his words. It is sufficient that he likes the music, however. I should have thought nothing of it if the letter had been signed by a lesser light, but Mr. Baxter, upon whom we have looked as one who speaks with the tongues of men and of angels on matters pertaining to the fine arts—! I assume that the stirring quality to which he referred lies in the bugle call which occurs ten times in the brief chorus, a repetition which makes the song—to me, at least—the most monotonous echo of three notes that George Cohan or anybody else ever conceived. But perhaps it is the forepart of the song that he likes. Possibly it is less atrocious than the chorus. It ought to be. Its similarity to the ancient favorite "Johnny Get Your Gun" saves it from an absolute impossibility.

But perhaps Mr. Baxter was spoofing us. I hope so. PHINEAS PHIPPS.

Malden.

"The Star Spangled Banner" is a good tune. So is "Over There." We cannot sing either one of them, or for that matter any tune, national, sacred, or profane.—Ed.

Oct 12 1918

No propositions amaze me, no conceit woundeth me, what contrarlety soever they have to mind. There is no fantaze so frivolous or humor so extravagant, that in mine opinion is not sortable to the production of humane wit. Where one scale of the baliance is altogether empty, I let the other waver too and fro, under an old wives dreames. And me seemeth, I may well be excused, if I rather accept an odde number, than an even: Thursday in respect of Friday if I had rather make a twelfth or fourteenth at a table, than a thirteenth; if when I am travelling I would rather see a Hare coasting, than crossing my way; and rather reach my left, than my right foote, to be shod. All such fond conceits, now in credit about us, deserve at least to be listened unto. Vulgar and casuall opinions are yet of some waight, which in nature are something els then nothing. And who wadeth not so far into them to avoid the vice of superstition, falleth happily into the blame of wilfulness.

Laying a Ghost

Has anyone, Protestant clergyman or layman, attempted to exorcise a ghost in Massachusetts within the last 100 years? It is not necessary to point out that exorcism of evil spirits, older than Christianity, was practised by the Greeks and other ancient people, by the Saviour, his apostles, the early church. There was an exorcism in the first Prayer Book of Edward VI, but there is not any prescribed form of exorcism having an authorized place in the formularies of the English church today; yet Notes and Queries of last July alluded to a case of exorcism that occurred five years ago in Ashfordsbury rectory, Leicestershire. The ghost had a

[illegible]t stalling certain bedchambers [illegible]t and ripping the blankets and [illegible]lothing from the sleepers. At [illegible] rector, the Rev. F. A. Gage Hall, [illegible] requested courteously the de[illegible] of the ghost, but in vain, donned [illegible]ck and surplice, went to the haunt[illegible] rooms, and "with stern mien" com[illegible]nded the spirit to leave. "Since then [illegible]e ghost has not troubled the rectory." [illegible]e rector of Burneston was also suc[illegible]ssful in exorcising restless ghosts. He [illegible]ed to "read something out of the [illegible]rayer Book." What was this "some[illegible]"?

We know that in the days of witchcraft Protestant ministers exorcised Satan and his demoniacal train, as it is an established fact that St. Bernard, annoyed one day by a buzzing bluebottle fly, said petulantly, "Be thou excommunicated," and thus unintentionally destroyed the flies of the whole district. So Portuguese sailors becalmed near Brazil, frightened by a sportive whale, duly exorcised it, so that the whale obediently sank to the lowest depths of the ocean. (See "History of India," by the learned Jesuit, Maffei.) Rats were exorcised. Ordered to depart for foreign countries, they would swim to desert islands, where they could enjoy themselves without vexing man. Azpilcueta of Navarre, the Spanish canonist, vouched for this.

The ghost at Ashfordsbury rectory was not so well disposed towards sleepers as the ghost on a plantation in Louisa county, Virginia, cherished with pride by the Rives family. This ghost was a little, sweet-faced old lady with a cap. She came quietly into the room and tucked the bedclothes carefully about the guest just falling asleep. There were other agreeably haunted houses in the Green Spring region. At Grassdale, where we spent a delightful month, the ghost of an old Negro polished the hall floor about midnight, faithful after death. Some of these Virginian houses, most hospitable, were lacking in furniture, but no one of them was without its ghost, nor was there any thought of exorcism.

"Staggering"

An unfamiliar use of a word is that of "staggering" as applied to the suggested closing of business departments at different times to prevent a rush for trams and trains. It is probably derived from one of the many already recorded meanings of the verb to stagger, to arrange in zig-zag or alternate order. A bicycle's spokes are said to be staggered by the well-known arrangement of crossing one another—which gives greater strength to the wheel.—London Daily Chronicle.

"Nicest Place"

As the World Wags:

Yes, "Junior" is right. The lines are by Dr. Holmes; but they refer to Cambridge, not Harvard. Earlier lines read:

Know old Cambridge? Hope you do.
Born there? Don't say so! I was, too.

Brookline. R. Y. S.

Oct 13 '18

The Herald published last Sunday extracts from letters written to the Daily Telegraph of London protesting against the character of the programs arranged for the Promenade concerts. It may be remembered that in one of the letters the writer shouted for the British composer and insisted that men like Messrs. Vaughan Williams, Gardiner, Bantock and other British worthies are superior to the foreign composers represented and even to old man Richard Strauss whose music had been "over played" before the war.

The Daily Telegraph of Sept. 14 published a letter in reply written by Chappell & Co. The matter discussed is of interest in Boston and in other American cities in which, it is said, the American composer is shamefully neglected.

We now quote from the letter of Chappell & Co.

"In reply to Mr. Legge's criticism of the Promenade program, the moment we are convinced by receipts that the public prefer Mr. Joseph Holbrook's music to that of Beethoven, or Mr. Granville Bantock's composition to those of Tchaikovsky, we are perfectly prepared radically to alter the character of the Queen's Hall program.

"Mr Legge asks who is responsible for the drawing up of these programs. They are drawn up by Mr. Robert Newman, whose long experience thoroughly qualifies him for the task. Mr. Newman has general instructions from us to draw up the programs upon the most popular lines, and they are finally submitted to us for our approval.

"The musical public, which quite well knows what it wants, will not be dictated to by us, or even by eminent musical critics. Sir Henry Wood every season submits to us a large number of novelties, including English works. We have to point out to Sir Henry Wood that novelties, particularly British ones, do not attract, and that as, more particularly during such a war as this, it costs thousands of pounds to run [illegible] unless you are a millionaire to [illegible] at the same time [illegible] the money to pay the artists.

"We would remind Mr. Legge that there are over sixty orchestral works by English composers in this season's programs, in spite of the melancholy fact that Sir Edward Elgar, and in another school, Edward German, are the only two English composers whose orchestral works are any attraction.

"Sir Ernest Palmer's generous contributions in aid of British modern music are well known. May we remind him, however, of certain endowment concerts of his, expressly organized some years ago to introduce new English works, which concerts, if we remember rightly, were given at the Queen's Hall and elsewhere? He will not have forgotten that these concerts had to be discontinued, owing to the total lack of public support. If Sir Ernest Palmer thinks that times have changed, we would suggest that he should lease from us at cost price the Queen's Hall, the Queen's Hall Orchestra, and the incidental expenses, and experiment upon a week of programs of modern British music at the Promenade concerts. We would willingly see him successful. We, as English publishers, have much more to gain by exploiting copyright works by modern English composers rather than non-copyright works by the dead masters. Unfortunately, as we said before, the obstinate British public, who will not be dictated to, still stand in the way. They still prefer Beethoven to Joseph Holbrooke, and Tchaikovsky to Villers Stanford and Granville Bantock."

In other words the statement of a writer who discussed the problem of the British composer in the London Times two years ago holds good in London, Paris, Boston, New York; the majority of those who habitually attend orchestral concerts do not care a rap about the source of any work. "They merely ask themselves vaguely whether it appeals to their senses, and if it does, they applaud it and expect to hear it again before long. . . . In the case of the forthcoming Promenade concerts the future depends on the capacity of the audiences—to show a sense of responsibility, for the scheme admirably rests on a policy of giving the public what it desires."

It has been said that in view of the close relationship now existing between France and the United States, French music should be "cultivated" in Boston, especially as there are so many Frenchmen in the orchestra and there are French conductors for the season.

Boston has been well disposed toward French music from the early orchestral days. In no other American city, and in no foreign city outside of France has the music of Berlioz been so much played and so greatly appreciated. And it should be remembered that even in Paris the music of this genius was not "in fashion" until the end of the Franco-Prussian war, when Berlioz was pitted through national pride against Wagner.

Before Saint-Saens wrote his symphonic poems there was little French purely orchestral music of importance except that by Berlioz. The music of France was represented in our concert halls chiefly by the overtures of Auber, Herold and earlier composers. Since the days of the Theodore Thomas concerts in the old Music Hall, music by French composers has been heard often and gladly in Symphony concerts. No one of the conductors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been remiss in this respect. Mr. Paur may have been prejudiced in favor of Chabrier; Dr. Muck may have been prejudiced against Vincent d'Indy on account of the latter's biting but true remarks about the undue Germanic influence on musical conditions in this country, but the programs of the orchestra from the beginning show the affectionate attention paid to the music of France.

Messrs. Loeffler and Adamowski were never weary of introducing violin concertos and chamber music by French composers. Even the Kneisel Quartet at last realized the existence of Cesar Franck and gave memorable performances of his quartet and piano quintet. Then came Mr. Longy, who acquainted us with many interesting chamber and orchestral works of his countrymen.

We have had the pleasure of hearing the Boston Symphony Orchestra, reorganized and under Mr. Monteux's direction. Already it is a remarkable orchestra, although the men have played but little together; remarkable for euphony, sense of proportion, sensuous quality of the strings in purely melodic passages, feeling for rhythm, brilliance, plasticity. Mr. Monteux in rehearsal has proved himself the conductor for the occasion. May his successor, Mr. Rabaud, be as catholic in taste, as skilful and sympathetic as an interpreter!

The Evening Bulletin of Providence, R. I., would not have any German music played even in the back room of a top flat. It is moved to this editorial opinion by aesthetic as well as patriotic convictions. The editorial article is headed, "The German Music-Blight." It is delightful reading.

It appears that "the average man and a few independent observers have been telling the country for years that the 'Germanic craze' was smothering the musical taste and talent of the people." The rest of us were criminally deaf. We had ears, but we heard not.

"Now music," writes this close rea[illegible] —[illegible] matter of [illegible] that [illegible] to [illegible] it may [illegible] point, [illegible] somebody else. The Anglo-Saxon, the Latin and the German, as to music, are basically different in this. The Anglo-Saxon and the Latin love harmony, the German loves discord. In other words, the highest musical expression for the German is wrought out of basically inharmonious sounds. To the typical Anglo-Saxon this is only noise—a high grade of noise, perhaps—but noise, not music. To him, when sounds are basically discordant, they are all the time discordant, whether for an hour or for eternity. This difference because a matter of racial psychology, can never be bridged. Hence the attempt to develop an American musical literature on a German stock is like raising peaches on plum trees by grafting. Though it could be done, what would be the use of it? There are, or may be, plenty of peach trees. In his preference for concord over discord the Anglo-Saxon has the support of the Italians, the most musical of all nationalities, of the French, the Poles and the Russians to an extent. But even if wholly unsupported we need not vex our ears and rack our sleep with the fretful din just because first 'made in Germany.' A caterwaul is not musical to us, regardless of its source."

Our young men and women have been made to believe that German music is the only music, "and to profess to like it, largely because such hypocrisy was 'good form.' * * * We do not as a people enjoy this so-called music that sounds like the rattle of tin pans at a charivari. * * * Why not cultivate our own music and work in harmony with our own racial genius, instead of spending time, effort and money trying to contradict it?"

Some time ago "The Man About Town" contributed to the Morning Telegraph of New York an article about the important part played by bedrooms in the scenic equipment of plays produced in New York during the season of 1917-1918. "In every case the boudoir, or the commoner hotel bedroom, was an essential location in the story of the play, but this does not by any means indicate an intention on the part of the author to become somnolent or just restful."

The writer included in his list "The Lady of the Camellias," the version of Dumas's play revived for Ethel Barrymore.

The other bedroom scenes were farcical in character. "Whether consciously or unconsciously on the part of some of the playwrights, there has been shown a marked tendency toward imitation and appropriation, as also in another series of plays making use of personal adornment establishments—gowns, lingerie and millinery ('Lombard, Ltd.' 'Happiness,' 'Flo-Flo,' etc.)."

These plays are named with amusing comment, and with the introductory remark that nearly all the musical farce bedrooms are pretty much alike in their exaggerated situations.

"Good Night Paul" owed its popularity to a wife suspected of wandering from her own fireside.

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" was described on the program as a "fresh, flippant, farcical frolic."

"The Man About Town" adds: "It was nearly all bedroom. Channing Pollock, writing in the Green Room Magazine, stated that the title had one good recommendation: it was a play that 'needed a bath.'"

"Sick-a-Bed," good, clean, farce comedy, was a satire on the medical profession. "It might as well be called an acrobatic farce as a 'farcical comedy,' for the sleeping apartment of Reginald Ray is the scene of much tumbling in and out of bed."

"The Rainbow Girl," described as wholesome and diverting, is a musical show "with wide range of fashion in feminine pyjamas."

There is a bedroom at the top of the Fifth avenue house in "The Kiss Burglar." "The charming ingenuousness of Fay Bainter relieves the play of all possible complaint of trading upon tawdry imagination."

Of "Rock-a-Bye Baby" the writer said: "The comedy is broad enough, goodness knows, but there is nothing particularly naughty in the afternoon unfolding of the plot in the boudoir of Zoie's new home."

And here is his conclusion: "There may be other current attractions with luxurious bedroom accommodations in the New York theatres; but for a change give me some good romantic garret such as we used to know in Sol Smith Russell's time, when 'A Poor Relation' was the joy of the provinces."

A history of the bedroom in dramatic literature would be entertaining and edifying reading. There are tragic bedrooms, as in "Othello," "Cymbeline," Heywood's domestic play, "Pelleas and Melisande." Think of the countless Palais Royal plays with joyous or farcical bed chambers. Even Mr. Pinero felt the lure, but his yielding brought him low.

[illegible] Henry and the Globe Co. in New England Tour

To the Editor of the Herald:

George Henry did play [illegible] with the Globe Theatre company of Boston on the New England circuit.

I was a member of the company. Harry Murdock was playing Charles Middlewick, but owing to a starring contract he had made to appear in Philadelphia (said contract having been made before the season's engagement at the Globe) I was sent to take the part. I remained with the company during the remainder of the tour, which ended in Salem, Mass. Owen Marlowe, the Talbot Champney, a most charming gentleman and a fine actor in his time, died the following week in Boston. He was almost at death's door on the stage in Salem that night.

Harry Murdock and myself were engaged respectively for Charles and Talbot, Marlowe being a better opposite in build and temperament to Harry. Mr. Daniel Waller, the stage manager, asked me if I would waive the part to Marlowe, who had been making quite a record in Capt. Hawtree and characters of like nature. I knew Talbot was in his line and, as my salary was not affected, I stepped aside, though I was notified to be ready to take the part of Charles during Harry's release.

Boston. J. STUART CLARKE.

A Press Agent's Impressions Told in Vers Libre

Who is the author of the two prose poems that follow? We are unable to identify the periodical from which they were clipped.

I—THE PRIMA DONNA

I had ordered the photographs of the prima donna.
They are lovely and beautiful to behold and they are printed before me in a magazine.
Her madonna-like face sheds radiance on the prospective box office patron.
He is dazzled by her sun-like head of hair.
He loses his heart and his pocketbook when he glances on them.
I felt happy that I changed photographers.
I felt that my discovery of a new artisan of the sensitized plate
Would bring glory and money to many.
I sit by the rolltop desk and pull out again the objects of my praises.
The telephone bell rings and awakens me from my reveries.
It is the voice of the beautiful prima donna herself.
But the melodious notes the critics have praised are changed;
There is a raucous, strident tone in the voice,
It sounds like the rasping bark of the harpies:
"How dare you use those terrible photographs?"
"What do you mean by insulting my beauty?"
There is a slam down of the telephone receiver.
I turn to my work of writing an advertisement about the prima donna's voice.

II—FAME

She had been interviewed at all possible times
And sometimes the interviews came at impossible ones,
But it did not matter to her;
As long as the stories were printed and her name was spelled correctly
So we sent a photographer to the hotel one day
To take pictures of her in her drawing room
He was an ungentle photographer
Who had been accustomed to take pictures of young women
Coming into the harbor on shipboard, and no photograph was complete
Without legs being crossed or suchwise.
But she did not mind doing even that
If the pictures were published the next day.
He took a great number of her in her salon
And departed, happy at the day's bagging.
A great international disturbance reduced all the space available,
And no photographs were printed the next day
Of the great prima donna.
And when I met her at rehearsal she said very shortly,
"Je ne vous parle pas plus" and looked at me harshly.
Was I to blame the international situation for interfering with her pictures?

Notes About the Stage, Actors, Music and Musicians

The Times was amused by "A Week-End," Walter W. Ellis's new farce, produced at the Kingsway, London, Sept. 12. "It is love that makes the world go round, and in farce it makes men hide under tables, or, in the strange case of Mr. Ernest Thesiger, burst into song and piano-strumming. Men hide under tables in order that their wives may innocently push the tables about and so compel the men to crawl hither and thither on all fours. When not hiding themselves they hide their 'week-end' companions in other people's rooms or else pass them off as cousins or nieces. Their wives suspect deception, but swallow lies ad lib., and, as the deception leads to nothing worse than tumbling over the furniture, morality is happily safeguarded. For a little variation, the men mimic with precision each other's antics. They are pretending to be secret service agents, and these are understood to be their professional rites. But you know that in reality they are observing the great principle of symmetry, which appears to be fundamental in farce. Meanwhile Mr. Thesiger continues to burst into song and piano-strumming. It is all right, you feel sure, it must be all right, because the audience is convulsed with laughter. And it is pleasant, anyhow, to see Miss Kate Cutler again because even in farce she has a sense of style—though it would be more pleasant

[illegible] to see her in [illegible] sense of style might [illegible] a [illegible] Miss Clare Gree[illegible] too, is a real [illegible]t— but why speak of art? This is farce, and, no doubt, [illegible] its purpose effi- ciently enough."

An advertisement on the front page a few days ago caught my eye. It was from our old friend Mr. R. Northcott, who asks for letters by or concerning Sir Henry Bishop "and his wives." Mr. Northcott is writing a life of Bishop. Still, another cheery optimist'—Daily Telegraph (London). There may be let- ters of Mme. Anna Bishop in Boston. She ran away with a harpist named Bochsa, went over the world and spent much time in this country.

"Eyes of Youth" crossed the Atlantic and was produced in London at the St. James's on Sept. 2, with Miss Ger- trude Elliott as the heroine. The Times found it an example of the play as af- fected by the kinematograph. "The ease with which pictures can be flashed upon a screen in any order has, for in- stance, suggested the favorite film sequence of the heroine (say) subjected to 'visions.' You have in one second a picture of the heroine, in the next a picture of her vision, and then you are flashed back to the heroine in her old posture. In 'Eyes of Youth' this film effect is borrowed for the stage, where it is, of course, not so appropriate, as the scenes can no longer be instantane- ously flashed. The 'vision,' that is to say, ceases to have the modest pro- portions of an episode and rivals in length and importance what should have been the main story. Evidently then, there must be sacrifice of those primal elements of drama—unity of impression and crescendo of interest. On the other hand there is gain of variety and of contrast." The Times, on account of the kaleidoscopic nature of the enter- tainment, took little interest in the ultimate fate of the heroine. "What does interest you is to see Miss Gertrude Elliott playing in rapid succession a series of entirely different women— school marm, divorced wife, prima donna—and differentiating them with remarkable versatility. Rather unex- pectedly, perhaps, she is at her best in the most violent of the characters, the 'rampagious' prima donna, but she is wonderfully effective in all three."

When Charlie Chaplin comes to Lon- don he need not suffer the same in- ability to escape recognition as was the case with the late John Bunny, almost as famous a film star. Poor Mr. Bunny wanted to enjoy an incognito existence on his English holiday, but it was im- possible. He went to the Derby, and everyone whispered, "There's John Bunny." He dined in restaurants under the fire of a hundred eyes watching every mouthful he took. But Charlie Chaplin is so much better looking off the stage, and indeed so different, that he would pass as an Oxford under- graduate rather than as the world's greatest laugh-maker.—London Daily Chronicle.

"Roxana" with Miss Doris Keane was produced at Eastbourne, Eng., Sept. 8. "The interest circles round a young married couple, Jack and Roxana Clay- ton, who quarrel and part, the latter seizing the opportunity to pass herself off as a widow. Later the couple meet and are reconciled, only to separate again shortly afterwards on some trif- ling pretext. History repeats itself on two further occasions before the two finally settle down to a state of wedded bliss." Sir Charles Wyndham bought the play about 10 years ago for his own and Miss Mary Moore's use.

A new revue at the Palace, London, is entitled "Hullo, America!" A new war play by Walter Melville is "The Female Hun," for the Lyceum. Among the scenes are a German prisoners' camp, an aerodrome and the interior of a Ger- man submarine.

Frederick Delius, the composer, lent his home at Grez to the French officers stationed in the neighborhood for the duration of the war. He is living in London, and purposes to publish seven important compositions.

Mr. Henri Leon Berger, a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for 28 years, having resigned his position, is now living in Hartford, Ct., as instructor in the violin department of the Hart- ford School of Music. A pupil of Charles Dancla, he was a member of the Colonne Orchestra in Paris, before he came to Boston. He is an Amer- ican citizen. In Hartford he hopes to organize a Quartet or Trio to give cham- ber concerts.

The late Mr. Eugene Stratton used to tell a story about his father-in-law, the celebrated "Pony" Moore, of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. Stratton thought he was worth more than the £5 a week, which was the maximum that "Pony" ever paid him. "Leave off worryin' me, Gene! You're in my will right enough!" Stratton's name was in Mr. Moore's will —as one of the executors.—London Daily Chronicle.

London mourns the putting of the Philharmonic Hall in the market, and wonders whether it will become the home of a cinema. It was one of the few new halls that compensated for the loss of St. James's Hall and Prince's Hall.

A mandolin found at Lens had been constructed by a German soldier out of these articles: Buttons, an officer's re- volver, a dirk handle, a comb, the handle of a toothbrush, a piece of air- plane wood and a portion of a trench [illegible]

Among the soloists engaged for the Chicago Symphony orchestra's concerts are these pianists: Mmes. Novaes, Vera Kaplun-Aronson, Nash and Messrs. Hofmann, Bauer, Levitzki, Gabrilo- witsch, Ganz. Violinists: Messrs. Thi- baud, Zimbalist, Seidel, Vidas. Singers, Mmes. Stanley, Lashanska, Braslau; Messrs. McCormack and Werrenrath. Organist: Joseph Bonnet.

Soloists engaged for the concerts of the Philadelphia orchestra are Carlo Liten, the Belgian actor who will recite to Elgar's music the war poems, "Le Drapeau Belge" and "Le Carillon" by Emile Cammaerts; these singers: Mmes. Teyte, Matzenauer, Frijsch, Van Dress- er, and Edwin Evans; violinists: Messrs. Thibaud, Seidel, Zimbalist, Rich; Henri Casadesus, viol d'amour; Hans Kindler, violoncellist; pianists: Messrs. Cortot, Ornstein, Gabrilowitsch, Hofmann, Bauer and Mme. Samaroff.

Nicolai Sokoloff, once a violinist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, later con- ductor of the San Francisco Philhar- monic Symphony Orchestra, has been engaged by the Musical Arts Associa- tion of Cleveland to organize a sym- phony orchestra in that city.

York Bowen has won the 1918 Cobbet competition for a Phantasy for viola and piano.

Irene Ainsley, a pupil of Melba, sings contralto roles in the operas at the Old Vic, London—Oct. 3—Dec. 28.

There is something I find very fas- cinating in the idea, put into concrete form by the United States government, of utilizing music to stimulate war work- ers in production. The idea, of course, is as old as the hills. Our sailors' chanties are an example which leaps to the mind. So, in effect, is the fami- liar "Volga Boatmen's Song." But America has gone one better—or is it worse?—in that it employs bands for the stimulating purpose, in some in- stances, though not in all, as I showed the other day when I referred to the Negro machine gunners who adapt the rhythm of ragtime to the machine-gun— the ideal and the material cheek by jowl—eh? Recently a band was em- ployed in a state-owned farm in the United States of America to help the soldiery to carry wheat; phonographs, or as we should say, gramaphones, are stationed in each department of certain aeroplane factories. I am told that "every number is a military march played a little faster than usual," and that "no slow waltzes are played." Imagine the "Valse Triste" and a motor factory! We should import more and even more Sousa for our own use here.

for, if we adopted the plan, I fear our workers would destroy the engines of music which essayed to "stimulate" them by means of the awful stuff played by most of our bands on the march!— Daily Telegraph (London).

An anthology of harvest songs would prove but an insipid volume. Those few to which our attention has been called are hardly worth the garnering, either for song or sense. Here is an old Leicestershire chantey trolled on the way to the stackyard:

> Harvest home,
> Lime and stone,
> We want water and can't get none;
> The boughs do shake and the bells do ring
> As merrily we get our harvest in.

A Worcestershire songlet has more reason for its existence, though all such appear to be mere children's doggerel:

> We've ploughed and we've sowed,
> We've reaped and we've mowed,
> And never a load have we over throwed,
> Hip! hip! hurrah!

—London Daily Chronicle.

Soldier Audiences and Program Well Suited to Them

Dr. H. Walford Davies wrote for the London Times an article in which he gave his experience of the needs and opportunities for music in British camps. The article was written when the pros- pects of the allies were not so bright as they are today, but what Dr. Davies then wrote is pertinent today.

"Soldier-audiences taken as a whole seem to differ from average pre-war audiences in vitality and in manners. They have a finer vitality, and what would be called less fine manners. But the latter, if analyzed, prove to be the result of two qualities invaluable in an audience—sincerity and communicative- ness. Camp audiences affect neither indifference nor artificial keenness. If they are bored they will sometimes even do the performers the blunt kindness of starting a better tune among themselves. On one occasion when this occurred the choir performing at the moment deftly switched off their own piece and took up that of the audience. Merri- ment, responsiveness and the spirit of give and take were established by this means, and an attempt of one soldier to start another verse was instantly silenced. In such breezy sincerity music thrives. Such a spirit ensures that every note shall say something and say it relevantly. Experience of it spoils one for anything short of it; and looking back it is now easy to see that the natural apathy of a prosperous and un- hungry public had brought a discourag- ing deadness into the average audience which in its turn fostered an artificial display among performers. It may be hoped that both the deadness and the display, both the blase audience and the pampered artist, are to die with the war. But music itself seems scarcely to have begun to live.

"Should the str[illegible] unless [illegible] that [illegible] needs must increasingly [illegible] its pleasures. Music, however, cannot be shelved as an old pleasure. The one [illegible] is a gratibil[illegible] practically it has al- ready proved itself a necessity and even one of the means of winning a nation's battles. It is well known how that in the present campaign in France the in- [illegible] spirit of one English officer saved hundreds of dead-beat men from capture chiefly by means of a toy drum (which he bought and played himself) and a penny whistle which was played [illegible] dragoons till the men were marched 10 miles into safety. With a do- nation for soldier concerts, kindly sent the other day from a man at general headquarters in France, came the re- mark: 'It is like going without food' to be 'for eight months without music.' In a letter which reached me this morning another man writes: 'My grandson, who came home seriously wounded and went [illegible] front again yesterday, [illegible] that it [illegible], a certain concert, had bucked him up for the rest of the war.' These are [illegible] instances, perhaps, but they might be multiplied; and a straw will show which way the stream flows. Two [illegible] fairly clear about music at the moment: there is a new vitality dis- cernible in the art itself and there is a new and increasingly urgent need for it. When a nation does no more than rise and stretch itself, an increased circula- tion may be felt. The music of this stage may be no more than that of a gigantic yawn. But when the mind of the nation realizes that a huge task is thrust upon it, the energizing processes are apparent in every vital department. These processes music shares to a pre- eminent degree, probably because of its communicative nature. It is not only vital in itself; it is actually a vitalizing force. And the simple truth seems to be that an awakened nation will always choose to sing at its work, and will be the happier and the more efficient for it.

"If these things are true, then some rejuvenation and reorganization of musi- cal forces are needed. Well-meaning, unskilled efforts of amateurs must give place to organized concerts of the right kind, controlled by the best available conductors in each camp district. I ven- ture to suggest that good choral so- cieties should equip their own special camp-choir. It should be small, skilled, and mobile, partly modestly professional and partly amateur, armed with a care- fully prepared series of suitable songs— not patriotic effusions about enlistments, but homely ditties, folk-tunes, rounds and catches, sea-chanties, a few songs frankly solemn and even religious, oth- ers as frankly light-hearted and inconse- quent, such as the delightful 'Bullgine':

> Tibby hey, rig-a-gig, in a jaunting-car,
> Ah ho, weyo, are you most done,
> With Eliza Lee
> All on my knee,
> So clear the track, let the Bullgine run.

"There is probably nothing more re- pellent to a soldier than an evangelistic effort disguised as a concert item. Yet the most moving and intimately grave songs are listened to in intense silence at almost every camp, notably one par- ticular old Negro song to the words:

> Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
> Nobody knows like Jesus.

"A concert-party must not fear to sing their hearts into the chosen songs with some recklessness, though it seems to involve the sacrifice of a cherished reti- cence. One of our small choir's hap- piest performances was an auxiliary one given to a few Scottish soldiers on a railway station. They were billeted in the waiting room and rewarded us with two or three delicious hot potatoes from a steaming pot on the fire.

"No program should be without choral songs, and those in which the men can join with little trouble; nor should it be without skilled solo items in which they cannot possibly join, but only admire. A well-played Bach movement for violin alone will always succeed. The ideal program seems to be that which com- bines finished workmanship with homely simplicity. Every number must be alive in its own order; in other words, rele- vance, rhythmic momentum, a child- like imaginative appeal, intelligible mel- ody, and the color, light and shade which distinguish every genuinely musi- cal utterance must all have their place. Incidentally, it is a good plan to ask one of the audience to contribute a song."

Oct 14 1918

Lt. Woolf Solomon Joel, the eldest son of the celebrated S. B. Joel, some- what overcome by wine, played cards with Messrs. Doyle and Chapman in London, and having lost £3500 or so was guilty of squealing. Messrs. Doyle and Chapman were therefore indicted for obtaining money by false pretences and with conspiring to contravene the Gam- ing Act.

And why do we refer to this far-away trial? Because, as it appears in the ac- count published in the Times, Mr. Will- iam Edward Doyle, aged 46, has assured Lt. Joel that he was educated at Har- vard and that his father was mayor of Boston, Mass. This statement convinced Lt. Joel that Mr. Doyle was to be trust- ed at cards. The lieutenant, who holds a commission in the flying corps, had never visited Boston, and, of a confid- ing nature, was unduly impressed.

Cautious Comment

After certain notable examples

> As Haig advances, on a glut
> Of victories we batten. But * * *
> Our daily task seems now to fill
> With prisoners our cages. Still * * *
> To Hindenburg's untold regret
> New triumphs mark our progress. Yet * * *
> Thanks to our tireless staunch endeavor,
> The foe's in full retreat. However * * *

—London Daily Chronicle.

Theda and John

It was to be expected that Miss Theda Bara would appear in a "photoplay" as Salome. We may be sure that she will sooner or later be seen as Mrs. Potiphar in a version of "Joseph and His Breth- ren," for Miss Bara rejoices in Oriental costumes for the boudoir and the peo- ple see her gladly. The Salome of Miss Bara, we are told, is the Salome of Jo- sephus, the learned Jew, not the necro- phagous lady of Messrs. Wilde and Strauss. We are also informed that the "best historical guides" have been fol- lowed in staging the play; that the scenes and stage business are strikingly realistic. Yet John the Baptist is pic- tured as clean shaven and is seen car- rying a cross.

There is no authentic portrait of John, but we are inclined to believe that this prophet, in the wilderness and in the city, was conspicuous for whiskerage.

Filial Reverence

A second lieutenant of the line in France, aged 20, wrote to his father, aged 45, in the City:

"Well, good-by-ee, Old Beau. Take care of yourself, and when they rope you in under the new scheme, and you come out here, as you probably will, because you are always in the pink, I will try and get you a cushy job as my bat man."

"In the pink" is intelligibly a shorten- ing no doubt of "in the pink of condi- tion," but how about "cushy"? As we write we are far from any slang dic- tionary.

Who will interpret this Australian slang? "Remember, I'm 'yer cobber,' blokes, and I'll give you the good 'oil.' That's dinkum." Just what is "dink- um"?

To go back to the English boy's let- ter to his father. How different the tone from that of the young New Eng- lander's address in the Forties, when he was expected to begin his stilted letter, "Respected Sir." Yet when Oliver Wen- dell Holmes first saw his son after a battle in the civil war, the words were: "How are you, boy?" "How are you, dad?" This familiarity, when reported, shocked some readers.

Down in a Coal Mine

The Welsh miners refused to eat mar- garine. For the refusal they were bit- terly reproached, but they did not ob- ject to margarine as a substitute: in the hot atmosphere of the pits it loses all resemblance to butter, whereas the genuine article keeps its shape and flavor for a long time. Others say that the miners struck because their cheese ration was cut down by the Food Con- troller; and cheese is "the only staple article of food that will keep in good condition below the surface of the earth." Meat, offered to them, they said, was of no use.

Margarine has been called by an Eng- lishman "one of the minor horrors of the war." We well remember when "oleomargarine" first came into the market; what injurious remarks were made about it. We wish that we could also remember the parody of Swinburne by "Lewis Carroll" that, inspired by oleomargarine, appeared in Punch. It began:

> Lo, I am she whose nameless name 'to utter
> Strong men are weak!

And it ended:

> Choose me cheap churn-child of the chaste cheesemonger,
> And try a pound.

Was not an early trade title of mar- garine, "margearine"? Many mispro- nounce the word, so many that the say- ing of the late Dr. Harris comes to mind: he did not dare to pronounce "paresis" correctly lest his patients should think him ignorant.

We read that the word "margarine" comes from the Greek "margaron," pearl. Some say it was suggested by "the pearly hue of the flakes of fat which the French discoverer found"; others that it is in French a misapplica- tion of a chemical term from the Greek word.

Oct 15 1918

Let us ponder the golden rule of the late Sir George Reid for the attainment of old age:

"I have aimed at health and happi- ness, and when confronted by a for- midable obstacle I have first tried to knock it over; failing this, to get round it; if not, then under it; and if all these manoeuvres failed I have been content to lie down in its grateful shade, laud- ing it as a beautiful blessing in dis- guise."

In Frederick's Time

A phrase that vexes some is "History teaches us," yet what boy in the '6[illegible]s did not spout in school on "speaking

... the ... of the Colloquy ... or as ... say ... -style beginning: "I ... to history. Tell me thou reverend chronicler of the grave—"?

An English journalist noting that Frederick the Great enrolled prisoners of war for various purposes, wonders whether Germany will follow his example in other respects.

"At the end of the Seven Years's war ... great generals had fallen, hosts of ... had disappeared, the lands were ... the seed corn was eaten, and ... hunted men for food. One-sixth of ... men capable of bearing arms were dead, the only laborers in the fields were women and girls, and these wellnigh perishing of starvation. The very cattle ... and agriculture were swept ... by famine and disease. Ten per cent. of the whole population were dead. ... tion and rejection of men for the ... were impossible, and at the close the fighting ranks included whole battalions of deserters from the other side, of prisoners captured in the war."

Wheat and Quiversfull

Mr. Jose T Henao wrote to the Public Ledger of Philadelphia in praise of his country, Colombia, and its department of Antioquia in which he has his home. "Its inhabitants, the 'Antioquenos' are the strongest and better built of all the inhabitants of Colombia; its women are the most beautiful; the families are the most numerous; twelve children to a family are to be found everywhere, and as many as fifteen or twenty are a common occurrence. I know of the case of a family having thirty-three children. In this prosperous county wheat is used only to a very small extent."

A correspondent quoting from Mr. Henao's letter asks: "Has food and drink an effect upon the size of the family? Was the old New England family due to the use of West India goods, etc? Has Mr. Herkimer Johnson looked into this?"

Mr. Herkimer Johnson has undoubtedly discussed the effect of potatoes, oysters, eringoes and celery on the human frame, but our correspondent should not wait for the publication of Mr. Johnson's colossal work. He will find interesting matter in Buckle's "History of Civilization in England" and in the works of the ingenious ... Malthus. "Other things ... equal," says a deep thinker, "the food of a people determines the ... of their number." Large families in New England were due perhaps to the harshness of the climate rather than the rum and molasses of the West Indies.

An Earlier Influenza

As the World Wags:

In Bowen's Boston News Letter and ... Record (Boston, 1826) is the following:

"New York, Feb. 21, 1826. The influenza rages here beyond all description. The symptoms with all are alike. The eyeballs are so sore as hardly to discern anything with a severe pain in the head, back and limbs, sore throat, and head very much stuffed—After a day or two a rheumatic pain ensues, which lasts three or four days, and then subsides. Very few children are attacked with it.

"The Influenza—It is stated that not less than 20,000 persons were affected with this complaint, at one time in Philadelphia. We regret to learn that it prevails to a considerable extent in this city." S.

Dedham.

What Discussion?

As the World Wags:

I have been trying for some time to get an amanuensis to copy some of Bentley's diary in order that the discussion which began in your columns some months ago might be settled; but in these days of war and pestilence amanuenses seem to have disappeared wholly. But Bentley is good stuff, and I therefore refer you to "The Diary of William Bentley," volume 1, pages 33 and 4?. I think the Dr. Priestly mentioned was he of whom Johnson said, "He unsettles everything and settles nothing." MIKROS.

Newburyport.

We do not recall any discussion in which Mr. William Bentley or Dr. Priestly figured. What was it about? There have been so many things cussed and discussed in this column by earnest seekers after te-rewth that our memory fails us.—Ed.

White and Red

As the World Wags:

The white horse and ruddy girl story ... back for thousands of years ... needs a treatise and not a stick-... Secretary and of more present ... in the white and red over the ... bones of our "chickens," ... frequently exhibited, their low-cut gowns ... that their chests are rapidly ... nothing out except an angry red ... at the apex of the decolletage), which did not tan and which refuses to become white. This is due to a curious ... pigment cells in this region, a survival of the long distant period ... our four-footed ancestors had this

... is literally true in this case unless ... wage of sin is death"; this is literally true in this case unless the speedy and radical treatment is taken which not many women are willing to do.

One of the few things we know about cancer is that it results from long-continued irritation, especially from sunlight on unaccustomed parts, and so, for instance, mammary cancer; treatment as above gives immunity in 90 per cent. of the cases (see Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, Aug. 1. 1918, at page 151). Since such treatment is rather rarely taken, is this a sequence where really "the punishment fits the crime"?

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

Oct 16 1918

A Tribute to Chubb

(News item: "Mr. C. H. E. Chubb, whose purchase of Stonehenge was long derided and criticized, has made over that antiquity to the British public; thus carrying out his original intention.")

All up, for C. H. E. Chubb!
A toast—drink it down—glub-glub!
The man's no scrub
And very far from being a dub
To give up his Stonehenge to the public, which had never ceased to snub
And rub
It into the ill-mannered Mr. Chubb,
For buying Stonehenge in the first place.
(Tho' whatever in Tophet a "Stonehenge" might be
Would puzzle some Britishers, take it from me!)
You have to drub
Some people over the noddle with a club
To make them see a thing. Otherwise they'll grub
Along in the dark, until they stub
Their toes over it. And so, Mr. Chubb,
Who had other "rocks" and didn't need these,
And whose only desire on earth was to please,
Was much affected—
In fact, quite dejected
To find unrespected the plan he'd erected;
His purpose suspected, his offer rejected—
And arguments cogent too many to mention,
Were needed, to quiet the roars of dissention
And make clear the scope of his pious intention.
Over here in the Hub
We appreciate Chubb,
For his good work in conservation,
Tho' it took him four years
To silence the jeers
That arose from all over his nation.

But that's quick, for the British,
Who never were skittish
Nor sudden in making their mind up;
Now they've got it, at last,
You can bet they'll hold fast—
And here's a good place for a wind-up!

Brookline. W. C. T.

Notes and Queries

As the World Wags:

As an inconstant reader of your department I have been deeply impressed by the Solomonic wisdom of the editor, and like the Queen of Sheba of old, I now come to prove him with hard questions.

1—Can you make plain to me the difference between an infectious and a contagious disease? I have consulted all the authorities at hand (Hoyle's Games, the Marquis of Queensberry's Rules), and the more I read the more bewildered I become. So far as I can make out a contagious disease is a disease you catch, and an infectious disease is a disease that catches you. Am I correct? What has the New Oxford Dictionary to say on the subject?

2—Do you attribute any significance to the theory that the spread of Spanish influenza is due to the widening zone of prohibition? I have heard the theory advanced, and it seems reasonable. In nature, whenever the balance is disturbed, we suffer in consequence, as for instance, where the song birds are killed off, there is an increase in insect pests. Rum and molasses in olden times and whiskey and quinine in our own were regarded as excellent prophylactics. The system became so fortified by constant use of these beverages that disease germs could find little lodgment.

3—Why do men no longer whistle? When I was a boy whistling was a common accomplishment. It was not confined to the manly sex, but occasionally you would find a girl who whistled. And the spectacle of a pretty girl pursing up her lips to whistle a merry tune was one calculated to banish care and sadness. There is no finer music on a crisp autumn morning than whistling. And yet it is 10 years since I have heard a man whistle.

4—When I was a boy I worked one summer in a country store, and the experience was worth a year in college. My duties consisted in opening the store mornings, sweeping out the peanut shells and other traces of the previous evening's revels, waiting on customers when they would stand for it, and delivering goods on a wheelbarrow. My pay was $1.50 a week. On rainy days ... men and boys of the community ...

... unfailing ... as an automobile to a telephone pole, women, horses, and politics. And long experience has convinced me that these are the three great subjects of human interest. I have lately been rereading Homer, and I find that this poet of the world's springtime in his immortal Iliad deals with these three great primal subjects—women, horses and politics; for war is only a department of politics. Women, horses and politics! these constitute the grand trilogy of human interest.

5—Why has the practice of serenading a newly married couple fallen into ineluctable desuetude? Is it because marriage has lost some of its solemnity and is no longer looked upon as a union for life, but as a contract which can be terminated at pleasure? The last serenade I remember in this town was in 1902, when the boys cracked the Methodist bell by their vigorous ringing. Some of the pleasantest memories of my boyhood cluster around these old-time serenades, when we were uncertain whether we should be received with a charge of bird-shot or invited in to a feast fit for the gods, consisting of apple, mince and pumpkin pies, with cheese and hot coffee and doughnuts with hard cider. Cannot Herkimer Johnson and Dr. Crockett regale us with tales of serenades in which they participated?

RODERICK RANDOM.

Hampton, N. H.

1—Contagious diseases are transmitted by contact with the diseased person; directly by touch, or indirectly by use of the same articles, by breath, etc. Infectious diseases are produced by no known or definable influence of A upon B, but where common conditions, climatic, malarious or other condition are chiefly instrumental. This is what a doctor told us. We do not swear to the accuracy of the distinction.

2—Prohibition is too sad a subject to be lightly discussed.

3—Men still whistle; we regret to say sometimes in street cars and offices, not solely outdoors. Our milkman whistles, as in ballads and old-fashioned comic operas the milkmaid sang. President Wilson recently whistled.

4—Schopenhauer, at the table d'hote of the Frankfort Hotel, where he was in the habit of dining, complained that the officers never talked about anything except women and horses. Mr. Johnson assures us that at Nickerson's store at Clamport the talk is chiefly about women, quohaugs and politics.

5—The serenades were too often malicious, ironical, cruel. We read of one occasionally and rejoice when the bridegroom brings out the family shotgun. Mr. Johnson has a sympathetic nature and would not join a riotous crew.—Ed.

Oct 17 1918

As Baird Leonard said last week, there are certain literary expressions that make an undying appeal to the layman. "I have always wanted to be 'esconced' on something or other. And to look out upon the passing show from behind 'mullioned windows'! What rapture that would be."

Machine-Made Poetry

As the World Wags:

As to typewritten poetry, of which Dryasdust of Dedham writes in a recent issue, would it be to inquire too curiously to ask if the decline of poetry in these our days is not due to the widespread use of the typewriter? Does not the modern slump in poetry date from the coming of this mechanical contrivance? Has not machinery struck a blow at all the other arts, and does not this hold true of poetry also? And is not that latest literary product, free verse, the legitimate expression of a generation accustomed to having its poetry hammered out on clicking keys?

There are people, it is true, who hold that Shakespeare himself owned and used a typewriter, because he makes Hamlet close his letter to Ophelia with the words, "while this machine is to him"—but other commentators assert that the machine Hamlet mentions was a horseless vehicle invented by the husband of Mistress Ford of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and used by Shakespeare when taking his plays to Bacon to be properly cryptogrammed.

DENIS A. McCARTHY.

Washington, D. C.

Belated

As the World Wags:

"Ordered by the health department of the city of Boston that, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 8, 1918, until further notice, retail department, dry goods, specialty, clothing and furniture stores and shops, etc."

Reverting to the above cryptic an-

... and furniture ... should ... proscribed for ... of toilers and—under ... taxpayers and Liberty ... buyers? If it were intended ... to close "retail" stores (or shops) it would have been a simple matter to say so briefly, but the qualifications that I have quoted seem to make it at least possible that not all retail dealers were meant.

GAYLORD QUEX.

Boston.

On the Farm

We have neglected the farmers shamefully, but here is news from England that should interest them:

A bright-eyed girl of Hertfordshire, aged 16, milked 19 cows in 125 minutes. A farmer's daughter, asked what the rate should be, answered: "A good milker will manage 10 cows an hour—my sister does, but I find eight an hour enough." It seems that the final operation, the "stripping," is a stumbling-block to the novice, while the expert will then get pints. In Northamptonshire "strap" is as common as "strip"—to draw the last milk by pressure of the thumb and finger.

"Strap her well before you leave her." Are cows that are nearly dry and yield little milk ever called "strappers" in Massachusetts?

The English are again concerned about the matter of selling eggs by weight, and its effect on choice of hens. "Experiment has shown that the heaviest eggs are obtained from Light Brahmas, averaging 28 oz. per dozen; whilst Black Langshans and Plymouth Rocks come next, with eggs turning the scale at 26 oz. per dozen. Single-comb Brown Leghorns, White Wyandottes, and Buff Cochins can be depended on for eggs weighing between 21½ and 23½ ounces a dozen."

"And the running blackberry is fit to adorn the parlor of heaven." An amateur picking on the hills of Surrey drew up his balance sheet for one day:

"Expenses: Fare, 4s. 6d.; tea, 1s.; ointment for gnat bites and nettle stings, 2d.; new umbrella cover, 10s. 6d.; replacing stained handkerchief, 9d.; scratched boots and wear of clothes, 3s. 6d.; total, £1, 0s. 5d.

"Income from 2½ pounds at controlled price, 10d.

Debit balance, 19s. 7d."

Given in Baptism

South Staffordshire is noted for curious Christian names. A list is published in the London Daily Chronicle. Among them is Amanda, which does not strike a New Englander or a southerner as an unusual name. It has a pleasing sound. Meaning "lovable," it is often contracted to "Mandy." But what is to be said of Amperle, Zenova, Ambrozine, Kimbarra and Pathina?

The Living Church found these names in the catalogue of a girls' college: Golde Mae, Eura, Arvilla, Kathryan, Elva, Melba, Izer, Neva, Ramona, Mabelle, Vidah, Esta, Millis, Mayme, Mable, Arthetta, Lilyan, Bulah, Arbita, Narmie, Ara, Jonnie, Roxa, Zuelienne, Zurelle, Vanja, Mote, Corenna.

The Living Church was thus reminded of the Irishman assisting at a baptism, "who, when he heard the godmother answer 'Hazel' to the question as to the child's name, broke forth: 'For the love of hiven! the whole kalendar is full of the names of blessed female saints, and they do be callin' the baby after a nut!'" The writer adds: "To invent fantastic labels for pet dogs may be allowed; but human beings ought not to be put on that level. So, misspellings of familiar names, Christian or family, seem either undignified or ignorant, now when fixed spellings have been accepted. Can some one explain Ga Nun and U'Rell, both of which variants intrigue me?"

Oct 18 1918

Napoleon said of ciphers: "No matter in what language they are always deciphered." He paid 600,000 francs for a master key, composed of deciphered dispatches. "By the help of 40 pages of that work any cipher ever invented could be deciphered," he said. Bismarck constantly changed the ciphers used by his assistants, for he thought that "the secret of the cipher could not be preserved by any ingenious means of locking it up. A curious cipher was used by the romantic villain in Mortimer Collins's fantastical novel "Squire Silchester's Whim." This by way of prelude to a letter received some time ago.

Cryptography

As the World Wags:

The announcement of the discovery of secret messages being transmitted to Germany through seemingly harmless letters brings to mind other forms and instances of the use of cryptography. The art dates back to the early days

[illegible] It was [illegible] origin. An example of a [illegible] used by the Jews occurs in [illegible] where Tabeal is written for Immaliah. There is another in Jeremiah, xxv., 26, which is merely an inversion of the alphabet, so Babel was given as Sheshack to conceal the prediction from the uninitiated.

Plutarch, in the life of Lysander, describes an artifice employed by Spartan generals called scytal. In Julius Caesar's quarta clementorum littera "d" took the place of "a," "e" of "b" and so on. This method, and a similar one used by Augustus, made only a slight advance beyond the Semitic original.

Considerable literature has been written on the subject beginning with "Polygraphia" (1500), written by John Tritaemius Abbot of Syonhelm. A table given in "De Magia Universali" (1676) by Kircher and Schott is the base of many modern telegraphic codes. Much was written on cryptography in the Elizabethan age, the art becoming quite fashionable. The most interesting figure in its history, Francis Bacon, wrote them. In the "Advancement of Learning" he considers cryptography to be a part of grammar. His own famous code was bi-literal, the letters of the alphabet being formed by various combinations of "a" and "b." This of course would be easy to decipher, but Bacon conceived the idea of using two fonts of type so that the system could be secretly used in any ordinary page of printed matter. From his knowledge of Bacon's cipher Ignatius Donnelly, the American essayist and politician, in "The Great Cryptogram" (1887) advanced the theory that Shakespeare's plays contain a cipher, which, if interpreted, would prove that Bacon was the author. In the "Bi-Literal Cypher of Francis Bacon," published in 1900, Mrs. E. W. Gallup sought to apply this cipher to the early Shakespeare folios, in which more than one kind of type is used. But the absurdity of the results is admitted even by Baconians; without alterations they revealed impossibilities.

Among other well known methods, some highly complicated, is that of having the words of the secret message placed at regular intervals throughout a whole composition; of reading diagonally or vertically; and of using stencil plate through which only the words of the message could appear.

Samuel Pepys invented a cryptographic alphabet mentioned in his diary; Thackeray gives an example of a certain method in "Esmond"; and Poe writes well on the subject in "The Gold Bug."

There need be little fear of giving suggestions to the Germans by the appearance of this note, for the best book on the subject, "Kryptographik," was written by Johann Ludwig Kluber, the German diplomat. B. C.

Watertown.

Oct 19 1918

St. Jerome thought that Jeremiah gave the name "Sheshach" to Babylon out of caution, not to provoke Nebuchadnezzar, who was then besieging Jerusalem. Hieronym, in Jerem. XXV. Some say that Sheshach was a deity, the moon, worshipped chiefly at Babylon; but does not "Sheschach" in Hebrew mean "bag of linen?" Julius Caesar wrote in cipher, when there was need of secrecy in letters, to Cicero, and other letters to his friends concerning his domestic affairs. Caesar Augustus, writing in cipher, put "b" for "a," "c" for "b," and so forth; and "aa" instead of "z"; but he did not adhere to orthodox spelling in any case, believing that "we should write as we speak"—to quote Suetonius. Bacon, mentioning ciphers of letters, alphabets, words, wheel-ciphers, key-ciphers, doubles, etc., says that the virtues of those to be preferred are three: "that they be not laborious to write and read; that they be impossible to decipher; and, in some cases, that they be without suspicion." He further says: "The highest degree whereof is to write omnia per omnia; which is undoubtedly possible, with a proportion quintuple at most of the writing in folding to the writing infolded, and no other restraint whatsoever. This art of ciphering hath for relative an art of deciphering, by supposition unprofitable, but, as things are, of great use. For suppose that ciphers were well managed, there be multitudes of them which exclude the decipherer. But in regard of the rawness and unskilfulness of the hands through which they pass, the greatest matters are many times carried in the weakest ciphers." It is surprising that "B. C." does not mention Mr. William Booth's elaborate and learned treatise on cryptograms.—Ed.

The names of the little wooden dolls that as mascots protected Parisians from Big Bertha and the bombs of raiding Gothas are Nenette and Rintintin. They married and their baby is named Radado. French soldiers have been saved by them on more than one occasion, so that villagers in Picardy buying red, white and blue wool, manufacture these mascots for the troops.

Across the channel a burglar, so those on intimate terms with followers of this industry assert, carries as a charm a piece of coal, as in New England some have in their pocket a horse chestnut against rheumatism, or children wear necklaces of amber to shield them from the lightning stroke, also from bleeding at the nose. We have known only one burglar, "Red" Leary, a mild-mannered man, courteous, modest, well informed. We have been told that many burglars are devoted husbands and fathers, expert collectors, true lovers of the beautiful, given to reading standard literature in their leisure moments. That they are, as a rule, men of fine taste is shown by their unwillingness to strip many rooms of hideous ornaments.

That discriminative burglars and heroic soldiers are alike superstitious is not surprising. English folk-lorists find in the burglar and his bit of coal a survival of ancient fire worship. It is not necessary to insist on this. Men of action are perhaps more superstitious than the amiably weak and irresolute. As keen business men sometimes consult a clairvoyant or a drawer of horoscopes, so Mr. Herkimer Johnson—he told us—is unhappy when he sees the new moon over his left shoulder; he could not be persuaded to pass under a ladder; he is disturbed when he spills salt at table; he is careful in the putting on of his shoes and stockings.

"To Consecutive Fourths"

As the World Wags:

Mildly interested in the letters about "The Star Spangled Banner," "America, the Beautiful"—"beautiful," applied to America, strikes me as namby-pamby. I am surprised that no member of the Browning Club of Boston, if it still exists, has quoted a line from "Mr. Sludge, 'The Medium,'" in recommendation of a musical improvement there suggested. All those who cannot sing "The Star Spangled Banner" as it now stands may welcome the emendation.

Mr. Sludge is telling how music may come through him from the spirit world; how Beethoven, brimful of music, pours out through Mr. Sludge a thirty-third sonata.

Comes from the hopper as brand-new Sludge, nought else, the Shakers' Hymn in G, with a natural F, or "The Stars and Stripes" set to consecutive fourths.

Boston. ST. JOHN MONTGOMERY.

The Proper Title

There was a heated discussion at the porphyry over the proper form of addressing a paymaster or a physician in service; whether in introducing him to a stranger, one should give him his military title, or say only "Mr." "E. N. S." In a letter to the New York Times tells a story that applies. A new doctor had been appointed to a station commanded by a domineering colonel, who was inclined to belittle his officers in public. On the first occasion at mess the colonel addressed the doctor as follows: "Say, doctor, how would you like to have us address you? 'Major Doctor,' or 'Major' or how?" The manner was more offensive than the wording. The doctor replied: "Well, colonel, the President and even Congress, can make a captain and major, and even a colonel, but they, none of them, can make a doctor. Suppose you just call me 'Doctor,' and be done with it."

"Wheeze"

He had thought that "wheeze" was in theatrical slang a word meaning a peculiar trait or trick of manner, a peculiarity in "business." "Old wheezes and gags." But an English naval writer says that the word "wheeze," meaning a clever idea or notion, has been in common use in the British navy for over 30 years, and he does not believe that the navy took the word from the theatre.

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When Mr. Antonio Scotti was here with the Metropolitan Opera Company in the spring he talked of going about the country with a small company for the purpose of performing Leoni's opera, "L'Oracolo." Another short opera was to be performed with this musical version of "The Cat and the Cherub." It is now positively announced that Mr. Scotti will carry out his intention in the spring and fall of 1919. The other opera will be "Cavalleria Rusticana." It would seem as if a comedy-opera would be more to the purpose, something to send the spectators home in a cheerful state of mind, say "The Secret of Suzanne," in which Mr. Scotti gives a polished performance of the husband that objects to cigarettes in his wife's mouth.

"Mr. Scotti will take pleasure in presenting 'L'Oracolo,' he himself declares, since in addition to an excellent vocal part, the diveekeeper's role gives him what he considers his greatest acting opportunity."

Now, the music of this opera is negligible; the best that can be said of it is that it seldom interferes with the enjoyment of the drama. It was the drama itself, with the admirable performance by Mr. Scotti, Mr. Didur, Miss Easton and the others, that made a deep impression in the Boston Opera House, not the vapid music of Leoni. Does anyone that heard that performance remember three measures of Leoni's music? No one that saw it can forget the scene in which the tragedy took place, or the actors that took part.

For Leoni, when he wishes to reflect the most striking dramatic incident, has not the theatrical cunning of Puccini; he has not the dramatically musical invention. Some time ago the music critic of the London Times, considering opera in general, referring especially to "Madame Butterfly," said that what gave it a first place was the acting; what kept it there was the music. "For tones can never in themselves call up the images of what we experience by sight and hearing: all they can do is to take the feelings we have about things we see and hear—or, as in a song, our memories of such feelings—and raise them, as it were, to a higher power. All depends, then, on the experience being a vivid one. An opera is at least a play, until it is that it is nothing, and the music is only disjointed fragments of sound or, at best, a series of popular 'selections.' It is of no use to begin at the other end, to perfect the singing or the orchestra, and hope that luck or enthusiasm will provide the acting. They will provide some, but not enough. There will be no solidarity, no individual responsibility, no bending of the endeavor of each upon an object understood by all; and in the absence of this the music will fall to pieces."

The London critic contrasted this opera with McCunn's "Jeanie Deans," as revived by the Carl Rosa Company. "Of 'Jeanie Deans,' the worst that can be said is that it would be better never to have read 'The Heart of Mid Lothian'; it is distressing to the flores of the mind to have Scott's magic thus materialized, obvious as the dramatic necessity for it may be. But it is also in the end disastrous to the play; it is impossible to act a Davie Deans who has lost his true Cameronian flavor, an Effie who has become a mere case, a Dumbiedykes who lacks the humour of half knowing that he lacks humour, or a Staunton who is not allowed to suffer in pursuit of his wild visions—all this apart from the fearful bathos of a signed and sealed pardon brought on a white horse by a Jeanie whose skill did not go beyond her 'five and twenty mile and a bittock' on foot. Such a plot offers an occasion rather than a inspiration for music, and the music accordingly is incidental, not vital."

Elsewhere the critic of the Times once said that singing and listening require more practice than one believes: "it is not easy to look and listen." We all felt this when "Coq d' Or" was performed here; but in this instance, spectacle, dancing, the pantomime of the comedians, and the music and the musical performance were all alike admirable. Even in less engrossing operas, we all of us, as the reviewer of the Times puts it, fix the attention as long as it lasts on some one facet of the brilliant, and miss the others.

"That leads to two wrong views of opera—the view that, as people do not habitually sing morning salutations or evening confidences to one another, it is ridiculous for them to do so on the stage, or the view that the music is everything and the plot is there only to give a reason for it. We only gradually drop these one-sided views as we get experience. Meanwhile, opera at its best is the only adequate presentation of reality plus emotion."

The critic of the Times has written entertainingly about opera for several years. Late in 1916 he discussed it in connection with the war and the self-entertainment of the British prisoners at Ruhleben. "Least of all would one expect to have opera in these days. Opera, as we once knew it, was at heart a sham, though a beautiful sham. It was a borrowed thing, and as such it stood in the way of progress on native lines. The language was foreign, not because the singers were often foreigners, but because the audience liked it so. It was expensive, partly because it cannot altogether be cheap, and partly because to take a box for the season was a convenient form of hospitality. It was often a one-man show, because we seldom reach the height of looking at a work of art as a whole. We have never taken opera seriously. The word itself was not on people's lips, except to name certain kinds of hats, cloaks and glasses."

What demands this critic makes on the future composer of English opera! "Our drama must not be smothered by the music, and our music must speak a language we understand. We demand further that what is sung should be admirably sung. Hence the vogue of Italian opera in the last century. We may abuse the system, but we cannot ignore its cause. The true remedy is to raise the standard all round and gradually to grow these superlative singers here, instead of having to accept them as visitors. Lastly we value humor; not a bludgeon nor a rapier point, but that alert and patient temper that makes something of the losing side and does not press the winning. Our folksongs have no barbaric splendor in them, but they are not trivial; they are sensitive but not sentimental, pastoral but not insipid. They move with the ease and grace of the strong; their tenderness is not languid, nor their mirth bolsterous. We want a music as changeable as our sky and as constant as our sea. Its laugh must have a serious side and its terrors a funny one."

And yet last March this London reviewer had no illusions about English singers in opera. The English amateur in the prison camp, acting in opera, could not really feel like an Egyptian general, or a student of the Latin quarter, or a Geisha girl, and we feel like, humor-stricken Englishmen." The reviewer noted two well-known defects of the English: "They are tongue-tied and they never know what to do with their hands. The boy's solution is to put them in his pockets and the man's to make play with a cigarette; these devices may have their use in 'Boheme,' but they are of little help in 'Tristan.' The difficulty is accentuated by the circumstance that we depend at present entirely on foreign operas and have to imitate gestures which do not come natural to us. Our conception of gesture, indeed, is at what might be called the onomatopoeic stage; we have not raised it to a language like the French or reduced it to a science like the Hindus; we do not know the Russian conventions, and we parody [illegible] the [illegible] employ the Japanese. Since we cannot get rid of our hands, we ought to learn how to move them. On the other hand, we know how to walk without slouching, how to stand and sit with dignity and modesty, and how to laugh; we learned it in games. Instead of wearing his heart on his sleeve, an Englishman buttons up his enthusiasms under his coat. For him 'the essence of bliss' is, like the boys in 'The Lantern-Bearers,' to know 'in the privacy of your fool's heart that you have a bullseye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge.' And on his back is a wallet of good sense; he laughs at pose and bad taste, at the snob and the pedant. 'Our' opera will find scope for these traits, and will have nothing to do with maudlin decadents or unbalanced quixotics."

As for the English language, though it lacks "the precision and grace of French and the purity and sonority of Italian, it yields to none in wealth and pithiness, in tenderness and strength." Walt Whitman called it the language of the proud and melancholy and those that aspire.

Some say, even in Boston, that orchestral concerts in these times are a mere luxury, that no right-minded person wishes to go to a concert for his personal relaxation. This was said in London when the prospects of the allies were far from being bright. The answer was that music is a necessity; it will come back, however much it may be driven out with a pitchfork. "It is possible to make good music with much simpler machinery than that demanded by a really full score. On the other hand, an orchestra keeps many things going besides itself; to abolish it is to abolish much of the less showy, but more genuine enterprise mentioned above (chamber music, recitals). Music, like other things, must have a focus or it falls to pieces. The word 'relaxation' either begs or answers the question according to the sense in which it is used. If it describes a frivolous or desultory attitude, no musician will admit the truth of the statement; and if it means a taking the strain off muscles of the mind that have been on the stretch all day, no one, musician or other, will dispute that truth. Or perhaps the gravamen is the hint of selfishness in the word 'personal.' But there is nothing selfish in sitting down in the evening to the piano or in collecting friends for a trio or quartet, or in accepting an invitation to listen to music so made; still less is there any selfishness in paying money for the maintenance of those who cannot afford to provide music gratis. The hesitation arises also in part from the fear of what people may say or think; but that reduces the reason for not going to a concert to the level of a certain reason for going to church. Lastly, people think, perhaps, that artists might now be better employed. Probably all those that can be employed have gone long ago; some of them come back, indeed, in khaki; but there must be few who are not ready to go as soon as the call comes, and meantime they had better stick to their last."

To go back to Mr. Scotti and "L'Oracolo," an opera in which the drama is wholly the thing; the libretto leads one to ignore the music. Not long ago the London Daily Telegraph published an article "Concerning Libretti" in which the writer ascribed the failure of British opera up to the present time to the appalling weakness of the libretti, not entirely to the defects of the composers, who, practically, have no choice, for "it is unreasonable to expect that any one with anything better to do and the least ability for doing it, should waste his time on the writing of operatic libretti in the present condition of affairs here. A more unpromising occupation it would be difficult to find, for whoever takes it up does so in the practical certainty that the likelihood of his ever being paid for his work is remote in the extreme.

"The result is that the composer is driven to adopt one of two courses: either he writes his libretto himself or he gets a friend with plenty of spare time and a certain talent for versification to write one for him, either of which may be likened to calling in the ironmonger when one has measles. For the writing of libretti is surely a very special branch of a highly specialized art. It requires a sense of the stage, a knowledge of its practicabilities, literary talent, an understanding of music and an acquaintance with what the public wants, and why a composer or his leisured friend should expect to combine all these diverse ele-

[illegible] know[illegible] the average English operatic [illegible] the double disadvantage of [illegible] the audience and not giving the [illegible] chance. Opera is, or should [illegible] music and drama in combination, and if the latter fails, the former is, at the best, very severely handicapped. Nobody wants to see long and turgid tragedies concerning heroes of past ages, whose scenes convey nothing to the majority of us. Wagner in bringing these into vogue, did music a very real disservice, and his operas triumphed, surely in spite of and not in any degree on account of their subjects. Scores of composers however, have followed in his footsteps, but, not being Wagners, they have been unable to carry it off, and by setting the audience yawning over their tales they put them out of sympathy with their music. To keep in touch with the needs and wishes of the public is just as much the duty of the composer as it is of the novelist or the painter, and what the public emphatically wants is stories that live and strike true, stories that concern emotions which they know themselves and which they can understand. Look at Puccini's operas—the intensely human 'Boheme,' the moving tale of 'Butterfly,' the more melodramatic but very enthralling 'Tosca'—great successes all of them, as well they deserve to be. And has not Carpentier's 'Louise' owed not a little of its success to the appeal of its simple, human story? Of course, there are exceptions, but it will be found on the whole, that, other things being equal, it is the operas in which the human element is most pronounced that are the most likely to live, just as the popularity of 'Figaro' has far outlasted that of the no less beautiful 'Magic Flute.' "

Mr. Clapp Tells the Story of "Love for Love" in This Country

To the Editor of the Herald.

Some time ago the question was raised in the Sunday Herald as to the date of the first performance of Congreve's comedy of "Love for Love" in Boston, and I was asked to examine my records. The records do not show that it was ever performed here.

Its first performance in New York was at the First Nassau Street Theatre, located on the east side of Kip (now Nassau) street, between John street and Maiden Lane. The first season at this house opened in March, 1750, and Congreve's play was acted during this season. This was 21 years after the author had died, rich, leaving £10,000 of his fortune to the Duchess of Marlborough, who so valued the "honor and pleasure of his company" when he was living that, as the next best thing, she sat of an evening with his wax figure. The first performance on any stage of "Love for Love" was at the theatre in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1695, when it was given with a cast which included Betterton, Dogget, Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs Barry. Dogget, who had the part of Ben, made the hit of the piece, but all the parts were so well taken that it ran for 13 days successively, a most remarkable proceeding for that time.

After its performance in Nassau street the play was not seen again in New York until March 1, 1871, when it was [illegible]ed at Wallack's Lyceum Theatre for the benefit of J. Lester (Lester Wallack), who took the part of Valentine. [illegible] T. Allston Brown says that the [illegible] was then acted for the first time in America, but this is only one of the [illegible] so common in his books. The comedy was revised, curtailed and altered by James W. Wallack for this revival. D. Appleton & Son published the play, [illegible] marked as acted, by Henry B. [illegible], the prompter. The book shows that John Brougham had the character of Ben in which Dogget had been so successful at the original performance. The entire cast was remarkable, including W. R. Blake, John Dyott, C. M. Walcot, L. Thompson, Mrs. Hoey, Mrs. Cra[illegible], Mrs. Brougham, Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Isherwood. It will be recalled by those interested in the dramas of Congreve's time that, although he shone as one of the most brilliant and witty playwrights of a period that boasted many entertaining dramatists, he was also one of the most indecent. James W. Wallack had no easy task to change 'Love for Love' into a play that would be acceptable to New York theatregoers in the middle of the last century, and [illegible] he succeeded in doing so speaks [illegible] for his knowledge of the playwright's art, as well as his knowledge of the theatregoing public of his day. The history of this comedy, with some account of the noted actors who have appeared in it, would make an interesting sketch. J. B. CLAPP.

[illegible]chester.

We should not call Congreve "indecent." That adjective is justly applied to the comedies of Wycherley and Vanbrough. Congreve was beyond all [illegible] and peradventure not only the most brilliant dramatist of his age, but [illegible] one of the most brilliant dramatists of all time.—Ed.

Notes About Plays, Comedians, Music and Musicians

How doctors disagree and not only about [illegible]ota o[illegible] and kidney trouble. The [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] wife, [illegible] comedy, "Roxana," [illegible] at the [illegible] Theatre [illegible] after it had been [illegible]ed at Eastbourne. The Times, describing the comedy as "a lively little duel between a wilful woman and her first, second and only husband,' thought the play will be popular "both for its own sake and because Miss Doris Keane, as her reception showed, is one of the idols of the British playgoer." "Miss Keane, as everyone knows, is very clever at playing a wilful woman; and all her cleverness comes into action in the part of Roxana." There is mention of "jokes, some of them very neat ones"; but towards the close of the second act "Mr. Hopwood, the author, lost faith in his own power of keeping the interest on the level of comedy and flew for help to something 'stronger'—what is commonly called a 'bedroom scene'—though it took place in the lady's elegant dressing room."

On the other hand, the Daily Telegraph did not like the play and was not enthusiastic over Miss Keane's performance. Saying that Mr. Hopwood's extravagant story and grotesque characters might pass easily in farce, the reviewer finds that the theme touches at points on the border-line of seriousness. "It is precisely here that the author refuses to do himself and his work justice by indulging in all kinds of outrageous pranks with his characters and thus degrading them to the level of stage puppets." The reception of Miss Keane, the reviewer says, was a purely personal tribute, for her acting was not beyond criticism. The play creates "a sense of repetition, a feeling that we get no forwarder in a series of incidents of which the end is plainly foreseen." The playwright gives curious examples of how an English gentleman will, on occasion, behave toward his wife. "He may, for instance, lock the door of her sitting room, peremptorily refusing her egress until she agrees to admit him to the privacy of her bed-chamber." Basil Sydney took the part of the Duke of Moreland, Roxana's husband. "Both rattled off their parts with a fine air of gayety, but neither at any moment quite succeeded in capturing the true spirit of comedy."

The mouth-organ bids fair to be ousted from its place in the affections of our fighting men by the miniature bagpipes which are now to be seen at all the music shops. If our recollection is right this tiny replica of the Scots' national musical instrument was introduced some 26 years ago by a man who used to stand outside Charing Cross station playing it with the skill of a champion piper—which perchance he may have been, and luring people to buy with the apparently ridiculous ease of the performance. On all occasions of public excitement his pipes found ready buyers, and when he disappeared, no one knows where, there was a perceptible void in London [illegible] life.—London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. H. T. Parker of the Boston Evening Transcript kindly informs us that the two poems in very free verse about a prima donna and her photographs, poems published in the Herald Oct. [illegible], are to be found in "The Broadway Anthology" pri[illegible] in 1917. The two poems, entitled in the anthology "Photograph," and "The Prima Donna," are by Mr. Edward L. Bernays. We had asked about the authorship.

There are folk songs that are "exotic, "as if gathered and pressed in an album, or caught and [illegible]ed in stave and bar-line." Others are "fresh and real as a growing flower or the song of a bird." A British officer wrote home: "One of our men in the R. A. M. C. hospital found a patient playing all kinds of airs on a sort of flute. This Serb was a bold brigand-looking chap, and you could tell that he improvised many of his melodies. There were tunes that make you dance, or march, the bugle call played at a Serbian funeral, and one especially remarkable tune had so many modulations that my friend, who was noting in Tonic Solfa, did not know in which key to put it." This led a journalist to write: "Nor, we may add, how to sing it or to show anyone else how it should be sung. For these flowers will not bear transplanting. We think by recording variants to hint at the fluid character of such song, or by adding harmonies to re-create the feeling with which we first heard it. But we do no more than provide hothouse conditions. The plant may thrive, but it is no longer the same plant."

It is Sir Thomas Beecham who sees "in all countries the more thoughtful section of the concert-going public languishing by reason of sheer reiteration and monotony, and a group of symphonic composers, who seem to have lost the talisman that might open to them the bright vision of a new world."

Alfredo Salmaggi has brought to New York the Piedigrotta musical contest. At Carnegie Hall on the evening of Nov. 4, the 12 best songs written especially for this competition and chosen out of a list of 118, will be sung. The judges will be Messrs. Caruso, Scotti and Amato. The singers as the judges will be Neapolitans, and Mr. Salmaggi will conduct his orchestra. Two, at least, of the prize Piedigrotta songs of the past are well known: Denza's "Funiculi, F[illegible]" [illegible] Rotoli's "Romanel[illegible]"

[illegible] Street [illegible] was [illegible]

It is said that Mr. [illegible] has [illegible] from [illegible] "emendations" and additions of [illegible] conductors, notably [illegible] Dr. Muck. Many conductors here and abroad have not been content with the score as the composer left it. Even Mr. Gericke occasionally took liberties. Mahler, who complained when any one tinkered his own scores, did all sorts of things to those of Beethoven and some others. Some argue that a little pruning [illegible] careful revision, a slight change in the instrumentation or in [illegible] harmonic scheme, is of benefit to the composer, especially if he is dead. If a composition is worth playing it should be performed as the composer wrote it. If he was of a past century the performance will then have a historical interest if not a purely musical one.

Why is it that novelists—even clever novelists—are so apt to fall into ludicrous errors when dealing with music? Ouida's historic "You might as well expect Rubinstein to make the violin he plays on" has so often been cited as a flagrant instance of egregiousness in this matter that her successors would, one might have thought, have taken warning from her. But one could quote hundreds of "howlers" almost, if not quite, as fatuous, committed by fiction writers since the lady in "Moths" turned Rubinstein into a violinist. And now, in one of the most-talked of novels of the day, occurs yet another precious example of how not to do it. "Philip's own prelude," the passage runs, "was pitched in too high a key. The fault was not his after the initial mistake of choosing a key like F major, fairly bristling with sharps." And, as though determined to emphasize his blunder, the author adds: "But Miss Lang established his error (the hero's, not the author's) by an attempt to drag him at once into the comfortable leisure of E flat." How the hero, one wonders, contrived to evolve from the key of F major as many sharps as confronted that other character in a novel we recall who played a Mozart sonata in the remarkable key of A sharp! The curious thing about these fictional "bloomers" is that almost all of them could have been obviated by reference to anyone possessing no more than an elementary knowledge of music. Any little girl who has learned her scales would have set the novelist we have quoted right over the first [illegible] of a minor, bristling with sharps. Perhaps somebody will be pulling his leg.—London Daily Telegraph.

Sir Hubert Parry, whose death is announced, was pre-eminently a [illegible] musician. His compositions [illegible] characterized as [illegible]." He was a prominent member of the [illegible] Academic English school [illegible] tested by Vernon Blackburn and Jean P. Rubinstein. to the [illegible] English music. From Parry's [illegible] about music it is easy to [illegible] that [illegible] was ultra-conservative and [illegible] not [illegible] by any [illegible] that was to him merely a bit of "impressionism." We should like to [illegible] conversation between [illegible] Debussy as recorded by [illegible] ker or Mr. Ernest N[illegible]'s book about Bach is [illegible]

Parry would [illegible] no patience with [illegible] the value of mood and [illegible] the following passage would have [illegible] foolishness. "The [illegible] with mood and his [illegible] tune. A large amount of [illegible] music [illegible] born. We read of [illegible] who never sing a song the same way and of some tribes that merely give names of animals or natural objects to their songs, or draw [illegible] chalk on strips of [illegible] with divine att[illegible] medicinal pro[illegible] that this could [illegible] If an artist were to [illegible] 'The Hen' [illegible] are telling [illegible] 'Laschia [illegible] for [illegible] we should [illegible] look on him with suspicion. On the other hand, we understand the music better when Moussorgsky tells us he is writing about an exhibition of pictures, or Debussy describes his nondescript [illegible] sigh. It is [illegible] least like an [illegible] latter like an [illegible] reading, when the [illegible] adumbrate the [illegible] exist [illegible] the titles [illegible] suggestion may [illegible] without [illegible]ing."

Mozart's "Ave Verum": "The most wonderful [illegible] into the space of two minutes."

Messrs. Ditrichstein and Cothia Also Hamlet and Ophelia

Mr. John [illegible] Mr. Ditrichstein [illegible] and Shakespeare [illegible] New York Times [illegible]

To [illegible] professional [illegible] Ditrichstein [illegible] original [illegible] the [illegible] of Sh[illegible]

[illegible] Hamlet [illegible] Falstaff.

Mr. [illegible] to point [illegible] made in [illegible] There [illegible] explain the cont[illegible] jested about [illegible] addressed [illegible]

After all [illegible] passage [illegible] more [illegible] the [illegible] "[illegible]"

Baird Leonard Amazed by Perfection of Stage Servants

[illegible] entertainment [illegible] expression. [illegible] the perfection of [illegible]

O you false prophets [illegible] who owe it to your [illegible] up to rather! [illegible] you admit that the perfect [illegible] who move through your [illegible] coats and trays have [illegible] totype in your own [illegible] I do not even [illegible] provoke perjury.

I have often thought [illegible] tress who is trying to tr[illegible] the way in which [illegible] do no better than [illegible] theatre and permit [illegible] soft-footed creature [illegible] about the proper [illegible] is nothing [illegible] Every time I enter [illegible] handmaiden with [illegible] I have to exclaim [illegible] James's "The Will to [illegible]" I [illegible] has never [illegible] the uncertain [illegible] ments is [illegible] she has [illegible] playing opposite [illegible]

Even the [illegible] the French [illegible] as she [illegible] countered [illegible] who would [illegible] from the [illegible]

And the [illegible] stage [illegible] When [illegible] is not at all [illegible] would have us believe [illegible] the modern waitress [illegible] for the scarlet deco[illegible] Frynne to the [illegible] which convention [illegible] soon [illegible] regard to [illegible] thinking [illegible] course [illegible]

The [illegible] [illegible] broad [illegible] think.—M[illegible] Telegraph, Oct. 9.

This poem by [illegible] author in 1869, was found among his papers at his death. It was first published by the London Times on the 25th of last month, the copyright is the property of Mr. William Heinemann.

The Italian Mother

Is there any to weep for the dead,
For the dead that are glorious and slain?
Shall the mother be sad for her son,
Or the bride for the bridegroom's head
That her eyes shall embrace not again?
There is none to lament, not one.

O beautiful mother of men,
Have we seen thee indeed rearisen,
Thee rent by the Austrian rods,
From the depth of the wild beast's den,
From the place of the spirits in prison,
O mother of men like gods?

O happy beyond all praise,
O noble beyond all fame,
Of whom it shall always be said
That none to the end of days
Shall glorify Italy's name,
And not the names of her dead.

Yea, glad beyond word of mine,
Yea, proud beyond word, O brothers,
The lowest and least of you all,
His memory shall warm as wine;
The spirit and sense of the others
Shall ring as a clarion's call.

Forgotten the name, the place,
Forgotten the mortal hour,
The pang, and the fugitive breath;
The mother's withering face
Bowed low like a broken flower,
At the sound of the last son's death.

Forgotten the eyes of the bride,
That the news left wan, not wet,
Till awhile they relaxed in tears,
And again grew goodly with pride;
But thee she will not forget,
Thy mother in all these years.

Hicks Vexatus

As the World Wags:

To that marine strain which dominates the intellectual activities of my family as strongly as the Hapsburg lip persists in certain European quarters, I owe the facility with which I have mastered, am mastering, will master the flood of ocean-going problems which Washington looks to me to solve. As soon as definite arrangements shall have been made (I prefer the future perfect tense under certain conditions) for the banquet of which you have said much and done little, I shall take extreme pleasure in going further into details.

I am communicating with you now simply to say that, as chief of the Three Miles Limit Branch of the Land-Locked Waters Division of the Intercontinental Sailing Vessel Corporation, it is my duty to make irrevocable findings on the status of imported commodities. The task is not easy. The hours are not short. The human contacts are at times difficult. In the routine of my work, I have accumulated a mass of data which are invaluable and which I intend to offer, once the war shall have been concluded, and the correlated facts and figures shall have been tabulated, to Mr. Herkimer Johnson. I feel sure that he will appreciate them.

Is Mr. Johnson familiar with the disadvantages of "blue Billy" aboard ship? Does he know the vexations of damp nappe in a general cargo? Has he studied commodities originating on the Chilagong coast? The effects of gunja, bhang and churrah on thirsty sailors, and the relation of these commodities to jaggery from the toddy palm tree—is he informed on them?

I doubt that Mr. Johnson himself can explain why a wooden fish is not classified by the Custom House as a musical instrument, even though he may know that dried insecta are classified with drugs and various barks. Dunning he may know something about, but can he write with any degree of erudition on dried bones as dunnage? Has he ever even considered the comparative value of quebracho wood and quebracho extract from the point of view of dead weight tonnage? Does he know how miraboiam stows, and how Japanese war gods of oak are classified? Has he even met the cohune nut?

To anybody not full of brains and hell on facts, such work as mine is impossible, and probably only the endowment which I inherited from the first of the Poseidons makes it possible for me. If the author of the highly atmospheric "Java Head," published in the Saturday Evening Post, had consulted me in advance, I think I could have given him some local color even heavier than that which he has laid on. There is comfort, however, there is sweet solace in the thought that his loss will be the ultimate gain of the world and Mr. Johnson.

POSEIDON HICKS, JR.
Cabin John, Washington, D. C.

White and Red

As the World Wags:

Speaking of white and red—as was really the case—there seems to be more or less historical, legendary and classical reference for what has been mistaken for a purely modern conception of the relation between Skaneateles (just this side of Auburn) hair and the "albus equus." This also puts Troy (N. Y.) on the same line. Like a strain from "The harp that once through Tara's halls" there come recollections of lines that sing:

Up from the depths of the past,
Out of oblivion's night,
'Tis said that Helen's hair was red
And the wooden horse was white.

Boston. CLARA ROSS.

'SEVENTEEN' IS

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Seventeen: a Play of Youth and Love and Summertime," taken from Booth Tarkington's novel of the same name. Produced by Stuart Walker.

Mr. Baxter.....Lew Medbury
Jane Baxter.....Lillian Ross
Mrs. Baxter.....Judith Lowry
William Sylvanus Baxter.....Gregory Kelly
Johnnie Watson.....Neil Martin
May Parcher.....Jessie Todhunter
Lola Pratt.....Ruth Gordon
Genesis.....Fred Strong
Joe Bullitt.....Morgan Farley
Mr. Parcher.....Eugene Stockdale
George Crooper.....Ben Lyon
Ethel Boke.....Agnes Horton
Yallie Banks.....John Orr
Mary Brooks.....Henrietta McDaanel

We have not read Mr. Tarkington's novel and therefore are not concerned with the question whether the characters are faithfully portrayed in the play. When this comedy was brought to the Booth Theatre in New York (Jan. 21, 1918) it was said that the dramatists were Hugh S. Stange and Stannard Mears. Mr. Walker in March said in court that he wrote the play. This the dramatists named denied. But what is all this to the Infinite? All agree that the characters and dialogue are eminently Tarkingtonian.

The comedy might well be called a tragedy—a tragedy of calf-love. The love that is so characterized by the superficial is in reality intense and passionate. The boy idealizes some linnet-headed, affected, silly chatterer as William Sylvanus Baxter did in this play, or he worships a young woman older than he is, a young woman that smooths his hair, listens to his stammering, foolish declarations without laughing, and then leaves him with a cheerful wish for his future when he is "grown-up." Often she allows him to kiss her, and sometimes she is obliged to restrain her own passion, as was the case with a woman in Mr. Norris's admirable novel, "Salt."

William had his dreams of heroic deeds and possible death for the sake of a beloved. His ideal was Carton in "The Tale of Two Cities." No doubt William would have gone to the guillotine, all for the sake of Lola with her baby-talk. His father, a prosaic person, did not understand him. His mother did. Mr. Parcher, who was bored by Lola's visit and the presence of her adoring swains, frankly said that William was a damned fool. "To the Greeks foolishness." Fate was against William—"Silly Bill," as the boys called him. His father would not buy him a "dress suit." His mother would not give him $3.60, which he needed badly. There was that ever-present, meddlesome, prying little sister Jane with her receptive ears and wagging tongue. Then there was the hated rival, the bumptious Crooper, exulting in the ownership of an automobile by which Lola was impressed. William's love was unrequited. His mother comforted him. He at last consented to go to college. But when William is wedded happily and the father of promising children, he will still remember Lola, his lost "Miladi." For "calf-love" is often the most sincere, the most intense passion known to man in his life, be it short or long.

The play is a study of a boy in a small town; a play in which characters that we all know are introduced naturally, and not merely to lengthen and diversify the four acts. It is entertaining because it is true to life; it appeals perhaps especially to men, because there are very few—and they are to be commiserated—who were not in their youth William Slyvanus bearing another name.

The comedy was for the most part well acted. Mr. Kelly, a young man, lived the life of the boy, half-baked, resenting reflections on his youth, pathetically dignified, vaguely amorous at first, then madly in love with trundle-bed trash. His performance was excellent throughout. So was that of Miss Ross as Jane, although occasionally she spoke so hurriedly that she was unintelligible. Miss Lowry's impersonation of the sympathetic mother is warmly to be commended. In fact, nearly all the other parts were agreeably acted; nor were the characters simply feeders to William Sylvanus, with his ideas of life, his observations and his bitter experience. The enjoyment of the audience was unmistakable.

"The Chinese Puzzle" to Open Tomorrow

"The Chinese Puzzle," announced for a first performance in Boston by the Henry Jewett Players at the Copley Theatre, was not presented last evening. Mr. Jewett, after the audience was seated, appeared on the stage, fully set for the first act scene, and announced, with many evidencea of feeling, that he regretted there would be no performance, and that he alone was responsible for the unfortunate situation. He disclaimed that he was ill, declaring that he simply was not up in the part of Dr. Chi Lung, the Chinese ambassador who is one of the dominant characters in this four-act romantic drama by Marion Bower and Leon M. Lion. He added that to appear would be only to mar the performance by his associates, who were prepared. In his more than 30 years of stage career, he said, he never before had been compelled to disappoint an audience, and explained that the arduous tasks of directing the players and planning for prospective productions had proved difficult obstacles in his attempt to assume once more a principal role on the stage.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Billeted," a comedy in three acts by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood. Cast:

Rose.....Mabel Vanet
Emmaline Liptrott.....Sally Williams
Rev. Ambrose Liptrott.....Harry Barfoot
Penelope Moon.....Phyllis Birkett
Betty Taradine.....Miss Anglin
Col. Preedy.....Langdon Bruce
Capt. Rymill.....Fred Eric
Cook.....Myra Burrington
Mr. MacFarlane.....Ralph Kemmet

If a lady, whose husband had left her three years ago after a quarrel over her extravagance and his tendency to flirtation, takes a manor house in a quiet English village, and to avoid talk gives out that the husband is dead and, if her girl companion thoughtlessly tells the vicar's gossiping sister the truth, and the village "cat" starts trouble because the war office has billeted a convalescent colonel and captain on the lady, and if the lady has piles of bills she can't pay and knows so little about business that she offers to make good an over-draft at the bank with another check and, if to help matters, she alters a military telegram so it reads that her husband has just died in Africa, and then she discovers that the billeted captain is that husband, and if she finds she still loves him, but thinks he loves Penelope, her young friend, who really loves and is loved by the colonel, and if the captain asks her to adjust a mourning band for himself on his sleeve, and a lot more things like this happen to her swiftly—is it any wonder that she should have a terrific time of it between rapidly alternating currents of fear and hope and love and jealousy and happiness and despair?

Well, all these things come almost at once to Margaret Anglin in "Billeted," and the lightness, the delicacy, the deftness, the vividness with which she lives these keen emotions make her portrayal of Betty Taradine's mirth-provoking troubles a continuous delight to all who see it.

The others, too, do their parts with exceeding art that conceals art to make the piece one of the most charming comedies that has been seen here in many a long season. Fred Eric, as the supposedly dead, but very much alive, husband, is particularly satisfying in the bluff and soldierly naturalness, the whimsical good humor with which he accepts his anomalous position and finally straightens out the tangles. One would never suspect he was ever inside a theatre in his life, let alone that he was ever behind footlights.

This same impression of living reality shines in the acting of Langdon Bruce as the Colonel, Sally Williams as the village trouble-maker, Mabel Vanet as the nonplussed maid, Myra Burrington as the highly respectable cook, and Harry Barfoot as the innocent old rural vicar.

To make matters all the better for the audience, the authors have provided situations of such funny pathos and dialogue of such incisive humor that, with players clever enough to be just naturally the real characters, there is no chance for a dull moment in the whole performance.

The play ought to be billeted at the Hollis for more than its allotted two weeks.

"She Took a Chance" Opens at the Tremont Theatre

H. N.

She took a chance and a full house at the Tremont Theatre last night was glad, for it did not matter much whether she did or not, for the snap and dash, the novelty in stage direction, the absolute abaence of anything which might be termed reminiscent went to build up a following for the performance which reopened the popular playhouse.

"She Took a Chance" is the title of one of the best musical shows that has come to Boston in many a year. It is as a matter of fact a musical setting of the farce, "A Full House," which had a big success throughout the country.

What was most refreshing in connection with the production was that all stage conventions were forgotten. Originality in scheme, in picture production and in blending of colors in costume and setting were most pronounced.

To set a farce to music is often done, but to so make the story subservient to the general "pep," and to produce with such satisfying results pictures that linger, in the midst of melodies that will be whistled may be termed an accomplishment.

It should be said that the old story is accentuated in its muscial cloak, and if the numerous encores mean anything, they spell a most successful engagement, too limited.

May Vokes, whose natural talents are too well known to need further comment, was welcomed, and satisfied to the fullest. Her part was not one which kept her upon the stage for any great length of time, but as all things that are good come in small packages, her comedy was as delicious as of yore.

Eddie Dowling as a comedy policeman with acrobatic dances and songs rivalled the efforts of the member of that well known and popular theatrical family.

Ray Raymond is among the few remaining actors whose work is such as to cause those in the stalls to wish the author gave him more to do.

Miss Fay Narve as the cabaret singer, who admitted that her dancing was the best thing she did, found no opposition to that statement, and while she did not appear until the final act, her work was most satisfactory

Miss Mary Milburn as Ruffles and Miss Wanda Lyons were vocally attractive and personally enticing.

The comedy butler has not been done in Boston more artistically than the performance of Dallas Welford.

Miss Eleanor Gordon, a strong Boston favorite, has a part without music, but still forceful. She will be remembered as a former member of the Castle Square stock company.

Last and not least, it should be mentioned that the chorus and the musical director were features.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — "Richelieu," the five-act play by Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton. The cast:

Cardinal Richelieu.....Mr. Mantell
Gaston.....Henry Buckler
Baradas.....Albert Barrett
De Beringhen.....Guy Lindaley
Adrian De Mauprat.....Fritz Leiber
Huguet.....John Burke
Joseph.....Frank Peters
Francois.....John Wray
Louis XIII.....Edward Lewers
A Captain of Guards.....Franklin Salisbury
Page.....Miss Lila Dell Frost
Clermont.....George Westlake
Secretary.....Abraham Ivory
Another.....Edmund Foos
Marion de Lorme.....Miss Marion Evensen
Julie de Mortemar.....Miss Genevieve Hamper

A large audience welcomed Mr. Mantell upon his return to Boston last evening and showed hearty appreciation of his work in the famous role of the 17th century clergyman who became the power behind the throne of France. Anything pertaining to our sister republic across the sea is of interest to Americans at the present time, and this fact alone would attract attention to this play, aside from the name and art of Mr. Mantell.

He was ably supported by Miss Genevieve Hamper as Julie de Mortemar, the Cardinal's ward, and by Fritz Leiber as Adrian de Mauprat. Frank Peters as Joseph the Capuchin was amusing and Edward Lewers portrayed strikingly the weakness of King Louis XIII. Albert Barrett as Baradas was convincing.

During the two weeks of Mr. Mantell's stay here—shortened by the recent closing of the theatres—he will present "Richelieu" three times more. His other performances will be devoted to Shakespearian roles.

MANY WAR HITS IN KEITH PROGRAM

Big Audience Enjoys Every Minute of Show

Oratory and athletics mingled with ragtime and melodrama at the reopening of Keith's Theatre last evening. Lew Dockstader, minus the black makeup, was one of the hits of the evening. His speech consisted principally of references to the war and those engaged in it, but everything was tinged with war, every performer who had a chance took a whack at the Kaiser and threw a bouquet to the boys who are fighting him.

"Somewhere with Pershing," Jack Norworth's new sketch, evoked an abundance of applause, as did "Jed's Vacation," presented by Charley Grapewin and company.

Other features were the Barras brothers, on the flying trapeze; Donald Herr and Effie Weston, in songs and dances; Sylvia Clark, that "klassy little klown"; and Herbert Clifton in female impersonations. Kate Ellnore and Sam Williams gave a reel of fun of the minstrel variety, and Harold Du Kane, with June Edwards and Olga Harwig appeared in unusual feats of dancing.

These, with official war pictures and a news reel made up the evening's bill. The house was packed to capacity, and the appreciation of the audience was shown by the fact that most of the seats were occupied till the closing act.

There is reference to Saint-Mihiel in ... M..., a novel by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. The last of the Villecourts, the rough countryman that ... in a duel Renee's brother for taking his name, came from a ruined chateau near Saint-Mihiel. There is mention of the Church of the Cordeliers of Saint-Mihiel.

Lille rejoiced when the British entered it and hailed them as liberators; but in 18.. there was an Englishman that ...d to be freed from Lille. Mr. Thackeray sang his woe in "Titmarsh's Carmen Lilliense."

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.
* * * * * *

I dare not to the landlord say,
"Good sir, I cannot pay your bill";
He thinks I am a Lord Anglais
And is quite proud I stay at Lille.

He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
Like Rothschild or Sir Roland Peel,
And so he serves me every day
The best of meat and drink in Lille.
* * * * * *

I pass in sunshine burning hot
By cafes where in beer they deal;
I think how pleasant were a pot,
A frothing pot of beer of Lille!

What is yon house with walls so thick,
All girt around with guard and grille?
O gracious god! it makes me sick,
It is the prison-house of Lille!

The whole poem is good reading. There are 25 words therein rhyming with Lille.

The Matter of Pores

As the World Wags:

Much is being written just now of the importance of keeping the pores open and I think it is my duty to sound a note of warning to the laity who may misunderstand the procedure and open all their pores at once. It is well known that germs have wings and attack their victims by flying into pores carelessly left open on the windward side, but their power of flight is not sufficient to allow them to penetrate the leeward pores. We should, therefore, be most scrupulously careful about leaving our windward pores agape, but no harm can result in opening the leeward pores in order to allow such germs as may have gained admittance to make their escape. In walking against the wind close the pores of the face and throat and those of the thumb and index-finger, but open those of the back of the neck and the little finger. Those on the sides of the neck, and on the palms and back of the hands may be left ajar, or about a third open from the top. In smelling a flower, close the pores within the nose unless the flower has been previously boiled. Lest any think this precaution unnecessary, I can assure them that none of the patients whom I have seen in the present epidemic observed these simple rules.

Boston. DR. OF PHYSICK.

Waste and Verbiage

As the World Wags:

Some days ago I ordered a box of cheap cigars—not for my own use—I am not a passionate smoker, and, when I do smoke, I prefer a pipe, brier or T. D.—but for tradesmen, expressmen and the like who may do me service. The cigars came promptly. Two days later I received the gem of verbiage that I append. Is it possible that there are weak-minded persons who like that sort of thing? Is not this letter a text for a diatribe on the waste of words, postage and good white paper?

Beverly. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

"Mr. George P. Bolivar, Beverly, Mass.

"Dear Sir: We acknowledge with sincere thanks receipt of your valued favor of the — inst., and kind order contained, and have taken great pleasure in forwarding at once, by parcel post paid and insured, the goods desired, which we trust will reach you promptly and safely and prove entirely satisfactory in every way. Should they not come to hand within a reasonable time, kindly advise us and mention order No. —. Assuring you of our appreciation of past favors and awaiting your further kind commands, with best wishes, we are, yours very truly, —— ———."

Pronunciation

As the World Wags:

Was not an early trade title of margarine "margearine"? Many mispronounce the word, so many that the saying of the late Dr. Harris comes to mind: he did not dare to pronounce "paresis" correctly lest his patients should think him ignorant.

As a rule the Englishman in contrast with the Frenchman and the American will pronounce a word in the easier of two obvious ways, and sometimes the chosen way need not be so very obvious, as in Berwick, not to offer an extreme example. The American would seem to lean to the ways of the French or the primer in a host of words, such as Azores (in which the Englishman could accord himself with an accented "a" only if the word rhymed with razors) address, alias, India, automobile, con... coupon, privacy, effort, lessor.

... taught, and ... sound of soft, Augusta, s... d... in the mouth of a country... These words, in the whimsical speech of the rube, do not end in "y" as appears to the dialect writers, but are phonetic, straight out of the primer.

If your correspondent is unable to distinguish "infectious" and "contagious" he might use "smittle" which will answer for and is a better word than either. A stunning derivative would be, but is not, 'transmittle.' LUX.

Boston.

Oct 23 1918

'CHU CHIN CHOW'

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Chu Chin Chow," a spectacle in three acts and 13 scenes. Written by Oscar Asche. Music by Frederick Norton. Produced at His Majesty's Theatre, London, Aug. 31, 1916. Produced at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, by Messrs. Elliott, Comstock & Gest on Oct. 22, 1917.

Abu Hasan	Lionel Braham
Kasim Baba	Albert Howson
Ali Baba	Richie Ling
Nur Al-Huda Ali	George Rasely
Abdullah	Eugene Cowles
Mukbill	Frank McCormack
Otbah	Julian Winters
Baba Mustafa	Felice de Gregorio
Alcolom	Stella St. Audrie
Mahbubah	Lucy Beanmont
Bostan	Tina Russell
Marjanah	Tessa Kosta
Zahrat-Al-Kulub	Florence Reed

The spectacle is a fantasy on the theme of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," a tale that is not in "The Thousand Nights and a Night," but, with "Aladdin," is in the collection known as the "Supplementary Nights." The story is one of the favored tales of childhood, told in simple English, long before the days of Burton and Payne, translated from the French of Galland in

THE BOOK OF ROCS
Sandal, ivory, turbans, ambergris,
Cream-tarts, and lettered apes, and calendars,
And ghouls, and genies.

"Chu Chin Chow" is really an Eastern revue, a succession of scenes with action that includes the comic, the sentimental, the grotesque, the grim; with music that is marked by rhythm and sentimentalism, rather than by marked originality or any successful attempt to give an Oriental illusion; with dancing that is wild; with a constant appeal to the eye, that is fascinated by the sumptuousness of the stage settings, the brilliant costumes; the lavish display of beauty fully revealed or gorgeously robed.

As a play, and solely as a play, "Chu Chin Chow" is not so conspicuous for Eastern spirit, for reproducing the atmosphere of "The Thousand Nights and a Night" as "Kismet" or "Sumurun." In fact the story is not easily followed, if there is a story, and our old friends in the familiar tale are strangely changed. Kasim is as mean a fellow as ever, but his wife is curiously metamorphosed. Ali Baba is now a tosspot with a shrewish wife; Morgiana, or Marjanah, is now in love with a son of Ali, and is no longer the clever slave girl who brings about the destruction of the robber chief and his merry men, but Zahrat-Al-Kulub, a creature of Mr. Asche's invention, a passionate child of the desert, tells Abdulluh to pour the boiling oil and she herself stabs the chieftain. The old story is hardly recognized. Even the robber chief is now a hero of burlesque or of comic opera, no more terrible than Mazourk, or the giant in a pantomime.

No, the show is the thing, a huge, costly and brilliant show, constantly appealing to the eye by boldness of design and by barbaric or exquisite color. The mechanical and the lighting devices are extraordinarily effective.

It would be useless to attempt a description of the various pictures. "Kasim's Palace," "The Slave Market," "In Kasim's Harem," "A Bazaar" are especially striking through schemes of color and skilful grouping; on the other hand "A Mean Street in Bagdad" is noteworthy; it gives the illusion of eastern life, with its episode of the fortune teller and the languid lady easily won by the passing stranger, Mahbubah pounding beans, the gigantic Negro, Bostan with her gibberish. Nor will the beautiful inset picture "At Marjanah's Window," "At a Silk Stall" soon be forgotten.

Mr. Braham's huge figure and resonant voice became Mr. Asche's idea of the robber chieftain. Mr. Ling was an unctuous Ali Baba of burlesque, a character far removed from the simple fellow of the Arabian tales. It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Cowles's sonorous and mellow voice again. He gave to Abdullah pleasing prominence. Mr. Howson, excellent at first, as Kasim, was grossly extravagant in the later scenes. Mr. Rasely was a tuneful lover. Miss Florence Reed, a compelling figure, superb in posture, was too often unintelligible in speech. The others were adequate in their respective parts. The scenes followed, one the other, with praiseworthy swiftness. The large orchestra was conducted authoritatively by Mr. William Axt. An audience that crowded the theatre was enthusiastic.

..."Confederation" ... W... as to whether ... properly be called the ... of the United States" to England. It was then said that "he was appointed minister (is not 'commissioner' more accurate?) to negotiate a treaty of peace and commerce with England, and he was later minister of the Confederation of States, not the United States of America, in England, 1785-1788." This statement, I am privately informed, was based on the World Almanac, which does not give any "United States ministers and ambassadors to Great Britain" before Thomas Pinckney, 1792, and which heads the list of United States ministers and ambassadors to France: "Confederation. Thos. Jefferson." May I be allowed to point out that the distinction made in the World Almanac between "Confederation" and "United States," though convenient as indicating when government under the articles of confederation ceased and government under the federal constitution began in 1789 is misleading, since from it the inference may be drawn that the name of this country before 1789 was not the "United States of America"? The word state, meaning the body politic, was in common use in the American colonies, as of course it was in England, in the 17th and 18th centuries, and during the years 1773-1776 the expressions "the American States" or "the States of America" were occasionally employed; but it was not until after the Fourth of July, 1776, that what had hitherto been a colony or province was officially styled a state, and the name "United States of America" first appeared, so far as I am aware, in the Declaration of Independence where we read: "We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled. . . . do . . . solemnly publish and declare, that these united colonies are, and, of right, ought to be free and independent states," etc.

The articles of confederation were agreed to on Nov. 15, 1777, and went into force on July 9, 1778. The first article reads: "The style of this confederacy shall be 'The United States of America.'" In the journals of the continental congress is this passage, under date of Feb. 24, 1785: "Congress proceeded to the election of a minister plenipotentiary, to represent the United States of America at the court of Great Britain; and the ballots being taken, the honorable John Adams was elected, having been previously nominated by Mr. Howell." Mr. Adams's letter of credence, presumably signed by the then president of congress, is stated to have been dated March 14, and on June 1 occurred his first audience with King George. In a letter dated June 2, Adams wrote to John Jay:

"I went with his lordship (Lord Carmarthen) through the levee room into the King's closet. The door was shut, and I was left with his majesty and the secretary of state alone. I made the three reverences—one at the door, another about half way and a third before the presence—according to the usage established at this and all the northern courts of Europe, and then addressed myself to his majesty in the following words:

"'Sir—The United States of America have appointed me their minister plenipotentiary to your majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your majesty this letter which contains the evidence of it. * * * The appointment of a minister from the United States to your majesty's court will form an epoch in the history of England and America. * * *'"

And in his reply the King said: "The circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly dispositions of the United States, but that I am glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their minister."

It is obvious, therefore, that John Adams was, in fact, the "first minister of the United States" to England, and that the omission of his name in that capacity from the World Almanac is an oversight that ought to be corrected in future editions. A. M.

Boston.

Wind Instruments

As the World Wags:

Did you know that R. M. La Follette took first honors in elocution in 1879 in the annual contest of the Interstate Oratorical Association, where he represented the University of Wisconsin?

And did you know that Albert J. Beveridge pulled off the same exalted stunt in 1885, then hailing from De Pauw University in far Indiana?

Newbury. ABEL SEAMAN.

"Cushy"

As the World Wags:

Here is my guess on the interpretation of "Cushy" in the Herald of Oct. 14: "Cushy" job: an easy job; an easy chair job; a cushioned chair job.

Cambridge. T. H. R.

The word is not in the great dictionary of Farmer and Henley—"Slang and Its Analogues." Ed.

"The Chinese Puzzle" Produced for the First Time Here

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Chinese Puzzle," a romantic drama in four acts by Marion Bower and Leon M. Lion.

Littleport	Leonard Craske
Paul Marketel	H. Conway Wingfield
Lady De La Haye	Jessamine Newcombe
Aimee de Villeseptier	Mercedes Desmore
Victoria Cresswell	Viola Roach
Sir Roger De La Haye	Noel Leslie
Naomi Melsham	Phyllis Relph
Hon. William Hirst	Montague Weston
Aaron P. Quant	Nicholas Joy
Armand de Rochecorbon	E. E. Clive
Dr. Chi Lung	Henry Jewett
Dr. Fu Yang	Owen T. Hewitt
Mrs. Melsham	Estelle Thebaud
Sir Aylmer Brent	Fred W. Permain
Mr. Peeke	William Podmore

This play has for its theme the lively sense of gratitude attributed to the Chinese. Dr. Chi Lung, sojourning in England, to negotiate a loan for his country, speaks in proverbs whether he is joyful or distressed. He is a walking dictionary of phrases which are often cynical. He might say with Othello, but with a different meaning, "Rude am I in speech." Years before the time of the drama that takes place chiefly in an English country house, Chi Lung was a warm friend of Sir Roger's father. He was eager to be of service to the young man himself. Unfortunately the memorandum of the loan drawn up by the Doctor and Marketel, "the barbarian man of ingots," was photographed secretly by Naomi with whom Sir Roger was in love. Naomi's mother, a shady character, having been caught cheating at cards, was a victim to a blackleg who threatened her exposure unless she could gain some secret that he might publish in a newspaper, and thereby make a sensational "scoop." Naomi owed for fine dresses. With the money for the secret, she could pay Mme. Chose and she could save her worthless mother, also her own good name in the house of her lover.

Sir Roger's career was blasted. He was forced to resign. Friends invited by him to partridge shooting cut him. He wedded Naomi, but would not rest, not even in her fair arms, until he had cleared himself; for Sir Roger was suspected of having sold the secret. The evidence was strong against him. But the Chinaman, shedding proverbs as he walked and thought, knew better. He suspected Naomi, and she feared him. Sir Roger was on the point of knowing the truth when, to the consternation of all, the grateful Dr. Chi Lung declared that he himself had sent the memorandum to the press.

But the effective scene at the end of the third act, with Naomi falling in a faint, and Dr. Chi Lung for once abstaining from a Confucian maxim—the family and the guests all "registering" surprise—was not the end of the play last night, although the curtain did not fall on this scene until 10:55 o'clock.

The play is a melodrama with characters that have for years appeared under various names—the young diplomat wrongly suspected; the comic Frenchman; the penniless girl with a quishy mother; the rich banker much older than the girl he loves and guide, philosopher, friend to the distressed family; the good-natured Johnny that is more than a bit of an ass, the chattering and fresh little girl—they are all there. The Chinaman with a proverb for every moment of general and particular conversation is less familiar but not wholly unknown.

Yet in spite of the unskilful exposition, in spite of the too evident carpentry of the whole drama, the play would be amusing, a pleasant entertainment, if it were acted at a quicker pace. Mr. Jewett was an imposing figure gorgeously costumed, as the mandarin, pontifical in the proverbial utterance, yet giving an idea of slyness and oriental cunning. Mr. Leslie played the part of the lover and diplomat in an honest, manly fashion. Mr. Wingfield gave a capital characterization of Markatil. Mr. Clive was breezy as the conventionally volatile stage Frenchman. Miss Relph whose diction at first was faulty, well-night unintelligible, although in this respect Miss Desmore was a more flagrant sinner, was appropriately loving and remorseful. Miss Newcombe added another portrait of an aristocratic dame to her pleasing gallery. Miss Roach had little to do except to dismiss the Hon. William Hirst gleefully and be sympathetic throughout. Mr. Jewett was not the only one that was too often provokingly slow in lines and movement. This undue deliberation and this dragging of speech and action have marred too many performances at the Copley Theatre.

MANTELL SCORES IN SHYLOCK ROLE

Robert B. Mantell and his excellent company presented "The Merchant of Venice" for the yesterday afternoon performance, and repeated "Richelieu" in the evening at the Boston Opera

House. Tonight Mr. [illegible] seen in the title role of "M[illegible]

His Shylock, while not amo[illegible] most notable characterizations, [illegible] stage traditions for the great[illegible]rt, building gradually but steadily [illegible] sense of sympathy for the usurer which has its climax when the aged merchant finds himself baffled and beaten at every point in the famous court scene. From the moment when, out of the bitterness of his heart at past indignities, he made the contract providing for exaction of his pound of flesh as forfeiture for non-payment of the debt, to the hour when he stood humiliated, impotent, bereft of his fortune and his daughter and, above all, cheated of his revenge, he made, through Mr. Mantell's assured acting, an impressive figure.

Miss Hamner, as Portia, was charming as a maid, effective as the feminine barrister. Mr. Leiber was a graceful Bassanio, unctuous in speech, yet a manly lover. The minor characters were adequately presented.

I saw in Sunday supplement
The full-page Wilsnap ad,
Upon it smiling gaze I bent,
"A peach, gadzooks! egad!"
My roving eye in ecstasy
Absorbed each point of beauty,
But does she seek to snip a snap
Or to remove a cootie?

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

Obeying Orders

As the World Wags:

Speaking of military discipline, I wonder if any of your readers ever heard the following cheerful and pleasing tale, in the original Zulu or in Boer translation? It tells of Zulu regimental discipline that beats the Deutsche:

"A missionary came and told the King he must put away his idols and have a new religion, and told him about hell and how hot it was. And the King said he would think about it. And the next day he had much dry wood piled in the village square, with brush and leaves to kindle it. And he called the missionary and said: 'If this burned, would it be as hot as hell?' And the missionary said 'No.' And the King had more wood piled, and called the missionary again and said: 'If this burned, would it be as hot as hell?' And the missionary said 'No,' again. And the King had more wood piled, and nearly filled the village square; and this time the missionary said, 'Yes, perhaps it would be as hot as hell.' And the King had the wood set on fire; and when it was burning, he called a regiment (impi) and said: 'Go, stamp it out!' And they leaped at the fire and beat with their hands and stamped with their feet and put some of it out; but the fire was too strong, and every man died. And the King called another regiment and said: 'Stamp it out!' And they beat with their hands and stamped with their feet, but the fire was too strong and they all died like the others. And the King called a third regiment and said: 'Stamp it out!' And they leaped over the bodies of their comrades and beat with their hands and stamped with their feet and put it out; and a few were left alive. And the King called the missionary and showed him the ones who were left and said: 'I will not have your religion; I have plenty of regiments, here and in the other world; I can conquer your hell; I will keep my idols.' And the missionary was very white and his eyes stared at the bodies where the fire was, and he went away and never came back. And the King worshipped his idols many years in peace."

Kipling celebrates the earnest singleness of purpose and close attention to duty of the Zulu warrior in business hours; and Stewart Edward White tells a story of East Africa almost equal to this one.

If German discipline is good, is not Zulu discipline better? If German military monsters are "super-men," are not Zulu kings also? Or are both of them only sub-devils, instead of supermen?

Brookline. W. C. T.

A Definition

The English Board of Agriculture gives this definition of prepared opium: It is "the spontaneously coagulated juice obtained from the capsules of the papaver somniferum submitted to a series of operations of desiccating, boiling, roasting and fermentation, designed to transform it into a concentrated extract of sedative essence suitable for consumption."

Roads and Views

As the World Wags:

Monday morning, just at dawn, I threw the harness on the horse and started to climb the hills west of here. Before many hours I reached the brow of a hill that overlooked fairest village and valley in New England. I shall not try to describe the color scheme of the autumnal foliage nor the crystal clearness of the air, for I have not the gift of tongues. Few saw these hills that day, and no one will see them again just as they were that morning. But something dulled my pleasure when I thought of how few of the folks back home in the parent town knew of the existence of this, her baby sister, New Boston. A baby sister she is, [illegible] and frail and hidden among the hills. [illegible] oh, so beautiful!

Pleasant surprises [illegible] who the next [illegible]

the J[illegible] at Westfield pas[illegible] westward [illegible] Granville and Tolland and down the mountain to New Boston. Th[illegible] turn north through Otis and join the state road again at Becket. The roads are not bad, and the scenery is far superior and more natural than that of the main road further north, but the real glimpse afforded of abandoned Massachusetts will be an experience few will ever forget.

RUSTICUS.

Granville.

By Its Smell

As the World Wags:

Speaking of smells reminds me that when I first went to work in Boston I amused myself by trying to identify them. The one that gave me the most trouble was in the neighborhood of Roxbury Crossing; I associated it with water in which beans had been parboiled. As it prevailed on every day of the week I came to the conclusion that it could not possibly be due to careless housewives. I am now inclined to trace it to the breweries. Within a few years I have become aware of a new smell, noticeably around the lower end of State street—peanuts, in the process of being blanched.

I recall in one of Jerome K. Jerome's books a dog wandering about the streets in pursuit of his master, he inquires of another dog if he has passed him. To the question "What sort of a man was he?" the first replies, "Oh, a ham-and-bacony kind of man."

Was it Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes who, in speaking of Manchester-by-the-Sea, referred to a neighboring town as Gloucester-by-the-smell?

Newtonville. GEORGE STUART.

Suaviter in Modo

An officer who was going down to the base saw a group of German prisoners road-mending in charge of one of our men. But they did not work fast enough to please their guard, who encouraged them with the remark, "Now then, Fritz, get a move on. That's not the way to win the war."—London Daily Chronicle.

Oct 25 1918

"Baize" writes to the Boston Herald and Journal:

"Tennyson probably never read Philip Freneau, but there are points of resemblance between "Locksley Hall" by the former and "The Balloon" by the latter that are curious, taken in connection with the progress of aviation in our own day: Tennyson's hero saw

"The nations' airy navies
Battling in the central blue."

And

"Argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with silken bales."

"The fighting airships have arrived, but the heavens are not yet filled with commerce, although we send letters through the air by post, thus putting the carrier pigeons partly out of business. But let me not forget Freneau. This is what he sang in the Freeman's Journal, which he edited in New York in 1784:

Come grant me a patent for making balloons,
For I find is approaching the day
When horses shall fall and the horsemen decay.
Post-riders, at present (called centaurs of old)
Who brave all the seasons, hot weather and cold,
In future shall leave their dull ponies behind
And travel, like ghosts on the wings of the wind.
The stagemen, whose gallopers scarce have the power
Through the dirt to convey you 10 miles in an hour
When advanc'd to balloons shall so furiously drive
You'll hardly know whether you're dead or alive.
The man who at Boston sets out with the sun,
If the wind should be fair, may be with you at one,
At Gunpowder ferry drink whiskey at three,
And at six be at Edentown ready for tea.
(The machine may be ordered, we hardly need say,
To travel in darkness as well as by day.)
At Charleston at ten he for sleep shall prepare,
And by twelve the next day be the devil knows where.
When the ladies of the city (a hiatus here in "Baize's" copy) in June,
What a jaunt they shall have in the flying balloon!
Whole mornings shall see them at toilets preparing,
And forty miles high be their afternoon's airing.
Yet more for its fitness for commerce I'm struck;
What loads of tobacco shall fly from Kentuck,
What packs of best beaver—bar iron and pig,
What budgets of leather from Conococheague.
If Britain should ever disturb us again,
(As they threaten to do in the next George's reign),
No doubt they will play us a set of new tunes,
And pepper us well from the fighting balloons.

Question of Cravats

As the World Wags:

It is not often that the habitues of the Porphyry bring their problems to the public for discussion. In the olden days when the bell on the bar register sounded a merry staccato it took few of us more than two hours to expound theories to which a gang of city laborers must dedicate an eight-hour day. But now that our temperate zone is receiving literal interpretation the little circle about the cold hearth has lapsed into compassionate coma and the ponderous questions of the day are given scant attention.

Matters of temporality have not been totally neglected, however, and every sitter in our argumentative ring has commented more than once upon the fact that it has been a long time since any one of the sitters has purchased a new necktie. To confirm this suspicion a census was taken of the membership and it was revealed as predicted that no member had purchased a new necktie since the inauguration of Theodore the First. Mr. Herkimer Johnson—he is following this investigation with unabated interest—avowed and swears that no new strip of silk has caressed his thyroid cartilage since the reign of Victoria.

The old four-in-hands, everybody admits, are worn because it is impossible to escape detection in the daytime and the streets are too well lighted at night to take any chances with the new neckwear. Inspectors have been appointed to record the name and police court record of those found on the street wearing the new scarfs. We do not propose to make these names public because in every case the record shows that the victim was intoxicated, was color-blind or had been painting camouflaged ships.

Our committee on classification has just presented a brief but comprehensive report as follows: "The committee has examined the various scarfs displayed in the windows of all haberdashers, toggery shops and suit emporiums in the metropolitan district and finds but three types for classification. Type A. The Paranoia de Luxe. Alternate diagonal stripes of color; in the mildest form, alternate half-inch bars of Prussian blue and cerise. Type B. The Aerial Bomb. Radiant prismatic splashes; a 21-color process featuring the contrasting shades of the tomato omelet and the Roman candle. Type C. The Marble Cake. Very fruity and heavily frosted; designed for pro-German dinner parties."

Since some of our most fastidious members are wavering between the continued display of their old respectable neckwear and the discontinuance of the habit altogether, I feel that this subject should be brought sharply to the attention of the public, with the latent hope that something be done. Our Relief Committee has consistently postponed **its report and the Committee on the** Suppression of Lunatic Neckwear maintains that the designers are still at large and that it will be useless to begin the contemplated series of talks before the art classes in our insane asylums. Any reader of the column who has seen neckwear displayed in any shop will be examined for optic disturbances free of charge, and, if he proves his case, illuminated resolutions will be presented by the members of the Porphyry. CRAVATICUS.

Boston.

Oct 27 1918

In the old story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, which enters curiously enlarged and changed in "Chu Chin Chow," that remarkable spectacle now at the Shubert Theatre, there is no passionate woman of the desert burning with the desire to wreak vengeance on the robber, Abu Hasan, disguised as a Chinese merchant; there is no amorous young couple, to sing sentimental duets; Ali Baba is not a comic two-handed drinker, but a poor wretch with a poor wife, a collector of fuel which he carries about the Persian town. In the old story, Kasim, who with Ali, had wasted their father's substance, marries the daughter of a rich merchant, but she is not the amorous Alcolom of the spectacle. Kasim is butchered as he runs out of the robber's cave. Morgiana, as Kasim's slave girl was known to us in childhood, Marjanah, "the Corraline"; for "marjan" means red coral; constantly shows her shrewdness and at last weds Ali's nephew. Ali marries his brother's widow. There is the tailor, Baba Mustafa. When the robbers were put to death by the boiling oil baled in potfuls into the huge leathern vessels by Morgiana, the captain of the band, having escaped, disguises himself as a rich merchant—his name is Khwajah Hasan—hires a shop in the bazaar, becomes a friend of Ali and his nephew. In Ali's house Abdullah, his slave boy, serves a banquet. Morgiana suspects the invited guest because he abstains from salt. At her master's command she sings and dances in costly raiment, pleasing them all "with graceful steps and sportive motions." Finally she slays the merchant, knowing him, with a poniard. Thus she wins her freedom and Ali's nephew.

Now where did Mr. Asche find Zahrat-Al-Kulub? Did he go back to some English pantomime for his free version of the story?

Ali Baba and the robbers have figured in opera, grand and comic.

Scribe and Melesville went back to an old piece written in 1793, "Koukourgi," by Daveyrier-Melesville, the Elder. This piece was not performed. Scribe and Melesville shaped a libretto from it, "Ali-Baba or the Forty Thieves," for which Cherubini wrote the music. The opera was produced at the Opera in Paris July 22, 1833. It had little success. There were only 11 performances. It was described as the work of an old man—(Cherubini was then 63). The chief singers were Nourrit, Levasseur, Mmes. Falcon and Damoreau, a strong cast. Cherubini introduced the march from his opera "Faniska" and the bacchanale from his "Achille a Scyros." He had written in 1793 the music for "Koukourgi." For "Ali Baba" he wrote new pages. He did not leave Versailles to see the performance. He only said: "The opera was too old to live long; it was 40 years old when it came into the world."

Note how these librettists transformed the old tale. The wives of Ali and Kasim do not appear. Kasim is not a character. We have Dello, the daughter of Ali Baba, Morgiana, Nadir the lover of Delie, Ourskan the bandit chief, Calip a treasurer, Ali Baba, Thamar the lieutenant of Ourskan, and Aboul Hassan, the chief of customs. The secret of the robbers' cave is found by Nadir and Delio at the very beginning of the opera.

The librettists, Van Loo and Busnach, wrote for Charles Lecocq a libretto that follows closer the original version. The comic opera "Ali Baba," in three acts and eight scenes, was produced at the Alhambra, Brussels, Nov. 11, 1887. The characters are Morgiana (Mme. Simon-Girard), Ali Baba (Dechesne), who is the cousin, not the brother of Cassim (Massmacher), Zobeide (Mme. Duparc), Chalmin (Simon-Max), and others of minor importance. The opera was highly successful in Brussels. Brought out at the Eden, Paris, Nov. 28, 1889, it did not win so warm approval, possibly on account of the great size of the hall. The performances at the Eden ended on Dec. 20 of that year, yet there is charming music in the operetta, there are elaborate ballet numbers, and the spectacular effects were considered remarkable at the time. Cassim is singularly transformed by the librettists and figures at the end.

As the Herald stated last Tuesday, "Seventeen" is a tragedy of calf-love delightfully told, delightfully acted. Whenever calf-love is mentioned we recall verses addressed by a boy to his big sweetheart in the "Sparrowgrass Papers" by Fred S. Cozzens, published originally, if we are not mistaken, in the Putnam's Magazine of the Fifties, that monument to the literary taste of George William Curtis, the editor. We do not remember the first verse, but these lines have remained in the memory:

Chocolate drop of my heart!
I dare not breathe thy name,
Like a peppermint stick
I stand apart in a sweet though secret flame,
And when you look down on me
And the button a-top of my cap
I feel as if something had got in my throat
And was choking against the strap.

I passed your garden and there
On the clothesline hung a few
Pantalets, and one tall pair
Reminded me love of you.
And I thought as I swung on the gate
In the cold by myself alone
How soon the sweetness of hoarhound dies,
But the bitter keeps on and on.

We quote from memory and are probably not letter perfect. Alas, my Posthumus, the fleeting years! These verses are not dissimilar in spirit to those written by William Sylvanus Baxter, the hero of "Seventeen," to the silly, insufferable Lola Pratt.

"Billeted," with Miss Margaret Anglin, as the heroine, now pleasing her many admirers at the Hollis Street Theatre was produced in London at the Royalty Theatre, Aug. 22, 1917. Betty Tarad[illegible] was then played by Miss Iris Hoey; Capt. Rymil by Dennis Eadie. A sister, Miss Stella Jesse, of one of the authors, Miss Tennyson Jesse, took the part of Penelope, and the Pall Mall Gazette in its review of the performance, saying that the part was played "beautifully" by her, also said:

"Perhaps the best thing in the whole play is the entirely charming character of a young friend of the wife's—a frank lively, sensible, but as yet undisillusioned ingenue, who finely pairs off with the colonel."

When the comedy was performed in Philadelphia, before it was seen at the Playhouse, New York (Oct. 25, 1917), the title was "Lonely Soldiers." It was then doubted whether the original title would be generally understood in this country. The change, if it was for this reason, was not flattering to the intelligence of the playgoers.

When "The Chinese Puzzle," in which Mr. Jewett made his return to the stage at the Copley Theatre last Wednesday night, was produced in London at the New Theatre, July 11, 1918, the Times spoke of Chi Lung as scattering apothegms and apologues as other men scatter cigarette ash. "His rich silken robes and flaunting peacock's feather will endear him to the ladies. His slanting eyebrows and physiognomy of an exasperated cat will please all amateurs of the grotesque. We ourselves are fascinated by his prose style. It is a masterpiece of periphrasis. * * * Perhaps Western barbarians will feel a little uncomfortable about the wife. Her ethical situation is shady. Will she never tell? Voltaire asked, if your happiness depended on your touching a button which killed a mandarin at Peking, would you touch it or not? The wife has not touched the button, but she has let the mandarin himself touch it for her. His Excellency ought to give us an apothegm for that delicate case. Meanwhile, moral problems apart, the play is immensely amusing." Mr. Lion, one of the authors, took the part of Chi Lung; Ethel Irving that of Naomi.

An earlier performance of the play was at Washington, D. C., on June 24, 1918, when Edward Emery played Chi Lung.

The play was produced at the Shakespeare, Liverpool, July 1, 1918.

"Going Up," a musical comedy, which will be produced here tomorrow night at the Colonial Theatre, is a version of "The Aviator," a farce by James Mont-

[illegible] composed in the Tuileries [illegible] 1870. "Going Up" was brought out at the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, Nov. 15, 1917. New York saw it at the Liberty Theatre Dec. 25 of that year. The original New York company included Frank Craven, Edward Begley, Frank Otto, Joseph Lortora, Donald Meek, John Park, Arthur Hull, Francois Vaulry, Edith Day, Marion [illegible], Ruth Donnelly, Grace Peters.

The Paris Conservatory Orchestra and Bizet's "Patrie"

It will be a great pleasure to hear the famous orchestra of the Paris Conservatory. In a sketch of this Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris that was published in the Herald a few Sundays ago attention was called to the performance given to the symphonies of Beethoven, since Habeneck conducted the first concert. Wagner's rhapsody over a performance of the Ninth Symphony that he heard in Paris is known to all. Next Wednesday Beethoven's Symphony in C minor will be heard. The other pieces on the program are familiar; but a note about Bizet's overture, "Patrie," may not be out of place. The last performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was on Dec. 14, 1907, under Dr. Muck.

In 1873-74 Pasdeloup, conductor of the Concerts Populaires in Paris, asked three French composers to write each for him a symphonic overture. They would be played, he said, on successive Sundays. Bizet wrote "Patrie"; Massenet "Phedre"; Guiraud, "Arteweide." Bizet's overture was first played on Feb. 15, 1874. It was first heard in Boston at a Symphony concert led by Mr. Paur Feb. 4, 1886. There have been other performances in Boston.

According to one of Bizet's biographers the composer had at first in view the misfortunes of vanquished France, the anguish of the Terrible Year. "All the suffering, all the mourning, which had moved the soul of the year. All the suffering, all the sorrow, which had moved to pity the soul of the patriot had appealed strongly to the imagination of the poet. He wished to sing of our country in mourning, yet living still, still dear to the hearts of her children; our country mutilated and still bleeding, its future rise from the dust; but he soon understood that song of sadness, and the evocation of days of anguish and tears were not suited to our period of calm. Then by a poetic license, by the happy substitution of a touching allegory, full of instruction, he invoked the mighty apparition of agonizing Poland, still conquered, still existing, whose memory is ineffaceable and whose sacred name lives ever in the hearts of her dispersed children. It is this profound feeling, this dark and dolorous despair of the vanquished and this indelible love of the child for the wounded and violated mother which have been expressed by Bizet with nervous ferocity and incomparable brilliance and vigor."

This biographer Pigot rails bitterly at the melomaniacs who, swooning at the sound of Wagner's music at Lamoureux's concerts, insisted that "Patrie" was written by Bizet as an overture to an opera based on Sardou's drama "Patrie," which he thought of writing.

Bizet was one of the few that at the opening of the Franco-Prussian war foresaw the catastrophe. He wrote to Reyond Galabert before the first defeats: "And our poor philosophy, our dreams of universal peace, of the brotherhood of nations, of human fellowship! In place of all that, tears, blood, piles of flesh, crimes without number and without end! I cannot tell you, my dear friend, into what sadness I am plunged by these horrors. I am a Frenchman—I remember that—but I am not able to forget that I am a man. This war will cost humanity five hundred thousand lives. As for France, she will lose everything in it. . . . Alas!"

The composer served as a member of the national guard in the defence of Paris. In 1870 he wrote to Guirand from Barbizon: "Yesterday, anxious, desperate, not being able to endure longer this atrocious state of indecision, we went on foot to Fontainebleau, and there at the mayor's office we read the handful of dispatches which the Gaulois publishes today. In three different encounters our soldiers fought one against 10, one against five, one against three! The Prussian army manoeuvres tranquilly, knowing exactly where our different corps are, beats them easily in succession, and our generals know nothing. The Emperor said yesterday, 'I no longer know where MacMahon is.' It's pitiable! Lorraine is invaded; there is a battle at hand between Metz and Nancy, and if we should lose it! I am not a chauvinist—you know this; but my heart has been sick and I have had tears in my eyes since yesterday. Poor country! Poor army! Governed and directed by an incapacity that henceforth will be notorious. It is not the moment for recrimination, but the Uncle at least knew where to find the enemy. Will it not be a case of the campaign of the Sadowa over again? . . . Why should soldiers be left in the interior? Why are not we all employed in the defence of our cities? Are they refusing divisions to the nation? To-

[illegible] I have not [illegible] it we to [illegible] I do not know but it would be better to return to Paris.

Afterwards, a soldier in Paris, he wrote (Nov. 26, 1870): "These three months of a Republic have removed the thickest layer of disgrace and ordure with which this infamous empire has covered the country. I foresee that Gambetta is indeed the man in whom we should hope, to drive out the Prussians and to preserve the Republic! It will be a hard task, but my hope increases daily."

The Nomadic Life of Our Visitor, Raoul Laparra

Mr. Raoul Laparra, who with Mme. Helen Stanley will give a concert in Symphony Hall next Saturday afternoon, is best known here by his sombre but engrossing opera, "La Habanera," produced at the Boston Opera House for the first time in the United States on Dec. 14, 1910. Revived in 1912, the opera had in all only four performances. It deserved many more, but the subject was too grim and it shocked delicate susceptibilities. Not even the apparition of the ghost to the music in Habanera rhythm saved the opera. But Mr. Laparra is more than a man of one opera. His second dramatic work, "La Jota," a lyric tale of Aragon, was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, in 1911. He has written a violin sonata, played in London by him and his brother Edouard in June, 1912; also, "The Conquistador," an American musical drama; songs, waltzes, Spanish rhythms, etc. A concert of his compositions was given in New York on Dec. 1, 1915, "for the blind soldiers of France."

Laparra, who is now in his 43d year, was born at Bordeaux. He showed musical instinct at an early age, so that his family was alarmed at his precociousness. His father used to warn his wife to look out lest the child-composer should become an imbecile. The boy took piano lessons when he was six. He entered the Paris Conservatoire at the age of 11, where his teachers were Diemer, Lavignac, Massenet and Gedalgo. He himself said to reporter six years ago

"I am nomadic in my habits. When I was a mere child I used to gallop on horseback across the Spanish frontier and ramble among the Pyrenees. Sometime in the long ago my ancestors lived in Spain, and although French I know that I am also Iberian in my mental makeup. The scientists call it atavism; but be it what it may, it seems that from my earliest days I knew that I would find my true inspiration in Spain.

"From 1900 until 1902 I passed two years at Burgos, and it was there in the heart of Castile, mournful and desolated in the midst of workingmen and peasants, living their life, that I conceived and wrote my 'Habanera'—first the libretto and then the score.

"When I returned to Paris to try for the Prix de Rome, I found myself forgotten; the Conservatoire did not count me any longer as a musical possibility." (Mr. Laparra, as a pupil of Gabriel Faure, was awarded the Prix de Rome in 1903.)

"I came to Rome in January, 1903, and I at once asked for and received the leave of absence of one month to visit the Orient. I devoted the greater part of a year to visiting Armenia, Turkey and Greece. When the three years of study granted under the Grande Prix de Rome expired I returned to Paris. Of course I loved Paris, but the feverish life of the Parisians displeases me and the climate tires me. In order to work I need sunshine and calm. Only the rehearsals of 'Habanera,' which was first produced in 1908, made me spend six months in Paris without once leaving the city.

"'La Jota' was also produced. I brought with me from the Orient a complete opera, of which I was both the poet and the musician. It is called 'Amphytrion.' I do not know when, if ever, it will be given. While this work is somewhat oriental in its nature, I derived a great deal of inspiration from the works of Plato and Moliere. As you see, I refuse myself nothing when it comes to choosing a librettist. These are charming co-workers, always satisfied with my work, not to speak of the honor they confer upon me.

"My next opera will have Japan for its background. That is why I want to go to Japan. But if I am blessed with ideas I am not blessed with worldly goods, and that is why I plan to make a concert tour of American cities. It sounds a trifle prosaic, but then I have a certain claim upon America, and my two children still discuss whether they are French or American.

"Am I equipped for the concert platform? I believe I am. While I did not fully decide upon the programs, I shall devote the greater part of them to the works of Chopin, offering as a contrast the works of the modern French composers."

In 1907 Mr. Laparra married Miss Mary Sharafelt of Omaha (Neb.)

On Saturday Mr. Laparra and Mme. Stanley will be heard in "A Musical Journey Through Spain," a collection of "miniature tableaux." The songs will deal with life in Castile, Biscay, Andalusia, Catalonia, Aragon. The piano [illegible] guitar solos [illegible] Stanley was last [illegible] here in February and March, 1917.

To the Editor of the Boston Herald

Recently one of the Boston papers mentioned the fact that the name of Death had appeared on the register of a hotel in a western city, and that the hotel proprietor had said that this was the first time that the name had ever been placed on his register. I recalled at once an engraving of "Mr. Death, comedian," which I had had for many years, and looked up, aided by the Shaw collection, the record of this actor with the uncanny name. Thomas Death first came into prominence when a member of the Smock Alley Theatre in Dublin. He was in the cast of a comedy by Maynard Chamberlain Walker entitled "The Benevolent Man" when it was first acted at that theatre in 1771. This comedy was afterward given at Edinburgh, but I cannot find that it was ever acted in London.

Death first appeared at Covent Garden Theatre on Oct. 8, 1777, as Tom in Steele's play of "The Conscious Lovers." He remained a member of the company for that season, and Mr. Shaw has a leaf from the account book of the theatre for that year with his signature as receipt of the sum of £50 6s. 8d., being his salary in full for the season. On Oct. 21, 1777, he played Brush in Smollett's two-act farcical play of "The Reprisal; or, The Tars of Old England." In this piece Smollett showed his comic genius, but the play was really a most illiberal attack on the French, and, although some of the charactors are as highly drawn and as rationally distinguished as can be found in any of the plays of the day, it was not a remarkable success. Two months later the comedian acted the Gentleman Usher in "King Lear" in a performance which marked the first appearance of Mrs. Jackson as Cordelia. In 1794 he was at Norwich, Eng., acting Ephraim Smooth in "Wild Oats," a part that was taken by William F. Owen the last time that O'Keeffe's comedy was given in Boston at the Museum. J. B. CLAPP.

Dorchester.

To the Editor of the Boston Herald:

James W. Gerard, late ambassador to the German Imperial Court, writes

"In the Deutsches Theatre the great revolving stage makes change of scene easy so that Reinhardt (the manager) is enabled to present Smakespeare, a great favorite in Germany, in a most picturesque manner. He manages to lend to even the most solemn scenes little touches that add greatly to the interest and keep the attention fixed. For instance, in 'Macbeth'—when Lady Macbeth comes in in the sleep-walking scene and saying, 'What, will these hands ne'er be clean?' the actress taking part in Berlin gave a distinct and loud snore between every three or four words, thus most effectively reminding the audience that she was asleep."

Shades of Sarah Siddons and Charlotte Cushman, what do you think of that? What opportunities you missed in not reciting after this fashion!

"All the perfume (snore) of Arabia (snore) will not sweeten (snore) this little hand" (snore and tiger). Alas these great actresses knew nothing of German Kultur! JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

Notes About the Stage, Actors, Music and Musicians

Joseph Conrad's "One Day More" a play in one act, was performed at the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham (Eng.), last month. This has been the only performance of the play in England except one given by the Stage Society of London, June 25, 1905. Conrad's only play is characterized as an exhibition of moods. "It appeals to the imagination," says The Stage, "though it is a sombre story—a story of an old, half-witted longshoreman, who fails to recognize his scallywag son, who has been away for years, having as a boy left home for sea, and a lonely-hearted maiden, the daughter of a noisy and disagreeable blind man, who finds broken her secret hopes of marriage and affords him all the financial assistance she can. Then the wanderer, after forcibly kissing her, returns to the sea, the girl being left sobbing and disappointed.

It is to be hoped that some historian of the stage is keeping a careful record of the London theatres during the war. The chronicle would be remarkable, inasmuch as no one, four years ago, could have foreseen the success which, on the whole, has attended the playhouses in the West end. Happily there is no sign of abatement in the pleasing tale of prosperity. The record is headed by "Chu-Chin-Chow," now in the third year of its run in His Majesty's spacious theatre.—The Stage.

Verhaeren's drama, "Philip II," translated by F. A. Flint, music by Eugene Goosens, was performed in London by the Plough Club at the Court Theatre, London, Sept. 29.

Mr. Sam L. Studley, for many years musical director of the Bostonians, popularly known as the "Ardit of New England," has written music with a marching swing to a song "When Uncle Sam Calls 'Come.'" The words are by James T. Sullivan. No less a person than Deputy Sheriff William A. McDevitt, a singer at patriotic gatherings in New York state, is singing the song with marked effect.

BY GALLI-CURCI

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Galli-Curci gave her postponed song recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Homer Samuels played her accompaniments. There was a very large audience. Many were seated on the stage and some stood. The program was as follows: Handel, "Care Selve". Horn, "I've Been Roaming"; Charpentier, "Depuis le jour"; Rossini, "Una voce poco fa"; Fourdrain, "Il neige des fleurs"; La Forge, Come unto these yellow sands"; Duparc, "Phidyle", Georges, Gavotte de Masque; Arr. by Weckerlin, "Ah! mon berger"; "Belle Manon," "Ma tendre Musette," "Comme un Chien"; Bellini, "Qui la voce." There were several additions to the program which were demanded by the enthusiastic audience. Among the songs introduced were "Drink to me only" and "Robin Adair."

As on former occasions, Mme. Galli-Curci shone brilliantly in the bravura arias, displaying again astonishing ease and facility in runs, staccato notes and all ornamentation. In her singing of the air from "Louise" one could have wished for more warmth, more abandon. The voice itself was beautiful; the measures were a pleasure to the ear, but they were not the passionate expression of the amorous Louise, a passion that at first slumbering in recollection, awakens, rises to intensity and then again is calmed but not extinguished. The performance was, on the whole, too deliberate, too matter-of-fact.

Brilliant as Mme. Galli-Curci is as a singer of florid arias, she is first of all a lyric soprano, and the songs that were purely lyrical, simple as "Ah' mon berger" and "Ma tendre Musette," or examples of the advanced modern school, as the songs of Fourdrain and Duparc, showed to full advantage the charming quality of her tones, her mastery of sustained melody, her ability to express gentle sentiments, subdued pathos, ingenuous appeal. Nor should her tripping delivery of the song by La Forge escape mention.

Too often, beginning with the song of Handel, the great melodist, who, unfortunately, is regarded by many as only a manufacturer of oratorios, she fell into the old prima donna trick of prolonging high tones to the detriment of the melodic structure and the flow of rhythm. It is not necessary for her to do this to excite applause. There was a day when a singer compelled adoration by the introduction of extreme tones and by unwarrantable prolongation of the same. That day is over except for the unthinking and the frequenters of rarce shows.

Mme. Galli-Curci will give a second recital in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 13.

Oct 28 1918

As the World Wags:

The falling of the leaves from the elms and maples is giving the ladies of our village a pleasant form of outdoor exercise as diversion from the labors of the kitchen. Every dooryard was busy this morning and the piles of leaves stood high. I stopped to pass the time of day with the Widow Jenkins. "Madam," I said, bowing respectfully, "it has been said that every woman is at heart a rake. It would seem from your own activities and those of your neighbors that it was said advisedly." I barely gained the sanctuary of the postoffice. ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

By Their Smell

As the World Wags:

You referred recently to some one's statement that he believed he could identify different cities by their smell were he to be set down in them blindfolded.

When Miss Helen Keller was in Boston not long ago she told me that she, like all blind persons, was extraordinarily sensitive to odors. She had visited at least 100 different cities, she said, and each had a distinctive smell. She was very certain that she could tell each by its smell if there were no other means of identification. I asked her what Boston smelled of, supposing that, of course, she would pay a tribute to our justly famed east wind—which, whatever its disadvantages, is certainly a delight to the connoisseur in fragrance. She replied that Boston smelled of ivy on church walls. L. L. J.

Boston.

A Nocturne

As the World Wags:

Since that esteemed philosopher, Herr Professor Teufelsdroeckh of Weissnichtwo, was gathered to his fathers many things have happened which seem to make imperative a further amplification of his celebrated Clothes-Philosophy. I

memory serves, this worthy [illegible] the not-incurious of man's handiwork was accustomed to assemble fugitive notes on human habiliments by the simple expedient of dropping them into paper bags, approrlately numbered, so that his editors might have less difficulty in revising the same for publication. May I not—as the President so felicitously says—suggest that Mr. Herkimer Johnson make similar use of the receptacles in which he brings home his monthly allowance of sugar, to contain scattered thoughts on certain modern aspects of human dress, such as our progress since the days of Carlyle has tended to make it desirable to collate and publish?

More especially, I have in mind the changes in nocturnal apparel as affected every night by the army of the horizontal. In the day of Samuel Pepys, I gather, men were wont to creep right in betwen the sheets with nothing on at all. There followed a prolonged epoch in which the world lay down to rest in a wholly sexless nightshirt. Latterly, and perhaps this will continue to the day of judgment, garments variously called pajamas, or pyjamas, consisting of coat and trousers, have achieved an undoubted popularity with males, and I am credibly informed with the more masculine-minded of females as well. Is there naught in this to inspire the versatile sage of Clamport?

But what chiefly seems to me to require research is a matter brought to my attention by the federal sub-department on the standardization of wages in the production of army clothing—a department which appears to be attempting to co-ordinate with both the war and labor departments. I am credibly informed by the learned pundit who has this work in charge that the coats of pajamas invariably wear out sooner than the pants—a fact which produces in time a surplus of perfectly good encasements for the nether limbs for which there is no supply of proper mates. Why is this thus? I admit the correctness of the statement, because I have a bureau drawer at home filled with pajama trousers of distinctive stripe, for which the coats have long been a mere memory.

Not only why, but also what to do? Is the remedy to make the lower section of each suit out of inferior material, in order to insure that in their death they shall not be divided? Or should every suit contain two coats to one pair of trousers, even as the tailor urges you to get an extra pair of pants with every suit? Or shall a benevolent government decree that no man or woman shall ever buy pajamas save such as are precisely like every other suit of pajamas in the country, so that lack of a coat may not occur? This last expedient would obviously work but ill, because the extra pants would continue to pile up and the coats continue to disappear through the rapid erosions of the laundress; but the embarrassment of one who likes to have the two parts of his costume match, even when visible to no eye but his own, would thus be voided.

Aside from the difficulty of determining why the upper part of one's nightclothes wears out so much more rapidly than the lower, there are questions that Mr. Johnson ought to find productive of rumination. Which way should a gentleman as is a gentleman wear these garments—with the coat tucked inside the trousers, or vice versa? What is the etiquette of the fire escape? What the philosophy of bathrobes? I am well aware of the possibility that Mr. Herkimer Johnson may be an old-fashioned man and may prefer the flowing toga in which our daddies used to wrap themselves when lying down to pleasant dreams, but surely the problems of others, such as I have faintly sketched, may still be soluble through his well known and widely esteemed erudition.

PHINEAS REDUX.

Wamesit.

Bauer and Thibaud Per-

Harold Bauer, pianist, and Jacques Thibaud, violinist, gave a concert yesterday in Symphony Hall, beginning the season of Sunday afternoon concerts here. Nicolai Schneer was accompanist. The program: Sonata in C minor, Grieg, Mr. Bauer and Mr. Thibaud; Chant d'Hiver, Ysaye, Polonaise in A major, Wieniawski, Mr. Thibaud; Papillons, Schumann, Scherzo in B-flat minor, Chopin, Mr. Bauer; Sonata in A major, Cesar Franck, Mr. Bauer and Mr. Thibaud.

The hall was far from crowded, but the audience was unusually demonstrative in its enthusiasm and was so insistent that each artist added a number to the program. Both players maintained the high standard of musicianship, the elegance, finish, warmth of sympathy and restrained force of expression with which they have made the Boston public familiar.

Mr. Thibaud roused special admiration in the Wieniawski selection, and Mr. Bauer won particular acclaim in "Papillons." Their highest artistic point was reached in Franck's noble sonata. Mr. Bauer played the Chopin scherzo with great technical brilliancy, but he failed to seize and voice the unique and baffling spirit of the composer, with the result that much of the irridescent splendor of the piece was lost. There is nothing strange in this, as Chopin is a closed book to most pianists of both low and high degree.

Oct 26 1918

SYMPHONY GIVES FIRST CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The first concert of the 38th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Pierre Monteux conducted. The program was as follows: Franck, Symphony in D minor; Schumann, Overture to "Manfred"; Dukas, "La Peri" (first time in Boston); Debussy, "Iberia."

The answer to the many erroneous, some of them malicious, statements published abroad concerning the present condition of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was the concert of yesterday; a concert that was conspicuously beautiful and brilliant; a concert long to be remembered gratefully, one that aroused the large audience to enthusiastic approval.

While Mr. Monteux had ample time, as it would seem to some, for preparation, his task was not an easy one. He had never conducted the orchestra in former years; he was musically unacquainted with the older members; no matter how skilful the new players may be, the orchestra could not reasonably be expected to be at once a homogeneous and plastic body. The tribute paid Mr. Monteux yesterday by audience and orchestra must have recompensed him for his indefatigable labor. There was spontaneous and public acknowledgment of his technical mastery as a conductor; of his sensitiveness and poetic insight as an interpreter; of the modest and ingratiating personality of the man himself.

Mr. Monteux has an exquisite sense of tonal values, of tonal balance and proportion. He is an invoker of euphony. He has the respect for clarity and logical development that characterizes his nation in literature and art. Mr. Gericke had these qualities, the exercise of which gave the Boston Symphony orchestra international reputation; but Mr. Monteux has, in addition, warmth, imagination, emotional expressiveness, qualities that were foreign to Mr. Gericke's nature.

Led by Mr. Monteux and played by the admirable orchestra, Franck's symphony is more than ever music of noble outlines, music rich in beauty, music that beginning in doubt and questioning finds consolation even on earth, and at the end rejoices, as a mighty alleluia of the celestial hosts. The loving attention paid the wealth of detail did not check the continuity of the composer's thought, did not stay the imperious rush in the two allegros. Inner voices were heard, but were not unduly prominent; they were not brought out by the conductor with the exulting air of a discoverer. And in the symphony one noted at once a marked improvement in the strings. They sang melodic passages with musical sensuousness. Pizzicati measures for once had body and significance. So, too, the brass choir had more character than in former years. Its full force was impresssive, never blatant. Here, as in the other choirs, there was delightful precision.

Some time ago Mr. Monteux said he saw no reason why the music of German masters, as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, should not be performed in these troublous times. He chose for his first concert Schumann's overture to Byron's tragedy, an overture that has long been regarded as a classic, like unto a book "without which no gentleman's library is complete." The thunderbolts may fall on us for blasphemy, but the overture now seems to us singularly un-Byronic in thought and expression, and, save for the final measures, devoid of true poetic feeling. We find in it neither the gloomy Manfred nor the Witch of the Alps, nor the form and voice of the loved Astarte.

"La Peri" of Dukas was played here for the first time. Composed as a ballet for Miss Trouhanowa, it was reproached by some in Paris for being too "symphonic," fit for the concert hall rather than the stage. However this may be, the music is for the most part engrossing and not only by reason of exciting rhythms and gorgeous instrumentation. There are charming harmonic inventions; haunting modulations; delicate nuances—and Mr. Monteux is a master of nuances—melodic lines that are more noteworthy in measures for "stage business," or descriptive measures, than in those evidently designed for the solo dancer.

A brilliant performance of "Iberia" brought the end of a concert that held the attention of the hearers throughout.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week, Friday and Saturday, is as follows: Orchestral pieces, Beethoven's Symphony No. 7; Loeffler's "La Bonne Chanson"; Ravel, "Daphnis and Chloe," Suite No. 1, with chorus (first time here). Mme. Florence Easton of the Metropolitan Opera Company will sing "Dove Sono" from "The Marriage of Figaro" and Lia's air from Debussy's "Prodigal Son."

Oct 27

'GOING UP' A MERRY PIECE

By PHILIP HALE

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Going Up," a musical farce, founded on James Montgomery's comedy, "The Aviator." Book and lyrics by Otto Hauerbach; music by Louis A. Hirsch. Produced by Cohan and Harris at Atlantic City Nov. 15, 1917.

Miss Zonne.....Madeline Snyder
John Gordon.....John Park
F. H. Douglas.....George W. Callahan
Mrs. Douglas.....Jean Newcombe
Jules Gaillard.....Armanc Kalisz
Madeline Manners.....Marion Sunshine
Grace Douglas.....Edith Day
Hopkinson Brown.....Frank Otto
Robert Street.....Frank Craven
James Brooks.....William H. Powell
Sam Robinson.....Edward Begley
Louis.....Francois Vaulry
A Guest.....Henry Dempsey

London saw "Going Up" last May after the farce had been produced in Manchester. Mr. Coyne then took the part of Street, and the critics were sure that this was the first time the airplane had been exploited there in musical comedy, although Robert Loraine was an air man hero on the stage before he played the part daringly in the war. London enjoyed "Going Up" and at last the farce is seen in Boston, where it bids fai rto be equally successful if the judgment of the large audience last night is any indication of what the future will bring.

Some undoubtedly remembered "The Aviator," which was performed here about eight years ago. The plot is flimsy, but it has the merit of being carried through the three acts. The farce has a moral for authors: Do not write heroic scenes in which you yourself figure unless you are willing to enact them. The greater the popularity of your book, the greater danger you then run if you wish to hold the esteem of your impassioned women readers. If Mr. Street, by nature a modest, timid person, had not written a thrilling description of his first flight, he would not have been obliged to pass a day and night of mental angulsh. Yet if he had simply said: "I am not an aviator," he would not have preserved his reputation, his second book might have fallen flat, and he would not, by surpassing the Frenchman, have won the hand of Grace.

Thackeray asked whether the admiration shown for soldiers is not based on the fact that the great majority of us are cowards at heart. A coward on the stage is laughable and provokes laughter, because so many in the audience sympathize with him; and when Street finally plucks up courage, takes his seat in the airplane and makes a heroic flight, what man of us does not say to himself, "I, too, could do this, if I were put to it"?

Mr. Craven is indeed amusing in his quiet, unobtrusive, one might say, shrinking manner. There is no extravagance in his action; he runs the gamut of timidity, from the time he dreads his popularity as author and supposed hero at the hotel, where the women, young and old, adore him as any Gilbertian hero, to the moment he jumps from the airplane frightened by the "back-fire." Facially droll, he does not "mug"; no one of his gestures, his movements is without significance. How expressive his voice! One would not soon weary of hearing the beginning of his little speech about his first flight.

Delightful, too, in a different way, is Mr. Begley's impersonation of the mechanician. Miss Day, graceful, light-footed, with a pleasing voice, dancing "Tickle Toe," the most conspicuous of the dance tunes, was the third chief feature of the farce. Miss Sunshine pleased the audience, and the others were adequate in their respective parts.

The music has some pleasant tunes of the jingle order. The audience insisted on many repetitions. Miss Day with "Tickle Toe," which she danced with Mr. Dempsey, nearly stopped the show. Her good nature was severely taxed by recall after recall.

BLANCHE RING STAR AT KEITH'S

Blanche Ring, the musical comedy favorite, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was unmistakably pleased.

Miss King's offering is a group of songs under the collective title of "Tonics and Tunes of the Times." The artist is first of all the comedienne and yet all her numbers are of a patriotic motif. Her second number, employing the Dooley family in musical speech, was decidedly her best number and recalled her right to the title of "The Daughter of Joy." In this song she not only excelled in textual lucidity, but her skill as a dialectician was obvious and she entered the number with her characteristic zest. William Lorraine conducted.

The outstanding feature of the bill was the act of Charles (Chic) Sale in his more amplified offering, "The Rural Sunday School Benefit." Mr. Sale was seen in several characters of widely differing characteristics and make-up, and there was the added interest of the celerity of his various changes. The feature of Mr. Sale's performance is his wonderful art of differentiation. Thus all the different characters portrayed stood out each in its one way as a clearly individualized type. The act was marked with many subtleties of speech, of facial play and fidelity to the underlying characteristics of the types offered. There were clamorous calls for his reappearance at the conclusion of his act and the performer made a brief speech. Altogether an act unique in contemporaneous vaudeville.

Other acts on the bill were Santl, in dances of the Orient, assisted by Alta Krom, soprano; Martin Webb and an unnamed performer in a controversial act; McKay and Ardine in an act of verbal flippancies and burlesque dancing; the Seven Honey Boys in a tabloid minstrel act reminiscent in song, dance and gag of other and happy days; the Wilton Sisters, singers, dancers and musicians, two youthful performers of much promise and fulfilment, who have much to offer to their elder colleagues in stage technique and a many-sided talent, and Josie O'Meers, wire performer.

'KING LEAR'

Robert B. Mantell last night began the second and last week of his engagement at the Opera House with the presensation of "King Lear."

Portrayal of the old king is no doubt one of Mr. Mantell's greatest roles. From the moment when the childish old monarch places his fate in the hands of his ungrateful older daughters and turns in anger from the younger, who loves him, to the time when he is stricken to the heart by the ingratitude of his daughters, Mr. Mantell grips the souls of his listeners.

Miss Hamper, as Cordella, was truly lovable. Mr. Leiber scored his usual success as Edgar. John Burke, GuyLindsley, Miss Reynolds and Miss Evensen were well up in their parts.

Oct 30 1918

The Belgian minister at Berlin said "Au revoir!" to Bismarck when the latter spoke to him, the last person with whom Bismarck talked before he set out for the war with Austria. "Au revoir! if all goes well," was Bismarck's reply, "otherwise I shall get myself ridden down in the last charge of cavalry." At Koenigsgrat, these words came back to him. After fierce fighting the Austrians retreated. When they were in full flight Bismarck smiled. "You may well smile now," said Moltke, "but if things had gone wrong with us, and we had been defeated, the market women of Berlin would have beaten you about the ears with their brooms."

Not Separable

As the World Wags:

The column devoted to the Waggers is hardly the place for a discussion of international politics. But for one I cannot agree, much as I admire our able and patriotic President, with his differentiation between the ruling German government and the German people. I humbly disagree with him. They are all chipped out of the same block. Square heads all. I recall an instance.

Nearly 40 years ago I worked next table to a pink-haired Platt Deutscher from Hamburg, who always insisted that he was Prussian. One morning he ran a splinter into his finger. I offered to take it out with a needle or a pair of tweezers. "No, you use a pin," said Roecka. "All the German doctors use a pin, and when German doctors say, use a pin, Das ist fertig (that settles it)."

There is no basis of argument; therefore, it is useless to talk. Keep up the fight. The only way you can get sense through Michel's skull is with the butt end of a rifle. If the operations are plentiful enough, the patient will acquire a glimmering of sense; and by absorption some of the German people may also.

S. H.

Westminster.

Peace and War

As the World Wags:

That peace has her casualties no less than war has been remarkably illustrated in the town of Hull. Just before the 101st regiment went into camp at Framingham a farewell gathering was held for the five Hull members of that regiment. At that meeting the speeches were made by the Rev. Fr. Andrew J. O'Brien of the Roman Catholic Church and the Rev. Frank Kingdon of the Methodist Church. In the intervening year and three months not one of the

... soldiers ... been seriously hurt ... though they have all been in the midst of the fighting and one has been cited for the D. S. O. decoration. Both the speakers have, however, been seriously ... Fr. O'Brien died during the influenza epidemic, while last May Mr. Kingdon met with an unfortunate accident, which robbed him of the sight of his left eye. THE LISTENER.
Hull.

Brains and Amendments

As the World Wags:

I understand that some persons are urging the voters to turn down without any consideration whatever all of the proposed amendments to our state constitution which are to be presented at the coming election for action; also, articles have appeared in the papers to the same effect. How can any one support such a puerile proposition? First, it is contemptuous treatment of the men who have given so much effort to the work of revision. Second, it is an admission that we have not brains enough to comprehend the articles proposed and to decide whether or not we approve them.

A quite casual reading of the pamphlet which has just been distributed containing the amendments in full shows that to a man or woman of any comprehension whatever most of them are perfectly clear at a glance, others require more careful study. Some we may favor others we may not. But, whichever way we may feel regarding them, do let us consider them individually and vote upon each of them one way or the other. To turn them all down because other things occupy our minds and we are too lazy to give them careful study or that the proceedings of the convention have been overshadowed by events of greater import is a travesty on our methods of government and a disrespect both to the members of the convention and to ourselves. JOHN ROBINSON.
Salem.

Oct 31 1918

Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris in Symphony Hall

PHILIP HALE

The Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, Andre Messager, conductor, gave a concert for the first time in Boston last night in Symphony Hall. The concert was given under the auspices of the French government. The program was as follows: Bizet, overture, "Patrie"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5 in C minor; Debussy, Prelude, "L'Apres-Midi d'un Fauno"; Saint-Saens, Piano Concerto in C minor, No. 4 (Alfred Cortot, pianist); Franck, Morceau Symphonique from "The Redemption"; Berlioz, overture, "Carnaval Romain."

The very large and brilliant audiences welcomed enthusiastically the orchestra and the conductor. The enthusiasm was redoubled when stirring versions of "The Star Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise" were played. What a pleasure it was to hear the "Marseillaise" taken at the proper pace; played as it is played in Paris and throughout France; not as a solemn hymn tune; but as a call to arms, the wild voice of Liberty summoning her children to her defence.

The program contained nothing that was wholly unfamiliar to lovers of music in this city. One might wish that Cesar Franck had been more worthily represented. The chief significance of Bizet's overture lies in the fact that it was inspired by the Franco-Prussian war, when the composer saw through the blood and anguish the re-created, glorious France of the future. Would that Bizet had lived to see this day!

Much was expected of this orchestra, for the fame of it has been established for years. It was gracious of the French government to send these players to us. Their sojourn in this country will enlarge the admiration already felt for French music and musicians.

It is an excellent orchestra, finely trained. The string section and the wood-wind choir were perhaps especially noteworthy. The strings have a beautiful quality. Their singing of melodic passages, their precision of attack and their brilliance call for the highest praise. The wood-wind choir in solo passages and in ensemble might well excite the envy of any orchestra of the world. The first flute, oboe and a bassoon are long to be remembered. The brass choir, too, on the whole, perhaps less effective, but we are not accustomed in this country to the French trombones. There was a delightful horn playing in the symphony and in Debussy's Prelude.

The Conservatory orchestra has been famous since the time of Habeneck for its interpretation of Beethoven's symphonies. Wagner himself was never weary of paying glowing tributes to these interpretations. Now, Beethoven, as well as Bach, is allowed to have his own way in Paris. Mr. Messager did not find it necessary for the sake of ... to distort rhythm, invent new and ... nuances, or bring into undue ... inner voices. He allowed ... and grandeur of Beethoven ... ones imposed by a ... himself on ... simplicity of Mr. Messager's interpretation was the ... of an accomplished musician, a true artist, thinking of the composer, not of his own glory.

No German, not even Mr. Weingartner or Dr. Muck, has caught the spirit of Debussy's Prelude. The most satisfactory reading in this city before last night was that of Mr. Longy. Mr. Messager, who conducted "Pelleas and Melisande" when it was produced at the Opera Comique, gave a memorable interpretation of the Prelude. The Germans always took the dominant tempo too slow, so that the Prelude dragged and was sentimental, with necessarily broken melodic lines, without charm, without the poetically atmospheric effect. Last night the Prelude was a thing of exquisite beauty.

Mr. Cortot, who was heard here for the first time, is regarded as the leading pianist of Paris. He is, indeed, a remarkable pianist, remarkable not only for technical proficiency, tone, mastery of dynamics, but also for musical feeling and comprehension. His performance of the concerto was engrossing for other reasons than mere brilliance. It is to be hoped that he will be heard here this season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and in recital. His ingratiating personality and the modesty of his bearing enhanced the pleasure given by his playing.

The audience was most appreciative. It welcomed the men of France; it was **enthusiastic over them as musicians.**

Reading the "History of Hadley" by Sylvester Judd—we see him now as he used to enter his comfortable, old-fashioned, typically New England dwelling house on Elm street at the foot of Round Hill in Northampton—reading this singularly interesting volume of history, manners and customs, folk lore, we came across a delightful passage about tobacco, characterized by Mr. Judd as a "nauseous and noxious plant." In early days, as now, the soldiers clamored for it. "Soldiers in England and America loved liquor and tobacco, and in Philip's war, it was necessary many times to send tobacco to soldiers, who were to pay for it from their wages. Capt. Poole, who commanded at Hadley in the winter of 1675-76 sent to Hartford for 50 pounds of tobacco, for the soldiers in these towns." We are better than our fathers. Rum is not inevitably associated with military glory. Capt. Poole ... at the mass of cigarettes generously sent abroad. There were pipes for the ancient heroes. Cigars were then little known.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who informs us that he recently "dined out," and sat at the pompous table of "some of our best people," was disturbed, student of sociology as he is, at the sight of young girls lighting cigarettes between courses. Unfortunately, he could not join them in smoking, for he had left his T. D. pipe on the mantelpiece in his sitting room in Blossom Court. In Hadley at the beginning of the 19th century many elderly women smoked. They "seemed to have a pleasant time with their pipes when they came together. The plastering of some rooms is said to have been tarnished by tobacco smoke. The young did not smoke."

Mrs. Rowlandson, the wife of a minister, was taken captive in Lancaster by the Nipmucks from Wenimesset, aided by some Narragansetts. She recorded in 1676 that an invitation to smoke "is a usual compliment nowadays among saints and sinners." She smoked before she was captured, and found the use of tobacco "bewitching." Would that we had known Mrs. Rowlandson! We should have been happy to put the tobacco tongs into her fair hands or to her pipe. We hope that she did not take snuff; probably not, for snuff was not kept for sale in Hampshire until near 1700. John Dickinson's widow of Hadley owned a silver snuff-box in 1762.

"Dinkum"

Some time ago we asked the meaning of "dinkum," a word in Australian slang. The word is not in the dictionary of Australian slang and colloquial expressions and no one has answered our question. We have learned that "dinkum" means "genuine." "Dinkum oil," being interpreted, means "authenticated news." This explanation gives point to a tale of Gallipoli. Some Australians had lost their way. They met a stranger in khaki who spoke English fluently and offered to guide them back to the lines. "Is it 'dinkum'?" asked a doubting Colonial. "Yes, I'm Captain Dinkum," answered the stranger, "whereupon the incident ended—likewise the life of 'Captain Dinkum.'"

"Suiving"

We mentioned not long ago the Joel case, in which Joel squealed because he had lost at cards. It came out in the trial that the word "suiving," from the French "suivre," to follow, is used in England in the sense of going double-or-quits. It is not easy to see the significance of the term as used by gamesters. The Daily Chronicle was reminded by the Joel case, in which an American from Boston or Cambridge figured as ... defendant, of ...

... ...

Morning Salutations

"An ... always ... which he calls 'The National Anthem' on the ground that whenever you hear it you have to get up."

So runs English humor. "The Star Spangled Banner" might be utilized in a still more appropriate manner, for there is mention of "the dawn's early light." Miss Aurelia Jennison writes, asking if she should rise to her feet when she hears an organ grinder grinding "The Star Spangled Banner" in the street. "And would it be unpatriotic to tell the grinder to move along, as there is a sick lady in the house?"

"Beau Ideal" and "Naive"

English purists are protesting against unnecessary misquotations of French that are common in English books and newspapers.

A "naive young man." Why this variably feminine form? Naif is as easily written.

"As to 'the beautiful ideal' of anything. If 'beau ideal' meant what the English writer thinks it means—the 'beautiful ideal,' 'ideal' being used as a substantive, and 'beau' as an adjective, it would be shockingly bad French, because the adjective 'beau' becomes 'bel' before a vowel. But in the right French it is 'beau' that is used as a substantive, just as Bulwer gushed, in capitals, about 'the Beautiful' and 'the True.' 'Ideal' is the adjective, and 'the beau ideal' of weather is nonsense."

The only answer is that "beau ideal" is in the language, has been for many years, and probably will remain there, **in spite of purists.**

"Romeo and Juliet," that tragedy of tender youth and spring, with its wonderful setting under the blue sky of Italy, was presented at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon in most fitting manner, by Robert B. Mantell and his players.

Miss Hamper as Juliet, gave a most sympathetic revelation of the heart of a young girl—frank, ingenuous, ardent and sweet. In the balcony scene especially she delighted the eye and satisfied the artistic sense.

The dreaming romantic Romeo was given by Mr. Mantell with all the ease and grace of the master of Shakespearean drama. His portrayal of the vein of melancholy and fatalistic sadness, in the character, accentuated the bursts of feeling in the more vigorous scenes.

Fritz Leiber delighted the audience in his impersonation of Mercutio, that witty, impetuous courtier of Verona. His time on the stage was all to short. As the nurse, Miss Reynolds was exceedingly entertaining. The performance, in all its details was a most beautiful one.

Nov 1918

The untrammelled and unterrified press, the lever that moves the world, announces that tea is now made extensively in Holland from blackberry leaves. "Some working class families earn an extra $4 to $8 a week by collecting the leaves."

This tea is, indeed, a ceremonial brew, if English, Scottish and Irish folk lore is authoritative. In England blackberry picking ends at Michaelmas, for after the feast of St. Michael Satan stamps his mark on the vines. In Ireland he puts his foot on the berries; in Scotland he throws his cloak over them —in opera this cloak is usually a fiery red, or scarlet. In parts of England he throws his club over the fruit. In Cornwall he touches one berry, which is then poisonous, and the people will not eat berries after that date lest they should eat the poisoned berry. In West Sussex the Devil spits on all the berries. Yet in Cornwall the first blackberry seen will cause warts to disappear. How far we are from the lines of Walt Whitman!

> I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journeywork of the stars,
> And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven.

And what could not be said in praise of blackberry jam? The following recipe published in 1826 bears on the present sugar question:

"Boil the blackberries with half their weight of coarse moist sugar for three-quarters of an hour—if the berries be gathered in wet weather an hour will not be too long a time to boil them—keeping the mass stirring constantly. It is a mistake to suppose that a stewpan is a necessary vehicle on the occasion; the commonest tin saucepan will answer the purpose equally well. The more luxurious preserves being made with white sugar, and that of equal weight with the fruit, are necessarily unwholesome; but the cheapness of this homely delicacy, besides its sanative properties render it peculiarly desirable for scantily furnished tables. . . . Indeed, to the sparing use of butter, and a liberal indulgence in treacle and blackberry jam, I mainly attribute the extraordinary health of my ... family."

Whistlers

As the World Wags:

The ... Land ... Quarter ... Herald and Journal the most ... ing ... the was that concerning ... of whistling. This interest ... I have two musical ... who express their musical selves through the medium of the whistle. They are not ordinary whistlers, they whistle continually, and by dint of ... practice have come to be real experts in their line. Both of them produce a mellow sound, which is pleasing to the ear and bound to attract attention by its sweetness.

One of these whistlers is a man of affairs who perhaps is as busy as any man in the town. He is usually ... about his barn by 5 o'clock. His first ... is almost invariably "In the Sweet By-and-By," a hymn which was his mother's favorite. From that he runs through the gamut of all the old melodies. It does not matter very much what he is doing, he whistles consistently all day long. The other whistler is a young man of the town now serving Uncle Sam at Fort Devens. It is always easy to guess when he is passing the house. His whistle is a little louder than the older man's and not quite so contemplative. His repertoire consists mainly of the modern popular airs, mingled with some of those which were popular five or six years ago. In spite of the limitations of his selections he is able to make a pleasing noise.

I have always been tempted to whistle, but sympathetic friends have discouraged me by saying that "Whistling betokens an empty mind." However, I am glad to be able to testify that the fine art of making music through a small orifice formed by contracting the lips has not entirely been lost.
Hull. THE LISTENER.

Let us quote Glorious John:

> He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
> And whistled as he went for want of thought.

Articles of Confederation

As the World Wags:

"A. M." says that "The Articles of Confederation . . . went into force on July 9, 1778." That statement, however, is incorrect. Those articles did not go into force till they were assented to by all of the 13 states, and they were not so assented to till March 1, 1781, when they were assented to by Maryland, which was the last of the 13 states to assent to them. In Baron Bradford Prince's work entitled "The Articles of Confederation vs. the Constitution" blunderingly says (page 37) that the "Articles of Confederation" went "into operation in 1778, on their adoption by eight states," and perhaps that blunder in Prince's work may have been the authority upon which "A. M." based his erroneous statement that the articles "went into force on July 9, 1778," that being the date on which the articles were assented to by the first eight states that had assented to them.
Brookline. SCRUTATOR.

In the "Leftenants"

As the World Wags:

Vide "The Green Hand," by George Cupples, illustration and note: Chapter XXVII., page 401, ed. George Routledge 1878. Dramatis personae, Violet Hyde, "Leftenant" Collins, Mrs. Brady as Guardian Angel. Collins loq:

"When I've got my epaulet shifted to my right shoulder, then may I see you?"

Note—At that period the distinguishing mark of a commander, as the epaulet on the left shoulder, of a lieutenant, and the epaulet on both, of a post-captain British navy, tempo. Saint Helena.
Boston. Z. Y. X.

The G. A. G. B.

As the World Wags:

With great pleasure the writer has read recent sketches on your editorial page of the career of Daniel Pratt.

As a small boy, the writer lived in Williamstown, under the shadow of Williams College, and of course saw all the "celebrities" who visited town and college. Possibly the fact that there was a local Pratt, none other than the famous "Bill," made the visits of Daniel to Williamstown more noteworthy to us youngsters, who were very jealous of "Bill's" fame. Our chief recollection of Daniel is what was possibly his last visit to Williams, in 1877 or 1878. Like all itinerants, he spent a portion of his time in the post office, and there we saw him display to the wondering eyes of the postmaster, "Pa" Taft, and our youthful circle a huge roll of manila paper, at least eight inches in diameter and of nearly equal width, on which Daniel had pasted newspaper clippings. What was the nature of these clippings we could only guess. They may have been press notices, but we assumed they constituted his "lecture."

On this visit he addressed the college students at the Soldiers' monument on the crest of Consumption Hill, but what he said is out of our recollection, for our interest was centered on the interruption to the speech caused by a frisky student climbing the monument and placing the orator's white "plug" hat on the top of the statue's head. We recall that Daniel pleaded with ... ...

Williams, ... ferred on Daniel ... G. A. ... ditional title of G. A. ... American gas bag), and h... as much pride ... as ... conferred G. A. T. (great Am...an traveler). WILLIAM S. COOPER.
Reading.

Nov 2 1918

SECOND CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Monteux conducted. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony in A major, No. 7; Mozart, recitative, "E Susanna non vien?" and aria "Dove Sono," from "Le Nozze di Figaro"; Loeffler, poem, "La Bonne Chanson"; Debussy, recitative, "L'Annee en vain" and aria "Azael! Azael!" from "L'Enfant Prodigue"; Franck, symphonic poem, "Les Eolides"; Ravel, First Suite from the ballet "Daphnis et Chloe." Mme. Florence Easton of the Metropolitan Opera company was the singer.

There was an engrossing performance of the symphony, a musical and poetic performance that should have disabused any person laboring under the delusion that only a German can fitly interpret the music of Beethoven. It was a singularly clear and well balanced performance, rhythmically exciting, but without extravagance; the imposing climaxes were admirably prepared; the wonderful Allegretto, one of the fullest manifestations of Beethoven's genius, was played in the requisite spirit of simplicity, nobly, without a suspicion of sentimentalism, while the Finale, in which Beethoven shouts and throws his hat in the air, was a revelation of Dionysiac fury.

Mr. Loeffler's "Bonne Chanson" was first performed under another title at a Symphony concert in 1902. When it was then heard, it appealed to all by its lyric flight and its unsophisticated beauty. The composition, suggested by a poem in Paul Verlaine's cycle "La Bonne Chanson," has been thoroughly revised and re-orchestrated. In many instances in music as in literature revision has enfeebled the original. The sandpapering and the polishing have brought tameness; the pursuit of perfection has resulted in finicalness. It has not been so with this composition, which must now be ranked for its spontaneity, its warmth, its poetic feeling with the finest and most mature of Mr. Loeffler's works. There is no over-elaboration, no anxious search after the unusual, no apparently deliberate avoidance of frankly melodic expression. There is no suggestion of Flaubertian toil and agony in shunning what might be considered conventional and obvious. Richly scored, this "poem" has substance in thought as well as gorgeousness in expression. Surely Mr. Loeffler will now be willing to allow the publication of it.

The eloquent performance of "La Bonne Chanson" was followed by a delightful reading of Franck's "Eolides" with its exquisite treatment of the short chromatic phrase, with its infinite harmonic variety.

The fragments from Ravel's ballet are not so interesting in a concert hall as those contained in the Suite played last season. They are more in need of scenery and pantomime. The Nocturne has some charming bits of color; the Interlude has curious vocal effects offstage, difficult intervals for the singers who had been well trained by Mr. Stephen Townsend; the warlike dance of the pirates has a ferocity that is not displeasing, but as a whole the music, as absolute music, disappointed expectation. By some unaccountable negligence Daphnis was referred to in the program book as a woman.

Mme. Easton did not do herself full justice yesterday. We have heard her sing here in opera with freer voice. Yesterday her upper tones were sometimes pinched and without body. The middle and lower tones were rich and beautiful. She phrased as an accomplished musician. Lia's recitative and aria were sung dramatically. In the aria of Mozart she was less successful, but the singers of Mozart's perfect melodic line are few.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concert next week, for the orchestra will go on its first trip this season. Mr. Rabaud will conduct the concerts of Nov. 15, 16. The program has not yet been determined. The public owes Mr. Monteux a heavy debt of gratitude. By his skill, patience and unfailing courtesy as a disciplinarian he has already brought the new orchestra to a high stage of efficiency. Mr. Rabaud has a sonorous, symphonious, plastic orchestra at his command. As an interpreter Mr. Monteux has given memorable performances of works known and unfamiliar, performances that have been sane as well as brilliant and imaginative. As a man he has in a short time endeared himself to orchestra and public. And he with orchestra and public now bids his friend Mr. Rabaud welcome and wishes him all success.

Nov 3 1918

Raoul Laparra and Mme. Stanley Heard at Symphony Hall

By PHILIP HALE

The entertainment given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall by Mr. Raoul Laparra and Mme. Helen Stanley was entitled on the advance program "A Musical Journey Thru Spain." Possibly "Thru" was preferred by the manager in New York to "Through" as giving a more exotic flavor to the concert. Neither Mr. Laparra nor Mme. Stanley is a stranger here. The former is known by his opera, "La Habanera," a highly original and grimly impressive work performed at the Boston Opera House in 1910 and 1912. Songs by him have also been sung in Boston. Mme. Stanley has been heard in opera—she took the part of Maliella in "The Jewels of the Madonna" at the Boston Opera House (March 7, 1914) and she has sung in concert.

It is only of late years that there has been any real interest in Spanish music. In the minds of many this music was associated chiefly with castanets and dashing stage dancing. Even choral societies paid little attention to the ancient and noble ecclesiastical music of that country. In symphony concerts Chabrier's "Espana" represented Spain as "Carmen" was supposed to sum up the matter in the opera house. Spanish songs were sung effectively by Mr. de Gogorza. Mr. George Copeland acquainted the public with seductive and madding piano music of modern Spaniards. The unfortunate Granados, a victim of German barbarity, gave New Yorkers a fresh impression of genuine Spanish music. Then there was Mr. Laparra's opera.

So that the concert yesterday was of interest to musicians, folk-lorists, and amateurs of music. The program described the cycle of songs and piano pieces as "unique and vivid." These two words were spelled after the manner of ordinary mortals speaking and writing English.

From a program note we infer that the Calesera, a dance of Andalusia, was the only piano piece built on authentic folk themes. Mr. Laparra's other pieces may then be considered as music in the rhythm, form and spirit of Castilian, Andalusian, and Catalonian dances. Of these pieces the most noteworthy was the grave Rueda of old Castile, a dance for stately Spaniards, haughty rivals of the English, decorous to the degree that the Queen of Spain was said to have no legs even though she should stalk and strut on the floor to sad and pompous measures. Other dances interested by reason of curious rhythms, pictorial effects, pungent and interrupted themes. The Calesera, to which we have referred, at once caught the fancy of the audience. It was repeated, yet this and the Jota sung by Mme. Stanley, which met with like success, were the most conventionally Spanish as Spanish music is understood by frequenters of operettas and admirers of the bolero and cachucha rhythms. The delicate tango according to Laparra must have disappointed any dancing "lizard" that happened to be in the hall. He would not have appreciated the mood of the music and would have called loudly for more "pep."

The songs were of old Castile, Biscay, Andalusia, Catalonia—"En Decembre," a rough and joyous song of the Nativity, was repeated—and Aragon. The songs of Biscay, as "Iruten Harinuzu," steeped in melancholy; "Ill Argia" and "Aurcho Chiquia," were beautiful in themselves and in the interpretation. An Andalusian song, "Solea del Infeliz," had genuine and simple pathos.

Mme. Stanley first appeared in the Good Friday costume of a Castilian and later in the costume, which goes back to the 16th century, of an Aragon peasant. The costumes became her. She has a warm and expressive voice, which she used skilfully in the portrayal of various sentiments and emotions. She was especially effective in the songs of a sombre and pathetic nature. Mr. Laparra, an expert colorist, played with a fine sense of rhythm.

And yet the concert, commendably short as it was, did not escape the reproach of monotony. This was inevitable, for any program that is strictly national or of the folk order lacks contrast. Contrasts are necessary whether the concert be symphonic, for the chamber or a recital. It is not advisable, for example, to allow Ravel to follow Debussy, or Debussy, Dukas.

So Charles Lecocq is dead at last, having died in his 87th year. He was reported dead some years ago. Perhaps the obituary notices then published did not wholly satisfy him, for he denied the report, not without a show of indignation.

As a composer he was accomplished and versatile. He wrote many operettas. He attempted once, at least, to win fame at the Opera Comique, but "Plutus" was not successful. Well trained at the Paris Conservatory, he distinguished himself in the organ class, won the second prize for fugue and the first prize for harmony. Like the great majority of French musicians, he looked toward the stage ... would not listen to him, so he played an organ in church and taught. Offenbach, at the head of the Bouffes Parisiens, opened in 1856 a competition. The two successful men were Lecocq and Bizet, and Lecocq saw and heard his "Docteur Miracle" on the stage in 1857. He wrote little works without importance, and not until 1868 did he excite marked attention by his "Fleur de The."

This operetta was performed in Boston on Feb. 9, 1872, by Aimee and her company at the St. James Theatre, managed by W. H. Leake, who, on the programs, described his playhouse as a "temple of art" and promised the production of "chaste and elegant plays." "The Pearl of Pekin," based on "Fleur de The," was performed here on March 11, 1889. Gus Kerker wrote music for it. It was in this comic opera that Louis Harrison read in a newspaper that burglars had entered the house of Rutherford B. Hayes. "The burglars lost nothing."

Lecocq was best known in this country as the composer of "La Fille de Madame Angot" and "Girofle-Girofla."

The story of the production of the former operetta in Brussels, and later in Paris, is an entertaining one, but too long to be told here in these days when paper is not easily obtained and space is valuable. The first performance in Boston was at the Boston Theatre on April 15, 1874, with Marie Aimee, Mlle. Stani, Juteau, Lecuzer and Duplan in the company. On June 6, 1874, there was a performance in English at the Boston Theatre by Alice Oates, Nellie Larkelle, C. H. Drew, W. H. Crane, who took the part of Pomponnet, and J. H. Jones, memorable as the spy, Louchard, with his squeaking snuffbox and constant gag, "And once again, remember, I am ALL ears!" There were very many later performances. Emily Soldene, Paola-Marie, Theo, figured prominently as the idol of the Halles.

How imperfect, incomplete, unsatisfactory are even the most extensive biographical dictionaries! One looks in vain for any sketch of Aimee or Alice Oates, even in the "International Who's Who in Music and Musical Gazetteer," a book that covers much ground and is not trustworthy. (For example, this dictionary states that Mme. Florence Easton, who sang here at the Symphony concerts last week, "created" the part of Strauss's "Elektra" in London, whereas the first Elektra in London was Edyth Walker.) Surely Aimee—her name was Marie Tronchon—and Alice Oates, whose maiden name was Merritt, if we are not mistaken, deserves as much space in a dictionary as many little composers of long-forgotten music. Aimee was born at Algiers, and made her first appearance at Rio Janeiro when she was 14 years old. What a life she had till she died at Paris in 1887, leaving about $46,000 to Albertini, an actor, one of her many admirers. Jim Fisk brought her to New York for his Grand Opera House, where she came out in "Barbe Bleue" Jan. 12, 1871. Once in Paris—it was in 1875—she had a memorable dispute with the famous Hortense Schneider, who is still living and given over to works of charity, about the chief role in Offenbach's "La Boulangere a des ecus." Aimee played it finally, as a critic said, "by the authority of the law." Victor Koning wrote: "Schneider is the heart of Gavroche in the body of a pretty woman; Aimee is a grisette covered with the jewels of a queen." In Paris Schneider ruled tyranically, yet Aimee sang and acted with delightful abandon. Many still remember her drinking song in "La Perichole." One likes to remember her rather by her performances in opera-bouffe than by her "Pretty as a Picture" or by her speaking English in the comedy "Mam'zelle." Poor woman, she died a victim to cancer.

Nor will Alice Oates soon be forgotten by those who saw her. She was more Gallic than English in her art. Drew was an amusing little tenor. Laurent, who succeeded him in the company, had a singularly disagreeable voice, but it was whispered that it was mellifluous in the ears of Mrs. Oates. There were excellent comedians in her company. Who can forget John Howson as Mazourck in "Girofle-Girofla," a part afterwards taken by G. V. Hall.

Lecocq rose to his full height in "Fille de Madame Angot" and "Girofle-Girofla." Each operetta contains charming music, though Lecocq had not the marvellous instinct for the stage that Offenbach, an inferior musician, possessed; but Offenbach, as a rule, was more fortunate in his librettists. In "La Fille de Madame Angot" there is a wealth of melody, much of which serves a dramatic purpose. Offenbach himself, a genuine melodist, might have envied Lecocq the Romance sung by Pomponnet. This operetta was performed at the New Theatre, New York, in 1909, by a company including Mmes. Alda and Maubourg, Clement, Dutillory and Pini-Corsi. It was performed also at the Manhattan Opera House that year by French singers.

"Girofle-Girofla," another delightful operetta, was first performed here at the Boston Theatre, Dec. 7, 1874, by Mrs. Oates's company, which included Messrs. Drew, Howson, Harry Allen. Cheever Goodwin made the English adaptation. A long list of later performances could be drawn up: Mmes. Paola-Marie and Angele, with Capoul and Duplan (Boston Theatre, 1879); Coralie Geoffroy (Globe, 1885), Theo (Globe, 1884); Lillian Russell, Digby Bell, Marie Dressler, Marie ... P... ... (Hollis ... Tow... ... the Boston Ideal (1889), and so on and so on. Jennie Winston and Clara Fisher Maeder were in Mrs. Oates's company in 1873 at the Globe.

Many other operettas of Lecocq have been seen here.

"Les Cent Vierges," Globe Theatre, April 5, 18.. Aimee, Juteau, Duchesne. The program announced that "the beautiful and talented Mlle. Teresa Carreno will perform some of the most brilliant morceaux on the piano." In England an adaptation of this operetta was known as "Island of Bachelors."

"La Marjolaine," Globe Theatre, June 4, 1879. Aimee, Juteau, Mezieres, Duplan.

"Le Petit Duc"—"The Little Duke"—English version by T. Russell Sullivan and Fred Williams. Boston Museum, Feb. 10, 1879. Alice Harrison, Rose Temple, J. S. Haworth were in the company.

"La Petite Marie," Boston Theatre, June 8, 1877. Aimee and company.

"Le Jour et la Nuit," Park Theatre, April 21, 1882. Paola-Marie and company.

"Le Grand Casimir" furnished the basis for the libretto of "The Lion Tamer," in which Francis Wilson and Laura Moore were seen Jan. 23, 1893. The music by Richard Stahl was orchestrated by Sousa.

"La Jolie Persane" was changed into "The Oolah" for Francis Wilson, Laura Moore and Marie Jansen. November, 1889. Laura Moore, born at Terre Haute in 1863, took the first prize for singing at the Paris Conservatory in 1885. She had a light and beautiful voice and sang uncommonly well. In "The Oolah" during her chief air Mr. Wilson clowned it so as to divert the public attention from her.

"La Princesse des Canaries"; Park Theatre, Nov. 5, 1883. Mmes. Aimee and Angele, Mezieres, etc. Known as "The Queen's Mate" it was performed at the Tremont Theatre April 4, 1892. Helen Bertram, Bettina Gerard, J. J. Raffael, R. F. Carroll, H. Stanley, W. H. Clarke. In this operetta the duet for the two generals,

> Ce cher General Bombardos,
> Ce bon General Patques,

is worthy Offenbach at his best.

Was Lecocq at the end of his life a disappointed man? Had he ambitions that were not satisfied? After all, who would not rather be the composer of "La Fille de Madame Angot" and "Girofle-Giroffa" than the composer of a ponderous symphony that died at birth or some formal and Mendelssohnian oratorio "Keren-happuch" or "Abednego."

Entertaining Plays, New and Old, of the Week

Mr. Belasco will bring "Tiger Rose" to the Tremont Theatre tomorrow evening. This play of the Northwest was produced at Washington, D. C., on Sept. 25, 1917. In New York it was played at the Lyceum Theatre, Oct. 3, 1917. The play is a melodrama, with primitive, passionate persons and a terrific thunderstorm. In New York Mr. Willard Mack, the author, who played the part of the constable, when he was called before the curtain, quoted from the Book of Samuel: "And Saul said unto Jesse, bring David before me, for he hath found great favor in my eyes." Whereupon he led Mr. Belasco on the stage, who, no doubt, showed his customary reluctance to be made conspicuous in public. The part of the heroine will be played by Lenore Ulrich. She was seen at the Hollis Street Theatre in January, 1916, as the Indian maiden Dawn in "Oklahoma," known also as "The Heart of Wetona," in which there was much talk about the Great Spirit, a United States Army Lieutenant, who was even a greater cad than Lt. B. F. Pinkerton, who broke Mme. Butterfly's heart.

Another play that will be seen here at the Wilbur for the first time is "Business Before Pleasure," in which Messrs. Barney Bernard, the original "Abe" Potash, and Alexander Carr, the original "Mawruss" Perlmutter, will appear here together for the first time. The comedy, by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman, was produced at Atlantic City Aug. 5, 1917. "Mawruss" at the beginning declares that every man has two businesses, his regular business and the moving picture business. As for poor Rosie, she is distressed beyond measure by Rita, the vampire of the "fillums." Mathilde Cottrelly played Rosie in New York at the Eltinge Theatre, Aug. 1.., 1917, and Clara Joel took the part of Rita.

That admirable actor Mr. Otis Skinner will be at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow as Brideau in "The Honor of the Family," which he brought out at the Colonial, nine or ten years ago. The Colonel, the swashbuckler, impudent, but resourceful, is one of Mr. Skinner's most striking characterizations. The French original, "La Rabouilleuse," based on Balzac's novel "Un Menage de Garcon," did not follow the novel too closely, and in "The Honor of the Family," Brideau, Balzac's thorough rascal, becomes an amusing, sympathetic character. Furthermore, there is—or was when we saw the play—a happy ending. William Winter described Mr. Skinner's humor in the

[illegible] is [illegible] prepared as it [illegible] wishes to [illegible] and the living characters [illegible] in Balzac's novel [illegible] article "La Rabouilleuse" published in the Mercure de France in April [illegible].

At the Copley Theatre, "Officer 666," the amusing play first seen here at the [illegible] Theatre, March 10, 1913, and revived at the Castle Square in April, [illegible], will be played. The Castle Square [illegible] open with the play of polite burglar[illegible] "Cheaters."

[illegible] delighted with the gorgeous [illegible], "Chu Chin Chow," wonder [illegible] Zahrat al Kulub has not more to [illegible] in explanation of her wild behavior toward the robber chieftain. Last May [illegible] Oscar Asche, in London, introduced [illegible] new scenes in the second act, [illegible] in one of them the fuller story of [illegible] lover was unfolded. Omar had kept [illegible] in the desert for five years; he [illegible] to no man, for Abu Hasan had [illegible] away his bride. "In a beautiful [illegible] of palm trees, Zahrat, released [illegible] captivity by the craft of the rob[illegible] returns, and Omar sings to her the [illegible] of his tribe. Then the thieves close [illegible] the lovers, and Omar is taken with Zahrat to the cave of the thieves. Although the play has been acted nearly [illegible] times"—we quote from the Times of May 17—"Omar is now seen in the [illegible] for [illegible] time." The part was [illegible] at His Majesty's Theatre by [illegible].

To the Editor of the Herald.

In spite of the centuries that have [illegible], there still seems to be some interest in Congreve's comedy of "Love for Love" which was discussed in last Sunday's Herald. Mr. E. F. Edgett has [illegible] in his collection of theatrical [illegible] a copy of the second edition of the play, "Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judge's Head, near the Inner-Temple-Gate in Fleet-street, 1695." "Love for Love" was the most popular of Congreve's comedies and the fact that two editions of it were printed in the year in which it was first performed is good proof of its popularity. The cast appears in the second edition as follows: Sir Sampson Legend, Mr. Underhill; Valentine, Mr. Betterton; Scandal, Mr. [illegible]; Tattle, Mr. Bowman; Ben, Mr. Doggett; Foresight, Mr. Sanford; Jeremy, Mr. Bowen; Trapland, Mr. Triffusis; Buckram, Mr. Freeman; Angelica, Mrs. B[illegible]rdle; Mrs. Foresight, Mrs. Bowman; Mrs. Frail, Mrs. Barry; Miss Prue, Mrs. Ayliff; Nurse, Mrs. Leigh; Jenny, Mrs. Lawson.

While there is little likelihood that Congreve will be revived in this day and generation, it has been curious to [illegible] how few playgoers knew that the quotation, "Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast," was not from Shakespeare but from "The Mourning Bride."

J. B. CLAPP.

Dorchester.

"Love for Love" was revived in London on April 15, 16, 1917, at the Aldwych Theatre, and it was played unexpurgated, as Congreve wrote it. The comedy had been revived in "a modified form" in London in 1807, 1830, 1837, 1842, 1871. "The Way of the World" was played in London as late as May 5, 1918. Congreve's "Double Dealer" was revived in the same city on May 14, 15, 1916. It is a pity that in this enlightened age Congreve's comedies are only read. Mr. Edmund Gosse is not alone in his opinion about "the unique excellence" of Congreve among the comic dramatists of the [illegible]. "He is probably, of them all, the one whose plays are written with the most unflagging wit and literary charm." George Meredith was greatly indebted to Congreve. More than one of his heroines [illegible] one of the incomparable Mrs. [illegible].—Ed.

Notes About the Stage, Actors Music and Musicians

[illegible] said in London upon the fact that [illegible] revival of "Twelfth Night," [illegible] installation has been [illegible].

[illegible] flourish in London. In "R. N. [illegible]" is to be a realistic picture [illegible] on board a battleship with a [illegible] of a court-martial. There is [illegible] lieutenant" and jolly sailors [illegible] the comedy element. In "The [illegible] Him" there is an aeroplane of [illegible] construction and the crew of a [illegible] is seen "disporting."

[illegible] insist on strictly organ [illegible] will be pleased to [illegible] that Mr. J. A. Meale of London [illegible] on effecting "a compromise between the severe and the popular type [illegible]." He therefore purposes to [illegible] selections from Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas, while he will not [illegible] the stricter style.

[illegible] Brighouse, whose delightful [illegible] "Hobson's Choice" was not [illegible] here, has written a [illegible] "The [illegible], V. C.," in which [illegible] hero, gallant in battle, is like Mr. [illegible] in "The Old Curiosity Shop." [illegible] for ladies.

[illegible] warmly praised by the [illegible] Telegraph. Adamson's [illegible] "Song of S[illegible]

[illegible] a favorite [illegible] will bring [illegible] Neighbor" to the [illegible] Theatre on Oct. [illegible]. He is now dramatizing Samuel Merwin's novel "Anthony the Absolute." It is said that Oliver Morosco will produce the play.

The London String Quartet, making a tour of Spain and Portugal—15 concerts in all—will include in its programs at least one composition of British origin. In Madrid McEwen's "Biscay" Quartet, Warner's Phantasy in D and Speaight's two Shakespearean quartet movements will be performed.

Marie Loehr will play the Duke of Reichstadt in "L'Aiglon," Louis N. Parker's version, this month for King George's special fund for disabled men of the army, navy and air forces.

In an interview published some little time ago in this column, Miss Doris Keane mentioned that she hoped shortly to acquire a new and important play by a well-known dramatist, but that until negotiations were concluded nothing more definite could be said on the subject. Contracts having been signed, the embargo, however, is now raised. Mr. Edward Knoblock is the author in question, and the piece was completed by him quite recently. It is named "Tiger, Tiger," the title having been suggested, we believe, by a short poem by an American writer. The story of the play, which is in four acts, all laid in London, starts before the war, but is continued after the outbreak of hostilities, although these constitute merely the background of the picture. The role to be played by Miss Keane is said to be of a particularly strong character. The manuscript of the play was some weeks ago mailed to Mr. David Belasco, who, within 24 hours of its receipt, cabled his acceptance, stating, further, that "Tiger, Tiger" would be put into immediate rehearsal, with Miss Frances Starr in the principal part.—London Daily Telegraph.

Let us add to this paragraph "Tiger, Tiger" will be produced at the Belasco Theatre in New York on Nov. 12. O. P. Heggie is in the company.

The London Times was gentle in its treatment of piano pieces and songs by Capt. C. a Becket Williams. "One can honestly wish well to anyone who has the fixed intention of writing music that shall be directly expressive, for that is at least to start at the right end. The music played and sung yesterday owed little to any specific training."

Miss Beatrice Miller, the accomplished and versatile actress, who is greatly missed by the patrons of the Copley Theatre, is now with Bertha Kalich's company playing "The Riddle: Woman" at the Harris Theatre, New York.

George Pawlo sang in London Sept. 2[illegible] some unfamiliar songs by Sibelius. The Times found that a setting of Shakespeare's "Come Away Death" missed the essentially lyrical spirit of the original. "Most of Sibelius's songs are extremely atmospheric, and some are practically recitations, with musical accompaniment, with no singing part for the voice. Yet Mr. Pawlo, whose vocal methods are hardly suited to this kind of music somehow failed to create the necessary atmosphere, with the result that the effects aimed at did not quite 'come off.'" He introduced a new song cycle by Landon Ronald, "Gitanjali" (text by Tagore). "The music is effective in its way and written in Mr. Ronald's usual facile style, but the composer has apparently made no attempt to interpret the mentality of Tagore or to reproduce the semi-mystical atmosphere of these delicate prose poems."

"The more chamber music players imitate a good story-teller and refrain from overemphasizing the dramatic points, and content themselves with giving them their proper setting, the more people will wish to hear their stories."

It seems a little strange that Mr. John McCormack, the Irish tenor, should prepare to meet "friend Fritz," as an American citizen and a member of the American army. When he first became acquainted with "friend Fritz" it was in Mascagni's opera of that name, and the occasion was the Irishman's Italian debut at Savona. At present, he holds the rank of cook. It is recorded of Mme. Alboni that in her later years, to avoid losing her chef, she married him, after which he never cooked another dinner for her!—London Daily Chronicle.

Elsie Janis, while rehearsing for "Hullo, America!" in London, wrote her 150th poem, "Irish Philosophy." She announces a book containing 75 of her poems to be sold in aid of the fund for permanently disabled soldiers.

The London Times published this obituary notice of Mme. Liza Lehmann, who died on Sept. 19, 1918:

Liza Lehmann, born in 1862, was the daughter of Rudolf Lehmann, the painter, and grand-daughter of Robert Chambers of Edinburgh. After studying with Randegger and Hamish McCunn she appeared at the Monday popular concerts, where she remained a favorite during the nine years of her public career. This included performances at most of the principal concerts in this country, at the Crystal Palace, Philharmonic, Novello's oratorio concerts, Norwich festivals, and many others. At a farewell concert at St. James's Hall in 1894 she retired from the singing profession, on her marriage with Mr. Herbert Bedford, a well known operatic composer, and devoted herself to composition with conspicuous success. Lat[illegible] and her [illegible] for [illegible] commanded [illegible] more than one [illegible] seemed always [illegible] song from the inside [illegible] with that natural [illegible] result of careful training [illegible] able spirit.

"It is by her song [illegible] song-cycles, such as 'In a Persian Garden,' from Omar Khayyam, 'The Daisy Chain' and 'Alice in Wonderland,' and her part-songs to Shakespeare's words that Mme. Lehmann is chiefly remembered. They are on simple, musical lines, with enough dramatic feeling to create interest without disturbing the flow. She was successful also with scenas and more elaborate dramatic writing. Her musical farce, 'Sergeant Brue,' was the first which a woman was commissioned to write. A light opera, 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in 1907, and her setting of 'Everyman' by the Beecham company two years ago—the year in which she lost a son, a Woolwich cadet. The work for which we may be most grateful is the hours that were spent at the British Museum, unearthing songs by Arne and Hook for our subsequent delight; and in this she set an example that might well be followed."

This may be added about Mme. Lehmann, who, when she visited Boston with singers of her compositions, made a pleasant impression by her simplicity and good nature. She was a daughter-in-law of the creator of "Robert," who gave pleasure to readers of Punch a generation ago by accounts of the feasts and functions of the Corporation of the City of London as told by a City waiter. Mme. Lehmann's husband, born in 1867, was musically educated at the Guildhall School of Music. His chief works were "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" (Keats) and "La joie fait peur" for the voice and orchestra, an opera "Kit Marlowe," an "Ave Maria" for contralto solo, contralto chorus and various instruments, and books of songs. Mme. Lehmann was sometimes described as a Dresden Shepherdess.

The Pageant of Drury Lane, by Louis N. Parker (Sept. 27), traced the history of that theatre from earlier days down to Beecham's opera season and a typical scene from a Drury Lane Pantomime: Prelude "In the Clouds," "A Cabinet in Whitehall, 1662"; a scene from Beaumont and Fletcher's "Humorous Lieutenant"; Act II., Scene 1, from "Macbeth" (Macbeth, Mr. Betterton-Lyn Harding; Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Saunderson-Genevieve Ward); the greenroom of Drury Lane Theatre on the first night of Dr. Johnson's "Irene," Feb. 6, 1749, introducing Johnson, Boswell, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Peg Woffington, Mrs. Cibber, Garrick Macklin, Mrs. Pritchard; the Screen Scene from "The School for Scandal"; The Greenroom, Twelfth Night, with Robert Baddeley Grimaldi, Harlequin, Columbine and an actor; excerpt from "The Bohemian Girl" and Act II., Scene 1, from "The Best of Luck." At the end Polyhymnia paid this tribute to Henry Irving:

If were the hoard of Drury Lane displayed,
 Did we not summon to the classic scene,
With loving reverence, Irving's mighty shade.
 Betterton, Kemble, Garrick, Edmund Kean,
 Macready—all the great ones that have been—
We take on trust, but Henry Irving's sway
 Is still upon us and his memory green;
Yea, wreathed in flowers; for 'twas but yesterday
He trod these boards, and passed—and went the eternal way.

Mr. Isidore de Lara wrote to the Daily Telegraph of London, Sept. 21, with regard to British composers and the statement of Chappell & Co. why the works of these composers were not given more frequently at the Promenade concerts. "Their point of view is the one generally adopted and approved of by most men of business when conducting any commercial enterprise. But are the works of the leading British composers never to be heard because fifteen or twenty thousand people who form the so-called musical public in London insist upon the repeated performances of German music, for that is the music, we are told, which draws the largest audiences to the Queen's Hall? Great changes are coming over this country, an educated democracy is springing up with intellectual aspirations of every character, and I believe that there are hundreds and thousands of people in this city who are anxious to improve their taste in music, but who will not, during the present war, seek communion with the German spirit, musically or otherwise. They must be longing for some music which will express their own national characteristics. How and where is the British composer to meet them? Is it impossible in this great world-centre, in this city of cities, where generosity is proverbial, to find sufficient enthusiasts who, indifferent to the 'commercial' point of view, are willing to run a series of orchestral concerts with a view of giving the British public an opportunity of hearing some of the music of their own composers. If we are satisfied to sit down and admit that only German and Russian music can fill the coffers of the concert impresarios, and for that reason boycott the compositions of Stanford, Granville Bantock, Holbrooke and a number of others, then the British composer will be in a worse plight after the war than he was before. Is this German propaganda to go on forever? [illegible] British com[illegible] [illegible] it is worth [illegible] it is worth a great deal [illegible] of Handel. We must also remember that [illegible] Wagner before his [illegible] audiences. Wagner societies were [illegible] all over Europe, and most of the works [illegible] heard in opera houses [illegible] halls today came to England [illegible] continental reputation."

Mr. Robin H. Legge of the Daily Telegraph says that too little is known in London of Italian music. "Last June, it will be recalled, Mr. Isidore de Lara arranged and Sir Thomas Beecham conducted three concerts in Queen's Hall of Italian symphonic music, at [illegible] we were introduced to several compositions new to us; among them Respighi's 'Fontane di Roma' and a serenata by Zandonai (whom previously we had known only as an opera composer) were in the program. From time to time, too, other Italian works have been heard, but still the popular idea is that all Italian music is operatic, all Italian musicians are opera conductors or opera singers or teachers. It is easy to see how the idea arises. The Royal Italian Opera is a phrase always with us. It was so, I think, even when the De Reszkes and others were performing 'The Mastersingers.' The 'Italian method' of voice production is another phrase never absent from the singing teacher's syllabus—no matter whence the teacher or what the method. (Incidentally the Italians themselves must suffer terribly when they hear some of our exponents of what purports to be the true Italian method!) But all Italian musicians are not singers or conductors. Many are composers of orchestral and chamber music, and of this we know almost nothing. Who here has heard even one of Giovanni Bolzoni's tiny little pieces for string quartet or some similar arrangement? I, who am a little tired of the eternal complete quartet, long to hear such musical movements. Then why not revive Zandonai's Serenata Medioevale, or give us Alfano's Suite Romantica, or De Sabbata's Suite in Quattro Tempi, or one at least of Foroni's Three Overtures, or Marinuzzi's Suite Siciliana, or some of Martucci's Quattro Piccoli Pezzi, or Mugellini's Impressioni, or Catalani's Danza delle Ondine (for small orchestra)? Then there are countless small but attractive works (the more attractive in consequence in days when the soothing and grateful is more welcome than the rasping and hyper 'intellectual') by Guglielmo, Andreoli, Bazzini, Catalani (string quartet suite) and so on. And why not Puccini's Crisantema or his Two Minuets for the quartet? But the list might be augmented very largely. Is it not worth while to try these things, for the better we know all that goes to make up the Italian character in all its phases the better we shall understand the Italians, and the firmer the friendship between the nations."

In their anxious care for [illegible] and choral societies, Messrs. Novello have just issued Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater" with English words. It is a moot point whether a translation of so noble a text was desirable at all. But presumably it was supplied to meet a demand, and one realizes to the full the difficulties of the task Mr. Rothery set himself in undertaking it. It would be easy to go through his version in the spirit of a carping pedagogue. All the same "fount of goodness" does not adequately represent "fons amoris," nor does the halting metre of

That grace [illegible]

fully convey the sense of the original

[illegible] sibi complacens[illegible]

—London Daily Telegraph.

Nov 4. 1918

JASCHA HEIFETZ

Jascha Heifetz, the most amazing violinist of this generation, played at Symphony Hall Sunday afternoon the following program: Tartini's Sonata in G minor and the Paganini Concerto in D major; a Beethoven "Minuet" and "Romance" in F major; Schumann's "Waves at Play" and Moszkowski's "Guitarre"; Serenata Napoletana," by Sgambati, and the Wienlawski "Polonaise in D major."

Mr. Heifetz recalls to mind Arthur Symons's observation: "Music is the one absolutely disembodied art, when it is heard, and no more than a proposition of Euclid, when it is written." Since his sensational American debut a year ago he has matured somewhat physically. He is still, however, a slight and modest youth, his playing nowise colored by outstanding characteristics of the virtuoso. Elman's theatrical ardor, the virile fascination of Kreisler, and the personality of Ysaye, sphinx-like or leonine, doubtless contribute to their mastery of the audience. With Heifetz it is as if the heavens opened with a gush of pure sound. His audience is held, spiritually cleansed. If he finds in time a spell to magnetize its vertebrae, he will be the violinist of the century.

This youth's wonderful technique has been noted by many and praised without reserve by great brothers of the bow. And his playing is always ar[illegible], [illegible] vain-glorious [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] what in [illegible] of crystal as [illegible] yesterday [illegible] bers. In brilliant [illegible]

With many seated on the [illegible] the hall was crowded to the doors. [illegible] will doubtless be the case when he plays at Symphony Hall again on Sunday, Feb. 2.

FOR M'CORMACK

It would seem impossible for John McCormack to be welcomed in Boston by an audience exceeding in size and fervor previous ones that had greeted him in Symphony Hall, but the impossible was accomplished last night. The hall was crowded even to the utmost of the standing room and the platform's seating capacity.

Welcome Was an Ovation

It was the first of his concerts here this season and had been postponed by the grip epidemic from an earlier date.

Apparently the people's disappointment at the postponement increased the warmth of their welcome now that they had a chance to hear him at last and Mr. McCormack seemed as glad to see them as they were at greeting him again.

The singer's program as usual exhibited the extremely wide range of his powers from the solemnity of "God Breaketh the Battle" aria from "Judith," by C. Hubert H. Parry, through the strength of Franck's "La Procession"; the emotional intensity of Tschaikowsky's "No, Whom I Love" and Bantock's "Love's Secret," to the quaint, humorous and tender Irish folk songs, in the singing of which Mr. McCormack has no equal.

He displayed splendid patriotic fire in "When Pershing's Men Go Marching Into Picardy," by James H. Rogers, and in two other war songs that he sang as extra numbers. "The Star Spangled Banner" is rarely given with more dramatic force and impressiveness than Mr. McCormak imparted to it in opening the program.

As always, the singer was generous and prompt in singing additional songs and roused intense enthusiasm with favorites like the "Long, Long Trail" and "I Hear You Calling Me."

Premier for Schneider's Song

The charm and success of Mr. McCormack's concerts are greatly accentuated by the sympathetic playing and musicianly skill of his accompanist, Edwin Schneider. Mr. Schneider proved last night that he is not only a most satisfactory assistant at the piano, but also a composer of a high order of ability through his song, "Thine Eyes Still Shined," which Mr. McCormack sang for the first time. It was received with a storm of approval that was evidently and very properly pleasing to the composer, Mr. McCormack turning his back and insisting on Mr. Schneider receiving all the honors.

Winston Wilkinson, a young violinist of promise, assisted in the program with four light and graceful pieces, and was rewarded with a recall.

NOV 5 1918

The London Times of Oct. 1—the London newspapers have been unusually late in arrival—published a letter from William Boosey, managing director of Chappell & Co., Ltd., with reference to the present character of the Promenade Concerts. One paragraph is of peculiar interest to Bostonians.

"With regard to the notorious German, Sir Edgar Speyer, whose disappearance from our musical world your contributor refers to so feelingly, although Mr. Asquith and his government long after the commencement of the war thought him quite a fit and proper person to be on his majesty's privy council, we did not consider him properly qualified to run concerts at the Queen's Hall and to finance the Queen's Hall orchestra. We, therefore, notified to Sir Edgar Speyer that we could book no more dates to him in future."

Mr. Death et al.

As the World Wags:

I notice that J. B. Clapp, an excellent authority on matters theatrical, writes to the Sunday Herald regarding an unusual name, one Thomas Death, a comedian. Judging from the name, a tragic one, it would be expected that he was a tragedian; but names do not always signify. I remember some years ago a sign on Pearl street, "Cole & Wood," but the firm happened to be in the leather business. "P. Sherry, Bootmaker," could be called a sherry cobbler, and "G. Utz" dealt in bologna sausages. Over half a century ago in the goodly city of Lowell I recall an old-fashioned door plate upon which was inscribed in black letters "J. Death." As a boy I used to pass the house with something akin to awe, and one day came nigh unto death by colliding with the man of this cemetery [illegible] his house—a man [illegible] down helmet, countenance of a pallid hue, pale as death, and a scraggly beard, black mixed with a few gray hairs. If he had carried a scythe he might have passed for old Father Time. About that time at a funeral of a schoolmate I was much impressed with the singing of Longfellow's "Reaper and the Flowers." One line came to me repeatedly long afterwards, "There is a reaper whose name is Death." Somehow, I attributed it to the man mentioned, and I used to watch to see if he cut his grass with a sickle. He was an Englishman employed in one of the mills, a good citizen and, long since overtaken by his name, passed on to his reward. Charles Macklin, the actor, changed his name from Macklaughlin by omitting the middle syllable. I once saw a sign at a book bindery on Washington street many years ago, "Wanted—Girls to Lay on Gold Leaf," but the oddest name was that bestowed by a gentleman named King upon his infant progeny, "Nosmo." Upon being questioned where he found that name, he said he observed it in coming over from New York. He evidently referred to the sign on the boat, "No Smoking."

Boston. C. S. STODDARD.

Good Old Dr. Watts

As the World Wags:

Dr. Isaac Watts, who died 170 years ago, must have had a prophetic vision of the Kaiser when he wrote:

"I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy power he fell,
His honors as a dream were lost
And he awoke in hell."

Boston. G. H. P.

"Brains and Amendments"

As the World Wags:

May I add a little more to my views against I. and R.?

Some years back there was printed upon our city ballot viz: Shall such and such act become a law? It referred to eight hours as a day's work for our "municipal employes," but it was not so stated upon ballot; simply as Act No. So and So, it is needless to say, but the voters and workers of our mills and other industries were caught napping. It went through with a big majority and the municipal employe had the laugh.

Another instance at our last primary election. A voter was asked which ticket he wanted, Democrat or Republican. He said he didn't know or care, but he wanted to vote for such and such a person because he belonged to his gang. Are not such voters as able to vote for I. and R. amendments that would go right against their own personal interest as not, and the interests of the public at large, especially in our manufacturing large cities, where the intelligence of the voters is not of the best?

Lawrence. NICHOLAS NORRIS.

Mistaken Identity

As the World Wags:

The other morning I walked the length of Beacon street from Massachusetts avenue to the State House. My attention was attracted to markings cut in the curbstones. These markings occurred at varying distances and were in the form of crosses and double crosses, the letter "E," and occasionally a square or tetragon. Can you tell me the significance of these markings?

The first and last named suggested something of a religious character. I met a gentleman of somewhat literary appearance. His hair hung over his coat collar; his hat (a plug) looked somewhat motheaten. His shoes might have leaked walnuts, as Mark Twain expresses it in "Roger." His eyeglasses were secured with a shoestring, and in a jaunty fashion he carried an umbrella stick under his arm. Instinctively I ventured to apply to him for information, but when I said to him, "Mr. Herkimer Johnson, I believe," he merely responded, "Nothing doing."

Boston. MARCELLUS GRAVES.

Mr. Graves should see Mr. Johnson. He would be struck by the freshness and modishness of his dress. Only a few weeks ago he told us that he had received several new subscriptions for his colossal work. The tailor evidently profited thereby. Literary men no longer have long hair and greasy coats; trousers with bottoms like lambrequins and "shocking bad" hats. They are easily mistaken for prosperous brokers or captains of industry. ED.

'TIGER ROSE'

By PHILIP HALE

Tremont Theatre: First performance in Boston of "Tiger Rose," a melodrama in three acts by Willard Mack. Produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theatre, Washington, D. C., Sept. 25, 1917.

Hector MacCollins.....Thomas Findlay
Dan Cusick, M. D.....William Courtleigh
Constable Michael Devlin.....Bernard McOwen
Bruce Norton.....Calvin Thomas
Father Thibault.....Fuller Mellish
Pierre La Bey.....Armand F. Cortes
George Lantry.....Edwin Holt
Old Tom.....Frank Bryan
Constable Haney.....Arthur J. Wood
Mak-a-Low.....Chief Whitehawk
Wa-Wa.....Jean Ferrell
Rose Bocion.....Lenore Ulric

The play bill said that "Tiger Rose" was produced here with "the original cast." At Washington and in New York Constable Devlin was played by Willard Mack; Pierre by Pedro de Cordoba; Old Tom by Edward Mack.

"Tiger Rose" is described as a melodrama; it is a melodrama that at times turns into farce; in fact, the audience last night evidently regarded Rose as a comic character, for laughter followed nearly all her lines, even when they were supposed to be emotional and pathetic. No matter who should play the final scene, the result would be farcical; it is so long drawn out in its improbability.

There are familiar characters in the melodrama: The untamed, yet charming, young girl that has been adopted and suddenly falls in love with a stranger whom she defends when officers of the law seek his life; the good old priest; an ardent swain who, knowing his love is hopeless, yet aids the girl in every way (this time he plays the fiddle for the sake of a tableau); a wronged husband pursuing the man that seduced his wife and turned her adrift (the doctor and the seducer, who does not appear, but is shot by Rose's young man, were originally citizens of Boston); the man with a Scotch accent who adopted the heroine—her father was an infidel; finally the detective (this time a member of the Canadian mounted police). As for Lantry, he has little or nothing to do with the action. There are also two Indians—harmless and one supposedly comic. Add a thunder storm, the most realistic one that we have seen on the stage.

The melodrama, although the characters and the motif are familiar, is breezy and in the second act exciting. In "The Girl of the Golden West" there is a famous snow storm; in "Tiger Rose" the thunder storm, wonderfully well managed, serves as a background for the pursuit and the escape of the hunted man. The idea of his concealing himself in the tall clock is an ingenious one, and when in the darkness after a fearful crash he gained the trap-door of the cellar, there was tumultuous applause. The fate of the play hangs on this act. Although there is shooting, not of the first class, in the deserted cabin, also the surprise of the Constable suddenly appearing with his gun from the upper bunk, the end is disappointing, tedious, sadly in need of compression.

The play is well acted on the whole. In "Oklahoma," afterwards known as "The Heart of Wetnoa," Miss Ulric took the part of an Indian girl whose enunciation was faulty, although she had been educated in a high school or college, we have forgotten which. In "Tiger Rose" she is a French Canadian and her enunciation is still faulty. She is piquant; she is brisk in action; she has a sense of humor, and she swears prettily. The more she swears, the more she pleases the audience. Let her beware; she runs the risk of being called "cute" by her admirers. Let us hope that she will not thus rival Miss Maude Adams. In scenes that should be intensely emotional, Miss Ulric was not convincing. Mr. Findlay as the factor of the trading post was excellent; so was Mr. Courtleigh as Cusick, while Mr. Mellish was delightful as the priest. Mr. McOwen was fairly successful in his impersonation of the boasting, shrewd, amorous constable. Mr. Thomas did not impress one as the avenging murderer, but Mr. Cortes was a picturesque Pierre.

The stage settings were effective. We have spoken of the thunderstorm. The sunrise was not so realistic. Some seated near us thought that the hut had been fired to drive out those hiding there. The large audience was highly entertained.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—A return engagement of Otis Skinner in "The Honor of the Family," made by Paul Potter out of Emile Fabre's "La Rabouilleuse," which is a stage version of Balzac's "Menage de Garcon."

Colonel Philippe Bridau.....Otis Skinner
Jean-Jacques Rouget.....Robert Harrison
Commandant Max Gilet...Alexander Onslow
Joseph Bridau.....Harry Burkhardt
Borniche.....John Rogers
General Carpentier.....Walter F. Scott
Captain Potel.....Herbert Charles
Captain Renard.....George E. Riddell
Commandant Mignonnet.Thomas Donnelly
Orsanto.....Marshall Birmingham
Kouski.....Harry Burkhardt
Flora Brazier.....Evelyn Varden
Madame Bridau.....Margaret Calvert
La Vedie.....Ruth Rose

When Mr. Skinner first appeared here in this piece some 10 years ago, his impersonation of Col. Philippe Bridau, a memorably picturesque scoundrel, was keenly enjoyed. He still charms by the rather superb insouciance of a personality at once picturesque and rapier-like. It is not too much to say he is largely responsible for success with a transplanted piece that retains just enough of Balzac's plenary inspiration to afford a fair frame for an actor of disciplined intelligence and supple art.

The Bridau bodied forth here is not the swashbuckling scoundrel visualized by Balzac, with Flora, a she-devil. But some modification is to be expected, a concession to the play-goer's imperious desire for pleasant life behind the footlights. Scenes taken from Balzac's story have to do with Bridau's successful campaign against Commander Gilet and Flora, who have gained control of his miserly old uncle, Jean Rouget, and plan to carry off his fortune. Gilet gives him little trouble. A forced quarrel, a duel, and Gilet is no more. But Flora is difficult. Failing to prevail with purely feminine weapons, she seeks his overthrow by assassination; fails, and is expelled from the house, with Bridau's knowing promise to see her again in Paris. "The Honor of the Family" is saved, and Uncle Jean's fortune.

This diluted specimen of the Napoleonic period has not aged in a decade. It is still theatrically vigorous, with a conquering Bridau. Mr. Skinner acts with fine sense of proportion. Tempering the ferocity of Bridau to meet the playwright's exaction, he establishes jocular understanding that his ferocity is assumed. In browbeating his uncle and baiting Flora he plays the virtuoso's role. It is brilliant art.

Few of the supporting cast have much to do. The senile helplessness of Robert Harrison's Uncle Jean is most praiseworthy. Evelyn Varden might emphasize more Flora's physical fascination, for she is well qualified to do so. The audience was extremely cordial. After the third act Mr. Skinner expressed his appreciation and scored the triumph of individual expression.

WILBUR THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Business Before Pleasure," by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman. The cast:

Abe Potash.....Barney Bernard
Mawruss Perlmutter.....Alexander Carr
Rosie Potash.....Jennie Moscowitz
Ruth Perlmutter.....Lottie Kendall
Keith MacDonald.....Wilfred Lytel
Miss Cohen.....Flo Hart
Robert Blanchard.....Edwin Mordant
Sam Pemberton.....Frank Allworth
Lionel Brandon.....Walter Petri
Victor Curzon.....C. Hooper Trask
Ralph Nevill.....Jules Ferrar
Rita Sismond.....Sue MacManamy

Those who have found enjoyment in the stories in which Potash and Perlmutter have figured will find in the third production in dramatic form as given last night all they expected.

Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr are men whose names are household words throughout the country for their artistry in giving to those who are familiar with the author's lines, a living reality to his famous characters.

The dramatist keeps the theme of the stories running, fills the eye with the pictures and the mind with the humor, but always brings the title before the audience, accentuating the thought.

The company is well balanced and full of the "pep" that puts a punch in the lines, so that it can be truthfully said that all the interest does not centre in the dual stars. Every character in the play is well presented, making this one of the best vehicles to provide forgetfulness of trouble that has come to Boston this season.

COPLEY THEATRE—"Officer 666," a melodramatic farce in three acts, by Augustin McHugh. The cast:

Bateato.....William Podmore
Officer Phelan-666.....Fred W. Permain
Whitney Barnes.....E. E. Clive
Travers Gladwin.....Montague Weston
Helen Burton.....Viola Roach
Sadie Small.....Phyllis Relph
Mrs. Burton.....Jessamine Newcombe
Alfred Wilson.....H. Conway Wingfield
Watkins.....Noel Leslie
Police Captain Stone.....Leonard Craske
Detective Dearney.....Nicholas Joy
Ryan.....Owen T. Hewitt

Last evening's performance amused an audience that filled the house, but at no time were the auditors hilarious. There were no lapses, but the action should be more speedy. Mr. Permain's brogue and facial play were excellent, but Mr. Gladwin in his uniform was by no means a counterfeit "666." He hardly looked the burly officer; however, he was glib and nimble and brought many a smile and occasionally a laugh.

Mr. Clive as "Whitney Barnes" was the comedian to whom the auditors warmed, and Mr. Wingfield as "Wilson, the crook," was an easy and quick-witted rogue, a thief with brains and the manners of a gentleman. The ladies were competent and agreeable to the eye, and the other characters were capably rendered.

There will be novelty at the Copley Theatre next week, "Hindle Wakes," Stanley Houghton's strong emotional drama of English country life, acted for the first time in Boston.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Cheating Cheaters," a play in four acts by Max Marcin. The cast:

Steve Wilson.....Teddy LeDuc
Antonio Verdi.....Joseph Sweeney
George Brockton.....Mark Kent
Nell Brockton.....Blanche Frederici
Nan Carey, alias Ruth Brockton.....Ann MacDonald
Ira Lazarre.....William Foote
Mrs. Palmer.....Betty Barnicoat
Grace Palmer.....Dorothy Tierney
Tom Palmer.....Dudley Ayres
Edward Palmer.....Frederick Murray
Phil Preston.....Aubrey Bosworth
Morton T. Hanley.....Owen Harris
Holmes.....Charles Stevens

The new Castle Square stock company opened last evening. There was a large audience.

"Cheating Cheaters" had a long run here in Boston last season and it has been played through the United States with success. It is a mystery play with plenty of comic features.

Miss Ann MacDonald, the new leading lady, acts Nan Carey with skill. Mr. Ayres, the new leading man, made a good impression as Tom Palmer. Mr. Kent was cordially welcomed as George Brockton, and so was Miss Barnicoat in the character of Mrs. Palmer. The other players filled out an exceptionally well-adjusted cast.

The play at the Castle Square next week will be "The Misleading Lady." Daily matinees will be the rule throughout the season.

HARRY WATSON HAS REAL COMEDY ACT

Heads Splendid Bill at Keith's Theatre

Harry Watson, Jr., presented by Jack Norworth, in a comedy act, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that laughed uproariously.

This piece has been lifted from Mr. Norworth's "Odds and Ends," seen last season at a local theatre. The act is a parodic, the two scenes having no analogy. Mr. Watson excels as a low comedian and his interesting burlesque in the prize-fight scene as Battler Kid Dugan is exceptionally well done. All through Mr. Watson's telephone burlesque there was the underlying human touch and no one who has tried to get his home while "the line is busy" could fail to appreciate the situation.

One of the funniest acts on the bill was that of Tarzan, who simulated the role of an ape. The illusion is clever, but the performer overshot the mark; he was altogether too human, but none the less enjoyable, in his amnity for the genial and musicianly Mr. Wiehe of the orchestra. The act is worth seeing, and there are many nice details of simian gibberish.

Other acts were Mons. Adolphus and Ethel Gilmore, in a dancing act; Harry Campbell, song writer, in songs of his own composition; Rae Eleanor Ball and brother, fiddler and 'cellist; Swift and Kelley, in a unique sketch; Leon Kimberley and Helen Page, who sound a new note in vaudeville sketches; the Four of Us, a quartet of singers, and the Whiteside sisters, dancers.

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Mr. Monteux and Mr. Messager wondered at the departure of hearers before the concerts were at an end. Those thus leaving were not necessarily barbarians, nor did they intend to show disrespect or boredom. The concerts were too long; the one conducted by Mr. Messager especially so. Parisians are accustomed to full programs that demand more than two hours. Possibly our visitors thought that Americans were anxious to "get their money's worth." Any orchestral concert that lasts longer than an hour and three-quarters is a weariness to the flesh. The more brilliant it is, the sooner the ear is sated. This is especially true when several brilliant pieces of the ultra-modern French school are played in succession. It is to be hoped that Mr. Rabaud will exercise moderation in the making of programs. If the concerts are too long, he need not be surprised or shocked at the sight of premature departure. There is this to be taken into consideration: Many of the subscribers live in the suburbs, and the transportation system of this city is notoriously faulty.

Apologies to Hamlet

As the World Wags:

To "I. and R." or not to "I. and R.," that is the question;
Whether 'tis wiser on the whole to suffer the turns and chances of delusive doctrines,
Or to take thought against a sea of visions
And, by opposing, end them? To think—to Vote—
No more—and by a vote, to say we end
The argument and the thousand likely wrongs
That men may sign for—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd—To think—to Vote;—
To Vote! perchance, to win;—ay, there's the rub;
For in these thoughts of votes what wins may come
When we have shuffled off our present law,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
Which brings calamity so oft to men
[illegible] who would stand the rules and pleas of law
[illegible] contract's bond, the lawyer's argument
The pangs of thwarted hate, the law's delay,
The arrogance of order, and the cheeks
[illegible] lawful merit for the unlawful makes
When he himself might his objective reach
By quick petition? Who'd these judgments bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after votes—
The lawless country, in whose dreary bourn
[illegible] remains—puzzles the brain,
And makes us rather bear those laws we have
[illegible] to "I. and R's" we know not of?
[illegible] good sense does make doubters of us all;
And thus our native love of constitution
Is [illegible] fixed by the calm course of thought
And [illegible] show their character and caution
And look askance at demagogues who try
To talk away our laws.
[illegible]—the [illegible] of Lincoln speaks
[illegible] in your voting booths,
[illegible] common sense remembered."
SHAKESPEAREANS POETICUS.
[illegible] Charles.

"Dinkum" and Australians

As the World Wags:

[illegible] reference [illegible] to the [illegible] the word "dinkum" in Australian [illegible] impels me, as an Australian, to add my contribution to the subject. You have arrived at the correct interpretation of the word, which has considerable vogue in Australia. Thus, if a man or boy has made a statement which is of somewhat doubtful authenticity, it is parried with the question, "Fair Dinkum?" In plain English, this means "Are you acting 'on the square?' Is your statement genuine?" Your story of Capt. Dinkum illustrates this meaning.

The word is applied in particular to those of the Anzacs, who landed at Gallipoli on Apr. 27, 1915. All Australian troops are indiscriminately called Anzacs, but the "dinkums" are the original Anzacs. Another phrase is applied to the troops who assisted in holding the narrow area of a little over 300 acres, whereon Australians fought and died with such heroism. This phrase I cannot recall. Men who enlisted later, only in time to join the Anzacs in France, are called "hard thinkers" in the slang of the camp. It is implied that they had to give the subject of enlistment considerable thought before coming into the great fight.

CLARENCE H. NORTHCOTT.
Cambridge, Oct. 31, 1918.

"Fair Dinkum"

As the World Wags:

I promptly respond to your S O S for help on "Dinkum."

When I was in Australia and New Zealand during the spring of 1917 (their autumn) I had the pleasure of being introduced to "Fair Dinkum." It was clear that "Dinkum" rarely appeared in public unattended by the "Fair." "Fair Dinkum," it was cheerfully and carefully explained to me, means "absolutely and thoroughly all right." When applied to a man, for instance, it says he is 100 per cent upright and straightforward, the phrase of highest praise. Later I saw it used in lighter fashion. A poster announcing a sing-song of a band of returned soldiers introduced them as "The Fair Dinkum Lads," as might be said, "The All Right Boys."

C'est une nuance!

LEON L. COLLVER.
Brookline.

Nov 7 1918

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more.
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel—his name is Freedom—
Choose him to be your King;
He shall cut pathways east and west
And fend you with his wing.

War Notes

Capt. Berthier, Prince of Wagram, great-grandson of Napoleon's marshal, has been killed. The captain was known to his soldiers only as Berthier. They did not suspect him of being a prince. When the Germans found him mortally wounded beneath the ruins of Conde Fort, they put him in an ambulance and registered him as Capt. Berthier. He was reported missing, but there was no official confirmation. The prince had a noteworthy collection of pictures—among them 17 Renoirs, three pictures by Delacroix, four Courbets and four Puvis de Chavannes. It is known that he bequeathed the collection to the nation.

The strategic importance of Metz was recognized by Julius Caesar. During the siege of 1870 the Prussians indulged themselves in one of their little peace offensives. "A man named Regnier, bearing a safe-conduct from Bismarck, came to Bazaine with a message from the Empress Eugenie alleging that terms of peace had been arranged, and that a general was needed at Hastings to sign them. Bourbaki, who was selected, passed through the Prussian lines, but on arriving in England discovered he had been hoaxed. The 'Regnier affair' remains a mystery to this day." Bismarck insisted on the cession of Metz only through the persuasion of his generals. "Metz," they said, "is worth an army of 120,000 men, Belfort of 8000."

In 1870 the Huns would not grant life to any captured balloonist flying from Paris. They shot down and tried one Nobecourt, sentenced him to death, and with reluctance commuted the sentence to imprisonment in a fortress.

The Danish Royal family is not a rich one. When William II visited Copenhagen he took a huge and hungry train with him who ate table and cupboard bare, so that when an imperial visit was announced a cry of despair went up: "The Prussians are coming."

Labouchere described the methodical looting by German officers in 1870. As soon as a Prussian was quartered in a house, he sent for a box and straw in which he packed the clock and parlor and bedroom ornaments. He almost always sent the piano home; sometimes all the furniture.

[illegible] was a [illegible] [illegible] Cherokee in the [illegible] squad [illegible] as far back as 1914.

It is a question whether the Bulgars are a long-lived race because they have been almost exclusively flesh eaters, or drinkers of sour milk. They certainly have a sense of humor. On one occasion some English soldiers took newspapers containing propaganda and put them conspicuously between the lines. Visiting the spot later they found the exact price of the copies, but the newspapers had disappeared.

Military experts have wondered at the speed of the British cavalry in the east. Sir Edward Sullivan, describing an expedition of Wolseley, wrote: "Six days' campaigning has established the fact that the Indian cavalry can march 100 miles across the desert in two days without suffering. The English cavalry could not have done it in four." It is thought that Gen. Allenby's camels were shod in some way for their journeys over rocks.

Gen. James Watson Webb, the bellicose editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer, wrote to the London Times in March, 1854, when Great Britain was drifting into war with Russia, a letter about "the only contingency" that would prompt American interference in Europe. "I mean a combination of the continent of Europe at some future day against England as the great embodiment of constitutional liberty in Europe. * * * Come that day when it may, our interests and our feelings will alike continue to make us come to the rescue. We shall come; it may be from a conviction that in fighting your battles we are contending for the cause of constitutional liberty. Our plea, or our excuse may be self-preservation, but in such a contingency come we will; and be assured that the youthful giant—for we shall be a giant before that day arrives—will not come the less willingly or strike less effectively because his strength will be put forth on behalf of a parent who, if she were not always a kind mother, gave to us our Anglo-Saxon blood, and sent us forth imbued with her laws, her literature and her love of constitutional liberty."

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How highly then are to be prized a swift pair of Legs, according to the Saying of Archilochus? Nay, by Jove, it was the Opinion of wise Aristotle himself: For he being perplext with an Egregious Prater, and tir'd out with his Absurd Stories, and Idle Repetitions of "And is not this a wonderful thing, Aristotle?" No wonder at all! said he, this; but if a Man should stand still to hear you prate thus, who had Legs to run away, that were a wonder indeed."

Food Note

We are sorry to see Mr. H. B. Endicott giving orders about "Welsh rarebits" instead of "Welsh rabbits." Cape Cod turkey, Bombay duck, Norfolk capon, cobbler's lobster, Billingsgate pheasant, Mr. Endicott, Welsh RABBIT.

Nightwear

As the World Wags:

Is it true, as Phineas Redux asserts in his recent interesting letter, that the gentlemen of the reign of Charles II. went unclad to bed? I do not know, being chiefly a student of Shakespeare and of recent literature, especially of South Boston poetry. Does Herkimer Johnson know? Are his sociological interests concerned solely with contemporary affairs, or do they also embrace the manners of former times?

Mr. Redux mentions Samuel Pepys. Let me quote from the Diary two entries which appear to have some bearing on this important question.

First, under date of September 2 of the Annus Mirabilis: "Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast today, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window."

Does this mean that the distinguished Clerk of the Acts, Treasurer for Tangier, etc., had nothing on when Jane called him, and that before proceeding to her window he modestly covered himself, at least as far as to his knees, with a shirt-de-nuit? It seems unlikely. Was not this "night-gown" probably some sort of bath-robe or kimona? Is it not easier to imagine the fastidious Pepys stalking to the post of observation wrapped in a gorgeous robe of decent length, than to picture him barelegged and shivering in the most painfully abbreviated of nocturnal garments?

And again: "September 7th. I home late to Sir W. Pen's, who did give me a bed, but without curtains or hangings, all being down. So here I went the first time into a naked bed, only my drawers on, and did sleep pretty well: but still both sleeping and waking had a fear of fire in my heart, that I took little rest."

Let the hasty reader note that not Pepys but the bed is termed naked; that is, the hangings and curtains of the bed had been removed, with the other movable household furnishings of value, in order to insure their safety from the approaching fire. Furthermore, is not the fact that the Diarist says he had on only his drawers pretty conclusive evidence that he usually wore covering for the upper part of his body as well? [illegible] from the [illegible] have deemed [illegible] for his host's clean sheets [illegible] an undershirt was his [illegible] for he had only that [illegible] borrowed a clean outer [illegible] of [illegible] and Creed, and the garment would surely have been employed that night if such had been the custom.

On the other hand, it may well have been that Pepys, unexpectedly spending the night from home, slept as he did merely because he had neglected to bring a night shirt with him. At any rate, does not the second quotation go a long way to prove that Pepys was not accustomed to pass the night bare?

One particular sometimes warrants a generalization. So it does here, for Samuel Pepys, though he reserved his judgment, ever followed the fashion; and we can safely assume that as he garbed himself at night so were garbed the citizens of the aristocratic world.

I have no scholarship in these matters. I am not an eminent sociologist. I shall be glad of correction if these inferences be fallacious. T. K. DEEDLEDUM.

Oxford.

The phrase "naked bed" had no reference to bed clothes or hangings. "Naked bed: originally with reference to the custom of sleeping entirely naked; then denoting the removal of the wearing apparel." Moryson wrote in his "Itinerary" (1617) "I had never lien in any naked bed since I came from Venice, having always slept in my doublet, with linen breeches and stockings."

Peignot, saying he did not believe that the habit of sleeping without a night shirt was maintained until 1560 mentions his "Historical Essay on the Origin and Use of the Shirt among Ancients and Moderns." We do not find this essay in the elaborate catalogue of Peignot's works. Destigny says that night shirts were not used in France until the end of Henry the Third's reign; but Dr. Cabanes in "Les Indiscretions de l' Histoire" quoting many authors, has shown that the habit of sleeping shirtless in bed lasted much longer. The night-gown of our colonial days was not a sleeping garment; it was a loose gown, a sort of dressing gown. It is very doubtful whether night clothes were popular even in the early years of the 18th century.—Ed.

Nov 9 1918

Mr. Messiter G. Bowman will be missed by many others than the members of the Porphyry Club. He was the most agreeable conversationalist we ever sat with, we two together, or in a five-o'clock party. Although he was well read, especially fond of novels by Dumas, the elder, Capt. Marryat and Mortimer Collins, he never discussed literature. When "they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios and stuff," he kept still. While he was not afraid of music, he seldom attended a concert. He went conscientiously to the polls; but no one knew his political opinions. He permitted others to discuss the conduct of the war, nor did he regard himself as competent to draw the map of reorganized Europe. A man of fine breeding, he would never argue about matters of religion. Yet he was a most agreeable conversationalist. With what unction would he ask: "And now, sir, what will you have?" His remark, after the raising of mugs and glasses, "Here's to you!" or, in more reticent mood, "How!" was a benediction. Perhaps it is well that he passed through the door of the next room before his customary words of courtesy would lose significance in a dry and barren land.

Valenciennes

It is said that the Huns destroyed the lace factories of Valenciennes. It would be surprising if they did not. A native of that city, Jean Froissart, in the 14th century, wrote of them: "The Germans are a rude, unmannered race, except in what regards their personal advantage, and in that they are active and expert enough." Valenciennes is also the birthplace of the famous singer, Mme. Dorus-Gras, the grand-aunt on his mother's side of Mr. Henri Rabaud, the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra. (We are happy to state that Mr. Rabaud does not believe in long concerts. He thinks that at the utmost a concert should not exceed one hour and three-quarters, and a concert of an hour and a half is still better.)

For many years all laces of Flanders were known as Mechlin lace, with the exception of those of Brussels and the point-double. Lace factories suffered in the time of the French revolution. The Chantilly was condemned as royal. Some of the lace makers were guillotined. Thirty or more kinds of lace became extinct, and the manufacture of Valenciennes lace was transferred to Brussels.

Skedaddle and Vamose

As the World Wags:

Upon obsolete Americanisms, some of which have been recalled, revised and revamped by [illegible] [illegible] be-

written to the Lond in London Journal I remember, as every one does who in 1865 had reached the observant age, "skedaddle," equivalent to the later "vamose," though few, I guess, knew the true origin of either word. Buffalo, Rochester, Cleveland, swarmed with the venturesome gentry that risked their lives swimming the Niagara river in escaping across to Canada near Black Rock, (the scene of the Fenian raid in '66) or below near Lewiston. "Times were good" in the Canadian border towns then and money plentiful, as Uncle Sam was paying $200, $300 and sometimes more as a bounty to each enlisted man. Curiously enough, one of the mayors of Toronto about 1864 was dubbed "Square-Toes Walker" because he wore square-toed boots, not shoes, mind you. "Peg top" trousers only were de rigeur in Chicago and worn by all the "bounty jumpers" of that halcyon day when "skedaddling" was a common word. "Skedaddle" was introduced by the Negro minstrels in a war song with chorus:

Farewell, mother; you may never, never
Press me to your heart again.
But if I only can skedaddle,
You will see me home again!

Brookline. W. B. WRIGHT.

"Vamose," to depart quickly, to decamp, to clear out, comes from the Spanish "vamos," let us go, and is much earlier than skedaddle. Some say that United States soldiers brought it north from Mexico in Polk's administration, but it appears in "Southern Sketches" as early as 1840, and in a volume of sketches, "London by Night" (1844) it is entered in Matsell's "Rogue's Lexicon" (New York, 1859), but it is a decent, orthodox word, found in all respectable dictionaries. "Skedaddle" first came into use in 1861. Quotations from the Missouri Democrat and New York Tribune explain it as applied by Union soldiers to the "Seccsh." There are many derivations given, nearly all of them fantastical. The word is said in turn to be Greek, Gaelic, Swedish, Danish. Lord Hill wrote to the London Times that it was excellent Scotch. In Scotland, Northumberland and Lancashire "skedaddle" was applied to the wasteful overflow of milk in the pails when they were not balanced properly. Some one writing to the Atlantic Monthly from Lancashire said: "We heard 'skedaddle' every day of our lives. It means to scatter or drop in a scattering way. If you run with a basket of potatoes or apples and keep spilling some of them in an irregular way along the path, you are said to skedaddle them." Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary" says that this word, meaning "to disperse in flight" and "to retreat precipitately," was commonly used on Tyneside long before the American civil war.—Ed.

NOV 10 1918

Mr. Rabaud, who will conduct for the first time in this country next Thursday night at Cambridge, does not believe in long concerts. He thinks that a concert of an hour and a half is long enough; at the utmost, it should not exceed an hour and three-quarters.

And it is evident that Mr. Rabaud is not a chauvinist. An overture by Weber is on the program of the Cambridge concert; a symphony by Beethoven will be played in Symphony Hall on Friday and Saturday.

A little sketch of Mr. Rabaud has already been published in the Herald. A more complete one is now pertinent. Born at Paris in 1873, he is the son of Hippolyte Francois Rabaud (1839-1900), who took the first prize for violoncello playing at the Paris Conservatory in 1861. He was violoncellist of the Opera orchestra (1859-1889), professor of the violoncello at the Paris Conservatory (1886-1900) and for many years the solo violoncellist of the famous Conservatory orchestra. He wrote a method for his instrument, 12 etudes for it, also violoncello pieces.

The celebrated singer, Mme Dorus-Gras, was the sister of Mr. Rabaud's grandfather, the flute player, equally distinguished. Vincent Joseph Van Steenkiste, better known by the name of Dorus. Mr. Rabaud is therefore the grand-nephew of the singer, not the grandson, as has been stated. The singer (1805-1896) and the flute player were born at Valenciennes.

Mr. Rabaud, a pupil of Massenet at the Paris Conservatory, took the prix de Rome in 1894. He spent four years at the Villa Mediels. With his colleague, Max d'Ollone, he gave in Rome (1898) and in Vienna (1899) orchestral concerts to introduce in those cities the works of contemporary French composers.

In 1908 he was chosen a conductor at the Paris Opera. His debut was on Feb. 4 and the opera was "Lohengrin." His command of the orchestra and singers and his musical taste at once excited attention. Among the operas he conducted that year were "Tristan und Isolde," "Thais" and "Tannhauser." In 1912 he produced "Cobzar," an opera by Mme. Ferrari. On Jan. 3, 1914, he was named first conductor of the Opera in the place of Paul Vidal. The war came in 1914-15 he conducted concerts of the Conservatory Orchestra, which were then given at the Sorbonne.

On June 30, 1915, at a performance of his opera "Marouf," the minister of fine arts announced that he was [illegible]

Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. M. Rabaud was then and there loudly applauded "for the honor conferred by award to a true though very modest artist, to a musician of great and fine talent, to the composer of a beautiful musical work that is genuinely French." It is to be noted that in all the reviews of Mr. Rabaud's career published in Paris emphasis is laid on the refreshing modesty of the man as well as on his skill as a conductor and talent as a composer.

Mr Rabaud is on the committee of performances for the Societe Nationale de Musique.

The list of his chief compositions is as follows:

OPERAS: "La Fille de Roland," musical tragedy in four acts, libretto based by Paul Ferrier on the tragedy of Honri de Bornier. Opera Comique, Paris, March 16, 1904. There were 12 performances that year. Chief singers: Mmes, Carre, Mumesnil, Muratore; Messrs. Beyle, Dufranne, Vieuille, Sizes, Allard, Huberdeau, Vignie. Messager conducted.

"Marouf," opera comique in five acts, book by Lucien Nepoty, based on a tale in "The Thousand Nights and a Night" (translation of Dr. Mardrus). Opera Comique, Paris, May 15, 1914. Chief singers: Mmes. Davelli, Tiphaine; Messrs, Perier, Vieuille, Delvoye, Vigneau. Ruhlmann conducted.

The opera was produced at the Metropolitan House, Dec. 19, 1917. Mr. Morteux was the conductor.

STAGE MUSIC: For Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" at the Theatre Antoine, Paris, 1916-17, Mr. Rabaud took his themes from English composers of the 16th century, employing an orchestra that was not too palpably modern.

For "Antony and Cleopatra" (Shakespeare's) at the Theatre Antoine, Paris, 1917.

CHORAL WORKS, etc.: "Job," an oratorio for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, performed at the Conservatory, for the Academy of Fine Arts, 1900. This was Mr. Rabaud's "Envoi de Rome."

"Daphne," the work with which Mr. Rabaud won the prix de Rome. Performed at the Institute in 1894.

Second Lyric Poem on Job, for baritone solo and orchestra. Colonne concert, 1905.

Psalm IV., for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, 1901. Societe des Compositeurs and Societe Guillot de Sainbris.

Hymn a la France Eternelle (Victor Hugo), for tenor solo, chorus and orchestra. Opera House, Paris, December, 1916, at a performance "Theatre aux Armees."

Songs.

INSTRUMENTAL: Symphony in D minor, No. 1, Concert d'Harcourt, 1895. This symphony was written while Mr. Rabeau was still in the Conservatory.

Symphony, E minor, No. 2. Colonne Concert. Performed in Boston on Jan. 21, 1908, at Mrs. R. J. Hall's concert conducted by Mr. Longy. This symphony was awarded the Prix Mobinne.

Divertissement sur les Chansons Russe. Colonne Concert, 1901. Performed in Boston by the Orchestral Club, Mr. Longy conductor, April 1, 1902.

"La Procession Nocturne" (after Lenau) Colonne Concert, Jan. 15, 1899. Performed in Boston by the Orchestral Club, Mr. Longy conductor, Jan. 7, 1903. Performed in Boston by the orchestra of the New England Conservatory of Music, Nov. 19, 1909, Mr. Chadwick conductor.

Eglogue: Pieme Virgilien. Colonne Concert. Performed in Boston by the Orchestral Club, Mr. Longy conductor, Jan. 5, 1904.

String quartet.

Andante and Scherzo for flute, violin and piano.

Mr. Rabaud orchestrated "Dolly." Six piano pieces by Gabriel Faure. Nancy, Feb. 9, 1918.

He has made an orchestral suite from the stage music to "The Merchant of Venice."

Rosita Renard, the Chilean pianist, who will give a concert this afternoon in Symphony Hall with Mr. de Gogorza, played here for the first time Oct. 25, 1917. She was announced as "Twenty-two and a genius!" We were also told that she could "discuss literature" and do it in four languages; also that she was "deeply attached to her family." In spite of all this she proved to be an interesting pianist. She studied in Santiago and Berlin. Having given a few recitals in Berlin, she made a concert tour in South America, and gave a recital in New York on March 12, 1917.

Where did Oscar Asche find the name Zahrat-al-Kulub for the passionate slave girl of the desert that finally knifes Abu Hasan in "Chu Chin Chow"? The name is not in "The Thousand Nights and a Night," as translated by Burton.

The name Kut al-Kulub occurs at least twice: once in the tale of Ghanim bin Ayyub; once in "Khalifah, the Fisherman of Bagdad", in each story she is a slave girl of whom the Lady Zubaydah is furiously jealous. The name means "food of hearts." In the first named story she was brought up in the palace of the Commander of the Faithful. "When I grew to woman's estate he looked on me and noting what I have of beauty and loveliness the Creator had given me, loved me with exceeding love, and assigned me a separate apartment, and gave me 10 slave girls to wait on me, and all these ornaments thou seest me wearing." In the second story, Kut al-Kulub is a slave girl who "knew all arts and sciences and could make verses and play upon all manner musical instruments." A jeweller, a friend of Harun-al-Rashid, bought her for 5000 golden dinars — about $10,000 — and clothed her with another thousand. The Caliph was so pleased with her that he gave the jeweller 10,000 dinars. "And his heart was taken up with the slave girl, Kut al-Kulub, and he forsook the Lady Zubaydah bint al-Kasim, for all sho was the daughter of his father's brother, and he abandoned all his favorito concubines and abode a whole month without stirring from Kut al-Kulub's side, save to go to the Friday prayers and return to her in all haste. This was grievous to the Lords of the Realm." (Zubaydah, by the way, was not the Caliph's cousin; she was the daughter of Ja'afar). This Kut al-Kulub was indeed beautiful. "A damsel with cheeks smooth as rose and breasts like granado, a face moon-bright, a brow flower-white and great eyes black as night; her eyelids were languor-light and her face beamed with light as if the sun from her forehead arose and the murks of the night from the locks of her brow; and the fragrance of musk from her breath strayed and flowers bloomed in her lovely face inlaid; the moon beamed from her forehead and in her slender shape the branches swayed. She was like the full moon shining in the nightly shade; her eyes wantoned, her eyebrows were like a bow arched and her lips of coral moulded. Her beauty amazed all who espied her, and her glances amated all who eyed her. Glory be to Him who formed her and fashioned her and perfected her!"

There is no "Zahrat" in these tales. "Zarrat" means a co-wife. "Zahr Shah" in Arabic means "Flowering"; in Persian "Poison King." In the tale of Ghanim, the beautiful Kut al-Kulub, awaking from her drugged sleep, calls for her slave girls, among them Zahr al-Bostan (Garden-bloom).

Mr. Jewett revives Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" at the Copley this week. When he brought it out for the first time at the Copley (Sept. 30, 1916), Miss Newcombe played Dolly, Miss Gladys Morris took the part of Gloria, Mr. Grey that of McComas, Mr. Gordon that of Philip. On May 14, 1917, Miss Newcombe played Mrs. Clandon, Miss Miller—a charming Columbine—was Dolly, and Mr. Wingfield took the part of McComas. Mr. Permain remained the William. Miss Miller and Mr. Gordon are no longer members of the company.

When Arnold Daly brought out Shaw's comedy at the Garrick Theatre, New York, Jan. 9, 1905, the cast was a strong one. He played Valentine, W. H. Thompson was McComas, John Findlay took the part of William. Miss Jeffreys Lewis, Drina de Wolfe and Mabel Taliaferro were the leading women. William Winter was not at all pleased. He called Shaw a "third rate Ibsen," a weak imitation of W. S. Gilbert. "Mr. Arnold Daly has been impressed by this fantastic humbug, and he is trying to promote it as a fad; and since there is always a contingent of rickety-minded people in every community, he will, probably, have a temporary following." Poor Willie Winter! He was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet. When Mr. Daly revived the comedy in April, 1915, George Giddens gave a remarkable performance of Williams, that prince of waiters. Gladys Morris had the humble part of the maid. "You Never Can Tell," by the way, was first performed at the Strand Theatre, London, May 2, 1900. Hermann Vezin, George Raiemond, Graham Browne, Audrey Ford, Mabel Terry Lewis were in the company. William was played by James Welch. Mr. Shaw avowed that his purpose was to temper the villainy of "Arms and the Man" with some consideration for the requirements of managers in search of fashionable comedies for West end theatres. "I had no difficulty in complying," he wrote, "as I have always cast my plays in the ordinary practical comedy form in use at all the theatres, and, far from taking an unsympathetic view of the popular preference for fun, fashionable dresses, a little music, and even an exhibition of eating and drinking by people with an expensive air, attended by a, if possible, comic waiter, I was more than willing to show that the drama can humanize these things as easily as they, in undramatic hands, can dehumanize the drama."

The comedy perplexed Parisian critics when it was performed as "On ne peut jamais dire" at the Theatre des Arts Jan. 28, 1913. According to one correspondent they wondered whether they should "laugh, weep, howl, say 'It is wonderful,' or simply break something."

"Some fall back on generalities; others write as if Shaw were a learned but demented creature, who had wandered into a circus to address the world in beautiful phrases which mean nothing in particular. In any case, the verdict is unanimous on two points: (1) There has never been such a play before; (2) It is worth seeing." It was said that the title in French should be "Est-ce qu'on sait jamais?" or "On n'est jamais sur." "'You never can tell' is very much Montaigne's 'Que sais-je?' transformed to daily use." "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "Candida" had already been performed in Paris. A journal printed Shaw's preface to the French edition of his "Pleasant Plays."

Wilfrid Thorley's translation of Rollinat's "Le Piano" is published in The Music Student (London):

THE PIANO.

How shall I sing the glory that is thine
Beloved gossip in a mystic tongue?
But now, grief pouring from my fingers wrung
Thy sob funereal that merged with mine
Be proud the mob mishears thee! O'er thy keys
The unchained frenzy of Beethoven fled,

And over thee the Archangel Chopin shed
His bitter cupful of strange agonies.

From out thy flood of sounds soft dream emerges;
Delight swoons out to death in trembling surges
Lost in thy sighs of love and grief unguest;
Of the true player the close bosom friend,
His soul thou weanest from its vague unrest
By thy deep wail that with his own doth blend.

This is not a bad paraphrase. It is not easy to translate.

Et Chopin, cet Archange, ivre d'étrangete,
T'a versé le trop plain de sa melancolie,

and preserve the structure of the original.

A Note About German Music on American Programs

To the Editor of the Herald.

Will you kindly state your opinion on the use of German music in the making up of musical programs?

In seeking an answer to this question the opinions seem to be many and varied, as well as pronounced. They may, however, be easily divided into three classes. First, there are those who feel that all German music should be shunned. The following clipping from a recent number of the Moving Picture World seems most radically to present this view:

"A.—In a case of this kind, personal opinion should play no part. We are living in America, citizens of a country fighting for democracy. The feeling against Germany is rightly intense, and we have a duty toward ourselves. Nothing coming from a German source should be played at this time. It is not a question as to whether Beethoven was a Hun; it is a question of patriotism. Every piece of music composed by Germans of any period is inherently propaganda, pleasing to the enemy. If it is pleasing, it gives comfort, and thus is treasonable. Look to the noble Frenchman for music that will fit your needs. He is our ally, and every piece of his music which you buy is helping him and our cause."

Secondly, there seems to be a thought that no discrimination is necessary as long as the music is what they consider uplifting and of a good form.

Between these two extreme views there seems to be a third, and that is to avoid anything of a decidedly pro-German type of any living German composer, although even then they feel that extreme care should be exercised. For instance, it is pointed out that although Wagner was a revolutionist, much of his music is of such a German type that its use would form one of the most subtle as well as dangerous forms of German propaganda. A safe rule to follow would seem to be to avoid any German music that has been composed since the accession to the throne of the present Kaiser, as that is the time, as nearly as anybody can figure, when the great German conspiracy for world domination had its inception.

Personally the writer is inclined to agree with the last-named idea, but his present province is not to express an opinion, but to ask a question. He certainly will be grateful, and feels that many other musicians who wish to avoid giving aid and comfort to the enemy in any form and yet do not wish to deprive their audiences of the right kind of music, will be glad to have this question clearly and definitely settled by one who is considered an authority on the subject. C. E. S.

Boston.

We give only our personal opinion; we do not presume to speak authoritatively. We see no reason why music by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Weber, or any of their German contemporaries should not be performed. Why should there be any patriotic objection to the music of Brahms? Wagner was not responsible for the brutality of the Huns. Surely his Emperor's March should not be played, although at the time Heinrich Dorn declared it to be musically an insult to the Emperor William I. We should not like to hear any music by Bruch, Richard Strauss, Weingartner, Humperdinck, for these composers have been raging furiously against the allies. Nor is it the time to hear the music of any modern German composer, and it is not pleasant to hear the German language sung in concert halls.—Ed.

Music by Americans Played and Sung in London

Henry F. Gilbert's "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes" was performed at a promenade concert, London, Oct. 3. The Times said: "It would have been better if Mr. Gilbert's Comedy Overture had had another rehearsal, though it was

[illegible] of [illegible] The [illegible] one [illegible] those yet [illegible] and a [illegible] whether [illegible] bring it back or not. [illegible] is [illegible] in relief by a [illegible] to win the due formalities. To [illegible] well in the Rotunda among [illegible] fountains."

The Daily Telegraph: "You would hardly expect to find ragtime cheek by jowl with a fugue. The themes from which the subject matter is derived are [illegible] typical, and at least two of them [illegible] contrasted moods of the gay and [illegible] proved delightful specimens of the idiom which the composer turned to [illegible] account. As for his fugue, it was sufficiently academic to propitiate the [illegible] opponent of ragtime. The scoring of the work sounded in places a [illegible] thick, but this may have been due to defects in the performance, which, [illegible] spirited enough, was by no means the 'finished article.'"

Miss Muriel Foster gave a song recital in London, Oct. 3. "Two settings of Verlaine and Baudelaire, by Loeffler, were rehearsed by Mr. Harold Samuel's accompaniment and Mr. Testis's obbligato viola, and on these floated rich vocal [illegible], but the whole thing did not [illegible] together quite convincingly." It is [illegible] by the Times's critic that Miss Foster [illegible] much of herself—that is, a stately conception of the song and a sustained, [illegible] pure tone—into three styles—the Italian, the impressionist and the [illegible]. We doubt if Miss Foster is the singer for Loeffler's song. There was an old song 300 years old, "Se bel [illegible]" by Rontani, and two new songs by [illegible] Ireland, "Spring Song" and "I have Twelve Oxen" on the program.

A Legend for orchestra by "the American" Frederic Laurence was played at a [illegible] concert on Oct. 2. The Times [illegible] it as a work of definite quality. [illegible] is not obvious at a single [illegible] and we should like to become more familiar with the themes before [illegible] whether there is thought in it. There is a touch of Ravel in the way the

[illegible] on [illegible] extreme [illegible] draws it into the scheme, and [illegible] on over its dead body, and we are [illegible] of the Russian school in the [illegible] of maintaining [illegible] mood. The orchestration is unusual, one [illegible] is adequately filled with sound, and the next is thin and [illegible] for no apparent reason but a [illegible] the writer is not confessed, [illegible] is intended is heard. This is [illegible] of interest to the worker [illegible] to the onlooker, there is [illegible] about it as yet [illegible] come. It had been well [illegible] for the future, at [illegible] and was played with good will."

The Daily Telegraph: "Composers in [illegible] have been moved to describe [illegible] music the wayfaring of their [illegible] of Mr. Laurence as depicted [illegible] Legend for orchestra, differs but [illegible] from other similar adventures, [illegible] in that they are given expression [illegible] in a special scale in minor third [illegible] the case with so many pieces of [illegible], there is too much of the [illegible] of groping and too little of the [illegible] of decision. The souls that are worth hearing about are the souls which, [illegible] know what they want and [illegible] that they get it. That pictured by Mr. Laurence is altogether too restless [illegible] indeterminate, and the music, in [illegible] does exactly what music [illegible] do—it meanders instead of [illegible] to the point."

The Herald published the opinions of [illegible] London critics when the suite "Adventures in a Perambulator," by John Alden Carpenter, well known in Boston, was performed at a promenade concert Aug. 15. The Music Student of [illegible] published the opinion of another [illegible] critic. "Judged as 'a series of [illegible] in infant psychology' (to quote the program notes) the work seemed [illegible] unconvincing. Apart from [illegible] frankly humorous and sometimes [illegible] commonplace descriptive passages, [illegible] atmosphere of the music was such [illegible] to suggest the reflections of a very [illegible] mind indeed. Who, after all, [illegible] the psychology of the infant mind? There is much beautiful music in the work, especially in the 'Lake' and [illegible] section, and the whole is brilliantly scored for a very full orchestra, [illegible] one felt that the means used were [illegible] of all proportion to the subject. [illegible] the [illegible] psychological [illegible] one side, one could enjoy the [illegible] of the music as a piece of frank [illegible], but why not have the adventures [illegible] and produced with the [illegible] commentary?"

Notes About the Stage, Players, Music and Musicians

[illegible] Pollock wrote "An [illegible] England-Lover: William Winter" for the [illegible] number of the Nineteenth Century. Lena Ashwell, "The Theatre and Rubicon" for the [illegible] Review.

The Musical Courier informs us that the Flonzaley Quartet has added to its repertory compositions by Samuel Gardner, [illegible] Charles T. Griffes of [illegible] N. Y., Theodore Dubois [illegible] who was [illegible] in 1916 [illegible] Alberic [illegible] the war, and a [illegible] Victor Chapman [illegible] also [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] with [illegible] the [illegible] managers [illegible] to [illegible] performance. [illegible] Arnold Bennett's [illegible] "The Title" is played only at [illegible] and [illegible] evenings only on Thursday and [illegible] days.

Arthur Collins said at a dinner to commemorate his 21 years' management of Drury Lane that when Sir Augustus Harris died, it was practically decided that Drury Lane Theatre should be pulled down and the site converted into a potato market.

"The Dictionary of the Drama," of which only the first volume (A—G) was concluded by the late W. Davenport Adams, is now being completed by Mr. John Parker, the editor of "Who's Who in the Theatre." The volume already issued, which is out of print, is being revised and brought up to date.

BRILLIANT RECITAL BY GEORGE COPELAND

Introduced Reproductions by the Ampico Piano

Mr. George Copeland's recital in Jordan Hall last Friday night was of an unusually interesting character, for there were reproductions by the Ampico Piano of transcriptions of Debussy's delightful "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune" and Spanish pieces by Albeniz.

When a recital was given two or three seasons ago to introduce the Ampico Reproducing Piano, the large audience at the Copley-Plaza invited by the Chickering Company wondered at the fidelity of the reproductions. Mr. Buehlig was then the pianist, if we are not mistaken. It would seem a still more difficult task for a mechanical instrument to catch the spirit of Mr. Copeland's interpretations, which abound in nuances of color, in variety of dynamic contrasts, in subtle and elusive rhythmic effects. But these reproductions were marvelously faithful, in matters of detail as well as in pervasive spirit. No great artist is ever the same in a performance. It might be said that if he were he would no longer be great; he would be mechanical and perfunctory; but here enters a paradox; the Ampico, reproducing the artist at his best, ceases to be mechanical; its interpretation even sets a standard for the pianist whom it imitates that he must attain at subsequent recitals.

What would not one give for like reproductions of playing by Mozart, Beethoven, Liszt, Thalberg, Rubinstein, Buelow! Their piano playing, as that of Weber and Meyerbeer, both celebrated virtuosos in their day, is now only a matter of tradition, and even of dispute. Now it is possible to preserve for future generations the performances of leading pianists, who thus gain genuine immortality, as the singers that have lived since the invention of the gramaphone. The large and enthusiastic audience of Friday undoubtedly realized this. Those who did not attend the concert can easily hear the reproductions of that night, and those of other distinguished virtuosos than Mr. Copeland. Nor is it necessary for these music lovers to visit the wareroom. They can hear them in their own rooms.

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"F. H. G." of Brookline wishes historical information about Chemin-des-Dames. "I have a dim recollection of the fact that the road was laid out between two royal residences or castles over which certain princesses or noble ladies passed to and fro on 'business or on pleasure bent' long years ago. I cannot find allusion to it, however, in any encyclopedia or guide book I have consulted and I was disappointed to find that 'Quentin Durward,' some other novels and books of travel contained no mention of it."

Now if "F. H. G." had asked us about Saint-Mihiel we should have referred her to the 35th chapter of "Renee Mauperin," a novel by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. The last of the Villacourts, the rough countryman who killed in a duel Renee's brother for taking his name, came from a ruined château near Saint-Mihiel, and there is mention of the church of the Cordeliers of Saint-Mihiel.

Alexandre Dumas the elder came to grief in his "Route de Varennes." This town was the farthest point gained by Louis XVI. when he attempted to leave France in 1791. Dumas, taking local gossip seriously, stated that the Marquis de Prefontaine would not give shelter to the fugitive, whereupon a grandson of that nobleman sued Dumas for libel on his ancestor and proved that the Marquis had offered every hospitality. Dumas was ordered to put the volume in the next [illegible] and [illegible] a new edition stating the facts within a month.

Daylight Saving

[illegible] World [illegible]

[illegible] I got [illegible] the Villa [illegible] would [illegible] there be light and [illegible] What a difference [illegible] The neighbor's hired man [illegible] were gained with such labor—hood that he has determined to let nothing disturb the change. He [illegible] place them, swore that [illegible] should remain as it always had been unless the change was to be enforced by law. Reassured on this point he appeared on the following morning an hour late, triumphant. His manner informed the others that no setting ahead of the clock could bunco him. But at noon when the other men gathered about the open blaze, he was still chopping; when he sat down to eat, there were only cold ashes and solitude, when they started down the long road home, he had still an hour to go. He looked with such pathetically awakened eyes at the backs of the retreating crowd that the farmer had pity and told him to lay down his axe, and hit the trail home.

Yet I secretly sympathized with my nephew who dropped in one day with a hopefully speculative eye on the lemonade pitcher and the cookie tin, to confide that the days were too long now that school was out. In the dear old days before the pesky war, when the dishes were done—or decently stacked near the sink—and the milk poured, and stockings darned, and a few weeds pulled out of the garden in my most horrified manner—though private. I feel if things are known by the company they keep they should be honored—and the sunset watched, I could sigh with a pleasurable fatigue, remove my jaded garments, and lounge about for an hour of reading and gossip, mild recrimination and comfortable reproof.

Alas! Suddenly it was no longer thus!—by the time we were ready to watch the sunset, the sun was still an hour high; and it was neither decent to go to bed in broad daylight nor agreeable to sit up gossiping and the rest, for another two hours.

When we were planning to come to our Limbo where we forget and want to be forgotten, I chanced to visit Cousin Maggie at Rabbit Hill. There are many things of near delight to be learned at Cousin Maggie's, who has been a wheel-chair cripple sixty odd years, and lives alone in the woods. Her clock had stopped. "Let me wind it for you," I said, jumping up.

"No! No! No!" she begged. "What do I need a clock for?"

I turned, amazed and awed at finding such a remarkable creature. Why, indeed?

"When I wake up and it's daylight, I get up," she went on. "When it's dark and I'm tired, I go to bed; when I'm hungry, I eat."

A philosophy of time hard to beat.

"When I get to Limbo, I shall forget to bring my clock," I said.

But—Now that we are at Limbo, it is not practicable—horrid word! For it is not a question of when I'm hungry, but of when we're hungry, and the multiplicity of the human elements demands some common gauge of the passing hour.

"The Bird of Time hath but a little way to fly,
And lo, the Bird is on the Wing."

O Time! Thou overwhelming trick of the imagination. Thou solemn, pompous joke! before whom we prostrate ourselves. With eyes that ope by day and close by night, blinking with the hearthcat of the universe.

Thou childish bete-noire! Thou holy comforter, upon whose breast we throw ourselves in our despair, and are consoled!

With what patient folly have we divided and apportioned Thee and not even fooled the children who sit so meekly in the dusk and ache with ennui; while in their hearts they know us liars for telling them that yesterday's aeons and today's passing of a wing are both one hour.

And now that daylight saving is over and its terrible glare no longer subjects our poor foibles to its staring gaze, I rejoice with my nephew and the little girl across the way who objected to a daylight bedtime, and her patient mother—with all of those I say, I rejoice because I need no longer suffer from the disease common to the inhabitants of northern countries—Arctic Hysteria, or Too Much Daylight.

Worcester. M. B. W.

EMILIO DE GOGORZA SINGS BRILLIANTLY

Program Enhanced by Work of Miss Renard

Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, and Miss Rosita Renard, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall before an audience that gave abundant demonstration of warm admiration for

[illegible] Miss [illegible] songs [illegible] ancient [illegible] Alexandre Borodine; [illegible] A. T. Gretchaninoff, "God [illegible] Me Mine [illegible]" [illegible] on de la Toirarite," J. M[illegible] [illegible]res," F. M. Alvarez, "[illegible]" Mexican folk-song; "When Dull Care," H. Lane Wilson, and Viking song, Coleridge-Taylor.

The Chilian pianist, who had made a most favorable impression previously in Boston, played Prelude No. 1, Mendelssohn; Nocturne op. 27, No. 2, and two etudes, Chopin; "Clair de Lune," Debussy; "Triana," Albeniz, and "Feux Follets" and a Rhapsodie Espagnole, Liszt.

Mr. de Gogorza sang the old French melodies, and the pieces which might be termed classical, with his accustomed refinement and elegance, though there were instants at the beginning when his breath control was a bit estranged from its usual perfection, and the limpid beauty of his tone was a trifle marred. These selections were warmly received, but it was simpler melodies of sentiment, like the Mexican folk-song, and generously added numbers, such as "Drink to Me Only," that especially stirred the enthusiasm of his hearers.

Miss Renard played with surprising brilliance and deftness and with remarkable delicacy of tone and shading. It was evident both in her manner and from her interpretation of the music that she keenly felt the emotional intent of the different composers, and to each she gave vivid, distinct and characteristic expression. She, like Mr. de Gogorza, seemed particularly susceptible to the appeal of the Spanish music they gave, and both showed special zest and fire in its interpretation.

[illegible] 12 1918

It is said that once upon a time Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave the ex-Emperor William an invitation to visit the United States and told him he would be welcomed. The Emperor said he could not be so long away from home, where he was needed. Then Mr. Carnegie, having the promise of the Emperor that he would not be offended, told this story: In America, he said, lived a great manufacturer, rich, hard working and unnecessarily so, for while he examined into everything and gave orders in person, he employed a capable manager. This manager, fearing the manufacturer would break down, begged him repeatedly to take a sea voyage. The manufacturer at last consented. When he returned he said: "You cannot imagine how delighted I was as I turned my back on the factory. The manager answered: "You were not half so delighted as we were."

Perhaps the Emperor in Holland remembers this pleasing anecdote. Diocletian, having abdicated, raised cabbages at Salona. Is it possible that William in Holland will go into the tulip industry? It is not likely that he will visit Brussels. This is a pity, for he might see there an instructive picture by Antoine Wiertz, entitled, "Napoleon in Hell."

As the World Wags:

VICTORY

Forward, resistless, like a furrowing plougH
Onward, onward, cleaving the yielding gleBE
Conqueror Foch, great genius of the waR
Hurls the Hun to meet his WaterlOO

F. S. S.

War and Conventionality

The London Daily Chronicle thinks that the war will teach Englishmen to shed many conventions. The top hat is one of the few outward and visible signs that occasionally remind us that there was such a time as a world at peace. Is it ever likely to have a vogue in future?" But some years before 1914 the passing of the topper was the subject of comment in London journals.

"The stiff collar and starched shirt and the bowler hat are other articles of a gentleman's wardrobe that are waning in popularity and when the fighting men take off their puttees will there be a revolt against the hideousness of trousers?"

Are trousers "hideous"? It depends on the tailor; also on the wearer. Illustrious men, as Johannes Brahms and Cesar Franck, wore their trousers at half-mast; they did not attempt to coax them down with a lump of sugar, they had no thought of pressing them; yet we do not stand in awe of a statesman or poet whose trousers bag at the knee.

The Daily Chronicle asks: "Shall we give up wearing gloves at all except in severe weather? The affectation of wearing one glove and dandling the other seems, even in peace times, a rather senseless habit. In our colonies and in the United States men wear gloves only when the weather or their occupation compels them to, and as for walking-sticks, they are never carried for ornament, but only for use. The war has surely shown the folly of such superfluities and conventional affectations as were dear to the peace-time dawdlers."

This statement may be true of the English colonies, but it is not true of the United States. Gloves [illegible]

merely from respect for ... Some that carry walking sticks regard them as the necessary companion of a frock coat or cutaway and "silker" on a Sunday afternoon, as an inevitable factor of one's "Sunday best."

Past and Present

W. Boyd Carpenter contributed to the London Times three messages from the past that can easily be applied.

The second he took from the speech of Hugh Capet in Dante's Purgatorio";

Were power to Douay, Ghent, Lille, Bruges given
Revenge would soon arrive, and at His hand
I ask revenge, whose dwelling is in heaven.

The third is from Addison's "Campaign."

The British Chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increased in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes
And blest by rescued nations as he goes.

"Up in Mabel's Room," a farce by Wilson Collison and Otto Harbach, had its first performance, if we except a tuning up somewhere in Connecticut, at the Park Square Theatre last night. The cast:

S. W.

Kruger	Frederick Sutton
Corliss	Harry C. Bradley
Jimmy Larchmont	Walter Jones
Garry Ainsworth	John Cumberland
Geraldine, his wife	Enid Markey
Mabel Essington	Hazel Dawn
Martha Weldon, Arthur's sister	Marion Tanner
Alicia Larchmont, Jimmy's wife	Evelyn Gosnell
Arthur Weldon	H. Dudley Hawley

The program described this latest production by A. H. Woods as "a frivolous farce of feminine foibles." Euphonious, and approximately true. It is a farcical presentation of the opposition truth. Circumstances are suspicious, but things are not what they seem.

Begins with a Plot

Long Island is the scene, and New Yorkers the actors. Garry Ainsworth is a fatuous bridegroom, and preposterous muff. In the estimation of men he is too good to be true. In the estimation of women he is too good for his wife. Mrs. Ainsworth is a fretful young woman with a baby stare. To teach her a lesson Mabel Essington, their host's betrothed, resolves to make her jealous. Thus begin misunderstandings upon misunderstandings.

Now Garry, in a comparatively devilish moment, once sent a present to Mabel from Paris, a chemise embroidered "From Garry to Mabel." Why does Mabel keep it three years and wear it at a house party with his bride? Consult the playwrights. At any rate, she does, and warns Garry she means to show it to his waspish wife. He pleads, then plots.

Hereafter we are constantly reminded of the play's title. For the most part, action is "Up in Mabel's Room." Under the bed, and in the clothespress; sometimes in the bathroom by way of variety. En passant, we are pained to note that guests in Long Island country houses sometimes have to use a bathroom next door.

Just Enough of It

Garry and his valet get the incriminating chemise; and they lose it. Two other couples are involved in a sleepless night. In the mean time the audience is tolerably entertained. To enjoy a farce of this sort one should dine well and check captious spirit. Thus equipped, one may have a pleasant evening. This farce is amusing, and tactfully brief. A 10:30 closing, with faces extended in smiles, is vastly preferable to an 11 o'clock curtain, with general fingering of the watch-chain.

The piece makes no severe demands upon the cast, which is adequate. Hazel Dawn is a nonchalant Mabel, possessor of the interesting chemise. John Cumberland's Garry is naively asinine. Enid Markey plays Geraldine, a pettish bride,

true to type. Our old friend, Walter Jones, plays a busy blunderer with a rather heavy touch.

We are not astonished by an all-pajama cast. But do not women usually remove their stockings in retiring for the night?

In observance of "Victory Day" there will be an extra matinee today.

'HANDS ACROSS SEA' IS KEITH FEATURE

Charles Lovenberg's "Hands Across the Sea," a spectacular dancing and singing act, featuring Estelle and Adelaide Lovenberg and Simon Neary, is the chief feature of a remarkable bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening the house was filled to overflowing.

An extra feature of the evening was the response to the appeal of Miss Anne Cody, a Belgian, for the United War Work campaign. The comedienne was rewarded with a veritable shower of money, commencing with a $5 note from a piping voice of a little Belgian girl in the gallery.

"Hands Across the Sea" is an elaborate act in four scenes. There are a score of pretty girls in spirited song and dance, and several good comedians are provided with good lines. There is

no story, and each scene is a complete episode. The outstanding feature of the act is the remarkable dancing specialties, and the piece is unique in the generous distribution of work to the ensemble. Henry Vollmer conducted.

A feature of the performance was the song and story act of Wellington Cross, a favorite of many musical comedies. Mr. Cross has not only a timely act, he has brought it up to the very hour. There was a song of his composition that cleverly dealt with the momentous world topic of yesterday. To hear him sing "The Worst Is Yet to Come" is to enjoy hearing this comedian in a style that brings out a clearly individualized feature of his art.

Other acts on the bill are a pantomimic fantasy of the forest, with Bert Ford and Pauline Price; Frank Orth and Anne Cody, in side-splitting chatter and song; the Le Grohs, comedy contortionists; "Crosby's Corners," a bucolic sketch featuring Felix Rush; Lou and Jean Archer, in songs and dances, and Robert Swann, comedy juggler.

SHAVIAN SATIRE AT THE COPLEY

Full of Shavian wit, sometimes satiric, always brilliant, Bernard Shaw's comedy, "You Never Can Tell," opened at the Copley Theatre last night for a week's run. It was acted at the same theatre two seasons ago and was so successful as to assure a full house on the opening night. The faculty of the management to select plays adapted to the members of the Jewett Players was well displayed in the choice of Shaw's comedy. The cast:

J.

Dolly Clandon	Viola Roach
Mr. Valentine	Noel Leslie
Philip Clandon	E. E. Clive
Mrs. Clandon	Jessamine Newcombe
Gloria Clandon	Phyllis Relph
The Parlor Maid	Olive Bogart
Fergus Crampton	Leonard Craske
Finch McComes	H. Conway Wingfield
William	Fred W. Permain
Mr. Bohun	Nicholas Joy

William, the waiter at the Marine Hotel, is really the central figure of the play, and Mr. Permain appeared to good advantage in the part. Leonard Craske as Fergus Crampton, and H. Conway Wingfield as Finch McComes, carried off the honors for the male characters, while Jessamine Newcombe was effective as usual as Mrs. Clandon, and Viola Roach shone as her frivolous daughter.

Those who expect a preachment, obvious or concealed, in anything from Shaw's pen will be disappointed in this. It is comedy, nothing else, was intended for nothing else. There are a few sly hits at certain advanced ideas and some of the foibles of society, as when he says that what were considered advanced ideas for women 20 years ago would not shock society or the church, but might cause a shudder on the stage, but in the main it is just fun.

It is an amusing play, well staged and well acted. Miss Phyllis Relph, who appears as Gloria Clandon, spoke at the residence of Mrs. Pitt Dillingham, 178 Commonwealth avenue, Friday morning, on the subject of "The Educational Value of the Repertory Theatre in England." The attendance was by invitation, and those present thoroughly enjoyed Miss Relph's delightful address, which was based upon her own personal experiences on the English stage.

Nov 13. 1918

The following tribute, apropos of the situation at Lille, was paid by a writer in the Evening Standard (London) to a war correspondent that has given pleasure to readers of the Boston Herald and Journal by his letters from the British front:

The hustled Hun has packed his bags,
And carted off the dibs;
But all the girls are waving flags,
And kissing Philip Gibbs.

A Note on Superstitions

As the World Wags:

Apropos of your recent and interesting reference to certain superstitions, and particularly to Nenette and Rintintin, let me call your attention to the point that, just as we were getting worked up to a state of anxiety about the U-boats off our Atlantic seaboard, I received direct from France a beautiful pair of these little mascots, with a note of transmission which, freely translated, wishes to say: "We have made for you Nenette and Rintintin, a talisman against the 'Gothas.' All the French are wearing them in their buttonholes. Wear them yourself in case the Germans take it into their head to go as far as Boston." Well, I tied them on my coat and, behold, the submarines withdrew to midocean, and then in a short time disappeared entirely. Can Mr. Herkimer Johnson tell us whether this is post hoc or propter hoc?

The superstitions of sailors and their peculiar viewpoint have always been of interest to landsmen. I recall a rather amusing incident in a voyage from Newfoundland to Montreal on a tramp steamer carrying a baker's dozen of passengers. We had as fellow travelers a Jesuit priest and a Methodist missionary returning from a season's work in Labrador—two grand humans they were despite the radical differences in their dogmatic theology—and they were naturally the ones to say grace at the captain's table. Just for a lark I put on old clothes and helped to paint ship and I got very close to and intimate with members of the crew. We coaled at Cape Breton and dropped out missionaries there, and at the next gathering for dinner the captain surveyed the table and remarked: "We have lost our sky pilots and I suppose we will have to eat without grace." I grasped his idea and volunteered to ask the blessing, which I did for the balance of the trip, but I lost touch with the sailors. In place of the slap on the shoulder and the hale and hearty "good-morning," they touched their caps and courtesied as they had done to the priest and the parson. They really thought I had been playing possum with them.

The modern steamship and the phenomenal growth of international trade have done much to either destroy or modify many earlier superstitions. Some years ago a crew might have mutinied had a dead body been allowed to remain on board, so firm was the sailors' belief that dire disaster would follow the ship. All this added to the unusual solemnity and mystery of a burial at sea. Only those who have experienced it can comprehend the thrill that comes when, the weather-beaten captain reading the committal service, the throbbing engines stop and the body of the dear one sinks to a watery grave.

Some years ago I had a fine opportunity to learn many of the intimate details of the work of the Greely expedition through a schoolmate who was a member of that party during the three years' sojourn at Point Barrow. The reports of the curious beliefs, customs and superstitions of the Eskimos in that far off Arctic region impressed me so forcibly at the time that many of them are still fresh in memory. Two of them stand out pre-eminently emphasized. One was what might be called the lapse of their otherwise quite strict moral code during the great hunt, resulting in the swapping of wives for that particular occasion; and the other was the absolute belief that the first blow in killing a walrus, whale or whatnot, must be struck with their own native weapon in order that the meat might be fit to eat. Otherwise they would starve rather than partake of it.

Perhaps the most interesting point about the whole subject is the fact that many of us fail to comprehend the force of our own superstitions, the marked influence they have on our bearing. I recall an interview with a former officer of the International Trust Company. A promissory note was tendered him and with that steel cold eye of his he gave it one glance and then passed it back, saying: "What! Twenty-three, skiddoo! Not much; change the date to the twenty-second and we will loan you the money."

What a revelation it would be if we could "see ourselves as others see us."

ROBERT L. WINKLEY.

Boston.

"Hope" and the Indicative

As the World Wags:

As one who is old enough to be particular as to the correct use of the English language, I want to express my surprise and disgust at the widespread and increasing tendency, especially among the young, to use the verb "to hope," followed by the present tense of the indicative mood. For example, "I hope he comes." "I hope it doesn't rain tomorrow." What started the absurd affectation I have no idea. It is neither sensible nor grammatical. You might with equal appropriateness say, "I am glad Harvard wins the last football game," or "We are all glad the allies win the battle of the Marne." There may be things more important than English grammar, but we ought all to guard against foolish and unmeaning perversions of our native tongue. What can we expect from our naturalized brothers if we "to the manner born" talk such senseless gibberish? Won't you help in my crusade?

DAVID G. HASKINS, Jr.

Nov 14. 1918
Should have been printed Nov 11 1918

CASTLE SQUARE: "The Misleading Lady." Comedy by Charles Goddard and Paul Dickey. The cast:

Jack Craigen	Dudley Ayres
John W. Cannell	Frederick Murray
Henry Tracey	Joseph Sweeney
Sidney Parker	Charles Stevens
Stephen Weatherbee	Aubrey Bosworth
Keen Fitzpatrick	Allen Karle
Boney	Mark Kent
Tim McMahon	Owen Harris
Bill Fagan	Frederick Murray

Babe Merrill	Ted ...
"Spider" Sanborn	S...
Helen Steele	Ann M...
Mrs. John W. Cannell	Blanche ...
Jane Wentworth	Betty B... t
Grace Buchanan	Dorothy Tiern...

The second week of the new Castle Square stock company at the Castle Square is continuing the good results.

Next week the play at the Castle Square will be Jane Cowl's successful piece, "Lilac Time," a drama of wartime in France.

Nov 15.

Who was the Englishman that, being asked to state his qualifications for a certain post in a government office, replied: "I combine the fiercest invective with the wildest humor"?

Their Simple Rural Way

As the World Wags:

An acquaintance who read that story of Zulu discipline sniffed disagreeably and said to me: "Huh! what do you know about Zulu, anyway? And what was that other African story?" I replied with an access of dignity that I was as familiar with Zulu as with Cherokee, or Samoyede; but I refused to tell him the other story. Here it is, however.

A king up in the East African region, where Roosevelt and Archie went hunting giraffes and used to bring them in tied together by the necks, found his people short of food, after a season of drought and cattle pest. The king estimated the supply, and counted his people; they were too many to feed; they would all die before the next harvest. So he ordered two chiefs to "choose up," like a country spelling school, and set the tribe in two lines. At a signal, they were to fight till he told them to stop. When about one-fourth were slain he gave the signal to stop; they threw the dead in the river, tightened their loincloths, and lived through till harvest.

Of course, all the old and feeble had been slain. The younger women were exempted from the fighting, as the king said mothers were more useful than fathers, when a tribe is small. The method was simple, but effective. As a means of reducing the surplus population, it would seem to be fully as enlightened as the German method of bringing on a caseless war, with poison gas, slaughter of children, bombing of helpless wounded, extermination of civilian population, etc. In fact, the savages of Africa and those of the cold Prussian plains (who were still pagan heathens, some of them, when Rheims Cathedral was built in France) have many traits and proclivities in common.

Brookline. W. C. T.

Stewart Edward White reminded me of the story. I have not been in Nairobi since he was there.

Nightgowns and Novels

As the World Wags:

Apropos of Prof. T. K. Deedledum's query as to the use of nightgowns, my own belief, based upon reading, is that a special dress for sleeping purposes is a fairly late development of civilization and that, before its introduction, the custom was to wear part of the day apparel or nothing, for sleeping, according to the taste of the individual or the state of the weather.

Shakespeare's (or is it Bacon's?) line, "Who sees his true-love in her naked bed," certainly does not refer to absence of bed hangings!

Mrs. Manley, in "The Power of Love, in Seven Novels," speaks of two persons who "on account of the heat had gone to bed naked." I quote from memory.

Then there is the naive speech of Lady Booby in "Joseph Andrews" (Book I., Chap. V.).

In the night scene at Booby Hall, Parson Adams jumps out of bed, and "without staying to put a rag of clothes on," hastens to the rescue and lays hold of Beau Didapper's skin "for Slipslop had torn his shirt off," which, we are told earlier, he put on when he got up to start on his quest. And, finally, Lady Booby slips on a night-gown (note the word!), petticoat and slippers before she starts down the corridor to Slipslop's room.

All of which is respectfully submitted as gong to show that the use of nightgowns for sleeping purposes was not common either in the time of Shakespeare, Mrs. Manley or Fielding.

Chestnut Hill. XENES.

Being Interpreted

The Daily Express (London) gave recently a remarkable translation of "Suum Cuique": "I am that which I am." We prefer the schoolboy's version of Horace's "Dulce est desipere in loco": "It is pleasant to disappear on an engine."

Chemin des Dames

"F. H. G." of Brookline asked for historical information about Chemin-des-Dames, saying that she could not find an allusion to that region in any encyclopaedia or guide book.

An anonymous correspondent now refers her to the Revue des Deux Mondes, Aug. 1, 1918, pages 609-610.

Henry's League of Nations

[illegible] a League of Nations, [illegible] it not [illegible] ... [illegible] the reduction of Austria [illegible] European [illegible] 15 states, some of them [illegible] one of them commonwealth with a permanent council of commissioners and an elective Emperor [illegible] Russia and Turkey would [illegible] admitted. They were not [illegible] considered as European. By the [illegible] it was in the reign of Henry IV. [illegible] powder for the hair was invented [illegible] called "grisérie."

Raleigh or Ralegh

[illegible] every one mentioning the com[illegible] of Sir Walter Raleigh's [illegible] spelled his name with "eigh" as [illegible] second syllable. For this form [illegible] Raleigh himself gave no warrant. Sir [illegible] usually spelled his name Ralegh, [illegible] the great Dictionary of National [illegible] But he also signed [illegible] Rauleygh and Rawley; his broth[illegible] Rawleygh and Raulligh. It is [illegible] there were over 70 spellings of the [illegible] Here is an evening amusement [illegible] the bright-eyed young Augustus [illegible] near the radiator under an elec[illegible] light, dreading the approach of bed[illegible].

Nov 15 1918

The Crown Prince was stabbed and shot in a railway carriage; he was killed while he was attempting to cross the frontier; he is safe in Holland; he is with the German army on the front. Thus are we reminded of the whereabouts of Gen. Beauregard as reported by telegraph in Vanity Fair of May 4, 1861, "after manner of daily papers."

"Havre de Grace, April 26. Gen. Beauregard was in Richmond at 23 minutes past 6 o'clock yesterday, and will attack Washington at once.

"Philadelphia, April 26. We learn on undoubted authority that Gen. Beauregard was in Alexandria at 24 past 6 yesterday, reconnoitering.

"Baltimore, April 26. Gen. Beauregard was in Norfolk at 25 minutes past 6 yesterday, and took a gin cocktail with several of the First Families.

"Havre de Grace, April 26. I learn from a gentleman just from Mobile that Gen. Beauregard is on his way North with 150,000 troops. Gen. Beauregard is 6 feet high, but will not join Blower's 'Household Guards.' Declines advertising the Household Journal.

"Annapolis, April 26. Gen. Beauregard was discovered in the White House rear yard last night at 26 minutes past 6, armed with three large howitzers and a portable sled stake. He went away after reconnoitering pretty numerously.

"Philadelphia, April 26. I learn on excellent authority that Gen. Beauregard was in Charleston at 22 minutes past 6 yesterday, and had no intention of leaving. He was repairing Fort Sumter. The people of Bangor, Me., and of Cape Cod, Mass., report that Gen. Beauregard has lately been seen prowling around those places. I learn that Gen. Beauregard is within five miles of Washington. The report in some of your contemporaries that Gen. Beauregard is within five miles of Washington is utterly without foundation. Sensational dispatches in times like these cannot be too strongly deprecated. The public will invariably find my dispatches reliable and can always find out all about Gen. Beauregard by buying Vanity Fair. Price 6 cents."

Chemin des Dames

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the discussion in your column concerning Chemin des Dames, no one will ever understand it fully, inasmuch as the way of women is past finding out. It is, however, quite erroneous to attempt to compare "chemin," as does the writer who insists upon—Positive, chemin comparative, chemise; superlative, chemist. This has no etymological warrant. But the name may be a correct translation of a path I distinctly remember in my childhood marked: Ladies' Walk. This leaves the etymology, in the language of an ex-president of Princeton, "stripped of all they contain, not only, but even—"

Boston. SCHOLASTICO SIMILIS.

A National Anthem

"R. C."—the letter was mailed at Eastham—suggests that "Flag of the Free" be substituted for "The Star Spangled Banner." "The music is stirring and easy to sing; the words are also stirring and full of patriotism."

And what is the music set to the stirring and patriotic words? The "bridal" chorus from "Lohengrin"!

"Rarebit"

Mr. C. F. Danforth writes: "Why not Welsh rarebit (sic), at least for the pres[illegible] [illegible] of cheese in public shops." Speaking of Cape Cod turkey, Bombay duck, Welsh rabbit, let us not forget that a Leicester plover is a bag-pudding; Norfolk capon is a red herring; a herring is also called in Great Britain Glasgow magistrate, Cornish duck, Taunton turkey, Digby chicken, Billingsgate pheasant, Gourock ham, Dunbar wether. Dr. W. W. Skeat quoted in his English Dictionary "Norfolk haddock." In discussing "Welsh rabbit," a term that "many have turned into 'rarebit' by indiscreet purism."

Leather and Long Strides

As the old song has it, There's nothing like leather. But how it costs today when it appears in the form of boots. An Englishman that swore he would not be extravagant in any way ate less bread, cut down coal and gas, bought War Loan and War bonds, cultivated his garden, sifted his ashes. What more could he do? He lengthened his stride to save leather, if the Daily Chronicle is to be believed. "He was wont to cover two feet at a stride. He is careful now that morning, noon and night he clears a yard and more at every bound. 'A good one-third of leather saved, and much physical energy developed,' he rejoices." It might be said that short-breathed persons, especially those suffering in any way from heart trouble, may prolong their days by lengthening their steps. "The short quick stride is a delusive waste of energy."

A Succedaneum

If the worst happens, there is a drink made of pine balsam. Bishop Berkeley recommended it long ago. "The luminous spirit lodged and detained in the native balsam of pines and firs is of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate, and to produce a calm and steady joy like the effect of good news, without that sinking of spirits which is a subsequent effect of all fermented cordials."

What a writer of advertisements the Bishop would be today!

Nov 16 1918

Mr. Rabaud Is Warmly Greeted by Large Audience at Symphony

By PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Henri Rabaud conducted for the first time a symphony concert in Boston. The program was as follows: Beethoven, "Eroica" symphony; Saint-Saens, "The Youth of Hercules"; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Caprice on Spanish Themes.

The selection of the symphony was fortunate, not merely because Beethoven had in mind Napoleon, the Consul, the enemy of kings, the young liberator, but also by reason of its mighty funeral march, a heroic lamentation over heroes [illegible] in defence of freedom, a lamentation in which there is exultation even in grief. That Beethoven erased the name of Bonaparte on the title page when he learned that the conqueror had declared himself Emperor only enlarges the significance of the symphony in this week of worldwide tumultuous rejoicing.

It was a pleasure to hear the symphonic poem of Saint-Saens again. It had not been performed at these concerts for over 13 years. May we not hope to hear the "Phaeton" of this composer, a symphonic poem that has not been played since 1899? "Le Rouet d'Omphale" and "Danse Macabre" would also be welcome. For in his symphonic poems, Saint-Saens is not mastered by his subject; he does not take it too seriously; one might even see him smiling ironically on hearing his own music. Anatole France might have written the three symphonic poems with mythological subjects if he had turned composer. Hercules had his choice, according to Prodicus and other men of wisdom: Pleasure or Virtue. Ten to one, Saint-Saens wrote the prose argument of this composition with his tongue in his cheek, saying to himself, "The apparition and the seductive words of Pleasure will give me opportunity for a riotously voluptuous Bacchanale; I must not make the music of Virtue too austere." He wrote in the spirit that moved him to take the part of Calchas when Regnault, the painter, played Helen in Offenbach's delightful "La Belle Helene." These symphonic poems are admirable if only for the absence of any attempt at interlinear translation of fable into music. They are not too programmatic. As absolute music they are characterized by Gallic clarity and logic. The effects are gained by an economy of means, as Marshal Foch understands the secret of warfare. Now that Saint-Saens is over 80, he is a reactionary, which might be pardoned if one did not remember that Verdi was [illegible] [illegible] as daring [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] hymn to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with German [illegible] [illegible] In 1915 he lost a chance at Debussy and Ravel, and even at Cesar Franck, and is loud in his praise of Mendelssohn. Does he regret his own symphonic poems?

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice" is music of a Russian thinking of Spain rather than living there, observing the wild dancing of the gypsy girls, shouting "Ole" in his delirious joy. There is much more of Spain in Chabrier's "Espana," Debussy's "Night in Seville" and "Iberia," Laparra's "Il Habanera." There are a few glowing pages in the Russian's score; there are many that are perfunctorily Spanish, some that are only thunderous platitudes.

Mr. Rabaud, who was greeted heartily by the large audience, conducted in a manner that at once inspired confidence in his ability. He has dignity and poise without being rigid and academic. His beat is singularly decisive; his gestures have interpretative significance. One might say, after this concert, that he takes a broad view of a composition, catches the pervading spirit, is not anxious over details that are unessential. In nearly every elaborate composition there are measures of padding. This padding may be sonorous, euphonious; but it should not be emphasized; otherwise continuity may be checked and that which is really important lose vital meaning. Mr. Rabaud gave a sound, impressive reading of the symphony, for he let Beethoven have his own way. In Saint-Saens's symphonic poem he showed a fine sense of proportion and dynamic contrasts. The interpretation was poetic; it was dramatic, not theatrical. Rimsky-Korsakoff's music was strongly rhythmed, read with fire and abandon. The audience was enthusiastic throughout the concert. The orchestra, whose performance was of the traditional high standard, and the city of Boston may well plume themselves on having secured the services of this conductor.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Grieg's Pianoforte Concerto (Mme. Samaroff, pianist), Saint-Saens's Symphony No. 3, with organ.

NEWMAN TALKS ON 'PARIS 1918'

Mr. Newman gave the first of his series of illustrated traveltalks, "Wartime Europe," last night to a large and enthusiastic audience in Symphony Hall. The subject was "Paris, 1918," yet there were introductory pictures that were most interesting, as the landing of 14,000 American troops at Brest and the scenes of the review of 40,000 on the great drill field near that city before entraining. The pictures of Paris showed the daily street life of 1918, when the city was under bombardment, contrasted with the life in years of peace; how public buildings, statues, were protected; what pains had been taken to preserve the famous galleries of the Louvre by removal to secret places. The sacrifices of the French in many ways should shame those easy-going careless Americans that are now indifferent to the claims of our own soldiers for aid and comfort until their return. There were graphic representations of women at work in various occupations, substituting for their men called to the front; pictures of mannequins, women of the Latin quarter and Montmartre, no longer gay and frivolous, but engaged in war relief work. One of the most remarkable set of pictures was that of Paris taken from a military dirigible balloon. The audience, which constantly applauded, was thrilled by the sight of the wounded marines brought in from Chateau-Thierry, and by the great spectacle of the march in the procession of July 4, followed by the army nurses, with views of the enormous and deeply affected crowd in the streets. And here Mr. Newman, whose talk of what he himself saw, for he had unusual advantages in taking his pictures, had been as interesting as it was instructive, became eloquent by the emotion that vitalized his simple words. He has shown beautiful and striking pictures on former visits; but those that were seen last night, and will follow, are fraught with meaning as never before and arouse admiration for the allies and for our own soldiers. The view last night ended appropriately with a picture of Gen. Pershing being congratulated by Marshal Joffre.

This travel talk will be repeated this afternoon. The subject for next week will be even more engrossing: "Wartime France."

The Schleswig-Holstein question may come up again. When Artemus Ward was in London, writing for Punch and lecturing in the Egyptian Hall in 1866, he described his journey from Liverpool to London, "passin the time very agreeable in discussin with a countryman of mine, the celebrated Schleswig-Holstein question." "We took that interesting [illegible]

[illegible] ... [illegible] the word "[illegible]" [illegible] to a [illegible] "Jersey" [illegible]

Mr. Edmund Gosse wishes every one to use the old Danish spelling "Sleswick," not the German "Schleswig."

Kings in Exile

William Hohenzollern was not the first dethroned monarch to seek refuge in Holland. The Elector Palatine Frederick, King of Bohemia, banished from his dominion after the battle of the Weisse' Berg, near Prague in 1620, found an asylum with Prince Maurice of Orange, his uncle, and lived quietly at Rhenen, where he could see a Gothic church with a famous tower. A [illegible] on the summit of the hill [illegible] is called the Koningstafel after him. Some of his adventures are described in "Heidelberg," a novel by G. P. R. James, the James of the "two horsemen."

Will William Hohenzollern be the shabby hero or the atrocious villain of some novelist [illegible] Kings of Balkan states, living in Paris, furnished [illegible] for Alphonse Daudet and Jules Lemaitre. When Candide and Martin sat down at table d'hote in Venice they found as companions six strangers who had come to see the carnival in that city. To the wonder of Candide valets addressed the strangers respectively as "sire" or "your majesty." "Gentlemen," said Candide, "this is a singular joke. Why are you all kings? I admit to you that I am not one, nor is Martin." Then the strangers in turn told a sad story of dethronement. Each one ended by saying: "And I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice." They were Achmet III, Ivan of Russia, Charles Edward of England, two kings of Poland, and Theodore, King of Corsica. Poor Theodore said: "I was called 'your majesty,' now I am scarcely called 'monsieur.' I have ordered money to be coined, now I do not possess a farthing. I have had two secretaries of state, now I have hardly a valet. I have seen myself [illegible] on a throne, and for a long time I was on the straw in a London prison. I am afraid of being treated in the same way here, although I have come, as your majesties, to pass the Carnival at Venice." The five other kings heard this speech with noble pity. Each of them gave 20 sequins to King Theodore for shirts and clothes. Candide gave him a diamond worth 2000 sequins. "Who is, then," said the five kings, "this simple person that is able to give 100 times as much as any one of us, and gives it?"

William Hohenzollern was more prudent. He took with him trunks, valises, boxes and packing cases. He certainly will not go to Venice to see the Carnival. Will he be permitted to dwell in his villa on the island of Corfu, the villa built for the Empress Elizabeth of Austria? It is said that the first thing he did on taking possession after the death of Elizabeth was to smash a statue or bust of Heine placed there. For Heine had mocked the Hohenzollerns in bitter verse.

A Simple Breakfast

Some time ago we printed Leigh Hunt's description of an ideal breakfast. Here is Christopher Morley's idea of the meal. We quote from "Shandygaff":

"Let there be hominy and cream, and if possible, brown sugar. There follow scrambled eggs, shirred to a lemon-yellow, with toast sliced in triangles, fresh unsalted butter, and Scotch bitter marmalade. Let there be without fail a platter of hot bacon, crisply, juicy, fried to the debatable point where softness is overlaid with the faintest crepitation of crackle, of crispyness. If hot Virginia corn pone is handy, so much the better. And coffee, two-thirds hot milk, also with brown sugar. It must be permissible to call for a second serving of the scrambled eggs; or, if this is beyond the budget, let there be a round of ingeniously grilled kidneys, with perhaps a sprinkle of mushrooms, grown in chalky soil. This is the kind of breakfast they used to serve in Eden before the fall of man and the invention of [illegible] with their crass formulae."

Yet we prefer Leigh Hunt's breakfast, simpler as it is: for he named "something potted." There is a vagueness in this that is more appetizing and entrancing than any carefully drawn bill of fare.

Nov 17 '18

Miss Ethel Barrymore will be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night in a comedy, "The Off Chance," by R. C. Carton, whose real name is Critchett. This comedy was produced at the Queen's Theatre, London, on Sept. 18, 1917, with [illegible] [illegible] dramatic [illegible] Before the [illegible]

th[illegible] in[illegible] befor[illegible] his pl[illegible] da[illegible] but [illegible] ter would [illegible] The first scene is in a lawyer's office, the second in the Palm Court of a fashionable London hotel (dinner time); the third in a London flat (after dinner); the fourth in a bungalow on the Thames. When it was remarked that the comedy might not be unlike "Lord and Lady Algy" because a duke and his young wife figure prominently, Mr. Carton pointed out that whereas "Lord and Lady Algy" might justly be described as farcical comedy, "The Off Chance" was a comedy with an undercurrent of serious interest. "The difference in kind and style," he said, "is like that which divides Sardou's "Nos Intimes" ("Bosom Friends" or "Peril") from his "Pattes de Mouches" ("A scrap of Paper"). One of the characters is an American, "who claims no title, but for this he atones by being a millionaire." "'A manly, fine chivalrous fellow,' the author labels him," said the Daily Telegraph, "and he makes no secret of the satisfaction he derives from the thought that, in view of the strong sentiment, which now binds the two nations, the English stage for once will show us an American by a type utterly removed from that popularized by American 'crook' plays—whose 'heroes' Mr. Carton very happily likens to Mark Twain's description of a particular street as being 'straighter than a corkscrew, but not so straight as a rainbow.'" This part was played in London by Paul Arthur, who was born in Albany, N. Y., the son of an interesting seller of second-hand books.

The crook in the comedy is an Englishman. Our old friend "Handsome Jack" Barnes took the part of a baronet. The Duke and his wife were played by Percy Hutchison and Mary Glynne respectively. The Times began its review: "The world of Mr. Carton is very much the world of M. Capus. By all means let us make the best of both worlds. You won't find good or bad people there, only good fellows or bad losers. The ethical code is simple: play the game and anyhow, be cheery. If, into the bargain, you can take a hand at poker, spot a winner at Kempton, and talk American slang, all shall be forgiven you." As for Miss Compton, the mother-in-law, "all her comrades take their note from her and help to lull you into the proper mood for the Carton world, where good humor and sportsmanship are the cardinal virtues and your austere precision would be a tiresome intruder. He did not intrude at the Queen's last night. It was an evening of Renanism in practice." When Miss Barrymore produced the comedy at the Empire Theatre, New York, Feb. 14, 1918, Cyril Keightley took the part of the Duke and Eva Le Gallienne that of the Duchess. Edward Emery played Major Bagleigh and John Cope the American, Bayne. The part of the dancer was taken by Marcelle Rousillon.

Mr. Jewett will bring out tomorrow at the Copley Theatre a remarkable play, "Hindle Wakes," by the late Stanley Houghton. Let no one think that Hindle is the name of a young woman and the play may, therefore, be classed with bedroom comedies of which we have had a surfeit. Hindle is a village in Lancashire. Wake here means an annual festival and holiday; a fair held at such a time. "The annual fair held in Lancashire towns and villages are called wakes. The towns are in a state of festivity approaching, in some degree, the carnivals of continental towns. All workshops and mills are closed; and those working people whose means are adequate for the purpose, pay visits to seaports and places of amusement, etc. Those who remain in the towns and villages frequent the fairs, theatres, etc." According to one writer, the wakes are generally held on or about the Saint's day to whom the church is dedicated, and in the fall. "The wakes are one of the grand events of the year from which dates are often reckoned; and it is customary for friends from a distance to visit each other during 'Wakes week' I have very often heard people lamenting that the wakeses are beginning, as it is a sure indication that winter is not far off. * * * It is or was the custom for farmhouse servants to be rehired in Mobberley at the wakes, though they did not actually change their places till Christmas." But in South Cheshire two wakes were held much earlier than fall. At Wybunbury wakes, held at the beginning of March, fig pies are eaten. At Wrenbury wakes, early apples are ripe. Wake beef was "a source of pride for which men would save first and pinch afterward. A well-spiced prepared round of wake-beef was not to be despised." Wake-cake occurs in the phrase, "as short as Marchington wake-cake," used of a woman's temper. Wake-clubs, "clubs at workshops and mills, whose weekly contributions are made to a fund which is disbursed at the annual holiday or wakes, chiefly for the [illegible] of a visit to [illegible] Also known as "going o[illegible]

[illegible] Miss Horniman's Repertory Company from the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester (Eng.), before the Incorporated Stage Society at the Aldwych Theatre, London, on Sunday, June 16, 1912. The cast was as follows: Mrs. Hawthorn, Ada King; Christopher Hawthorn, Charles Bibby; Fanny Hawthorn, Edyth Goodall; Mrs. Jeffcote, Daisy England; Nathaniel Jeffcote, Herbert Lomas; Alan Jeffcote, J. V. Bryant; Sir Timothy Farrar, Edward Landor; Beatrice Farrar, Sybil Thorndike; Ada, Hilda Davis. The play was at the Court Theatre, London, Sept. 22, 1913, when Muriel Pratt took the part of Fanny, and Leonard Mudie that of the cad, Alan. It had previously been played in 1912 at the Coronet and at the Playhouse, when Leonard Mudie played Christopher. It was revived at the Duke of York's, London, September, 1915, with Muriel Pratt as Fanny and Kenneth Kent as Alan. Another revival was at the Court, London, in December, 1916, with Marie Royter as Fanny. "Miss Goodall gave us a Fanny with a way; Miss Muriel Pratt made her a passionate portrait of unrest; but Miss Royter's impersonation is just a pretty young mill girl out 'for a lark.' This is, no doubt, largely what Stanley Houghton meant. Miss Royter's mill girl was a very forgivable one, so the audience took her to its heart."

An English company under the management of Shubert and Brady sailed for New York Nov. 14, 1912. The first performance in this country was at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, Dec. 9, 1912. Mrs. Hawthorn, Alice O'dea; Christopher Hawthorn, James C. Taylor; Fanny Hawthorn, Emelle Polini; Mrs. Jeffcote, Alice Chapin; Nathaniel Jeffcote, Herbert Lomas; Ada, Kathleen MacPherson; Alan Jeffcote, Roland Young; Sir Anthony Farrar, Charles F. Lloyd; Beatrice Farrar, Dulcie Conry. The play was afterward performed in Chicago, Pittsburgh, etc.

This play was widely discussed in London and in other English cities. The vice-chancellor of Oxford objected to it, whereupon Miss Horniman remarked: "Oxford is the home of lost causes. As a London suburban, dissenting, middle-class, middle-aged spinster, I am not annoyed. I am amused at such antiquities which still persist at Oxford. It will be most unreasonable to demand that a man with such a position should know anything of workaday life. Let us pray for him—he needs it."

It would be easy to fill this page with letters and comments inspired by the performances. Mr. Houghton said in a short letter: "My aim was not to express any 'point of view' whatever, but to present life as I saw it. I do not think that it is the business of a playwright to subject his audience to moral or philosophical exercises. 'Hindle Wakes,' at least, was designed purely as an entertainment."

Miss Horniman said of the play: "Mr. Houghton sent it in to me. I am used to him sending in plays, and to hundreds of other young men and women. Introductions and recommendations make no difference to me, and a play sent in by an actor or actress has less chance than any other, because the author in that case would naturally want the centre of the stage and all the limelight. In my theatre I have a very holy motto. It runs: In this building the author is top dog . . . Just because the decent folk in 'Hindle Wakes' take life seriously, and not with a giggle, these people, who enjoy the plays that are permeated by horse laughter from the audience, seem to be a little shocked. They appear surprised to hear the facts of real life spoken on the stage in the way in which they are referred to in normal households." And then Miss Horniman told why she was not an advocate of the revival of what are called stock companies. She found actors and actresses for her repertory theatre in Manchester everywhere. "There is endless talent. All they want is a chance to learn to act. But actors themselves should be protected from the 'stars' and from the amateurs who come from drawing rooms and elsewhere, and look very charming, but cannot act."

The leading dramatic critics of London were loud in praise of this play. The Pall Mall Gazette said in July, 1912: "It is sound, honest work, full of vitality and interest, very different from the wearisome cleverness that stuffs and stifles the life of the theatre on every side." The Times said apropos of the revival in 1913: "It will be welcome to the playgoer who does not mind an entertainment which makes him think both during and after its presentation. For Mr. Houghton's play, with its vivid portrayal of rugged Lancashire life and character, grips the attention from start to finish, despite its defects—and we still fail to understand why either his fiancee or Fanny, the mill-girl, should have worried in the least about such an impossible person as Alan. Doubtless, however, Mr. Houghton cut his hero to suit his contention that while Alan might pass for the companion of a week-end frolic, as a life partner he would be unbearable, and certainly, from that point of view, one's sympathies are wholly with Fanny in her struggle with conventional morality."

Even Michael Lykiardopulos, the secretary of the Moscow Art Theatre, visiting London in 1912, after saying that Lord Dunsany had struck a new note in modern dramatic literature, was pleased [illegible] the "unconventionality" of "H[illegible] Wakes." "In England the greater [illegible] ler of contemporary plays, as [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] from an old recipe. I have been told that the play is typical of Lancashire people. I do not know Lancashire. I cannot speak as to that. But as a play with an original plot and a very good dénouement I think it the best I have seen here this summer. As for the acting, it is the best I have seen in England, and perhaps in the whole of Europe, excepting, of course, Russia, where we are accustomed and trained to such simple, natural and real acting. What is often so distressing in English acting, and in a great deal of that on the continent, is the false note of pathos that is so often struck. It leaves the impression of something almost hysterical . . . I went to see the play ('Hindle Wakes') with two Russian friends. We all said after the first act, 'Well, this is just as though the play was being acted in the Moscow Art Theatre.' It was like hearing a musical work performed by a perfect symphonic orchestra. It was not that of an ordinary play; it was just a perfect orchestral ensemble."

Among the questions raised by "Hindle Wakes" was one asking whether "an actor or an actress should refuse to play a part with whose moral character he or she has no sympathy, and how far such a performance may affect his or her own character?" This reminds us of a speech made by a woman, a crusted Bostonian, who sat behind us at a performance of "Carmen," when Mme. Calve visited Boston the first time. "No; I should not like to meet her. Any one that can act like that must be a disreputable person." And did not the leading actors in Jules Laforgue's "Hamlet" refuse to take the parts of the king and queen in the play before Hamlet's uncle on the ground that they never acted anything but sympathetic characters? Miss Goodall wrote an excellent letter to the Pall Mall Gazette: "The public are only just beginning to learn to dissociate the actress from the part she plays. They have had to learn to do this in the case of players in a repertory company, because they see the same actress play a passionate, ill-governed, sordid, selfish and brutal woman like Blanche in 'Widowers' Houses' one week and the gentle Candida the next week. The way in which the members of an audience associate the actress with her part has been curiously exemplified in my own case. Several of my friends have overheard people in Manchester, discussing me in relation to my performance of Blanche, say: 'Eh, she must be like it off the stage or she could not play it on.' And, once, a man exclaimed: 'Heaven defend me from marrying such a woman!' Even in London the same thing has happened over and over again, and a lady, a friend of Miss Horniman, who sat in her box and saw 'Widowers' Houses' at the Coronet, asked her breathlessly at the end of the performance if I were 'really like that off the stage.' Such things seem incredible; but they happen, like so many other things which are difficult of belief."

"Much stress has been laid on the effect of the part in its power of influencing the actress's private life. It takes my breath away to think that people should exist who can imagine such a thing possible. I do not think that the playing of any part can affect in the least degree the character of the woman who plays it. Of course, the first qualification for acting a part is that the actor must either have, or must painfully acquire, the understanding of such emotions as the part demands. In proportion as the actor learns to understand the feelings and ideas of one character after another his understanding must grow and become more acute, as every other faculty improves by practice. Understanding is the thing which matters most. It seems to me as futile for any one to think that I could be influenced into imitating Fanny by playing the part as it would be to suppose that, because during his career on the stage Sir Henry Irving played characters like Macbeth, Iago, Louis XI., and others, who committed murder after murder, he should want to kill people in private life. And, as the suggestion has been made that the actor's character may likewise be deteriorated by playing the part of an immoral man, it is a sad thought that Miss Saville, who plays the good girl in 'Hindle Wakes,' may be growing daily better and better, while poor Mr. Bryant and I may be growing daily worse and worse! Whether Fanny was, in my own opinion, right or wrong, is a little secret that I shall keep all to myself; but certainly the creation and playing of the part has not affected my ideas or myself either way, and I have been not a little amused by the discussion."

Notes About the Stage, Players, Music and Musicians

The idea of the National (British) Dramatic War Film was conceived by the prime minister, who requested Hall Caine to write the story. Sir Hall talked about the production at a meeting of the American Luncheon Club in London on Oct. 16, the story of the film, of which some portions were exhibited. "The important work of producing or giving birth to it had been done by Mr. Herbert Brenon, who had been assisted by British actors and actresses of high distinction—Miss Marie Lohr, who stood in the film as in life for the highest type of British womanhood; Miss Jose Collins, who represented the brave British working woman; Miss Rene Mayer, as one of the victims of the baser passions fostered by the war; Miss Ellen Terry, who depicted with matchless tenderness the beautiful story of mother-love and mother bereavement; Mr. Matheson Lang, who gave a portrait of what was finest in British manhood; Mr. Bertram Wallis, who stood for the workingman; Mr. James Carew, who had the unwelcome task of depicting the best and worst types of the German soldier; and many others. Some of his fellow-authors had helped in the scenario, and if he did not mention them by name it was because he hesitated to make them responsible for a work which they did not control. He might say, however, that Mr Thomas Hardy and Mr. Rudyard Kipling had given them songs, and that Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Frederic Cowen and Mr. Landon Ronald were setting them to music. Then, as the cinema was half-sister to the art of painting, Sir Luke Fildes was helping them to realize afresh the poignant pathos of the workman's home. One of the chief things he had tried to do in the film was to bring the war nearer to the home of the workingman, and to ask him what he would do if the war came to England. When the workingman realized that he was fighting for his home there would be fewer strikes until the war was over. Another thing they had tried to do was to show the differing effects of the two great spirit-forces which were contending for allegiance—war and peace, Kaiser and Christ. They did not in the least fear that their film would be superannuated by the events of the last fortnight. Whether peace came soon or late the lessons they had tried to teach could hardly ever be untimely."

In a new romantic drama, "His Royal Happiness," announced for production at Eastbourne (Eng.) Nov. 4, the hero, a young prince, goes to the Adirondacks for his health. "He breaks his journey at Washington. There he meets and falls in love with an ex-President's charming daughter, to whom, when at length he moves on to his final destination, is assigned the welcome task of accompanying him as nurse." Where did the prince come from to break his journey to the Adirondacks at Washington? The play should surely be brought to Boston.

At the "Old Vic" Centenary, Oct. 25, there was a revue of the work done at that famous theatre. "It opens with a fragment from one of those lurid melodramas that were in days gone by the joy of transpontine audiences, namely, Scene 3 of Act III. of that once popular drama, 'Simon Lee, or the Murder of Five Fields Copse.' The action is laid in the cell of a condemned felon whose family assemble to bid him farewell, the climax being reached by the death of the heroic wife just as the announcement of her husband's pardon is made."

Charles Frederick Carlson of Chicago has set music for solo voices, piano and string quartet or organ or full chorus and orchestra to Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." "It is a music drama without scenery, costumes or action, and yet is given in so complete a manner that the audience cannot fail to picture the scenes, conditions and actions as they are given by the 'narrator' and each character as they come in the story. The work will consist of over 200 printed pages and will take a whole evening for rendition." We shall never forget Mr. Bispham reciting Tennyson's poem to Richard Strauss's piano music played by the composer. We see Mr. Bispham now digging his nails into the grand piano as he was describing Enoch's agony.

In a sale at Sotheby's, London, a good copy of Shakespeare's "Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke" ("Henry VI.") £1600 and a fine copy of "Hamlet" (1607) "of which only two inferior copies have been sold during the last 18 years, were put up at auction.

The 1000th performance of "Chu Chin Chow" took place at His Majesty's, London, on Oct. 29. It is said that Oscar Asche will write and produce a new play for Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard when they take possession of that theatre.

Two "Indian Dances" by Charles S. Skilton were performed at a promenade concert, London, on Oct. 17. Mr. Skilton was born at Northampton, Mass. A Yale graduate, he is now professor of organ, theory and the history of music at the University of Kansas. These dances—Deer Dance (Rogue River, Oregon) and War Dance (Cheyenne) were first composed for string quartet. Mr. Skilton scored them for orchestra in 1916 at Peterboro, N. H. They were played by the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra in October of that year, and by the Philadelphia orchestra the 8th of this month. The London Daily Telegraph said that the themes are in contrasting moods of the grave and gay, the former suggested by a characteristic melody of quiet, wistful charm, and the latter by dances of which the rhythm is at once energetic and insistent. "The composer makes no attempt to over-elaborate his subject matter and has been content to set the two numbers in a simple, but shapely, orchestral garb. His work was very well received."

Joseph Speaight's orchestral tone poem "Joy and Sorrow" was perfor[illegible]

[illegible] ...izer's [illegible] ... of th[illegible] ... is th[illegible] ... repose in his sorrow."

Th[illegible] year or so ago the late E[illegible] ... warned [illegible] against the danger of t[illegible]ting t[illegible] ... of nature on the ground that it [illegible] ... slight a best [illegible] however, is not happy [illegible] counsels of so wise a guide as [illegible] and amateurs of music [illegible] particularly prone to cherish the [illegible] that a song or a piano piece [illegible] composed by inventing a melody [illegible] doubtful originality and accompany[illegible] it with a few chords experimentally [illegible] aspects—at the piano. This [illegible] is the impression left on an [illegible] mind by an inspection of the latest publications of Messrs. Escott & [illegible] And more's the pity, because it is [illegible] clear that many of the composers who have rushed somewhat prematurely [illegible] print are by no means destitute of imagination. What they need is study—[illegible] all of the art of modulation. But they don't realize it, being in the position of a certain youthful cleric (a genuine case) who, some years ago, wrote a whole opera to prove his pet theory that the discipline of harmony, counterpoint and the like would "cramp his individuality." Naturally, he failed to prove [illegible] thesis, which remains unsubstantiated by most of the numbers now under [illegible]—London Daily Telegraph.

Sir Frederick Bridge is completing [illegible] volume of reminiscences.

The Eton College Chronicle publishes this note about the school career of the late Sir Hubert Parry: "Not only was he keeper of the field and second keeper of the wall, but he captained Evans's House XI. in 1866, when in three drawn matches Warre's failed to take the cup from them, though he was carried off the field on a stretcher and straw had to be laid down in Keate's lane. It is also said that in another match, with a broken collar-bone, he tied down his left arm and played on. . . . One of his fags [illegible] (now Lord) Gladstone, writes: 'My first fag-master was Hubert Parry. We small boys worshipped him, for not only had he the best deserved reputation for kindness, but he was a beautiful football player, and the sound of his voice and piano in the dawning days of his musical fame was something to remember; we did not understand what a bachelor of music was, but we knew it was a great honor in the House.'"

[illegible] Hull in "Larger and [illegible] Pianoforte Works of Cyril Scott" [illegible] of "the adumbration of that phenomenon which Carpenter calls 'Cosmic [illegible]'" also of "the same molecular atmospheric festive feeling which we feel in Debussy's 'Fetes.'"

[illegible] Wood's orchestral variations "If You Want to Know the Time Ask a Policeman" was performed in London Oct. 19. "No doubt there are people who will consider such a subject unworthy of serious treatment; but they do not go to ballad concerts. Those who do are not likely to quarrel with the theme, though they may, perhaps, wish it had been handled in a more frivolous manner. It is true that in one variation there are wood-wind effects calculated to call a smile or two, and true, too, that most of the work is gay and bright. But the finale is a trifle pompous, and appears to have an emotional significance to which the clue is undiscoverable."

Apropos of Scriabin's "Prometheus," performed at a promenade concert, London, on Oct. 15, the Daily Telegraph said: "Very rarely have we seen Queen's Hall so closely packed. And what did the huge audience really think of music so extraordinary in conception and in the means whereby the composer sought to express his theosophic ideas? It is impossible to believe that they comprehended the true inwardness of a score the baffling strangeness of which places it in a category by itself—[illegible] utterly removed even from the most complex of modern orchestral works. A work, then, to be judged even after further hearing, by no accepted standard, or canons of art; yet one, withal, containing passages of absorbing interest, even though the impression it leaves on the whole is that the composer tried to make it the vehicle of thoughts which it is beyond music's powers to utter convincingly. But the crowded audience received the work—and Sir Henry Wood is to be thanked for reviving it—with no little enthusiasm."

Music at meals is not confined to our restaurants de luxe. In some of the humblest dining places in Soho, and the little bits of Belgium scattered over the town, music accompanies meals, supplied by a mechanical piano, which is kept going by pennies dropped in by the diners, and it sometimes happens that later in the evening the tables are cleared from the centre of the room, and, while the elders sip their coffee, a popular waltz is switched on, and the young folks foot it as merrily and lightheartedly as if they were again in gay Paris, Ostend or Brussels, instead of in sober old England. The decision that restaurant music is not liable to the entertainment tax will not commend itself to a certain eminent [illegible] ... to regard music at meals as [illegible] ... less [illegible]

[illegible] ... p[illegible] ... [illegible] Rhapsody" [illegible] ... to the [illegible] the T[illegible] song from "Carmen."—London Daily Chronicle.

"Measure for Measure" [illegible] revived in London. The last revival of that play in London was at the Adelphi March, 1906, with Miss Lily Brayton as Isabella. In his preface to the Adelphi acting edition Mr. Stuart pointed out that 'Measure for Measure' was "played in America, in Germany, in Holland, but in Shakespeare's Own country it had then been almost entirely neglected for nearly a generation."

I met a manager this week in a great state of excitement over an anxious search for "tall girls, divinely fair," according to instructions of the costume designer of his new production. I wonder does this mean the decline of the flapper? She has had everything her own way for some years, and now, owing to fashion's change, the tall girls are coming into their own again. I cannot think where they have been hidden all these years. The flappers, or "ponies," as the Americans call them, were originally introduced as an aid to perspective by an enterprising manager, and as they caught on and were in the nature of a novelty, were immediately copied by every other manager, enterprising or otherwise, which is often the case in theatre productions.—The Stage.

When the Toft bust of Irving was put up at auction, the knife that Edmund Kean used when he played Shylock took the place of the auctioneer's hammer. This knife was sold at the Irving sale on Dec. 14, 1905. An old Dutch inscription, "De honing is zoet mar die bye steckt" ('honey is sweet, but the bee stings'). The question was recently raised whether this knife had really been Kean's. Bram Stoker's "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving" was brought in evidence. "Irving loved everything that had belonged to Edmund Kean, whom he always upheld to be the greatest of British actors. He had quite a collection of things which had been his. In addition to a purse (found in Kean's pocket after his death), he had a malacca cane that had come from Garrick to Kean; the knife which Kean wore as Shylock; the cord and sandals worn by him as Lucius Brutus; a gold medal presented to him in 1827; his Richard III. sword and boots, and the Circassian dagger presented to him by Lord Byron."

"Discerning singers" are advised by the London Daily Telegraph to look at Breville-Smith's ballad, "The Witch of Fowden," also Herbert Crimp's "Gipsy Wife," "laudably free from stock phrases and trite harmonic effects," Horace Clulow's "Down Devon Way," and Eric Coates's "Sally and I and the Daylight." The publishers are Keith Prowse & Co.

Frederick Delius's new work announced early last month for performance at a Queen's Hall Symphony Concert is an orchestral ballad, "Once Upon a Time." "It is based upon Ashbjornsen's Eventyr, Norwegian folk lore, gathered by Asbjornsen from the peasants. There are tales of the marvellous about trolls and dwarfs, giants and bewitched princesses, the last always rescued at the psychological moment by some humble peasant boy who lives happily ever after with the rescued princess. Of course it is the human note that has appealed to the composer, so don't expect a gaudy 'portrait' of Lovely Woman, a tawdry youth and all the rest of it."

What is wrong with the stage? This venerable question is asked once more by Christopher St. John in the Catholic Citizen. The clever lady who writes under this pen-name, and gives us from time to time adaptations of morbid continental plays, thinks that the stage is too frivolous anyhow. But she blames severely the supercilious intelligentsia who never enter a theatre, yet criticise severely the class of play seen there. "It never seems to occur to them that by absenting themselves they are helping to lower the standard. Nor will I exempt from blame the virtuous people who complain of the theatre's low morality, and also stay away from it." In particular I accuse the whole nation which does not insist on its representatives making this essential institution a national concern. They are the chief offenders, and they must bear the chief burden of responsibility for the present condition of the English stage." The writer urges the founding of one or two state-aided theatres in London, where the main object would be not to make huge profits, but to give plays which were true manifestations of the dramatic spirit. She says that there is already on foot a scheme for establishing a woman's repertory theatre after the war, a woman's theatre in the sense that it is to employ women's labor in departments in which only men have hitherto been used.—The Stage.

Apropos of Miss Jose Collins taking the part of Carmen in Bizet's opera, Mr. Legge, or another, remarked: "Of native Carmens of real note this country has brought forth but few since the days of Selina Dolaro and Emily Soldene, the temperamental requirements of the role having proved outside the range of gifts of most of its English exponents."

HOFMANN HOLDS TO OLD MASTERS

By PHILIP HALE

Josef Hofmann, pianist, gave a recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a large and warmly applausive audience. The program as announced was as follows: Handel, Variations in D minor; Scarlatti, Pastorale and Capriccio; Beethoven, Sonata in A major, op. 101; Chopin, Polonaise in F sharp minor, Two Nocturnes, Valse in E flat major, Scherzo in B flat minor; Stojowski, Orientale; Rubinstein, Melodie in F major, Moszkowsky, La Longleuse; Liszt, Rhapsody, No. 12.

A Roman gentleman in the days when stoicism was held to be the crowning virtue slew himself and left this written information concerning the cause: "I am tired of doing the same things." Today even the most hardened and stoical frequenter of concerts might well cry out: "I am tired of hearing the same piano pieces," though he might not have the courage of the ancient Roman in putting an end effectively to his boredom.

The more celebrated the pianist, the greater his obligation to the applauding public. Mr. Hofmann, like Mr. Paderewski, is unwilling to learn modern compositions. Perhaps he does not like the piano pieces of Debussy, Ravel, de Severac and other Frenchmen; of Scriabin and other Russians; of Cyril Scott and other ultra-modern composers, among them Spaniards, native and Frenchified. Perhaps he does not wish to experiment on the public; but the public would accept from him comparatively or wholly unfamiliar works. Pianists of less technical proficiency often give pleasure by the introduction of novel modern compositions. Although there may be in the mind of the hearer the suspicion that the pianist does not do the composer full justice, yet the hearer, unless the pianist be wholly impotent, gains some idea of the music. Mr. Hofmann's authority would impose this music on the public.

Not even he could make Handel's Variations interesting, and while he gave a thoughtful and noble performance of the sonata, with the exception of the opening measures and the Adagio is not by Beethoven at his full height. The pieces by Scarlatti were deftly played, so clearly, so elegantly that the performance would have pleased Handel's rival on the harpsichord. Mr. Hofmann is not first of all a colorist. When he played the polonaise he evidently was obsessed by the thought of what is known in these days of crashing interpretations as "the greater Chopin." As if Chopin were not so great in his Preludes and Mazurkas as when he wrote in the scherzo form or invented a fiery polonaise.

Mr. Hofmann's interpretation of Chopin is frankly objective; Chopin's music for the most part is subjective, not to be thundered in a huge hall, not in more delicate pages to be dissected or treated in a coolly analytical manner. Mr. Hofmann's playing is cerebral not emotional. It abounds in carefully thought-out contrasts; not in tints and demi-tints. The hearer admires the technical display, respects the musically intellectual acumen shown, but he is as cool during the concert as the pianist himself; the head approves, the heart is untouched; he does not forget for a moment the routine of daily life; the music as played neither stirs the soul, induces meditation, nor leads the hearer into another land, a delectable region, though it may be only illusion, the mirage of an afternoon.

The concert next Sunday will be given by Miss Rosita Renard, pianist, and Raoul Vidas, a young Roumanian-Parisian violinist who made his first appearance in New York, Nov. 10, will play for the first time in Boston.

Deep thinkers and intrepid etymological explorers have been contributing to the New York Sun letters concerning the question, "Why do our soldiers in France call the German 'Jerry'?"

One says that "Jerry" is a contraction of Jeroboam. He refers to the First Book of Kings, chapters 12 to 14: "The remnant of the house of Jeroboam" was taken away, "as a man taketh away dung till it be all gone."

Another says that "Jerry" is merely a contraction of the word "German."

Still another writes that during the late Mexican troubles he was with the 1st New York cavalry. "Each troop had a little select society that they called 'Jerries,' men who were always laying down on the job, ducking all work possible, quitters in other words. No doubt the word has been handed down and that today they call all Germans 'Jerry' due to their well known desire to 'kamerad' on all occasions."

[illegible] ... it is found [illegible] ... in the [illegible] ... speech of [illegible] ... Oxford Dictionary [illegible] ... variant of "Jeremy" or "Jeremiah" [illegible] Ireland treated as equivalent to "Dairymaid." It is a machine for shearing cloth; in printers' slang, the noise made by beating chases, etc., on an apprentice finishing his time, or on other occasions; "short for Jerry-shop (a contraction, it is said, of Tom-and-Jerry-shop, from the cant name of a mixture of liquors): a low beer house; short for jerry-hat, a round felt hat; short for jerry-builder, "a speculating builder who 'runs up' unsubstantially built houses of inferior materials." We have also the adjective "jerry"; constructed unsubstantially of bad materials. A jerry-sneak is a mean, sneaking fellow, a hen-pecked man, jerry-come-tumble or jerry-go-nimble is a tumbler, an antic, a performer (equestrian or otherwise); to jerrycummuble or jerry-mumble is to shake or tumble about. Thus far the Oxford Dictionary.

In dialect to "jerryhury" is to swindle, or go on a bootless errand; jerry-pattick, a simpleton; jerry-me-diddler, an ignorant or good-for-nothing fellow. Jerry, a public house, one without a license where home-brewed ale is sold; poor ale such as is sold in such a house. A jerry shop is a shop where provisions were formerly supplied in part payment of wages. Jerry-go-nimbles is a disorder of the stomach. Jerry is also noise, clamor, ironical applause: "a 'jerry' is often given to one who makes some extravagant statement, or otherwise brings down upon himself the disapproval of his mates"; hence "jerried" means jeered at, teased. Jerry: a chamber utensil.

In thieves' slang "jerry" is a watch, also a fog, mist, and "jerry-getting" is stealing watches. "Jerry Lynch" is a pickled pig's head. "Jerry wag" is a spreester, especially one half-drunk. Farmer and Henley suggest that "jerry," as an adjectival prefix frequently used in contempt, an abbreviation of "Jeremiah," is perhaps a Restoration jibe upon the Puritan use of Old Testament names.

And now what do American soldiers in France precisely mean when they call a German "Jerry"?

Captain "Smylie"

A correspondent in Buenos Ayres—his letter is dated Sept. 29—asks if we ever heard of Captain "Smylie," a historic figure on the Falkland islands about 40 years ago.

"Captain Smylie"—he writes—"was at one time a New England whaler. For him are named Smylie channel and Smylietown, which may be seen on the chart. He afterwards became U. S. consul. Strange stories of his doings survive and are told on the Falkland islands to this day. A late British Governor of the islands collected some of the stories but I cannot learn that they were published. One was to the effect that our state department decided to remove him from office and sent a successor who, when he called to present his credentials and demand the seal, was kicked out by the captain. The U. S. government had finally to send a warship to remove Smylie.

"Another story is that Capt. Smylie was publicly flogged by order of the British Governor for some misdoing. As the Captain later sailed away he planted two shots from his ship's small gun into the Governor's residence. Returning after a six-months' cruise, he sent a letter of apology to the Governor, adding that he had discovered a wreck and recovered some fine tapestries and furniture which he thought the Governor might wish; if he would come on board he might have his choice of them. The Governor came on board with two guards, who were promptly overpowered and sent ashore. Capt. Smylie then put to sea with the Governor, whom he made do the cooking for the crew of the whaler for several months.

"A friend lately returned from the Falklands tells me that several of the old islanders vouch for the truth of these stories."

Does any one of our readers know anything about this restless captain who as a humorist would have enjoyed the company of one Bower, an English journalist, mentioned in Sutherland Edwards's "Recollections." This Bower on a Paris boulevard once pinched a strange lady's leg and ran an old gentleman "along the street for a considerable distance by the breech of the trousers and the scruff of the neck." He finally varied his amusements by a murder.

"I Hope, Etc."

As the World Wags:

"I hope it don't rain tomorrow" may be increasingly prevalent, but it is not new. I remember being taken to task back in the 70's for using that very locution. I have a suspicion that in any generation those who speak their native tongue with precision, yet with force and raciness, are but a handful to th[illegible]

...s that ... with it ... in the period referred to the public schools in Brooklyn were designated by number. I went to No. 3 for a while, and then to No. 11. But the fellows all went to "Threes school" or "Elevens school." Correction at home did no good. The custom of the gang was paramount. When I was with the gang I went to Threes school. When I was in the family circle I refrained from saying to what particular school I went. The vocabulary of the boys of that time was rather limited. A new boy of high-brow parentage moved into the neighborhood. One day he remarked that he had a grudge against So-and-So. The other fellows did not seem to know what a grudge was. Are there any public school boys nowadays who would not use the expression readily? I am open to correction, but it seems to me that the average Englishman has a richer vocabulary than his American cousin. The Salvation Army exhorter, for instance, is far more interesting and effective, looking at the matter from a purely pagan standpoint, than the usual speaker in an American prayer-meeting service. The Salvation Army exhorters may not always be English, but I've heard a good many and I don't recall one American among the lot.

Boston. W. E. K.

Nov 19 1918

'OFF-CHANCE'

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Off-Chance," a comedy in four acts by R. C. Carton. Produced at the Queen's Theatre, London, Sept. 19 1917. Played in New York at the Empire, Feb. 14, 1918.

Duke of Burchester	William Boyd
Lord Cardonnell	Harry Plimmer
Sir George Rainsford, Bart., M. P.	Albert Gran
Cornelius Jessott Bayne	Ben Johnson
Maj. Bagleigh	Edward Emery
Mr. Brunson	T. Wigney Percyval
Deade	C. MacLean Savage
Meecher	J. M. Troughton
Lethbridge	Robert Brinton
Duchess of Burchester	Eva Le Gallienne
Lady Rainsford	Cecilia Radcliffe
Mme. Maria De Blanca	Antoinette Hanson
Mrs. Meecher	Anita Rothe
Watson	Mary Balfour
Lady Cardonnell	Ethel Barrymore

It was said of Mr. Somerset Maugham before he put "The Land of Promise" on the stage that he wrote for duchesses. Mr. Carton rejoices in the sporting life and matrimonial squabbles of the nobility. He loves a lord and is not too familiar in his treatment of noble dames. When he wrote "The Off-Chance" he thought of his wife, Miss Compton, for the mother-in-law, the goddess in the machine, who rights all wrongs, almost shames Bagleigh, the agreeable card sharper, restores Burchester to the arms of his wife after Mme. de Blanca, the dancer, has been put out of his mind by the news that the duchess has eloped with one Bayne, acting on Lady Cardonnell's wily advice. Now Lady Cardonnell had bolted with a man more to her taste than the pompous and too moral Sir George, leaving behind her baby, the future duchess. That the duchess should trust Lady Cardonnell, whom she had never known, simply because she announced in a matter-of-fact manner that she was her mother, could happen only in Mr. Carton's world, a world as artificial as that for which Congreve invented his dazzling dialogue.

All the characters in the comedy do strange things. Their code of morals is peculiar. The men that are sympathetic delight in cards and racing. On the other hand, we have the familiar bubby Sir George with his insufferable straightlaced behavior and narrow and dense mind, with his priggish, conventional wife and his helpless daughter, who is outwardly cold, although, as her mother remarks, speaking also for herself, that not every man knows how to light a fire, rather an ungenerous reflection on Burchester, who, we are given to understand, is not adverse, as Sir Thomas Browne puts it, to the sweet sex.

But this world, the world of Lord and Lady Algy, is amusing to observe: its conversation, now witty, now profound, always worldly, is agreeable; the little pitfalls into which the men and women plunge and the manner in which they are extricated are alike entertaining. ... does it distress an American to see that poker is not fully understood in England, in spite of the instructive efforts of the Hon. Robert C. Schenk, when he was minister to that country; nor does it pain him to find Bayne regarded by Mr. Carton as a representative American.

Mr. Carton, having his wife in mind, nevertheless did not give her all the amusing lines. Marital affection did not destroy his judgment. It is true that other characters "feed" Lady Cardonnell and wait at times for her smart replies, but they have something to say on their own account, especially that delightful conversationalist and clumsy trickster Major Bagleigh.

Now Mr. Carton might also well have had in mind Miss Barrymore ... his fascinating ... Cardonnel ... Miss Barrymore is the one to work the stage wonders of readjustment and reconciliation in her own breezy manner, with her voice that often hesitates between a laugh and a sob, with her artless way of making sharp and impudent remarks, with her abounding good nature and ever-present sense of humor, with the authoritative manner by which she convinces the audience that she herself is cognizant of women's wiles and folly, of men's weaknesses, vices and stupidity. Not that she shares in them, but they all secretly, sometimes openly amuse her. It is as if she were a visitor from some joyous planet, succeeding in straightening the affairs of weak morale. Nor is it surprising that Bagleigh, outwitted, fondly believes that she too is a daughter of the game and therefore respects her.

Miss Barrymore is well supported. Mr. Emery gives a capital performance of the plausible old crook. Easy mannered, debonair, apparently wishing good to every one, shrewdly inconsequential when he is most in earnest, this Maj. Bagleigh, as portrayed by Mr. Emery, would have delighted Thackeray and Lever, who acquainted us with gentlemen of this engaging type. Mr. Boyd, as a manly but rather foolish chappie; Mr. Plimmer, as Cardonnell, who has admirable confidence in the wife whom he carried off; Mr. Johnson, as the dramatist's idea of a hustling American, and Percyval, the solicitor, all contributed largely to the success of the performance.

A large audience welcomed Miss Barrymore, one might say, affectionately. There were many curtain calls.

When the news of the armistice came some cried out: "The prophecies are fulfilled." Jugglers with figures and makers of magic squares showed how numerals had foretold the downfall of Germany. All this had been done before on famous occasions. Here is a curious example with reference to the fall of Robespierre, Napoleon and Charles X. Robespierre came to the end of his power in 1794.

1791
1
7
9
4
———
1815

The battle of Waterloo in 1815 ended Napoleons dream of world empire.

1815
1
8
1
5
———
1830

In 1830 Charles X. fell, but following out this scheme, we have the dates 1842, 1857, 1878, 1902. According to our recollection no one of prominence "fell" or even slipped on those dates. Louis Philippe ruled till 1848, six years beyond the time allotted by the framers of fateful figures.

Night-rails

As the World Wags:

To your symposium on night clothing, historically considered, I contribute a passage from Lord Lytton's "Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings." The duke here referred to is William the Norman, afterward King of England.

"There were then in the Duke's chamber, the Count Fitzosborne, Lord of Breteuil, surnamed 'the Proud Spirit'—who, with great dignity, was holding before the brazier the ample tunic of linen (called dormitorium in the Latin of that time, and night-rail in the Saxon tongue), in which his lord was to robe his formidable limbs for repose," etc.

Lytton adds this foot-note: "A few generations later this comfortable and decent fashion of night-gear was abandoned; and our forefathers, Saxon and Norman, went to bed in puris naturalibus, like the Laplanders." J. C. L. C.

Lancaster.

The night-rail was not a nightshirt. It was a loose wrap, dressing gown or jacket, as worn by women when in undress. In one of Middleton's comedies, a character speaks contemptuously of men that wore stomachers or night-rails. The word is used by Steele, Richardson, Scott, Thackeray, Thomas Hardy. In "The History of Henry Esmond," when officers entered the chamber of Isabella Castlewood, they found her "sitting up in the bed, showing herself full dressed under her night-rail." When the gaunt old woman got up, Harry Esmond remembered to the end of his life "that figure with the brocade dress and the white night-rail and the gold-clocked red stockings and the white red-heeled shoes, sitting up in the bed, and stepping down from it," in the Massachusetts of 1639 "immoderate great breeches, knots of riban, broad shoulder bands and rayles, silk roses, double ruffles and capes" were forbidden to those of humble life. Women, by the way, were at the same time forbidden the wearing of short sleeves "whereby the nakedness of the arms may be discovered." Alice Morse Earl says of the night-rail that it "must have been a woman's loose gown or sacque worn in the daytime, for even a meddling Massachusetts magistrate would scarce dare to say what kind of a night robe a woman ... wear." She thinks the night-rails were for special wear, "when visitors were shown to the bedroom as they were in certain functions, as, for instance, the christening of a child, and throughout the week of caudle drinking, when men and women thronged the mother's bedroom and drank caudle by her bedside. This custom was kept up in America until well into the 19th century. To return to the night-rails, Massenger writes in 'The City Madam':

'Sickness feigned
That your night-rails of forty pounds apiece
Might be the envy of the visitants.' "

Ah, the good old times! We like to think of Hannah Lyman, 16 years of age, daughter of Richard Lyman of Northampton. Her sad fate is related in Judd's "History of Hadley." "She was presented September, 1676, 'for wearing silk in a flaunting manner in an offensive way and garb not only before, but when she stood presented, not only in ordinary but in extraordinary times.' " She was fined 10 shillings, January, 1677. At the same court Ruth Warner and Mercy Hubbard were admonished for wearing silk "in a flaunting manner, and excess of apparel to the offence of sober people." They were ordered to pay the clerk's fees and the witnesses. But the excellent Sylvester Judd does not tell us whether Hannah, Ruth and Mercy wore nightshirts or slept clad only in their loveliness.—Ed.

"Hindle Wakes," a play by the late Stanley Houghton, was given its first production in Boston at the Copley Theatre last evening. The cast.

C. M.

Mrs. Hawthorn	Viola Roach
Christopher Hawthorn	H. Conway Wingfield
Fanny Hawthorn	Phyllis Relph
Mr. Jeffcote	Leila Repton
Nathaniel Jeffcote	E. E. Clive
Ada	Catherine Lexow
Alan Jeffcote	Noel Leslie
Sir Timothy Farrar	Fred W. Permain
Beatrice Farrar	Jessamine Newcombe

This unconventional play was first produced by Miss Horniman's repertory company from the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, Eng., before the Incorporated Stage Society, at Aldwych Theatre, London, on Sunday, June 16, 1912. It at once became the subject of widespread discussion throughout England and inspired many letters and comments. Of it the author said: "My aim was not to express any point of view whatever, but to present life as I saw it."

The piece does indeed express real life. Described briefly, it tells the story of a very human Lancashire lass, Fanny Hawthorn, a weaver in Hindle, who indiscreetly spends a week-end holiday in a neighboring city with the son of the mill owner. The death of Fanny's companion, with whom she pretended to spend the holiday, reveals the escapade. Fanny's mother, a sharp-tongued woman with an eye to the main chance, insists that Alan Jeffcote, the offending youth, shall marry the wronged girl. The boy's father, despite ambitions for his son's position in later life, sees the justice of Mrs. Hawthorn's demand, and by threatening to disinherit his son forces the young man to agree to give over his engagement to the daughter of the most important personage in the county. Sir Timothy Farrar, who has purchased his knighthood. Mrs. Jeffcote, socially ambitious, is obliged to yield to her husband's rugged sense of honor.

Beatrice Farrar, the young woman to whom the betrayer of Fannie was engaged, also insists that her fiance shall make amends to the weaver girl by marriage and then, when all save Beatrice have met at Mr. Jeffcote's great house and arranged for the wedding, Fanny, who has been silent during the painful discussion of her conduct with Alan, remarks that she has been wondering where she comes in.

Then comes the strong scene in the play. Fanny surprises the others by flatly refusing to accept marriage to Alan as amends. The young man begs her to consider that her refusal means his disinheritance. "And I made sure you wanted to marry me if you got the chance," he candidly tells her. "No fear," replies the spirited mill girl. "You're not good enough for me. My husband, if I ever get one, will be a man, not a fellow who'll throw over his girl at his father's bidding. Weddings brought about by that road have a knack of turning out badly."

On the whole, Mr. Jewett's players handled admirably this somewhat audacious preachment against the double standard of morality. Phyllis Relph played the part of the immoral but honest Fanny with no offensiveness, yet clearly portrayed the character that prompted her to review the good time she enjoyed on the unfortunate week-end with frank expressions of satisfaction. H. Conway Wingfield, as the broken-hearted father of the erring girl, held closely the sympathy of the large audience, and Viola Roach, as his wife, was skilful in excluding comedy from the part of the sharp-visaged, dominating woman, who took full advantage of the plight the ambitious Jeffcotes found themselves in because of their young hopeful's escapade with one so far below the social status of his family.

Noel Leslie, as Alan, was unfortunate last evening for the curtain caught at the end of the third act, when it should have fallen upon his frenzied outburst of resentment against his father's declaration that the boy should either marry Fanny or suffer disinheritance, and the outburst ran out. Jessamine Newcombe was quiet and natural in her self-denial for Fanny's sake. Fred W. Permain played the part of the opinionated Sir Timothy Farrar well, and Leila Repton did well as the disappointed mother of young Jeffcote. Catherine Lexow did not overplay the part of a housemaid.

The play was preceded by an amusing skit in one act, by Lord Dunsany, entitled "The Lost Silk Hat." The cast:

The Caller	Noel Leslie
The Laborer	Nicholas Joy
The Clerk	William Podmore
The Poet	Leonard Craske
The Policeman	John Hallem

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Lilac Time," comedy in three acts, by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin.

The scene of "Lilac Time" is France, the period is during the war, and the specific locale a little French village back of the fighting front. Here assemble soldiers and peasants, men and women, and here is enacted a romantic tale, mingling sentiment and humor, in which an English officer falls in love with a French maiden. It is all logically and realistically worked out, and, after a dramatic story, everything comes out happily, as it should.

Dudley Ayres and Miss Ann MacDonald have the leading roles, and they satisfy every requirement of their characters, and they also satisfy the audience. Mr. Kent, Miss Barnicoat and Miss Frederici have leading characters, in which they acquit themselves well, and the entire production shows the expert directing eye and hand of William C. Masson, who rehearsed and staged it.

For the Thanksgiving week attraction at the Castle Square, beginning next Monday, the play will be "David Harum."

Bessie Clayton Is Headliner of Excellent Show

Bessie Clayton in her "1918 Dance Revue" is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was unmistakably pleased.

Miss Clayton's act is the most pretentious she has essayed up to the present time and she has been generous with her colleagues, all of whom share in the success of the act. The dancer was seen in a varied program, though most of her numbers were variations of the toe step. Thus she gave herself over to a program that was a severe physical tax, though it should be noted that the dancer was fresh and eager and apparently not wearied at the conclusion of her program. Her fleetness of foot, her buoyancy and high spirits are already a matter of record. Last evening she again scored.

The Cansinos, Spanish dancers, were seen as a feature of Miss Clayton's act. New to Bostonians, their act is little less than enchanting, and whether in the Spanish folk dance, in their revelry or in the fury of their pirouetting, there was always the charm of grace and rhythm. Other interesting numbers were the dancing specialties of Tom Dingle and John Guiran.

In the absence of Johnny Dooley and Yvette Rugel, Mullen and Coogan, old vaudeville favorites, were again welcomed. This act proved the real laugh-getter of the bill. Mr. Mullen scored with his silly irrelevancies, and his doleful rendition and burlesque of "Goodby, So Long, John Barleycorn," is a pleasing recollection. Nor was Mr. Coogan less in evidence as a "feeder" and dancer.

Other acts on the bill were Bush Brothers in an athletic act; Myriel Window, fascinating in features, song and dress; Valerie Bergere and company in a Japanese playlet. Madison and Winchester in songs, chatters and interesting bits of burlesque; Julian Hall, instrumentalist and dancer; and the Pickfords, eccentric jugglers.

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Mr. Reginald De Koven, hearing the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last Saturday night, wrote to the New York Herald, approving Mr. Rabaud and his orchestra. Now let the sports proceed. Let the band play.

"I Hope He Comes"

As the World Wags:

The "surprise and disgust" of Mr. David G. Haskins, Jr., at the increasing tendency to use the present tense in expressions like "I hope he comes" seems to be due, at least partially, to a failure to take that deep draught at the Pierian spring which alone, according to Pope, will obviate the dangers of a little learning. He apparently objects to the tense and not the mode of the verb, for he says we might just as

[illegible] ay, "I am glad Harvard wins the [illegible] foot-all game." Now it should be [illegible] that not so many hundreds of [years] ago the English language had no [future] tense, that in English, as in [many] other languages, the present [tense] was used also for the future; that the "shall" and "will" that we now have as future tense signs once indicated respectively "must" or "ought," and "wish" or "intend"; that along with the development of these future auxiliaries the use of the present to refer to future time still persisted in certain forms of expression, especially in conditions and time clauses. The present tense is much the better usage after "if," "when," "while," "as long as," "before," "after," "where," etc., when future time is referred to. For example: "I shall go, if you go,—when you go,—where you go before you go, etc." It is also common in some main clauses, as "He gets here at 7 o'clock tonight," though here not so common as the future. So much for history and analogy. The correctness of any expression, however, is determined, not by these criteria, but entirely by good usage, upon which, without careful investigation, two equally intelligent persons may widely differ. Speaking not as an expert, but as a careful student of the language, I should call the expression, "I hope that he comes," somewhat colloquial, but entirely justifiable for ordinary use.

Andover. BRANDER NEALL.

Demon, the Cat

As the World Wags:

Speaking of cats, as did some of your good contributors not very long ago, let me assure you that, strange and paradoxical as the statement may seem, I belong to a cat family and am therefore very fond of catology, if I may coin a word. This does not mean that I am of the feline tribe, but it is a terminology we adopted as children to divide humans into two classes, cat loving and cat detesting.

We had numerous cats and were devoted to them. We ushered them into life with all possible care, reared them in refined surroundings, kept up their genealogical tree—so far as possible—and buried them with all the pomp and circumstance of a classic Roman funeral, but with rites and ceremonies all our own. We were indeed a cat family; but the Jones people across the way would have nothing to do with them, took no interest in their pranks and wonderfully expressive likes and dislikes; in point of fact they could not be comfortable in a room with a cat. Now, Sally of that household was a charming girl, almost my boyish ideal, and I might have fared forth into the world struggle, won the proverbial fortune and returned to offer her my purse and my hand—but she did not belong to a cat family.

Our cat genealogy is no mean outline showing simply the descent. It is elaborated and enriched with detailed descriptions of individual characteristics, tributes to virtuous traits and outspoken criticisms of faults and failings. For example, one footnote gives the interesting information that

Affectation was the ruination
Of Friskie Bummer's education.

We had one specimen of enormous size named Bojum, and our friends assured us that his name was his most interesting possession. That given name was originally Jumbo, like the elephant's; but a rapid repetition of it in calling the cat led to a curious transposition of the two syllables. (Try it.)

Though father was a man of the cloth and the others of the family had been trained in the ways of righteousness, we adopted one cat that answered to the name of Demon. The pater familias objected to this, giving as a logical reason that a clergyman's family could not consistently harbor in its midst, and give friendly succor to, his satanic majesty or any of his subordinates; but the name clung all the same, probably because no other so well suited the cat. Demon was as black as the hinges of Hades. His eyes were yellowish, piercing and defiant, and his actions were in keeping with his name, as the following incident may indicate:

Reared in an apartment away from his kith and kin he knew outdoors only at the end of a leash, so he never had the opportunity to meet and overcome the obstacles of life and thus develop strength of character. We, therefore, classed him as an effeminate unable to defend himself, and, if thrown on his own resources, to win food, clothing and shelter, so to say; yet he proved to be an individual of parts and understanding. At one time he was given into the care of a soulful friend who promised to keep him in the house and care for him as we were accustomed to do. One beautiful Sunday afternoon when the family was lost in a refreshing siesta, Demon sneaked out of the second story bathroom window and backed down a vine covered trellis, making so much commotion in the descent that it attracted the attention of our guardian friend who peeped out of the shutters just in time to see the cat reach terra [illegible] With his caudal appendage sweep[illegible] the air he peered around [illegible] exploring [illegible] to be sighted a cat peering through the fence. In inequitable language he told the intruder neck to get out and followed the invitation with a slap in the face, and then indeed there was a battle royal, as a result of which Mr. Stranger was chased off the premises; but others had gathered to see the fray and sassy words led to more fighting, our soulful friend the while at her wits' ends to know what to do for Demon. He, however, cleaned up the community and, finding no more worlds to conquer, as a matter of course went up the trellis again, entered the window and stretching at full length on a soft rug prepared for his own little siesta. Thereafter Demon knew no leash and no rules of conduct. He was the king of the tribe.

Boston. R. L. W.

Good Old Doc

How many who have taken Dover powders know the origin of the word? Capt. Robert Dover, M. D. and pirate, found Selkirk marooned on Juan Fernandez. "When 180 of his sailors, sleeping over plague graves in churches where they had stored their plunder, in Guayaquil, themselves contracted plague, he pulled round all but eight of them." He bled them, 100 ounces a man, and dosed them with dilute sulphuric acid. His treatment for his own cases of smallpox in London was heroic, windows open in midwinter; no clothes above the waist; 12 bottles of small beer acidulated with spirit of vitriol daily. There is a dialect verb "dover"—to doze. Also to stun, stupify; also a noun "do'er," a light slumber, a faint, swoon. The powders have given Capt. Dover immortality.

ROLAND HAYES

By PHILIP HALE

Roland W. Hayes, tenor, assisted by a small orchestra and William S. Lawrence, pianist, gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall. He sang these arias and songs: Daniels, Day Break; Douglas-Holt, My Love Is Like a Cry in the Night; Ponchielli, Cielo e Mar; Lehmann, Ah! Moon of My Delight; Massenet, Le Reve, from "Manon"; G. Faure, Clair de lune; Fourdrain, Si tu le veux; Glen, Twilight; Densmore, Kiss Me Good Night; H. T. Burleigh, I Stood on de Ribber ob Jerdon; My Lord Who Is a Warrior. Peter, Go Ring a dem Bells. Mr. Lawrence's selections were: MacDowell, To the Sea, Danse Andalouse; C. Scott, Lotus Land; Debussy, Clair de lune; Chopin, Polonaise, op. 40, No. 1, Nocturne op. 15, No. 2, Valse [illegible], E minor. Frederick L. Mahn conducted. There was a very large audience.

Mr. Hayes had the courage to begin with a song by an American composer. This was commendable, not simply because the song was by an American, but because it was a good one, although the orchestration, whoever made it, was so contrived that it generally covered the voice. The majority of singers, when they sing songs by Americans, put them in a final group, after they have sung in French, in Italian, and—this was true before the war—in German; as much as to say, "I suppose I should pay some respect to American composers. This music is at the very end. You need not stay, for you have already heard me at my best."

We enjoy Mr. Hayes singing with a piano, rather than an orchestral, accompaniment, and prefer to hear him in a smaller hall. The orchestra and a large hall spur him to disadvantageous exertion. His extreme upper tones in the song by Douglas-Holt and in the aria from "Gioconda" were not musical; they were a shriek. This was a pity; for Mr. Hayes has by nature a voice of generous compass and of charming quality throughout. When he did not overexert himself, he gave much pleasure by his voice and art, of which the Herald has spoken on former occasions in no uncertain terms of praise. Having the natural advantage of a beautiful voice, he sings as a rule intelligently, grasping the significance of the verse as well as the music. In the too familiar air from "Pagliacci," which he sang when he was recalled after Ponchielli's air, the air that Mr. Caruso now sobs and bawls, there was the genuinely pathetic touch.

Mr. Hayes should remember the old copybook adage: "Be bold, be bold, but not too bold." He is too good a singer to be lost by screaming high tones, and, though he is a modest man, by thus setting traps for applause. He was warmly applauded last night, as was Mr. Lawrence for his piano solos.

We read in a catalogue of books recently sold here at auction the title of an invaluable treatise for the household: "Steward, Dr. Wm., D. D. (of Bloomfield, Me). The First Edition of Healing Art, to Which is Added All His Improvements and New Discoveries from 1812 to 182[illegible], Including His Whole System [illegible]

[illegible] are two of the possibilities. For [illegible] deafness. [illegible] holes almost through a [illegible] a small spike [illegible] fill [illegible] rattlesnake grease, roast the [illegible] petty pan before the fire until the [illegible] and grease incorporate, then [illegible] through a fine cloth and cork it tight in a glass vial; drop in ear and cover it on going to bed. For shingles, knock the first and fattest cat that comes to hand in the head, cut her throat, let the blood run on the affected part, then cover instantly with the warm cat's skin flesh side next the patient; after twelve hours roast the cat, apply the grease.

Fair-Maids

As the World Wags:

I quote from Thomas Bond's "Boroughs of East and West Looe" (London. 1823).

In re Pilchards (cured, alias "Fumadoes"),

"At a trial at the Cornish Assizes some years ago, a witness being asked what he was doing at a particular place, very innocently puzzled his lordship and the council, by telling them he was there 'eating Fair maids and drinking Mahogany'—Gin and Treacle so-called."

Boston. Z. Y. X.

"Fair-maids," also written fair-mades, fermades, fumades, fumadoes, were cured by piling the fish in layers with salt between. The weight of the fish expressed the oil. The fish were then packed in barrels, and sent to Italy. Fuller in his "Worthies," describing Cornwall, says: "Their pilchards . . . by the name of Fumadoes, with oyle and a lemon are meat for the mightiest Don in Spain." These pilchards were formerly smoked: hence the name fumadoe from the Spanish "fumado." As the British sailor spoke of the warship Bellerophon as the Bully Ruffian, so "fumadoe" was turned into "fair-maid."

Mahogany was known to that toper, James Boswell. "Mr. Eliot mentioned a curious liquor peculiar to his countrymen, which the Cornish fishermen drink. They call it 'mahogany,' and it is made of two parts gin and one part treacle, well beaten together. I begged to have some of it made, which was done with proper skill by Mr. Eliot. I thought it very good liquor, and said it was a counterpart of what is called 'Athol Porridge' in the Highlands of Scotland, which is a mixture of whiskey and honey. Johnson said, 'that must be a better liquor than the Cornish, for both its component parts are better.' He also observed, 'mahogany must be a modern name, for it is not long since the wood called mahogany was known in this country.' I mentioned his scale of liquors—claret for boys, port for men, brandy for heroes. 'Then (said Mr. Burke) let me have claret: I love to be a boy; to have the careless gaiety of boyish days.' Johnson: 'I should drink claret, too, if it would give me that; but it does not: it neither makes boys men, nor men boys. You'll be drowned by it, before it has any effect upon you.'" How John Keats would have protested even in the presence of the great Johnson; but, strange to say, Keats wished his claret to be icy cold, and would put red pepper on his tongue to heighten enjoyment while drinking. Mr. Eliot mixed mahogany for the gentlemen in 1781. The word for the wood came into the English language as "mohogeney" in 1671. "Mohogony" was advertised for sale in London in 1703. It appears from a book published early in the 19th century that drinking mahogany, described as a strong kind of brandy "pauny," was thought in Bombay to be an excellent preventive of injury from the hot sun. This puts one in mind of Calverley's lines:

Oh, sweet——
* * * * * *
As to cadets in Hindostan
The fleeting remnant of their liver.

Now brandy pawnee is nothing else but brandy and water—"pani" in Hindustan meaning "water." Did not Col. Newcome exclaim: "I'm sorry to see you, gentlemen, drinking brandy-pawnee; it plays the deuce with our young men in India." A good many years ago, standing at the bar of a Halifax (N. S.) hotel, we were shocked by hearing citizens ordering gin and port. N. B.—We took ale.—Ed.

Thought for the Day

Mr. Ichabod Crane of Grove Hall contributes this golden thought recorded in Sienkiwicz's "Hania":

"In general he was of opinion that for the regulation of the world and for the exercise of a mighty influence on all people, a man is best between the 18th and 23d year of his life, for later he becomes gradually an idiot or a conservative."

Why not both?

FOURTH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, "Unfinished" Symphony; Grieg, piano concerto (Mme. Olga Samaroff, pianist); Saint-Saens, Symphony in C minor, No. 3.

When Joachim, one of the most impotent and stupid conductors we ever knew, was about to give a performance of the "Unfinished" symphony, he asked many musicians of Berlin what they thought the pace of the second theme, first announced by the violoncellos, in the first movement, should be. Some conductors sentimentalize this theme, dragging the pace until the song becomes lackadaisical. Mr. Rabaud is a musician of fine taste and judgment. He did not fall into this error. The symphony is eminently Schubertian in its beauty and in its weakness. For the most part the composer pipes his songs of innocence as the boy heard by William Blake; but in the first movement there are measures of a grandeur that is seldom found in Schubert's compositions. In these measures we recognize the Schubert that conceived the "Doppelgaenger," the "Gruppe aus Tartarus," the "Dwarf" and a few other songs in which dramatic force comes before charming lyricism.

Mr. Rabaud gave a most impressive interpretation of these measures. The whole movement [gained] by the force of the contrast gained thereby. As for the second movement, which shows Schubert's tendency toward prolixity, and is so inferior to the first that one rejoices because the symphony was left unfinished, all that is to be done with it is to let the composer pipe his pretty tunes. Some day a conductor may have the courage to play the first movement alone, a noble fragment, comparable with that torso in literature, the "Hyperion," of Keats.

Schubert wrote "Current a Calamo." It was otherwise with the Saint-Saens of the C minor symphony. We doubt whether his head were hot and his feet cold when he was engaged in the composition; but that head was full of invention and contrapuntal skill. We spoke last Saturday, discussing Saint-Saens's symphonic poems, of the clearness and the logic of his musical thought. These qualities are as fully displayed in the symphony, which is more than a triumph of cunning workmanship. The serenity of the adagio, the fantastic presto, and the majesty of the section before the brilliant coda, with its jubilant blasts of brass, are imaginative pages, not merely the carefully written measures of an accomplished technician. The symphony had been heard at these concerts on at least four occasions. It was also played here by this orchestra when the composer was present, but as pianist and composer, not as conductor. Never was it so interesting, never so imposing, as it was yesterday under the direction of Mr. Rabaud.

When Mme. Samaroff played here with the orchestra from 1906 till late in 1909, her performance was distinguished chiefly by a peculiar brilliance. Her treatment of emotional passages left one cold. Yesterday one noticed a change of style. Her touch had a more poetic quality. She was lyrical, rather than defiantly theatrical, although there was sufficient force in the stormier pages. This concerto, which some think has had its day, gives delight solely by its purely lyrical quality; not by any suggestion of folk dance, not by the bravura measures and the crashing apotheosis, which are of decidedly secondary quality. Mme. Samaroff did well to discriminate in this manner; to sing rather than to declaim. In doing this, she unfortunately too often made the mistake of underemphasis. There were times when the piano part, being of the first importance, was heard only with strained ears, so that the first movement was on the whole pale, without vitality. Nor was this in any way the fault of Mr. Rabaud, whose accompaniment was sympathetic and delightful throughout.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe"; Mozart "Jupiter" Symphony; Dukas; Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Borodin, Symphony in B minor, No. 2.

Newman Travelogue in Symphony Hall of Engrossing Interest

The subject of Mr. Newman's illustrated Travelogue last night was "War-time France." Symphony Hall was completely filled with a deeply interested audience that frequently broke out in hearty applause, moved by the pictures themselves and Mr. Newman's graphic description of what he himself saw.

He began by giving the audience an idea of the enormous preparations of this country in France for the business of the war, the cities built, the railroads constructed, the masses of supplies, acres of cast-off material that is conserved, the workmen from all parts of the world, from China to Alabama, from Timbuctoo, the Soudan, Algeria, with German prisoners—all taking the place of Frenchmen at the front.

Towns and villages in northern France were shown as they were in peace and as they are today, merely ruins, often without one stone upon another. Mr. Newman spoke of the wanton and outrageous plundering and destruction by the Germans. The views of Rheims were particularly interesting, as were those of Verdun and Soissons. There were many pictures of French, British and American soldiers near and on the front, among them a division of American Czechs.

A hospital bombed by the Germans, in which some patients and nurses were killed, soldiers wounded for the second time, was among the sadder sights, although the most moving picture perhaps was that of French children putting flowers on the graves of fallen heroes. The manner of life our soldiers lead was fully depicted; the loving care of them by French peasant women; former Broadway cops acting as policemen on the streets of a town near the front. There were views of a famous watering place with its huge hotels transformed into hospitals. Famous American aviators, among them Quentin Roosevelt, many aces, were pictured with views of their call to action and their flights. Mr. Newman had full permission to go everywhere with his photographers, even into the trenches, even when the Americans went over the top. And at the end there were pictures of Clemenceau walking in the firing trenches as spry as a youth of 18, Marshal Foch and Gen. Pershing as they stood before Mr. Newman's camera. Nor should one forget his tribute to the ambulance drivers, men and women.

These few words give no idea of the engrossing character of the pictures and Mr. Newman's illuminative talk, descriptions that were as graphic as the pictures themselves. This Travelogue will be repeated Friday evening, Dec. 20, and Saturday afternoon, Dec. 21. Undoubtedly Symphony Hall will again be crowded. The pictures will be shown again this afternoon. Friday and Saturday of next week the subject will be "War-time Italy."

After all, a newspaper should publish news, as Artemus Ward maintained that a comic paper was improved by the occasional publication of a joke. Therefore we commend the zealous editor of the Westfield Evening Journal. We quote from the issue of Nov. 19:

HAS ANY ONE—
Died,
Eloped,
Married,
Divorced,
Left town,
Embezzled,
Had a fire,
Had a baby,
Broke a leg,
Had a party,
Sold a farm,
Had twins or
Rheumatism,
Struck it rich,
Been arrested,
Come to town,
Bought a home,
Stole a cow or
The neighbor's wife,
Committed suicide,
Committed a murder,
Bought an automobile,
Fallen from an airplane,
Run away with a handsomer man.

That's news. Phone 490 or 491 and the Evening Journal will publish it.

We regret to find our contemporary using the hideous "phone" for "telephone." The Evening Journal will yet be saying "proven" for "proved" if it is not careful.

Capt. Smiley

As the World Wags:

You ask if your readers know anything about this "restless captain."

Smiley, not "Smylie," is the only man who ever sailed a small craft alone around Cape Horn. His picture was printed in Harper's Magazine something more than 40 years ago. I have forgotten the name of the article that accompanied it, but it probably related to the Falkland Islands or Cape Horn.

Capt. John D. Whidden's book, "Ocean Life in the Old Sailingship Days," gives some interesting facts about the life of

[illegible] and [illegible] funeral at (I think) Buenos Ayres. Reading this you will probably conclude that the story of his being flogged by the British governor is apocryphal, but he did "put one over" on the commander of a British war vessel in great shape, as the book states.

Roxbury. G. B. HASKELL.

A Matter of Tenses

As the World Wags:

We may have drunk deeply of the Pierian spring and yet talk through our hats, give thought utterance in whirling words, let our lucubrations partake of the riotous ecstasy of delirium, and remember Lindley Murray as the leader of a jazz band, as were our place if in the sentence, "I shall go if you go," we see two tenses.

Boston. LUX.

Western Sunrise

As the World Wags:

Now that Count Hohenzollern is "in Dutch," it seems appropriate to recall what Dumas said in "The Three Guardsmen" so many years ago, when oldtimers like myself were in the bloom of youth. "Great criminals bear about them a kind of predestination which makes them surmount all obstacles and escape all dangers, till the moment which a wearied Providence has marked as the rock of their impious fortunes." Rubbing his eyes, in stupefaction, even the poor German Hodge, as Heine calls the German people, seems to be shaking himself out of his thousand years' sleep in his hole, and it begins to look as if he were on the verge of discovering that he, and he alone, is the true Kaiser, the real lord of the land. It is about time that the old middle-age machine stopped creaking on, and the thirty German courts and their chamberlains faded away in the infinite azure of the past. Wake up, Hodge! The day of deliverance is at hand; a new time is beginning. The night is over, and out there glows the ruddy dawn. "It is the sun, though it is rising in the west; these 6000 years it has always risen in the east; it is high time there should come a change."

West Roxbury. J. W.

The G. A. T.

As the World Wags:

References have been made in the Herald and Journal to "The Great American Traveler" who came into the limelight about 65 years ago. The writer at that time was a resident of Worcester. In 1853 the minister of the church that I attended (who, by the way, was the father of the late George W. Smalley, the well-known correspondent of the London Times), on a Sunday when giving out the weekly notices, read the following: "Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveler, will address the citizens of Worcester on the Common tomorrow evening at candle-light." Quite a gathering greeted the speaker, who had not spoken but a short time when he was "sized up" and there was lots of fun.

A year of two later he spoke to a large audience at the same place as a candidate for the presidency. He may have been nominated by a bunch of Harvard boys when on a lark or he may have nominated himself by a large majority. A man by the name of Mellen, who also imagined himself a candidate for presidential honors, may have received his nomination from the boys at Yale or from Brown University! During Pratt's erratic address no reference was made to his opponent until some one in the crowd called out, "How about Mellen?" Pratt promptly replied: "Mellen is mortal and liable to err."

Back in the seventies the writer was stopping at the Tremont House in Chicago. One evening Pratt came in looking solemn and seedy. He evidently was a stranger. The writer ventured to approach him. When asked what he thought of Chicago, Pratt replied with emphasis: "Chicago is a consummate hole." There was quite a number of men standing around. It was suggested that he make a speech and tell them what he thought of Chicago. He mounted a chair at once and commenced: "I am Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveler. I have traveled the world over, have been in heathen lands. I find more heathen in Chicago than in any place I was ever in." He had spoken but a short time when he was asked to "step down and out." This was the last time the writer saw Daniel Pratt. H. M. MORSE.

Winchester.

Our Household Doctor

Yet this volume, if we owned it, would not lead us to put aside that golden book of remedies, "A Thousand Notable Things of Sundric Sortes: whereof some are wonderfull, some strange, some pleasant, divers necessary, a great sort profitable, and many very precious," compiled by Thomas Lupton and published at London in 1627. No mother should be without it. Suppose, for instance, her young and bright-eyed Augustus has the colic, known to some as wind colic. Let her turn to Book Second, Remedy 62:

"If the tender hornes of young buckes that is couered with a thin heavy Skinne be cut in pieces and then put [illegible] newe potte well couered and set in an ouen or other place that is hot [illegible] the same may be made into powder, some of the same given with Pepper and Myrrhe, to them that are tormented with the Collicke, in good wine: it will helpe them marueloslyy of the same disease."

Nov. 24. 1918

RAYMOND HAVENS

By PHILIP HALE

Raymond Havens gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Bach-Tausig, Toccata in D minor; Chopin, Etudes, Op. 25, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, Liszt, Sonata, B minor; Stravinski, Etudes, F sharp major, D major; Royce, Prelude, A flat major, Variations in A minor; Henselt, If I Were a Bird; Paganini-Liszt, La Campanella. There was a very applausive audience.

Mr. Havens was described on the poster as a "phenomenal pianist." His friends assure us that he is a modest young man. He, therefore, should not be held responsible for this announcement. Phenomenal pianists are not common and they are usually to be avoided.

Probably to assure any doubting Thomas, Mr. Havens, to show his patriotism, began the recital by playing "The Star Spangled Banner" and "with great expression." Will the young visiting violinist this afternoon in Symphony Hall play the anthem, say on the G string?

In the toccata the final and massive chords at the end were not played with the requisite deliberation and breadth; the reading of the fugue was marred by unsteadiness of rhythm even in the exposition. The Etudes of Chopin were agreeably interpreted. In them Mr. Havens displayed taste and a musical touch. If full enjoyment of Liszt's sonata, that curious compound of fine and lofty thoughts, bombastic platitudes, theatrical pauses, vexing, intolerable repetitions, is possible, it is only when the pianist is so great that by his authority he can persuade for the moment, if not convince, the hearer. Mr. Havens' performance was intelligent and technically creditable; it did not prevent the sonata from being unnecessarily long-winded and boresome. The Etudes of Stravinski, played here for the first time, according to the program, are more commonplace than would be expected from this anarch in the musical world.

The program was too long. We regret that we were unable to hear Mr. Royce's Prelude, for his Variations, first played here by Mr. Bauer, if we are not mistaken, made a marked impression and led one to look forward eagerly to other works of this talented composer.

Mr. Jewett is to be thanked for the production of Stanley Houghton's "Hindle Wakes" at the Copley Theatre and the company to be congratulated on the excellent general performance. Last Wednesday night the attention of the audience, amused by "The Lost Silk Hat," which served as a curtain raiser, was deeply interested by Houghton's drama. Seldom if ever at this theatre has a play so held the attention from the beginning to the end. It is true that a few indulged themselves in irritating giggling, when the situation or the dialogue called for anything but laughter, but foolish or hysterical persons are present in every theatre, and especially noticeable in plays of serious import.

Mr. Clive gave a really remarkable impersonation of the elder Jeffcote. The self-made man, proud of his success, rejoicing in his money because money in his mind was power, ambitious for his son, who by a desirable marriage would enlarge the glory of the house, with a streak of grim humor and with a keener sense of duty towards a wronged girl and her father, his friend of many years, stood boldly before one; boldly, although Mr. Clive's "stage business" had Flemish detail. Mr. Clive, in the scene where others might have stormed and ranted, was impressive and eloquent by his self-control, his artistic reserve, vocal and in sobriety of gesture.

Another self-made man, but of a far different character, Farrar was strongly portrayed by Mr. Permain. This Farrar might have been a descendant of Squire Western by his ill-concealed coarseness, his views of life, especially concerning the relations of the sexes. Yet he, too, vaguely felt that Alan had not treated Beatrice fairly by his week-end outing with Fanny.

Then there was that excellent actor, Mr. Wingfield, whose portrayal of old Hawthorn will long be remembered, for its composition and expression. Here, too, was nothing superfluous nothing extravagant. In his subjection to his shrewish wife he was not farcical; in his treatment of careless Fanny, he was loving, but not sentimental; heart-broken, but not lachrymose.

How should the part of Fanny be acted? It is said that in England Miss Edyth Goodall showed "weight and emotional strength." Miss [illegible] acting was exceptional [illegible] feeling and fulness of [illegible] suggests a far more [illegible] type of girl, one, perhaps, who could hardly have been likely to refuse to marry Alan; still, if was a type [illegible] prisingly appealing, at the time." Another said that Miss Pratt was a lan[illegible]ing damsel, so that Farrar could [illegible] have called Fanny a "sulky wench." She seemed to reserve her sulkiness entirely for the family circle. Mr. Walbrook, discussing the play, said of a Lancashire girl weaver, "there is [illegible] more independent in all England, [illegible] excluding even the London coster girl, who is very much disposed to be a law to herself in these matters" and Mr. Whiteing described Fanny as "sh[illegible] a bit of nature, if edifying only in that way." Mr. Baughan, however, found something untrue in Fanny's attitude. "It was not her behavior Stanley Houghton had stated a very real problem in making a woman, economically independent of marriage instinctively adopt the morality of man. Nor does the question of children enter into the problem at all. What I did not like was Fanny's self-conscious recognition that she was stating a problem. Her language and her very attitude to the family council, when once she had broken her admirable and characteristic silence, seemed to me unreal in a Lancashire mill-hand. The actual writing of the scene has an air of unreality. This was, to a great extent, covered up by the intense acting of Miss Goodale, whose instinct made her express the emotion behind the words. When I saw the part played by another actress, the scene seemed more unreal in its conduct." The part is not an easy one to play. Miss Relph's entrance and management of the dialogue in the first act were capital, but the moment she was reproached by her parents, her sobbing degenerated into bellowing, so that she became boresome. This was the one blemish, easily to be remedied, in her performance. It is not easy for an outsider to say how a Lancashire lass would behave throughout in Fanny's situation. Surely, no one blames her for not wedding Alan, who is as supreme a cad in drama as Lt. Pinkerton in opera. In the last act Miss Relph shed light on the dramatist's character. Fanny is in all respects a stronger character than Beatrice; she would have made Alan a more helpful wife if Alan had been of a finer, less selfish, more manly nature. Old Jeffcote hints at this. But, wedded to Alan, she would have been profoundly unhappy. Ten to one after she left her home to work for herself, she married a man who really loved her; a man whom she could respect.

Some in London found fault with the dramatist's Mrs. Jeffcote, because as played there she was made to talk "like a lady whose early years were spent in a boarding school, rather than at the loom. Mrs Jeffcote (off the stage) is often a grande dame, but not infrequently her aitches give her trouble." Mr. Herbert Metcalfe was distressed because she acts at the moment when Alan's behavior is exposed as no Lancashire woman of her type could or would act. "Is she thrown into a paroxysm of grief? Does she amidst her sobs reproach her son? She does not. She acts as a well-bred lady of fashion, to whom such an incident is of very little moment, might be expected to act. She raises her eyebrows. One expects her to say: 'Really, Alan, this is very unpleasant, very annoying!' shrugs her shoulders and begins to speculate upon the effect of the news upon her son's fiancee and upon his prospects in the matrimonial market. Can Mr. Houghton imagine such a Lancashire mother acting in such an unemotional, selfish, cold-blooded fashion?"

Miss Jessamine Newcombe has little to do in a part that really has little significance, as if the dramatist had put her in as a foil, a Micaela to Fanny-Carmen. Miss Newcombe, always intelligent, made the most of her part. Did Beatrice in her heart envy Fanny? She questions whether a woman would prefer to be loved as Fanny than respected. She says: "And I wonder which is most like love?" Regard for the conventions led her to forgive Alan after the first shock. Passion was then awakened in her. She owed a debt to Fanny. Miss Newcombe suggested this, delicately a maiden in speech, yet understanding Fanny.

Nothing was gained in the last act by a change of the dramatist's direction. Fanny and her parents sit against the back wall. "They are all three in a row along the back wall, very stiff and awkward." But at the Copley Fanny flaunts defiantly to the left of the stage and sit apart.

Again we say, Mr. Jewett is to be thanked for producing "Hindle Wakes" which should have been seen here long ago, for the play is now over six years old. Let us quote from Richard Whiteing's "The Moral of 'Hindle Wakes.'"

"I think 'Hindle Wakes' is a bit of real realism, as distinguished from many another variety which has nothing real about it but the label. It is not the realism of Blake, which is a realism that is imaginative conception, and [illegible] with the best. It is just a bit of nove-

[illegible] Pall M[illegible] [illegible] woman, may misco[illegible] seriously [illegible] for it [illegible] altogether [illegible] The object of [illegible] one, is to show that in our [illegible] we sometimes [illegible] all this [illegible] very [illegible] or of [illegible] The two concepts as to purpose in [illegible] on [illegible] the [illegible] simple observ[illegible] have stood in [illegible] contrast from the beginning of [illegible] The purpose of 'Hindle Wakes' is [illegible] order, and it seems to [illegible] exactly what it wants. [illegible] in the pr[illegible] or [illegible] attempt to get at the truth. The [illegible] are all alive. I do not know [illegible] have ever seen a play with more [illegible]."

And now appears the hypothetical [illegible] "Would you take your daughter to this play?" By all means, and [illegible] also our mother-in-law [illegible] maiden aunt. If they would be [illegible] by seeing it, they are already [illegible] heart. The hypothetical [illegible] is not unsophisticated. [illegible] judge, condemn, [illegible] warning. Fanny's little [illegible] great injury to all in the [illegible], despite her careless exit.

Mr. Thomas Brockhurst's Essay on "Prometheus" and the War

[illegible] are indebted to Mr. Thomas Brockhurst of Boston for a scholarly and [illegible] essay on the "Prometheus [illegible]" of [illegible] as a tragedy that might now "with a little emphasis here [illegible] and the omission of details [illegible] to have been a subsequently written allegory of the great war now ending. Of the sequel 'Europe Unbound' [illegible] are now interested spectators."

We regret that on account of its length we are unable to publish Mr. Brockhurst's essay in full. He draws up this [illegible] for Prometheus Today":

[illegible]	Germany
[illegible]	The Allies
[illegible]	A Pacifist
[illegible]	Belgium
[illegible]	Chancellor of Zeus
[illegible]	America
[illegible]	The World

[illegible] describing the material on which [illegible] drew, Mr. Broadhurst remarks: "The original authors did not [illegible] themselves much about the [illegible] of their myths. Aeschylus [illegible] set his own stamp upon them. [illegible] of the old order of the Titan [illegible] and the newer order of Olympian [illegible] and the part played therein by Prometheus "lie at the very heart of the trilogy, the same as the confederation of the German states under the [illegible] of Prussia at the conclusion of the Franco-German war lies at the [illegible] of the great European conflict. . . . [illegible] the anarchs of the [illegible] by Might alone, but by the [illegible] Forethought, whom the Titans [illegible] despised. (Bismarck was the Forethought of Wilhelm I.) . . . But Zeus [illegible] of wisdom yet. His power is [illegible] established. Aeschylus harps on [illegible] and ascribes much of his [illegible] to this fact. As soon as Zeus [illegible] on his father's throne, [illegible] the gods their several honors [illegible] kingdoms established under [illegible] are the analogy in this instance.) [illegible] on the heavenly throne, Zeus [illegible] to the disease of self-will [illegible] incident to every irresponsible [illegible] not yet dislodged the [illegible] 'blood and iron.' Zeus began [illegible] his newly acquired power [illegible] regard to the wisdom which had [illegible] it for him and was not long [illegible] the pilot.' He was now minded [illegible] the whole race of mankind [illegible] and create another—a figurative way of saying that he proposed to [illegible] democracy and set up universal [illegible] in its place."

[illegible] Prometheus clapped the lid on [illegible]'s Potsdam pot before Hope es[illegible]

[illegible] stayed mortals from looking forward to their doom.
[illegible] what remedy for this [illegible]
[illegible] hope to dwell among [illegible]
[illegible] boon [illegible]

[illegible] we are condensing Mr. [illegible] argument. Prometheus [illegible] mankind fire, the torch of liberty. [illegible] punish him, sent Hephaistos [illegible], Kratos (Strength), and Bia [illegible] to chain him to a rock.

[illegible] must do penance (i. e. undergo [illegible]) that he may learn to [illegible] the tyranny of Zeus and be [illegible] of love to man [illegible]
[illegible] and Bia, for you two the [illegible] of Zeus is now fulfilled. For [illegible] no heart to bind a brother [illegible] force to this storm-riven [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Brockhurst, "might [illegible]
[illegible] O three-hated mastery of my [illegible]
[illegible] Science is sworn brother to [illegible] (Till Germany came along, [illegible] science debased to such [illegible] use.) Their work accomplished, [illegible] announcing that a vulture [illegible] to follow, and devour Prometheus's [illegible] (Truly the German vulture has [illegible] devoured the vitals of the [illegible] territories since possession.)

[illegible] the [illegible] imagination [illegible] Testament [illegible] where [illegible] dignity and [illegible] a concrete [illegible] of the other two, were the [illegible] temporal victims and the same hardness of heart and spiritual obliquity characterized the agents in each tragedy."

Oceanus is "a good instance of the pacifist and tries to induce Prometheus to submit to Zeus and make the best of it. Says he, 'Put from you the wrath that you cherish, and seek relief from these afflictions. . . . He who rules is a harsh King, one alone (by Divine Right) rendering account to none.' He is contemptuously rejected."

Io is "an analogy of weak, heroic, inoffensive Belgium." She sets forth Zeus's early blandishments: "Thrice happy maiden, why keep you all too long your virgin state? . . . Zeus is kindled by a shaft of longing and fain would join with you in love. My child, spurn not the bed of Zeus." This calls up a faint remembrance of the Kaiser's ultimatum to Belgium, when he sought a passage, just as illegal, and, failing consent, committed the infamous rape. "The earth-born Argus with the myriad eyes, watching Io's every step," is not an inapt figure of the honeycomb of spies in the little country on the eve of the great betrayal. After Io's departure, Prometheus turns to the trembling Chorus and expands his prophecy of Zeus's fate.

Yet, yet, though now so obstinately great,
Shall Zeus be humble; such a plan he frames
Of Wedlock, which him from his sovereign height
And tyrannous throne shall cast, undone . . .
Let him I say
Let him sit there, in his high-vaunting claps
Secure, and brandishing his bolts of flame:
For naught shall these avail him, not to fall
Most wretchedly a downfall infamous.
So strong an athlete doth he now array
Himself against himself, dread prodigy
Invincible—who than the lightning's shaft
A fiercer flame, and than the thunder's roar
A more pervading clangor, shall find out,
And dissipate the ocean trident's power,
That shakes the world, Poseidon's surgy spear.
Then, crushed and writhing, he shall learn too late
What is a slave's, and what a tyrant's state!

"What inhabitant of this country that read daily of Uncle Sam's part in mastering the submarine, 'Poseidon's surgy spear,' of his immense guns in action, and contemplating the 'crushed and writhing tyrant,' can fail to connect these great events with the wonderful lines just quoted?"

Hermes, the messenger of Zeus, making peremptory demands reminds one of the boastful offensive last March and the accompanying one-sided peace drive. Prometheus replies:

Big-mouthed, I trow, and full of windy pomp,
Is all thy speech, as suits a tyrant's slave.
New lords, ye reign but newly, and yet deem
Your thrones impregnable. And have not I
Beheld two monarchs thence in ruin base
Cast down, and shall I not a third behold,
Most briefly, as most basely? Seem I not
Before your new made gods to shake and quail?
That shame at least I know not of. But thou,
Hence! by the road which thee came, get thee back.

"In connection with this, Von Hertling corresponds to the 'tyrant's slave,' and the two Titan monarchs referred to may be said to have had their European counterparts in Attila and Bonaparte."

Mr. Brockhurst concludes by saying that for the purpose of pointing the moral "he makes the one variation of the original by identifying Hercules, the promised deliverer, with the 'great athlete'; in any case the sequel, 'Prometheus Unbound,' is a matter of utter conjecture. Apparently in the lost tragedy we gather, if we can trust Cicero's notes on the subject, that Hercules appears, shoots the vulture that had gnawed so long on Prometheus's vitals and releases him from his chains. Prometheus, having undergone his minor purgation, it remains for Zeus to castigate himself in a major manner. He releases Kronos and his brother Titans, thereby, as we know from the evidence of 'The Eumenides, v. 641-616, appeasing the infernal powers and insuring himself against inevitable ruin.' 'The Athlete,' 'the young Hercules' of the West, has proved the deciding factor of the great issue. It is now his to be the reconciliator. . . . Power to be eternal must be just. Overruling 'Necessity' at last made power to learn the truth of wisdom, and forego the unwarrantable dictates of its own mere opportunist necessity. Henceforward, by means of a League of Nations, power is to be identical with the growth of Right and Law in the world, which must ultimately subdue all moral discord."

We see that Mr. Brockhurst quotes from the translation of Henry William Herbert, the brilliant Englishman, who was better known in this country 66 or 70 years ago as "Frank Forester," a name held dear by all hunters and fishermen. His translation of "Prometheus" and "Agamemnon" was published at Cambridge by John Bartlett in 1849. The book was dedicated to Edward Everett.

"Fille de Mme. Angot" and Emily Soldene's Recollections

Much has been written in London about Lecocq and his "Daughter of Mme. Angot." The Daily Chronicle says that in 1871 the famous Nottingham revivalist, "Jimmy" Dupe, who converted Pendigo, and who was invited by his fellow-townsman, Gen. Booth, to migrate to London before the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] question [illegible] arranged from [illegible] It has been [illegible] that Emily [illegible] was in London the original [illegible] that honor belonged to [illegible] Mathews, while Selina Dolaro was the first Clairette. Emily gives much [illegible] information about the operetta in her book of recollections. She took the part of Mlle. Lange—Annie Sinclair was Clairette at the Gaiety in November, 1873. (The operetta had been produced at the Philharmonic, Islington.) There is a picture of Emily in the part. Emily did not at first welcome the role. "As it turned out, the part suited me, and I made both reputation and money out of it." At Christmas, 1873, the operetta was moved to the Opera Comique. "The business was enormous. During this time the 10s 6d. stall was inaugurated and booked weeks and weeks in advance." Patty Laverne was then the Clairette. The quarrel duet amused greatly the then Princess of Wales, who as a rule sat "in severe, rigid, decorous and unmoved dignity." The Prince Imperial visited the theatre, the first visit after the death of his father, Napoleon. "'Mme. Angot,'" says Emily, "is full of dreadful republican sentiments, and I hated to repeat them before the prince, so young, so unfortunate, such a nice face, too, oval, distinguished, rather melancholy, with beautiful eyes like his beautiful mother."

At a revival in London before Miss Soldene with her company sailed for New York in October, 1874, noteworthy persons came to say good-by. Miss Soldene gives a curious description of Capt. Burton—Sir Richard F. Burton "tall, dark, bronzed, masterful and much addicted to long conversations with the ladies of the ballet and the pages. I, an untraveled one, with the bump of veneration largely developed, regarded him with the greatest awe, admiration and respect. Still, I could not get away from the fact that he was artistically made up; the cheeks rouged a little and the eyes Indian-inked a lot, just as if he were going on the stage." Holms (sic) the spiritualist, "thin, fair, fragile, with beautiful, soft, silky, wavy, pale hair, long, delicate hands aesthetic in appearance and charming in manners," was another visitor. "People used to say he had been in the inmost confidence of the late Emperor Napoleon, and was still so with the Czar of all the Russias." Emily's volume, "Theatrical and Musical Recollections," was published in 1897.

The Daily Telegraph of Oct. 26 published this paragraph.

"Only a year or so before the war Lecocq was present at a revival of that work ('Mme. Angot') in Paris. In old age he retained a lively interest in musical doings and kept himself well abreast of modern development of the art. Lecocq, in fact, was a thorough eclectic. He loved and knew almost by heart his Bach and his Mozart—his two musical gods—and he was among the first to recognize the genius of Wagner at a time when that composer was anathema to the majority. And almost alone among musicians of his generation he found interest and pleasure in studying the scores of Richard Strauss, among them the 'Domestic' symphony and 'Salome.' Wonderful when you come to think of it, that the composer of 'Madame Angot,' even when well past man's allotted span, should have found anything to appeal to him in the Strauss of 'Salome.'"

Sundry Notes About Music and Musicians

Some one asked recently what had become of Marguerite Macintyre, a handsome woman, who came to Boston as a member of the Metropolitan Opera House company. We remember her as Donna Elvira in a performance of "Don Giovanni," at the Boston Theatre. Of Scottish descent, she was born in India. She made her début in opera at Covent Garden as Micaela in 1888. We read this week in a London journal that on her marriage to the late Feuxe de Halpert, she left the stage. She recently gave all her time to war work, now as nurse at Neuilly, now at Chateau d'Oex, caring for British prisoners released from Germany. After the war she purposes to train singers for opera.

The Dirge in MacDowell's "Indian" Suite was played by the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra a week ago yesterday "as a tribute to the memory of our soldiers and sailors who have fallen in the war."

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"We acknowledge the receipt from the Poetry-Drama Company of a little book of 38 pages entitled 'Verve: The Journal of Robert De Camp Leland.' We quote from it:

THINGS YOU WILL NEVER SEE

"A cabaret in Wayside Inn; a burlesque actress reading G[illegible]; Chippendale furniture in the Bronx; a [illegible] house on Boston Common; a story by Elinor Glyn in the Atlantic Monthly; 'Sanine' on the library table of every American home; Bi[illegible] in [illegible]

[illegible] in French.

Here is Mr. Leland's [illegible] story of

THE PROFESSOR

"Nathaniel Croston, A. [illegible] The students called him [illegible] Twice daily he crossed the c[illegible], absent-mindedly wavered [illegible] city square, then along an [illegible] New England street and entered his home. This was his only kinship to life. In a quiet study, poring over books, pamphlets, bibliographies, annotating, coonotating, revising, [illegible] to the press, stroking [illegible] this man [illegible] A. G. should have been S. G. So it [illegible] The professor knew. [illegible] fruit, oatmeal, the [illegible] and the cross-town walk to [illegible] Life!"

DRAMA

"Another strong drama: A novel on Railroad avenue; the shopgirl gets [illegible] the limousine."

The final sentences of "Co[illegible] as a Magazine: A Novel in the C[illegible] Tradition," run as follows: "A[illegible] always waiting for The One who must some day come. Never could [illegible] luteger or baker, nor even candlestick maker, though the candle factory [illegible] night and day by the side of the [illegible] mill stream, and its owner was commonly reputed to have been worth in the neighborhood of seventeen thousand six hundred and seventy two dollars and fifty cents. Often the [illegible] person had pursued her with [illegible] ful offerings of marriage, but always the swank villain had been spurned. One night— (To be continued until relieved.)"

Pullmans and Pockets

As the World Wags:

Since the wagging world has undertaken to discuss, among other enterprises of great pith and moment, the [illegible] of nightrobes and the evolution of the varied species comprehended under the genus "Nightie," may we not pursue the matter further into detail?

For example, the pockets which are commonly appended to the left breast of the pyjama jacket. I have heard this useful appendage, which makes nocturnal man a marsupial animal, called in question as practically useless, after the general import of that adage about the superfluity of a pocket in a shroud. Man abandoned to the arms of Morpheus may seem to have few [illegible] sary needs—and yet [illegible] virtue in the handkerchief, neatly bordered with a color matching the [illegible] and tastefully protruding a corner to show the color scheme? Have the objectors considered the immense service rendered by such pockets when in sleeping cars? The problem of [illegible] one's worldly possessions while traveling at night in the inadequate contraption designed by Mr. Pullman is not an easy one to solve. There is some athletic prowess required to undress while balanced on the shoulders—a process which I have found conducive to spilling my watch, keys, small change and the inevitable jack-knife into the hollows and interstices of the berth. How simple and sufficient first to remove all portable objects from the clothing and stow them same in the pocket of the pyjamas!

Pockets in a shirt—even a night-shirt—are rather more useful than those buttons which custom decrees shall be affixed to the under side of one's coat cuffs. Tradition says that Frederick the Great devised these buttons on the uniform of his grenadiers originally—with intent to break them of a bad habit of wiping their brows with their sleeves. The fallacy of that may be established by merely trying to wipe your own brow with your own sleeve—and making the buttons touch any part of the visage. It cannot be done by any save the contortionists.

I avoid sleeping cars. They seem to me essentially immodest. I find it embarrassing to make my way down the darkened aisle, bumping into the gable-ends of numerous citizens of both sexes who are busily engaged in preparing themselves for lying down, or for getting up. I loathe the tin basins of the gent's washroom and the crowd that hangs over them o' mornings. I feel it irksome to lie broad awake all night listening to the concert of snores proceeding from more hardened comrades. I have even conceived a typical American symphony to be based on such experiences, somewhat on the general model of the Adventures in a Perambulator, with all the modern frills of instrumentation affected by the Jazz Band. But when I am wondering [illegible] a night's ride in the Pullman I [illegible] the man who invented pockets in the garment of sleep.

Every gentleman I am [illegible] prepares for bed on the sleeper with as much care and detail as he would do if at home. The [illegible]

dock [illegible] collar and the [illegible] tossed to [illegible] plied by paying [illegible] of staying up [illegible] car ahead. I then [illegible] to [illegible] due form when [illegible] on the rail—down to the pyjamas and the winding of my watch. It is thus that I have discovered the blessings of that pyjama pocket. Its capacities are infinite. It will receive a billfold, a watch, $2.25 in small change, a knife, pencil, hanky, visiting cards, keys, what is left of the tickets, and one Havana cigar.

The question I would raise is not whether pyjama pockets are superfluous, but whether there ought not to be more of them. A pocket on the inside would be more secure against nocturnal theft when traveling and would eliminate the necessity for keeping one hand perpetually on the breast as a sort of self-made burglar alarm.

Wamesit. PHINEAS REDUX.

Raoul Vidas Pleases Local Music Lovers in First Recital Here

Rosita Renard, the Chilian pianist, and Raoul Vidas, the young Roumanian violinist, whose musical education was obtained in Paris, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon.

Miss Renard's program included: Scherzo, C sharp minor, Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 1, valse, Chopin; Poissons d'or, L'isle joyeuse, Debussy; Sonetto del Petrarca, Polonaise, E major, Liszt.

Mr. Vidas played: Sonata in G major, Tambourin, Somis; Concerto for Violin, B minor, Op. 61, Saint-Saens; Andante, T. Tartini; Saltarelle, Wieniawski-Thibaud; Intermezzo, Raoul Laparra; Prelude Allegro, Pugnani-Kreisler.

Mr. Vidas has been heard in New York where he achieved success. Yesterday he played for the first time in Boston. He won a quick and pronounced triumph and seems bound to be a favorite with the music-loving public here. His playing of the more ambitious pieces by Somis and Saint-Saens stamped him despite his extreme youth as an artist of high rank in technic and in smoothness and clarity of tone, even if his interpretation lacked somewhat in the breadth and depth of conception, which the natural unfolding of his powers through the coming years will be sure to bring him.

It was in the lighter selections that the young artist shone with special brilliance, and in these he awoke the lively admiration of his hearers, who persistently called for extra numbers. Mr. Vidas was generous, though not over-ready, in response to these demands. In "Saltarelle" and in other similar pieces he showed astonishing swiftness and deftness without sacrifice of the purity and perfectin of his tone. In the frankly emotional numbers he was at his best. The shining beauty of his tone and the directness and intensity of his appeal placed him on a par with the best violinists heard here.

He is slight of build, of medium height and youthful in appearance. His manner is unaffected and dignified without stiffness, and his total lack of mannerisms is refreshing.

Miss Renard's playing, as usual, roused marked enthusiasm, and she, too, added liberally to her program. She showed that she could interpret Chopin without losing her own individuality while appreciating and expressing the peculiar, baffling charm of the composer. She caught and gave to her hearers the shimmering lights and shadows, the mists and swirling waters of Debussy as few pianists can do.

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Will one of our readers state the difference, if there is any, between a truce and an armistice? The Oxford English Dictionary says that an armistice is a short truce; but the same dictionary defines "truce" as a temporary peace or cessation from arms; an armistice." In each case there is "a suspension of hostilities for a specified period between armies at war." The Daily Chronicle of London, asking which should come first, peace or armistice, appeals to history. History gives confusing answers. "At the conclusions of the Napoleonic wars 1814, of the Crimean war in 1856, and of the Franco-German war in 1871, the armistice came first. In 1866 and 1878 peace preliminaries and armistice were signed on the same day, but peace came first. The Russo-Japanese war ended in a sort of stalemate, and the Danish war in 1864 and the Second Balkan war in 1913 reached their close by unconditional surrender." The formal ending of hostilities in 1871 was theatrically arranged. Just before midnight, on the day the armistice was signed at Versailles, a German gun sounded, and was answered by one from the French lines. It was the agreed program—leaving the last shot to the French. Twelve o'clock sounded, and the war was over."

"Phone"

As the World Wags:

I was pleased by noting your objection to the printed word "phone." It is equally obnoxious when it is spoken. A gent wears pants, phones, wires and has his photo taken. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly.

An Appreciation

Mr. Rabaud and the Boston Symphony Orchestra greatly pleased the music lovers of Providence, if the News of Nov. 20 is to be believed.

"With genuine suitability M. Rabaud chose Beethoven's 'Eroica' symphony as the salutatory number, casing its supreme mellifluences along with the most effective dependance upon the perfectly co-operative string and small reed section of any orchestra of the season. The change from the Muck manner of reading and directing was instantly apparent in an indescribable verve, alacrity and almost emotional response to the baton, which became delightfully more apparent in Weber's overture to 'Euryanthe' with lace-like fragility, its tenuous beauty, its musical conversations, which become at times almost instrumental persiflage, playing rippling repartee between the muted strings, the lesser reeds and the recurrently sympathetic horns."

Yes, indeed; the overture to "Euryanthe" is real chatty. Mr. Rabaud is to be congratulated on his "easing" the "supreme mellifluences" of the symphony. Other conductors have not been so compassionate.

Suaviter in Modo

Detective Craig in London visited a Smoking Cafe, where it was thought disorderly conduct was permitted. Cross-examined, he said that when one of the girls put her arms around his neck and kissed him several times, he showed by his manner, to a certain extent, that what was taking place was objectionable to him.

"Did you resist or protest?"

"Not too much; we were acting on instructions."

His-tory and My Story

When Spain's Armada pettered out,
And Drake was master of the sea,
All Britain raised the joyous shout,
"The Spanish flee!"

When, later, Time began to tease,
My locks, they pestered me to try,
A lotion of Cantharides—
(Or Spanish fly).

Today, I don't feel up to much—
In fact, I feel distinctly blue;
I wonder if I've got a touch
Of Spanish 'flu!

—London Daily Chronicle.

"I Hope He Comes"

As the World Wags:

Mr. Brander Neall, in discussing the question whether such expressions as "I hope he comes" are good English, cites, as having a bearing upon the question, the fact that "not so many hundreds of years ago the English language had no future tense," but I can't see that that fact has any bearing upon the question. Shakespeare and others who wrote "not so many hundreds of years ago" used many expressions—such, for example, as "most unkindest cut" and "between you and I"—which are condemned by good usage of the present day. That good usage of the present day Mr. David G. Haskins, Jr., had in mind when he condemned such expressions as "I hope he comes," and Mr. Neall cannot, by citing the fact that hundreds of years ago the English language had no future tense, controvert Mr. Haskins's contention that "I hope he comes" and such like expressions violate good usage—that is, good usage of the present day. * * * Nobody denies that the present tense is not infrequently used with a future meaning, and such a use of the present tense is recognized and treated of by grammarians (see, for example, Goold Brown's Grammar of English Grammars, Part II., chap. vi., observation 6), but I am of the opinion that it is not proper to thus use the present tense in such expressions as "I hope he comes." As Mr. Neall thinks that such expressions are "entirely justifiable for ordinary use," I will ask him to cite from standard authors a few examples of the usage.

SAXO GRAMMATICUS.

Brookline.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"David Harum." Comedy in three acts from Edward Noyes Westcott.

It is not necessary to outline the plot of "David Harum." The many who know it will not need to be told about it, and for the rest it is a play that is none the less enjoyable when its successive scenes come as something new and strange to an audience. It is skilfully acted by the stock company, with Mark Kent as the centre of attraction in the title role. Mr. Kent is a seasoned and efficient comedian and character actor, and he fairly revels in the role of the horse trader and banker who was shrewd at a bargain yet who had a heart of gold when it came to helping the distressed widow. Miss MacDonald is a pretty heroine as Mary Blake, and Mr. Ayres did everything possible with the manly John Lennox. The other leading roles are in the hands of Miss Barnicoat, Mr. Bosworth and other Castle Square favorites.

Next week the play at the Castle Square will be George Cohan's "It Pays to Advertise."

MISS CAVANAGH

Lucille Cavanagh, assisted by Wheeler Wadsworth, Mel Craig and William B. Taylor, in Miss Cavanagh's 1918 Edition of Dance, Color and Song, is the chief attraction of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was deeply interested.

Miss Cavanagh's act is entitled to the qualification "kaleidoscopic," for the performance is colorful and high-spirited, with much vivacity. The principal is interesting in facial charm and figure. Her dances are cleverly differentiated and there is significance of costuming and musical accompaniment. She was at her best in the dress of half mortal. There was the illusion of the sprite of the spirit world on a lark; there was the requisite lightness of touch and this number was doubly enjoyable by its buoyancy and the suggestion of a dance beyond the limitations of a mortal.

Moss and Frye, in a coon act, are unusually entertaining. Their comedy is the familiar "sidewalk" variety, though far removed from the commonplace. Their act is clearly individualistic. They affect the soft pedal style of song, and their crooning melodies and delicate tricks of harmony are extremely pleasing.

Al and Fanny Stedman in a musical and dancing act were interesting in their comedy style. They received a well deserved ovation at the conclusion of their act. Miss Stedman is always pleasing with her vivacity and high spirits and she never resorts to gush. Her brother is both musician and comedian.

One of the best musical acts seen at this theatre this season was that of Mlle. Diane and Jan Rubini. Mlle. Diane appeared as a French chanteuse. Electing to dress in scanty attire and bare-legged, the singer's performance had a nice Gallic touch, there was a delightful piquancy and the added pleasure of an agreeable voice. Mr. Rubini gave an interesting performance on the violin.

Other acts were Ideal, lady swimmer; Mary Melville, in a monologue; Harry Langdon, in a laughable automobile burlesque; Henning and Marks, singers and dancers, and Bert and Lottie Walton, in a dancing act.

Nov 27 1918

The advertisements in London journals are often entertaining reading. For instances, there is the vacant situations column. How many of us could tell offhand exactly what "consol operators," "commons hangers," "budget trimmers," "Kaiser moulders" do? The consol operators are not members of the stock exchange; they operate in leather on a boot bench. A commons hanger has to do with papering walls. While a budget trimmer is in the coachmaking trade, for a budget is a sort of boot contrived to hold baggage. One would suppose that in no bakery of London today would there be room for a Kaiser moulder, unless for shaping his image in dough instead of war and then transfixing it with needles so that Wilhelm might die a slow and painful death.

In Translation

As the World Wags:

No one who has read Mrs. Constance Garnett's series of translations of Chekhov's stories can deny her skill as a translator. But can you blame me for being somewhat puzzled by the following from "Dreams," in Vol. VI, entitled "The Witch, and Other Stories"? "In front of them stretched 30 feet of muddy black-brown mud." Slightly muddled, eh? It reminds me of the "pond of water" in Wordsworth's "Thorn."

But what can poor Mrs. Garnett do when Homer himself nods? Just above the "muddy mud" passage we find: "The man they were escorting did not in the least correspond with the conception every one has of a tramp. * * * His eyebrows were scanty, his expression submissive; he had scarcely a trace of a mustache, though he was over 30. * * * The collar of his shabby cloth overcoat, which did not look like a peasant's, was turned up to the very brim of his cap, so that only his little red nose ventured to peep out into the light of day." How, pray, could the observer notice that the man had no mustache, and other details, when his collar was turned up to his cap? No freshman in English A would be allowed thus to violate point of view in description.

Cambridge. JUNIOR.

Books of Gossip

As the World Wags:

In these days, when every one has taken to living on the street, there may be excuse for one's finding delight in books of gossip. With or without excuse my relief from overabsorption in the day's problems comes from those robust volumes which recount the fine conversation of the days when conversation was an art. With Dr. Johnson, I have a distrust of country solitudes, and feel that "after one has gathered apples in an orchard one wishes them well baked and removed to a London eating-house for enjoyment." A pipe, an easy chair, a snapping fire and a friend are, after all, the summa bona, now seldom obtainable save by proxy. One of these substitutes is John Thomas Smith's "A Book for a Rainy Day." If you get Wilfred Whitten's handsome edition, you have, besides the entertaining text, a number of fine illustrations and copious footnotes. Now, footnotes, as one used to plod through tomes of Teutonic erudition in distant graduate school days, may furnish only bitterness of spirit; but the English footnote, as developed by Birkbeck Hill, Austin Dobson and Edmund Gosse, is a literary achievement in itself. Whitten can become as garrulous as Smith. The latter reveals his spirit in discussing the death of his friend, Mr. Packer: "What I tell you is the fact," said he to another friend, "and sit you down and I'll tell you the whole story." He does tell much of the story of his own generation and the one preceding. He is full of details regarding Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Sir Peter Lely, Nollekens, Wilson and other artists. He has much to say of Handel and Arne, of Johnson and Garrick, of Horace Walpole and Flaxman; in fact, of almost every one worth knowing in the late 18th century. Fashion notes are recorded with a completeness that makes him an authority on the history of costume, and his notes on architectural changes in London endear him to the antiquarian. He has a strain of vindictiveness when he gossips, in the worse sense of the word, about people he disliked; still his sharpness is preferable to such velvet-pawed scratches as one find in Mrs. Thrale's "Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson." This must, of course, be noted in any mention of prattling books, but even the reader unfamiliar with the great Johnsonian tradition will quickly perceive that her statements are often contradictory and spiteful. She does, however, manage to draw a very entertaining picture of her subject. Perhaps one could not help being witty when recounting Johnsonian anecdotes.

I must finally mention another book of reminiscence for which recommendation gets an occasional reader. Different from all the preceding is Trelawney's "Records of Byron, Shelley and the Author." I first read it in one of the happiest years of my life, when I was living in Hollis Hall, and the "memory of dear old times" may add to my affection for the book. It was Trelawney who saved Shelley's heart from the funeral pyre.

Cambridge. ACADEME.

Nov 28 1918

"Jack Igo, the comedian, has been finally rejected from the army."—The Stage.

"I go, I go." Yes, but you don't go." (Apologies to W. S. Gilbert.)

For Today

As the World Wags:

As our income is small, we shall not be able to have poultry this Thanksgiving. We shall try to satisfy ourselves with eggs which are potentially chickens. The potential mood teaches us that eggs "may, can, or must" become chickens. M. R. F.

North Cambridge.

Guinea Pigs and Others

Certain deep thinkers are now earnestly recommending the guinea pig or cavie for the table. They say that in many parts of South America, where the rodent originated, it has long been a standard article of diet. But Mr. Brown, traveling in Germany about 250 years ago, spoke of "Some odde dishes" he saw on German tables, "as Guiny pigs, divers sorts of Snails, and Tortoises." We read not long ago in a London journal that a good deal of the "curried fowl" and "poulet en casserole" for which meat coupons were demanded in restaurants of that city came from a guinea pig sty. (And so some raving over terrapin in Baltimore are really enjoying musk rat.) We are in the habit of associating the guinea pig with vivisection. In boyhood days we believed that if one pulled his tail, his eyes would drop out. The statement was made in the London Daily Chronicle that one pair might have 1000 descendants in a year. For this the writer was derided. He was told that 100 is "the maximum family obtainable in that period from the most patriotic couple."

Why "Guinea" and why "pig"? Some say the animal was thought to resemble the young of the Guinea-hog, "or the name Guinea may have been applied loosely, as in some other instances, as a designation for an unknown distant country." The French name the animal Cochon d' Inde or Cochon de Barbarie.

[illegible] Gol[illegible] [illegible] natural [illegible] says th[illegible] th[illegible] [illegible]use [illegible] the most [illegible] of all [illegible]rupeds except th[illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] and in a novel by Besant [illegible] R[illegible]e we find: "There isn't a mous[illegible] in all Epson can be muter, or a guine[illegible] p[illegible] [illegible]mber." But why in Englis[illegible] provinces are the wood-louse and [illegible] small white cowrie called guinea-pigs? The animal was little respected in the 18th century, for the name was a general term of reproach, often applied to inefficient seamen. It was also applied to midshipmen in the East Indian service; later to any one whose nominal fee for professional services was a guinea, as vets., special jurymen, etc., now mainly restricted to clergymen acting as deputies, and contemptuously to directors of public companies: "the pleasant name," said a writer in Temple Bar (1871), "for those gentlemen of more rank than means, who hire themselves out as directors of public companies, and who have a guinea and copious lunch when they attend board meetings." Unattached, roving parsons, "who will take any brother cleric's duty for the moderate remuneration of one guinea," are guinea pigs. Here is a note in Fairholt's "Costume": "Those who persevered in the fashion (of wearing hair powder) paid one guinea a year for the privilege, hence the jesters nicknamed them 'guinea pigs.'"

The Peruvians, we are told, break the guinea-pig's neck, cut its throat, hang it up to bleed, scald it in water not too hot, remove the hair; scrape the skin, take out the entrails, wash the carcass with tepid water, and then roast the beast. An American, "long resident in Peru," is quoted as follows: "Cavies"—the Latin name is Cavia Cobaya—"are excellent as entrees in various stews—with mushrooms, with brown onions, with green peas a la soubise, and especially in curry."

"A la Soubise." This sauce, as we understand it, is made of onions and butter mixed with cream, or sauce veloute. You will find the Soubise sauce described in local cook-books and even in Mary Green's "Better Meals for Less Money," published in New York last year, but which Soubise had the honor of naming it, the Calvinist captain (1583-1642) or the prince that was marshal of France (17[illegible]-1787). We consulted in vain the "Almanach des Gourmands" (1803), "Le Gastronome Francais" (1828), a most entertaining work; "Le Parfait Cuisinier ou le Breviaire des Gourmands"; no mention of Soubise or the sauce; but we found a note that gives a clew in the "Manuel des Amphitryons" (1808), by the author of the "Almanach des Gourmands," the famous Grimod de la Reyniere, whose biography was written by Gustave Desnoiresterres. "Monsieur the Marshal Prince de Soubise, a wretched general, but an excellent courtier, passed for a very good Amphitryon. His table was famed for its great delicacy, and he busied himself with it as a man to whom the secrets of cookery were familiar. The Prince de Guemene, his son-in-law, especially celebrated by failing for £28,000,000 about 1782, kept an exceedingly good house, known for its superb magnificence. To him is due the invention of several ragouts which will immortalize him no less than his failure." The Duchess of Montabzon, daughter-in-law of the bankrupt, returned to the jeweller the diamonds and other stones given her on her wedding day, for she learned that he had not been paid for them. The Prince de Soubise was, indeed, a sport. There are tales about him in the "Correspondance Litteraire" of Grimm and Diderot. The prince used to give Mlle Guimard, the dancer, a New Year's present of jewels. In 1768 January was an unusually cold month. She asked for her present in money, saying she needed it; but this money, £6000, she distributed herself, going on foot and unattended among the poor of her quarter, and added £2000 of her own savings. Grimm remarked that the dancer must be an amiable woman, "for she has many male friends, although they say that on account of excessive thinness she is like a spider, and her voice is harsh, raucous; but as I have never heard her speak, this fault has not dampened my passion for her." Grimm also says that at the wedding of the Princess de Rohan-Guemene there was a magnificent firework representing the fable of Venus and Mars surprised by Vulcan. "There are very few marriages, no doubt, to which this subject sooner or late would not be appropriate, but the execution did not answer the expectation of the spectators, and the imprudence of some workmen came near setting the whole quarter on fire."

12/19 1918

The London journals of Nov. 5 mentioned the death of Bernard Edward Joseph Capes, better known to novel readers as Bernard Capes, as Charles Dickens stands for Charles John Huffam Dickens. There is Thomas Henry Hall Caine. No one thinks of calling him "Tom" Caine. It would be disrespectful to his whiskerage, also to [illegible]kspeare who, as many think, bears a close resemblance to the novelist [illegible]s that is th[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Ca[illegible] [illegible] knighted. But let [illegible] [illegible] back to [illegible]ard Cape[illegible]

Are his novels read by many in this country?

One of his books is, indeed, remarkable, the fascinating story of one of the most despicable women ever described in fiction. It is entitled "The Extraordinary Confessions of Diana Please' here 'Englished' from the original shorthand notes in French of M. Le Marquis de C—, a friend to whom she dictated them." There is a quotation from a preface purporting to have been written by this imaginary marquis that serves as motto: "I am convinced she rivalled, at 50, the exquisite Diane de Poitiers herself, in the brightness of her wit and the perfection of her form, and might have passed as triumphantly a like test of the marble."

Then there is "Bembo," by Capes, a gorgeous and cruel story of Italian life. "The Lake of Wine" is, to our mind, inferior. We regret to say we have not read his other novels, not even "The Adventures of the Comte de la Muette," or "Plots." It is said that Capes produced over 25 novels in less than 20 years. "Diana Please" was published in 1904. How did Capes pronounce his name? To rhyme with Japes? Was he of Dutch descent?

The question was asked some months ago in England "What books do our soldiers like to read nowadays?" One young soldier wrote from France: "Trollope's top hole, particularly when you have just come out of the line and wish to delete everything from your memory as cleanly as the censor deletes injudicious remarks in your correspondence." Civilians, so a librarian said, had gone back to the novels of Edmund Yates, Hawley Smart, F. W. Robinson and Miss Braddon, and many were revelling in the works of Fielding and Smollett. There are so-called minor English novelists who are not sufficiently known in this country, as Mortimer Collins. Does any one read the creepy stories of Sheridan Le Fanu? "Uncle Silas" is not the only one that gives goose flesh. Works of the more famous novelists are neglected. Everyone talks of "Vanity Fair" or "Esmond," but is "Barry Lyndon" so familiar to many that they trace Thackeray's indebtedness to that superb blackguard, Casanova? Do admirers of Charles Lever read "Lord Kilgobbing," in which are two delightful Irish girls? Are Wilkie Collins's novels in demand? Is Reade's "Griffith Gaunt" appreciated as it should be?

Even in the second-hand book-shops one does not find easily novels by Americans published in the fifties and sixties of the last century. We obtained with difficulty a copy of "Avery Glibun," by "Orpheus C. Kerr," whose name was Robert H. Newell, one of the husbands of Adah Isaacs Menken. It is a strange story of New York life, introducing, thinly disguised, some of the Bohemians that met at Pfaff's, among them their Queen, Ada Clare, the actress and journalist, who died of hydrophobia in 1871, a brilliant woman, known on the stage as Agnes Stanfield, born Jane McElhenney, but the wife of J. Frank Noyes. We found in the Boston Public Library a copy of William North's "Slave of the Lamp," in which he satirized Fitz James O'Brien, as O'Bouncer. It's a dull novel, while "Avery Glibun," showing occasionally the influence of Dickens, is good reading. Are the names of Richard B. Kimball and M. T. Walworth known to our young men in "literature classes" at college? Do even southerners read the novels of W. G. Sims? Sylvester Judd's "Margaret" has been reprinted, but little is said about it.

To go back to Trollope. Where 50 are acquainted with cathedral life at Barchester and speak of the Bishop and Mrs. Proudie as if they had been neighbors, only one will confess to knowledge of "The Bertrams" or "The Three Clerks." Do "Japhet in Search of a Father" and "Jacob Faithful" still give pleasure? Some day we hope to read them again, also the novels of Mayne Reid. We may even, greatly daring, choose "The Gunmaker of Moscow," by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and Mrs. Southworth's "Hidden Hand" for stormy afternoons. Who wrote "The Dead Letter"? It was published by Beadle, but not in his series of dime novels. Still in school, we read the thrilling chapters until the book was taken from us. The mystery is still a mystery. May we find the forgotten tale and once again look fearfully over our shoulder before "the Destroyer of delights and Severer of Societies, the Desolator of dwelling-places and Garnerer of graveyards" visits our humble-thatched flat to end all reading!

12 30 1918

FIFTH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its fifth concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Rabaud conducted. The program was as follows: Weber, Overture to "Euryanthe"; Mozart, "Jupiter" symphony; Dukas, "The Sor[illegible] [illegible] Apprentice"; [illegible], Symphony [illegible] [illegible] minor.

[illegible] Apthorp frequently s[illegible] [illegible]f the "[illegible]erian flourish," of t[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] spirit shown, not only in W[illegible]b[illegible] over[illegible]tures to "Euryanthe" and "Oberon," but in much of his music for [illegible] Weber's operas are wholly unknown as stage works to the younger generation in Boston. "Der Freischuetz" has not been seen here since 1896, when a German company gave a wretched performance. "Oberon" has not been performed here since the early seventies. It's a dull opera, with some beautiful music. There is talk of reviving it at the Metropolitan, where, if it is produced, it will no doubt be a gorgeous spectacle. Has "Euryanthe" been performed in Boston? It, too, is dull, dull beyond redemption, although at Dresden years ago we saw a most carefully prepared performance, for the cult of Weber in that city was then firmly established, and nowhere else was "Der Freischuetz" so admirably performed. Yet Weber was a mighty man in his day, influencing composers of other countries than his own, praised to the skies by Berlioz and Wagner. The latter had good reason for his enthusiasm; the influence of "Euryanthe" is observed in his early operas. Weber was a romanticist of the E. T. A. Hoffmann order. The music for the scene of the Wolf's Glen in "Der Freischuetz" is in no need of fireworks and ghostly apparitions for its terrifying effects. There is charming fairy music in "Oberon." Then there is the mysterious Largo in the overture played yesterday. The grand arias, the set pieces for a soprano, with the final allegro section better suited to an orchestral instrument than the human voice, are now singularly out of fashion, but what could be better as music for a particular text than that for the opening scenes of "Der Freischuetz"? The three overtures will long preserve the composer's name. The orchestra performed the "Euryanthe" overture brilliantly.

The Scherzo of Dukas has become so familiar that performances of late at these concerts were more or less perfunctory, but we never really heard "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" till yesterday, when Mr. Rabaud gave a most dramatic reading of it, a reading that electrified the audience, which had listened apathetically to Mozart's symphony, so that, by reason also of the dim lighting the hall had resembled a family vault. Dukas's music, as played under Mr. Rabaud, had new significance. For once, the blasts of brass announcing the magician's return were awe-inspiring; for once, the water rushed and roared.

Few Frenchmen like the music of Tschaikowsky; they prefer that of Balakireff, Borodin, and Rimsky-Korssakoff, and not merely because Tschaikowsky, except in his Fourth symphony, was a cosmopolitan while the three were nationalists. No one but a Russian could have written this symphony of Borodin, a symphony that is now wild and barbaric, now gorgeous even in its folk tune melancholy. It is easy to see that legends and the ancient history of Russia were in his head when he invented this music; that he had in mind convocations of princes, songs of Slav troubadours, feasts where music of old instruments swelled the exultation.

This symphony is not only program music: it brings before the hearer the stage and a superb show of feudal Russia. Mr. Rabaud, duly emphasizing the oriental insistence of themes, caught the frenzied spirit of the headlong finale, while in the two middle movements there was the requisite contrasting delicacy. And now will not Mr. Rabaud this season let us hear Borodin's first symphony, which has not been performed here since the reign of Mr. Nikisch?

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra will make its second trip. The program of the co[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]ts Dec. 13, 14 is as follows: Beetho[illegible], Symphony, No. 8; Converse, Orchestral Fantasy, "The Mystic Trumpeter" (after Walt Whitman's poem); Guilmant, Symphony No. 1, for organ and orchestra (Joseph Bonnet, organist).

NEWMAN TALKS ON "WARTIME ITALY"

Lecturer Has Thrilling Pictures Taken Under Fire

Again there was a very large and deeply interested audience in Symphony Hall to see the remarkable pictures illustrating Mr. Newman's Traveltalk and to hear his graphic description of the various scenes. The subject last night was "Wartime Italy." Mr. Newman began by paying tribute to the bravery of the Italian soldiers, fighting under most adverse conditions, warring against nature herself on Alpine heights, bravery that finally routed the Austrian army and hastened the downfall of Germany. The first pictures shown were of Rome as it was before the war and as it is today. Then follow pictures of the quaint old city of Padua, alive with warlike activities, scenes on Monte Grappa, which was the defence of Venice, a very Gibraltar, and scenes taken under fire along the Piave. There were also thrilling pic[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ple[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] pictures [illegible] [illegible] Mr. Newm[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]d, was in d[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] many pictures showing the [illegible] of Venice, the stripp[illegible] ch[illegible] [illegible] palaces of the priceless treasures of art, the absence of business and bustle o[illegible] public squares, bridges, canals, were a revelation to many, knowing only vaguely the precautions taken and the present condition of the famous city. Some also learned for the first time of the work done in Venice by the American Red Cross and by the American consul and his wife who remained throughout the war, although 80 per cent. of the population had left on account of Austrian air raids. A stirring view was that of the celebration of Italy's third anniversary of the war held at Milan with marching allied troops, among them American aviators, who did useful and valiant work on the front. While no tourist was allowed in Venice, Mr. Newman had special permission, for the authorities wished Americans to see their city as it now is.

The Traveltalk will be repeated this afternoon. Next Friday evening and Saturday afternoon the subject will be "London, 1918," with many illustrations, among them extraordinary photographs of air raids witnessed by Mr. Newman.

? / 1918

"Abraham Lincoln," a pl[illegible] in [illegible] scenes by John Drinkwater, was [illegible]duced at the Bi[illegible]ham [illegible] Repertory on Oct. 1[illegible]. The play [illegible] described as a drama of character [illegible] than of incident, though the most [illegible] worthy events in fi[illegible] y[illegible]s o[illegible] L[illegible] life are told. "Th[illegible] [illegible] domestic life, his acceptance of [illegible] dature for the presidency, h[illegible] [illegible] sion against the Southern se[illegible] proclamation against slaver[illegible] [illegible] erosity towards the defeated co[illegible] eracy—as the author points out, Li[illegible] was an inspiring example of a man [illegible] handled war nobly and with [illegible] tion—and his assassination [illegible] moment of triumph. N[illegible] [illegible] speeches and writings are [illegible] "Mr. Drinkwater's ideal has clearl[illegible] the chronicle play exploited [illegible] Shak[illegible] speare in his histories, but he h[illegible] [illegible] bined it with a picture which go[illegible] to the Greeks. Before each of the pro[illegible] scenes a pair of chroniclers, interpo[illegible] like the Greek chorus, speak a [illegible]ho[illegible] verse comment, introducing the [illegible] a formal prologue, linking [illegible] the [illegible] and rounding it off in a brief [illegible]rol[illegible] It is just a question, however, whether artistic unity does not suffer from the alternation from the prose of the [illegible] to poetry. . . . No effort has [illegible] spared to secure the proper atmosphere and color of the time, so far as the impersonation of the chief actor is concerned. The dresses, of course, are [illegible] quaint costumes in vogue at that per[illegible] and the actors by study of contemporary portraits have sought to embody the actual lineaments of the chief men who surrounded Lincoln. . . . W. G. R[illegible] assumption of the part (Lincoln) is certainly a tour de force. He not only look[illegible] the gaunt, rugged rail-splitter to the life, but presents in vivid fashion the rapid changes from high spirits to deep melancholy and from sternness to p[illegible] with great exactitude."

Apropos of great men represented on the stage: it appears that in the original French play on which "The Purple Mask" is based, Napoleon appears in the last act as deus ex machina to wind up the drama, but the London management cut this figure out in the English version. This led the Stage to remark: "What a lot of Napoleons we have had on the English stage, from Sir Henry Irving downwards. My friend Kelly, the hustler, seems to have been responsible for most of them with his Royal Divorce companies, who are here, there and everywhere. First came Fuller Mellish, now an ardent Christian Scientist in America, and a better actor than ever he was, then Murray Carson, Hermann Vezin, and later a converted clergyman. Many others have worn the grey coat and strutted their hour upon the stage (mostly up and down (!) with their hands behind their backs in the familiar attitude of the Little Corporal."

A league for the encouragement of drama is under way at Dublin, fostered by W. B. Yeats, James Stephens, E. A. Boyd and Lennox Robinson. The league hopes to produce "pioneer" plays neglected by the ordinary theatre. There are Sunday night shows in Dublin at the Abbey and the Queen's. At the former theatre the entertainments are mainly lectures and music, with G. K. Chesterton, Bernard Shaw and Mr. Yeats [illegible] the lecturers. At the Queen's th[illegible] [illegible] tryout concerts open to all [illegible] A Sinn Fein play by Maurice D[illegible] has been produced at the Abbey. [illegible] [illegible] banker at C[illegible] [illegible] an internatio[illegible] [illegible]ho believe[illegible] that patti[illegible] [illegible]

ation of [illegible] un[illegible] rich. [illegible] ry of 'free[illegible] his son, Go[illegible]ore, played [illegible] van, is a medical stud[illegible] st. He is b-trothed. B[illegible] atriot, m[illegible]ch more so th[illegible] his jesting and secretiv[illegible] Paul, however, turns out and ri[illegible] the Sinn Fein uprising of 1916. Gregory, having been in the fight for a short time, has a neurasthenic attack. Crazed, he goes home to tell his sister, Eileen, how her lover, Paul, has died, while he himself was a villain. In the last act John Parke disappears after he has condemned all patriots and the Sinn Fein in particular. "The author is the latest recruit to the school of Cork realists, whose work is such an outstanding feature of the Abbey repertory. Since he is young and can write imaginative and humorous prose, his future is distinctly promising. The Irish theatre awaits a dramatist with such qualities to give us work that can be real without being drab." The play is called "Sable and Gold."

At the Court Theatre, London, Sept. 29, Emile Verhaeren's powerful and gloomy tragedy, "Philip II.," with music by Eugene Goossens, Jr., was produced in English. The translation was by F. S. Flint. Elizabeth of Valois does not appear in the play. One of her maids of honor, a French woman, the Comtess of Clermont, is the mistress of Don Carlos. This part was taken by Muriel Pratt, whose performance of Fanny in "Hindle Wakes" had excited discussion in London.

When "Measure for Measure" was produced at the "Old Vic" in London last October a critic had the courage to write as follows: "Although it is not for us to attempt the folly of criticising Measure for Measure' (with plot avowedly derived by Shakespeare from Italian sources) as though it were a new Jones or Pinero play, we may remark that Vincentio, the Duke of Vienna, masquerading as a monk for the greater part of the action, behaves in a most irregular manner by working subterraneously against his Deputy, Angelo, and the others left in charge. When the comedy—for so the grim play is called—was revived at the Haymarket, London, in 1875, Adelaide Neilson, Charles Harcourt, Charles Warner, H. B. Conway, J. B. Buckstone and Henry Howe took the leading parts."

COMPOSERS IN PURGATORY

"O that 'Melody in F!'
How I wish that I were deaf!
Once I thought it rather fine"—
Said the ghost of Rubinstein.

'Cease your dolorous self pity
For your cheap and tawdry ditty;
'Twas for groundlings only made"—
Quick responded Chopin's shade.

"But it is the worst of crimes
When each day a dozen times
My C minor Prelude's mangled,
And its lovely chords are jangled.

Thus the ghosts with fut le w[illegible]
Went on impotently railing,
While the player, quite at cast,
Pounded the unhappy keys. —Punch

This reminds us of a picture published in Fliegende Blaetter years ago in which the devil was represented as listening, dismayed, to Rubinstein's Melody in F played by lost souls.

Mr. R. T. Terry wrote to the London Times that the shanty is dead on the sea. "If it is to be revived on shore as seems probable) it is imperative that, when the old melodies find their way into print, the sailor atmosphere and sailor traditions shall be faithfully reproduced. With the exception of Capt. W. H. Whall's 'Sea Songs, Ships and Shanties' (the only authoritative collection in print) there is no indication of this. * * * First, as to the word 'Shanty,' may I enter a protest against the pedantry which—because of a fancied derivation from (un) chante—would spell it 'Chanty' or 'Chantey'? The result of such spelling is that out of every thousand landsmen 999.9 pronounce it 'Tchahnty,' rhyming with 'auntie,' instead of 'Shanty,' rhyming with 'scanty,' as every sailor always pronounced it. The arguments in favor of 'Chanty' are plausible but conjectural. Were it worth while I could prove by arguments more plausible, less conjectural, and equally unconvincing, that the word is derived from a Negro shanty or hut. According to the Oxford Dictionary (which, by the way, spells it shanty) the word did not find its way into literature until 1869. That being so, surely it is more scholarly to spell it as the sailor always pronounced it. Phonetic spelling would never obscure the origin of a word to the philologist, but rather the reverse; arbitrary spelling in accordance with a highly disputable derivation from another language, creates difficulties from the start. In the case of Chanty rhyming with auntie,' it introduces into literature a word which no sailor ever used."

Mr. Terry warns a trustful public against the habit of certain folksong hunters of attributing nearly every old tune to some "mode or other." * * * In this connection I always think of a remark by the late W. S. Penley. One hot summer, during the run of 'Charley's Aunt,' he announced that the dress circle would be packed in ice. A friend pointed out that his 'packing' scheme wouldn't really make the theatre any cooler. Penley retorted: 'True, dear boy, but it does look so damned thoughtful.' So when you wonder why the folk-songer says hypomixolydian when he really means [illegible] eight, substitute 'learned' or 'thoughtful' and Penley's retort will supply the answer.'

Mr. Rachmaninoff, as soon as he arrived in New York, assured a representative of the Musical Courier that the Boston Symphony orchestra was the finest in the world. He said that the reason he did not consider favorably the invitation to be the conductor of this orchestra was his unwillingness to take the responsibility of arranging programs for so many concerts; furthermore, he wished now to appear as a pianist and a composer rather than as a conductor. Asked whether he had brought any new compositions with him, he answered: "Unfortunately, it was impossible for me to bring any manuscripts. I was permitted to take nothing from Russia except the necessary traveling equipment. My third symphony has been completed over four years now—but it practically doesn't exist. Just one week before the outbreak of the war I had sent the final revision of the proofs to Leipsic, where, as you know, practically all Russian music was printed, and that is the last I have ever seen of that third symphony. I hope, now that peace seems to be at hand, to be able to obtain it. The only thing I have with me is the manuscript of a revision of my first piano concerto which I was happily able to obtain in Copenhagen through the kindness of the Swedish minister to Petrograd. The Bolshevik officials allowed him to bring that out with him at my request." He said that he was revising his first pianoforte concerto, for he was dissatisfied with the orchestration of his early work. He is also making some changes in the piano part. This concerto was first played in Boston by Mr. Buonamici at a symphony concert 14 years ago. When Mr. Rachmaninoff appeared as conductor of his "Island of the Dead" and as pianist at a Symphony concert, Dec. 18, 1909, he played his second concerto. He then made a marked impression as a conductor. No one since has produced the effect he then gained; his music was, indeed, a translation into tones of Boecklin's familiar picture. Other conductors have interpreted the work as though the boat bearing the coffin with the white figure near it were tempest-tossed; but with Rachmaninoff leading, the sea was still, there was no cry of bird, no voice as the boat approached the little harbor of the island with its towering blue-green cypresses and awful rocks. It is a pleasure to learn that Mr. Rachmaninoff will play here at a Sunday afternoon concert on Dec. 15. Mr. Rachmaninoff is now in his 46th year.

The London Times rejoiced when "Twelfth Night" was revived Oct. 29 at the Court Theatre in "true English fashion." "Early in the war they produced 'Twelfth Night' in Leipsic, with a splendid prologue explaining that Shakespeare had left his native country in disgust and repaired to Germany. Well, he has now come home again in this very play of 'Twelfth Night,' and never was home-coming more joyously celebrated. If ever there was any German paste in his composition—which, with all respect to the Leipzigers, we greatly doubt—it has been taken clean out of him. This time Shakespeare was English, and good Warwickshire English into the bargain, for all his talk about Illyria. Of course, someone will object that the love-making of the play is too voluptuous, too swooning for our northern clime that is Italianate at the very least, and sometimes hot enough to have come out of some sub-tropical romance of Pierre Loti. But the poetry saves that—the poetry and the characteristically English insistance upon holy wedlock as the one and only solution. Olivia is frankly, expansively amorous, but then she is careful to keep a parson handy around the corner. The Duke marches Viola off to church almost before she had time to doff her boy's clothes. Sir Toby chucks Maria under the chin, but he marries her in the end. Passion unsanctified by matrimony is as severely banned from this play as from any one of Trollope's novels. English, then, the author of 'Twelfth Night' remains. English to the backbone. He might have been a Victorian if he hadn't—when that he was and a little tiny boy, with heigh ho and the wind and the rain!—been three centuries too young. . . . Mr. Herbert Waring keeps Malvolio within bounds—makes him neither a Knight of the Melancholy Countenance like Irving's, nor an extravagant grotesque like Tree's, but just a human, natural, rather lovable gentleman, made ridiculous by his own vanity and some drunken mischief."

Sundry Notes About Actors, Music and Musicians

Here is an extract from a review of Capt. James E. Agate's "Buzz, Buzz," a volume of essays on the theatre. The review was published in the literary supplement of the London Times: "After a first glance into Capt. Agate's book we rubbed our eyes. Here was someone who, in 1918, still believed in the theatre; found the theatre interesting, even important; thought it worth while to collect some of his old press notices and other theatrical writing in Manchester newspapers, add new matter and make a boot of it all. And this when everyone, as we had imagined, who had in happier times been a critic, professional or amateur, of the theatre had given it up as hopeless, as even rather shameful." "No words that the stage cer[illegible] printing this statement [illegible]ade it 'The Superior Person Again.'"

A well known comedian who was rehearsing the kinema scenes for a forthcoming nautical play tells me he never now takes off his boots without looking to see if he isn't getting web-footed. He has already had to wade into ponds full of duckweed, has been hurled off barges with a sickening splash, and next week he notes, with some trepidation, that he and other members of the company are to be taken away to the cliffs of Devon, where, as he feelingly puts it, anything might happen. "Il faut souffrir pour etre belle," is an old French proverb that today might be translated as the up-to-date comedian must put up with a lot to ensure success—The Stage.

The successor of "The Better 'Ole," at the Oxford, London, will be "The Way Out: or His Temp. Sea Loot," by Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather and Capt. Arthur Eliot, with music by Herman Darewski.

"The Chinese Puzzle" celebrated its 150th representation in London, Nov. 4. Here in Boston the play hardly lasted a week; yet it was entertaining.

Somewhere in England (I need hardly say not London) recently a musician, well known as a choral conductor, was invited to conduct an orchestral concert to try his hand. Now, in many orchestras are members who object to experiments being tried "on the dog," as it were, and, during rehearsal, a member of this particular orchestra asked quizzically if the conductor did not know the difference between a cornet and a trumpet. The conductor, saying nothing, but looking big things, carefully placed his baton on the desk, wormed his way through the players to the quizzer, and with perfect calm said, "Look here, another word and I hit you under the jaw." There followed at least an armistice.—London Daily Telegraph.

R. G. Knowles, well known to lovers of vaudeville, has disposed of his London house with the valuable curios he had collected and will retire from the stage, for he will undergo a surgical operation in this country. Born at Hamilton, Ont., in 1858, he was originally a salesman in a dry-goods store. He made his first appearance on the stage as a specialty artist at the Olympic, Chicago, in April, 1878, and appeared at the Old National Theatre in Chicago the next year. He had been with Haverley's Minstrels, Augustin Daly's company, etc., before he was first seen in London at the Old Trocadero (now the restaurant) in June, 1891, where he remained for 68 consecutive weeks. He purposes to establish La Societe du Service Universelle, which will be a friendly and co-operative society of the peoples of Great Britain, America, France, Belgium and Italy. "It is the desire of those interested to form one great club, with five clubhouses, one in London, one in Brussels, one in Paris, one in Rome, and one in New York." These clubs will be open to all. The membership dues will be low, $2 for America. The society will not start its existence until Jan. 1, 1920, before that it will be in an embryo state.

Vesta Tilley visiting wounded soldiers at Nottingham, gave each one a silver cigarette case filled.

Beatrice Harrison introduced on Oct. 31 in London a new one-movement sonata for violoncello and piano by Frederick Delius. The Daily Telegraph said: "Containing nothing insignificant or immaterial, this proved a work of grave and serene beauty, and one which gave convincing proof of its author's inventiveness and imaginative power. It was, however, cast too much in one mould to win instant favor, and should be heard more than once." The pianist was Hamilton Harty.

London journals state that the opera house at Frankfort has been destroyed by aerial attacks.

Eugene Goossens, whose music is unknown in Boston, has composed a set of 12 piano pieces, called "Kaleidoscope." "It is in the same vein as Debussy's 'Children's Corner,' and, like its predecessor, contains much that is freakish and fantastic, and nothing that is not clever and imaginative. These pieces are by no means easy, and indeed will repay any amount of study, which will reveal how fresh in Goossens's handling become such trite old subjects as 'The Rocking Horse,' 'The Punch and Judy Show,' 'The Hurdy Gurdy Man.' In a similar vein is a wonderfully clever album entitled, 'Four Conceits,' the best of which is 'The Gargoyle.' The house of Chester, London, publishes this music. Winthrop Rogers, also of London, publishes songs commended by the Daily Telegraph, two by John Ireland, three by Frank Bridge, whose 'Come to Me in My Dreams' (Matthew Arnold) and 'Adoration' (Keats) are especially praised.

"The lovely Introduction and Andante for six violas by B. J. Dale, which is only so little known as it is on account of the difficulty of securing the services of six violists for one and the same concert."

The Daily Telegraph says that one of the secrets of Adela Verne's success as a pianist is that she "thoroughly exults in the adequate performance of fine music." It is reassuring to learn that her "joy was tempered" in Chopin's Sonata with the Funeral March.

Sir Thomas Beecham has offered to build an opera house for Manchester (Eng.) that will be "of size and importance not less than those of any other opera house in London or any continental to [illegible] Paris and Petrograd [illegible] conditions and the pri[illegible] make it possible. He will [illegible] manage it for 10 years [illegible] five. It to the city, but the co[illegible]poration must provide a site of not less than 45,000 square feet.

The remarks of Ernest Newman about British music might be pondered with profit by those shouting on all occasions for American music in concert halls in preference to that of any other nation. "No music is worth performing merely because it is British music; and no impressario is any more under a moral obligation to perform a piece of music because it is British than a publisher is to publish a certain number of English novels each season because they are English. British music has only a claim to performance when it happens also to be good music. . . . No British music matters but the best British music. Our fault has been not so much that we have been unkind to British music as that we have too often been mistakenly kind to it. I should like to see more ruthlessness toward it on the part of both concert givers and critics."

Richard Northcott is the author of "Gounod's Operas in London," published by the Press Printers of that city. He of course tells of the bad bargain made by Gounod for his "Faust" with the English publishers. "It may well seem astounding that Tom Chappell—having secured the English publishing rights for £160—should actually have sought in vain during two years to persuade Gye to stage the opera at Covent Garden, and that at last he had to pay Mapleson £150 to produce it at Her Majesty's. A few days after the production (on June 11, 1863), that astute manager obtained from Gounod the right to perform it at that theatre for a fee each time of £25. If the composer had really received that he would not have done so badly. But read Mr. Northcott's entertaining pages and you will find that, after Mapleson had given 116 performances of 'Faust,' Gye—who, meanwhile, had also obtained rights in the opera—sued him in Gounod's name for £5000 in respect of fees never forthcoming. The only reward for his not too altruistic pains was the pleasure of paying Mapleson's taxed costs, amounting to some £200. But he seems afterward to have got a bit of his own back when it came to 'stumping up' for performances of 'Romeo et Juliette,' of which he had 'bought' the English stage rights. It all sounds dreadfully sordid, and certainly very wonderful, and those who can spare a sigh for poor Gounod must derive what solace they may from the fact that the reputation he made with 'Faust' brought him £4000 for both his Birmingham oratorios, 'The Redemption' and 'Mors et Vita.' Incidentally, Mr. Northcott tells us that Gounod only received £40 for the German publishing rights of 'Faust' (that surely was a Hunnish trick!) and, amid so much that is of genuine historic interest, we would thank him particularly for that utterance of a sapient American critic who, on the first production of 'Faust' in New York, described its melodies as 'clumsily written and uninspired.'"

Mr. Stroesco, formerly a member of the Boston Opera Company, is again giving recitals in London, where he is described as a "clever and sensitive singer. Possessed of a very strong dramatic instinct, he has the art of identifying himself with the spirit of a song in a quite unusual degree."

"C. L. G.," presumably Mr. Graves, paid tribute to Sir Hubert Parry in the Spectator of Oct. 19. "He was a wonderful, all-round man, interested in everything, from cooking to metaphysics. At Eton, but for the rule forbidding it, he would have been captain of both football teams. At Oxford he played a great deal of cricket. He was a splendid swimmer, a dashing skater, fearless to recklessness as a motorist and yachtsman, and the only musician of note who was ever elected to the R. Y. S. You might spend a week in the same house with him and never guess the main aim of his life. He read widely and intelligently, kept abreast of all modern movements in art and letters, showed a real talent for finance, and gave the impression that he would have risen to eminence in half a dozen other callings. An aristocrat by birth, breeding and instinct, he was a Radical by education and on principle, and a good deal of the despot, though in the main a wise and benevolent despot in practice. His own class probably looked upon him as a freak for choosing music as a profession, and it proved a pretty bad business financially, so far as composition went. I remember his telling me somewhere about 1858 that in 25 years he had not made £25 by his works; but fortunately he was not dependent on his earnings. He was a learned musician, but no one ever wore his learning more lightly or made less parade of it in conversation. His familiar talk bristled with slang and fascinated by its boyish gayety and absurdity. It is impossible within the limits of a short letter to do justice to one who touched and adorned life at so many points. But these few jottings may serve to give a faint notion to those who only knew Hubert Parry as a composer and writer of the rich and manifold endowment which made him so lovable as a friend, so delightful as a companion, so strong and wholesome as a moulder of youth."

By PHILIP HALE.

[illegible] Barrymore talked tonight [illegible] entertainingly with us at her [illegible] at the theatre, her plans and [illegible]. Pleased with "The Off[illegible] her part in it, her company [illegible] manner in which the comedy [illegible] received in Boston, she regrets that [illegible] not able to appear here as the lady of the Camellias. Edward Sheldon made a version of Dumas's [illegible] especially for Miss Barrymore, in[illegible] some material from the novel and writing a prologue after the manner of Dumas's preface, in which the [illegible] of "Camille's" effects, after her death, is described. The costumes [illegible] of the period. The music [illegible] Miss Barrymore was that which might have been heard in the [illegible] time of the characters. Here it may be [illegible] that Miss Barrymore had much [illegible] with the selection of music for "Peter Ibbetson." Mr. Sheldon, by the way, is very ill, yet the enormous and, to some of us, unaccountable success of his "Romance" in England should con[illegible] him. He has been at work on "The Bridge of Sighs," a drama of Venetian life, but Miss Barrymore thinks that it is [illegible] completed. He probably has not [illegible] the librettist of Offenbach's opera-bouffe.

Her version of "Camille" demands a large company, and this is one reason why it is not thought best to produce the drama here, although the production in New York was eminently successful and the tragedy of the heroine's life, as portrayed by Miss Barrymore, deeply moved the spectators. She also regrets that "Belinda," a trifle, but an amusing one, will not be seen.

"I am now waiting for a new comedy by Mr. Pinero—at least he calls his play a comedy but he is never explicit. I do not even know the title—all I know is that he has written it for me in this country, the first time he has thus honored me. Hitherto he has sent his plays [illegible] without a word about the selection of a company. In London Miss Irene Vanbrugh will take the leading part. I have been looking over 'Mrs. Tanqueray' again, and cannot help wondering at the opinions about it when it was first played in this country; how it was called daring and immoral. If it were played for the first time today it would be regarded as mild and innocent in comparison with plays that now attract audiences, yet what a lot of talk there was about this 'problem play.' I shall bring out Mr. Pinero's new comedy, if it is a comedy, in New York. There will be a few preliminary performances outside, for I am always nervous about a new play."

"Of the old plays in which I have appeared I am especially fond of 'Mid-Channel' and 'The Twelve Pound Look.' What I should like would be a play in which my brothers, Lionel and John, and I could all appear together, but I am afraid that this would be impossible. The audience, for instance, would not [illegible] any illusion from a love scene played by brother and sister. Now, John would have been an excellent Armand in 'Camille,' but I could not have played the scenes with him in a convincing manner because he is my brother. You [illegible] admired his performance in '[illegible].' You should see him in 'Redemption.' I think his performance in this play is still finer."

Asked about her ambitions, whether she would like to appear in plays of Shakespeare, Ibsen, Shaw, she reminded [illegible] that she had played Nora in "The [illegible]" in Boston. "Yes, I should [illegible] Hedda Gabler, only I do not [illegible] her out. She was hysterical, neu[illegible] as yet I do not understand [illegible] I doubt if she understood herself." When Shaw's Candida was mentioned [illegible] said nothing. "If I am to play Shakespeare I should like to be either [illegible] or Lady Macbeth. Rosalind [illegible] witty, buoyant, good-humored, [illegible]. Then the comedy itself: I would ask for actors who could read their lines intelligently. I do not believe in reading Shakespeare's lines as though they were written by Pinero or Barrie. I do not believe in 'realistic,' conversational performances of Shakespeare any more than I do in the stage [illegible] of Shakespeare's time. No, I would ask for beautiful scenery and beautiful music, and the songs should [illegible] well sung. Viola does not attract [illegible] greatly. [illegible] is so sweet all the time. Nor does Juliet tempt me. Portia is too [illegible] a [illegible] interesting part. Beatrice? Yes, but I should prefer Rosalind or Lady Macbeth. My idea of Lady Macbeth is that she was not a screaming [illegible] virago. I fancy her as a [illegible], most attractive woman, who [illegible] through sex." Miss [illegible] in accord with the [illegible] of Richard Grant White and Mac[illegible] the latter, [illegible] his wife. [illegible]

[illegible] played the [illegible] a play 'Macbeth' [illegible] with [illegible] Lionel [illegible] John as Macduff.'

There was [illegible] of Matilda H[illegible] as Camille, the passionate Matilda, a wild and irregular genius who [illegible] many, among them Fitz James O'Brien. Would the public accept her today? Would it applaud Charlotte Cushman as Lady Macbeth? Would her shouting and her henpecking be now considered "in the true Shakespearian spirit?"

There was talk of theatrical conditions in New York, of little plays produced in little theatres and acted in a rather amateurish manner. One of these plays by a son of James O'Neill was noteworthy. The performances by the French company now in New York do not appeal strongly to Miss Barrymore. She received lately a letter from her husband in France. He wrote that in his opinion French acting at present was like French beer—it lacked "pep." He had seen Guitry and Rejane. They had grown old and were tired.

Did Mr. Ditrichstein by his "Matinee Hero" wish us to understand that he hoped some time to appear as Hamlet? It has been said that only one actor ever failed in the part—Mr. Willard, who gave a frock-coat performance. We should like to see Miss Barrymore as Lady Macbeth, played as she understands the character. For, delightful in the comedy of sparkling dialogue, she showed in "Mid-Channel" that she could strike the emotional and tragic note. Her Rosalind should also be interesting. In whatever role she appears she is always sure of a devoted personal following.

MODERN VIEW OF MURDER IN HAMLET

The tragedy of Hamlet's Father is a study of the arts of mediaeval and Renaissance poisoners according to the chemistry of drugs of former times, and in the view of an authority today contains in its incidents a lesson in real experience, because Shakespeare of all poets seems to have examined the actual material basis of his dramas. In an address on this subject with historical and medical aspects, Dr. D. I. Macht of Johns Hopkins Hospital brings out the points of interest to detectives of crime in the murder of Hamlet's Father by the instillation into the "porches of the ear" of the "juice of the cursed hebenon." Dr. Macht inquires, first, What is meant by the poisonous hebenon? Secondly, is it possible that drugs can be absorbed through the ear and thus cause poisoning? "I have attempted," he says, "to analyze and discuss in the light of modern science a passage in 'Hamlet' which is of extreme interest to students of toxicology."

It is comforting to find that this mode of slaying presents such difficulties that it is not likely ever to become a weapon in the armory of crime. It is even doubtful if the great poet was in this instance quite sure of his facts. It appears that Shakespeare invented the story, at least in some of its details. The pouring of poison into the ear is certainly described for the first time in Shakespeare's account, though it was probably adopted by him from the methods of Italian poisoners, as, indeed, is suggested by Hamlet's aside on the re-enactment of the murder by the players. Prof. Dowden observes that the great dramatist "treats external nature as the milieu or enveloping medium of human passions; while sometimes in addition between external nature and human passion Shakespeare reveals acute points of contact." It seems to follow that the injection of poison into the ear is no mere fiction, but rather an actual fact.

But the nature of such a poison as hebenon has long exercised the ingenuity of scholars, and Dr. Macht analyzes the claims of the yew, ebony, henbane, hemlock and belladonna. While there is plenty of evidence that the yew is poisonous, especially its red berries, there is none to show that the ebony tree is. There is better evidence in favor of the belief that hebenon is a synonym for henbane. The poisonous properties of henbane were well known in Shakespeare's time. Still it is apparently impossible to be certain whether yew or henbane was meant by Shakespeare, and his poetic description of the symptoms does not help much in this respect.

It is interesting to note that physicians have investigated experimentally the absorption of drugs through the canal of the ear into the blood and the production of poisonous symptoms. The results show that a number of drugs like aconite, hemlock and henbane can be thus absorbed and that their homicidal use in the past was actually practised. Under present conditions these drugs seem to be capable only of medicinal uses in this channel of absorption, yet it is in some sort necessary to urge the warning implied in these experiments.

The idea that a play may conceal dangerous teaching offends, and is generally slurred, but a potential danger of this kind is one which police authorities have always recognized.—New York Sun, Nov. 1, 1918.

ITS AUDIENCES LIKE SHAKESPEARE

The "Old Vic' on Oct. [illegible] celebrated its centenary, a few months late, for it was on May 18, 1818, that the Coburg Theatre was opened with a program that included "Trial by Battle," a drama based on a murder trial of the day; an Asiatic ballet and a harlequinade made out of Milton's "Comus." The theatre was named after George IV.'s daughter Charlotte and her husband, Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians. Edmund Kean, Junius Brutus Booth, Buckstone and other famous players acted there. The name was changed to Victoria about four years before she mounted the throne. The Times, discussing the centenary, says that the "Old Vic" audience has for five years liked Shakespeare.

"It likes Shakespeare because it finds Shakespeare a writer of exciting, amusing and improving plays. Let any doubter go and see for himself. He will find, on several nights and afternoons in every week during the theatrical seasons, crowded houses following with attention and enjoyment performances of Shakespeare in which there are no 'stars,' and no great scenic display. The scenery is adequate, no more. It is composed neither of green velvet curtains nor of 'sets' so many and so elaborate that the time taken in changing them pushes out half the play. The company is composed of young and keen players under the guidance of an experienced producer. The play's the thing wherewith to catch the interest of the audience at the 'Old Vic'; and there one gets Shakespeare's plays in the same spirit in which (we are not instituting any comparisons in efficiency) they have been presented in the past, year in and year out, by Sir Frank Benson.

"If Hazlitt and the smart fellow who talked about 'the aborigines' could visit the 'Old Vic.' today, they would tell us (mortifying though it may be to think so) that good taste in drama had crossed the river; that it is now the Surrey side which knows what's what; and that we of the northern bank have been so pampered with great names and with grandiose displays that we have no right instinct left. They would see among the men, women and children who go there to enjoy Shakespeare in hearty fashion a large sprinkling of soldiers from the Dominion and the United States, who came over fondly hoping to see plenty of Shakespeare and cannot make out why there is only one theatre in 'this city' where he is regularly acted. The 'Old Vic.' would deserve the support of us all, if only because it has done something to save our credit with such visitors as these. But that is by no means its only title to support. Let us put aside all thought of the 'good' it does, in improving the minds, and so forth, of its audiences, from children to old people. It may stoutly take its stand not on philanthropy, but on art. It gives performances of Shakespeare (and we have no doubt that this could also be said of its grand opera) which, within their limits, are well proportioned, full of spirit, and quick with intelligence. It gives them before a very shrewd and very critical audience, to that audience's complete satisfaction."

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"From early morning hundreds of thousands of mourners, carrying red flags and wreaths, streamed to the start of the procession on the Tempelhofer Field, where a black and red platform for the coffins was erected, from which prominent speakers delivered impressive memorial addresses."—New York Times.

What a pleasure it is to see the word "coffin" again! The genteel person no longer "dies", he "passes on" and his last journey is in a "casket." Now a casket is "a small box or chest for jewels, letters or other things of value, itself often of valuable material and richly ornamented." The word has a respectable age, going back at least to 1467. The word was also used figuratively and sometimes employed as the title of a selection of musical or literary "gems." But the super-sensitive, genteel American shudders at the sound of the word "coffin." The wonder is that he does not revise English verse.

"My lord, stand back and let the casket pass."

"No useless casket inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him."

"Care to our casket adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

"Here, casket that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac."

And what a vast work remains to be done in correction of English prose, from Shakespeare and Ben Jonson to Poe describing the "encasketed" body of the lady Madeline Usher!

"Lord Kilgobbin"

We referred on Friday to "Lord Kilgobbin," an excellent novel by Charles Lever. The powers above in the

[illegible]

Mote and Beam

As the World Wags:

Will Mr. Saxo Glasshouse Grammaticus come off his perch? Why, in heaven's name, will he deliberately express himself in this fashion: "It is not proper to thus use the present tense"? Is that use of the present tense more damnable than his splitting of the infinitive so inexcusably? Can any one deny that the unsplit (or unsplitted or unsplitten) form—"It is not proper thus to use the present tense" makes better music to the ear? I reaffirm that there never yet was a case in which the split infinitive made better sound or sense than the mongrel split usage. W. E. K.

Boston.

W. E. K. forgets that in months of winter splitting infinitive is a healthful exercise that brings a glow, not a blush, to the cheek of the splitter.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

May I suggest to "Saxo Grammaticus," whose contribution appears in your edition of Nov. 26, that it ill becomes one who is evidently a student of English grammar to commit that most unpardonable of sins, the use of the split infinitive. "It is not proper to thus use the present tense," saith he. Some of your readers may be interested in the following:

"Mother, I beg to briefly say
I broke my nether limb at play."
"Roger," the Boston mother cried,
"Break everything you have beside,
But not your infinitives, I pray."

H. H. RIPLEY, JR.

War College, Newport, R. I.

R. Crusoe and Shortage

As the World Wags:

Food has won the war and still we may not waste it. (Allow me to change the subject from clothing to food.)

In Thanksgiving week, let us "loosen" on W. S. S., but not on the food conservation program. Ours is not the only shortage that the world has ever known. It may be more universally felt, but that is the result of "the brotherhood of man" and the "federation of the world" is it not?

As a general thing we are prone to regard Robinson Crusoe as a most fortunate man. (This, notably when the urge of city life threatens to overwhelm us.) In such a case not long ago, I had recourse to Defoe's hero—and once more was impressed by the fact that there is nothing new beneath the sun. Arrived on the island, Robinson walled in his "appartement" (it smacks of Huntington avenue) and went "over the top" by means of a ladder. (The expression is his as well as that of the European soldier.) But the appartement was not enough. He acquired also a country residence and a valet. Life on a desert island is not as simple as popularly supposed. The luxury of his mode of life, made dishes the next necessity. (The general proximity of Woolworth stores excuses most of us from such shortage. Long live the red front!)—But to come back to food: by this time he was living of the one ship's biscuit which was his ration on special occasions; the cannibal religion didn't appeal to him; so he grew grain and after three years of partial failure, reached the point where he might cease to "eat sparingly" of bread—which was part cornmeal at that. He also suffered from a sugar shortage (parallel to Boston, 1918?) and dried grapes and made raisins which are, as we have had cause to learn this past year, a very present help in time of trouble and intensely valuable from a calorific standpoint. We are at least having our scarcity (sic) of food in an abundance of company.

Even the good old days so vaunted by our elders were not times of unlimited plenty in all respects. In one of her books Alice Morse Earle tells of a New Hampshire housewife who made a mince pie of dried pumpkin, bear meat and maple sugar, with a cornmeal crust. And her husband enjoyed it! I might advocate whale steak pie.

Anyway, as I heard a man at Camp Devens say this summer, "It isn't as bad as '76," and he was nearer Sherman's war than most of us have been. "Wherefore—" EDITH N. SNOW.

Jamaica Plain.

Josef Rosenblatt of New York Gives Performance of Deep Interest

Those Greek deities and person[illegible] male and female, who look down in varying conditions of undress from the higher altitudes of Symphony Hall have seen and heard a wide variety of sights and sounds; but [illegible] is doubtful if they ever [illegible] an experience quite like that [illegible] [illegible]rday afternoon. For the [illegible] all filled in every [illegible] wit[illegible] [illegible] drawn [illegible]

religion to hear [illegible] famous cantor of a New [illegible] gogue, sing Hebrew ritual [illegible] operatic arias and songs of [illegible] vein.

K. P.

It was an unusual look [illegible] singer, too, whom they s[illegible] forward for the first number. He was short of stature, with a long body and abbreviated legs. He was fairly stout and wore a frock coat and white waistcoat. A long, full flowing beard, more pronounced than that of Charles E. Hughes, eyeglasses and a round black velvet cap set well back on his large head gave him a decidedly rabbinical appearance. He stood with hands clasped over a small black book held just below his waist and scarcely moved from this posture during any of his songs. Neither gesture nor movement of the head was used to aid emotional expression.

His singing was even more remarkable than his outward aspect. His voice is of unusually wide range and seems to be really three different voices in one. Its lower tones are sonorous, vibrant and resonant with a poignant emotional quality, rare beauty and flexibility. Here is a splendid baritone singer one would think, hearing only this one of the cantor's voices. Then comes the tenor notes and these are strong, but less vibrant, strained at times and inclined to surprising breaks, and as you wonder at their different quality from that of the beautiful lower tones, the voice suddenly goes into a muted falsetto soprano and one seems to hear Galli-Curci or Tetrazzini warbling in the distance.

The effect is startling—to see this stout masculine figure with full, dark beard and hear the delicate, feminine trills and runs. The soprano voice is astonishingly clear and birdlike. Besides possessing surprising mechanical agility, it has tenderness, sympathy and the thrill of emotional appeal. It would give fame and fortune to any feminine singer who owned it. Opera managers, recognizing this, have made Cantor Rosenblatt tempting offers, but he has refused all of them. The concert stage is as far as he will go from the synagogue.

The cantor's program lacked the variety that would have displayed his threefold voice as it deserves. Solemnity and the minor mode dominated it. His last three numbers, however—"O Columbine," Leoncavallo; "Lullaby," Gretchaninoff, and "Questa o Quella," Verdi—broke away from the prevailing tone of Hebrew ritual and displayed those more popularly engaging qualities that would make him shine as an operatic star.

His other numbers were: "Ov Horachmim," "Omar Rabbi Elosor," Josef Rosenblatt; aria, "Samson and Delila," Saint-Saens; "Elegie," Massenet; "Auf dem Pripichuk," folk-song; "Eili Eili," arranged by Rosenblatt; "Kol Nidre," Bruch.

The audience received all of the numbers with marked enthusiasm and sought persistently for extra selections. The cantor added a few.

Stuart Ross accompanied the singer acceptably on the piano and played a group of pieces by Liszt, Chabrier, Weber-Ross and Chopin most pleasingly.

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Fiddlers Three" Makes Good Impression on Large Audience

By PHILIP HALE

[illegible]REMONT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Fiddlers Three," operetta in two acts and three [illegible]es; book and lyrics by William C. [illegible]can; music by Alexander Johnstone, orchestrated by Domenico Soldo. Produced by John Cort at the [illegible]t Theatre, New York, in September. Eugene Salzer musical director.

[illegible] Varelli.....Louise Groody
[illegible]o Andreani.....Henry Leoni
[illegible]nald Denby, Lord Duffer.....Echlin Gayer
[illegible] Wrigglesberry.....Hal Skelley
[illegible].....Betty Dodsworth
[illegible]o Colona.....Thomas Conkey
[illegible]sippe.....Joseph Miller
[illegible]nne Foppitt.....Josie Intropidi
[illegible]ice Brockway.....Norman Moore
[illegible]a Andreani.....Tavie Belge
[illegible]o.....Antonio Salerno
[illegible]mini.....Gilbert Clayton
[illegible]elik.....Antonio Salerno
[illegible]gio.....Tempe Evans
[illegible]ter violinist.....J. Rabilino

[illegible]here are a number of operas and [illegible]rettas with a story of violins and [illegible]lin makers of Cremona. One or two [illegible] founded on Hoffmann's wild tale of [illegible]th Krespel; one or two on that [illegible]rming play of Coppee, "Le Luthier [illegible] Cremone," produced at the Theatre [illegible]ncais in 1876, the play known in Eng[illegible]n as "The Violin Maker of Cremona" [illegible] "Fennel." From this comedy Mr. [illegible]ncan may have borrowed the idea of [illegible] changed violins and the rechanging [illegible] them, which is the chief feature of [illegible] plot. Otherwise his story differs [illegible]m that of Coppee's, which is a [illegible]thetic tale of a hunchback's self-[illegible]rifice.

Fiddle[illegible]s Three" is an operetta of the [illegible]-fashioned sort, without "ragged mu[illegible]" and without undue expos[illegible]re of [illegible]man's flesh. We are forte[illegible]t [illegible] delights of the [illegible] operatic [illegible] no chorus of happy [illegible]ants with farming implements, no drinking [illegible] with the landlord smoking a church warden and holding his ale mug upside down. There is a well-defined plot the story of a prize offered for the best fiddle, a surly old violin maker who plays a mean trick by substituting a handsome stranger's fiddle for his own, the change afterwards made by a jealous apprentice which leads to the handsome stranger winning the prize, also the hand of the surly fiddle maker's daughter. There is a comic American drummer for an egg beater. It is not necessary to ask how the three happened to be in Cremona at the same time.

This operetta is fresh, melodious, amusing. The music is well sung by the lovers; what is known as the "conversational music" is briskly recited; the ensemble numbers are not pretentious, but are sufficiently effective. There are solos and duets that are tuneful without being cheap; there are airs that at once catch the fancy of an audience and are remembered.

Miss Belge, who sang here for the first time, has a full voice of pleasing quality and a knowledge of vocal art. She is a wholesome, unaffected young woman, who sings and acts as if she enjoyed it. Her good-nature is contagious, but she does not take liberties with her audience and is delightfully free from prima donna airs and graces.

Miss Groody, the soubrette, is not aggressive or pert. She dances nimbly and is pleasing to the eye. Miss Intropidi, as the Pittsburgh widow, is very funny in the first act and would undoubtedly be funny in the second if the librettist had been kind to her. Little Miss Moore played well her part of the widow's daughter.

Mr. Conkey, the lover, is first of all manly, and manly lovers in operetta are rare. He is a stalwart singer, but his excellent voice is well controlled, and he does not bawl. Our old friend Mr. Leoni played the violin maker with the requisite touch of old-fashioned melodrama. Mr. Miller's Giuseppe was well considered.

The chief male comedians were Mr. Gayer, the traditional imperturbable Englishman, fortune hunting with a monocle, and a marvellously fitting dress coat in the second act, a dry comedian who made his points neatly, while Mr. Skelly was as effervescent as a bottle of ginger pop. His volubility was astonishing; many of his jokes were new and capital. As a dancer he was as loose as ashes. A surprising and original comedian.

The chorus girls are young, pretty, and beautifully dressed. The stage settings are handsome. The orchestra added greatly to the enjoyment. Mr. Soderc's scoring is discreet and never blatant. A whirlwind dance by Layman and Kling was among the features of the last scene. An audience that filled the theatre was greatly pleased. The operetta deserves a long run.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Oliver Morosco presents for the first time on a metropolitan stage "Cappy Ricks," a comedy in three acts, dramatized by Edward E. Rose from the stories of the same name by Peter B. Kyne, published in the Saturday Evening Post. Cast:

Alden P. Ricks, "Cappy"....Charles Abbe
John Skinner.....Percival Moore
Matt Peasley.....Robert Kelly
Cecil Pericles Barnard..Norval Keedwell
Gallagher, office boy.....Bert West
Barvis, butler.....Elmer Ballard
Capt. Ole Peterson.....Philip Lord
Mike Murphy.....Thomas Shearer
Florence Ricks.....Marion Coakley
Aunt Lucy Bartlett.....Lottie Alter
Ellen Brown.....Helen Stewart
Betsy Grimsby.....Elizabeth Parks

It is immaterial whether the dramatist has followed closely the characters and incidents of the "Cappy Ricks" stories; the essential fact is that Mr. Rose has prepared, and Mr. Morosco and his clever players have produced, one of the brightest, snappiest, most amusing, most characteristic, most humanly natural comedies ever seen in Boston.

It all begins on the 70th birthday of Alden P. Ricks, born a Maine Yankee, transplanted early to the Pacific coast, grown rich, powerful, feared, admired, hated, loved after his stormy career in making the Blue Star Navigation Company supreme on the Frisco waterfront and along the whole coast. Woe to anyone who got in "Cappy's" way with ships! Happy his friends who knew how thin was his veneer of peppery domineering and mastery! Matt Peasley got in his way, just a mate on one of his ships. He ordered Matt eliminated, but the mate brought the ship back, as its captain, in record time; knew his rights, asserted them, won "Cappy's" respect, then love and freedom from arrest by revealing that he was son of Cappy's old friend in Thomaston, Me.

Matt loves "Cappy's" daughter Florence; she loves him, but each is ignorant of the other's affection. "Get $50,000 and then come and talk to me," "Cappy" tells Matt after a hint of the ship captain's quest. In comes Cecil Barnard, a howling "dude" from New York sent to "Cappy" to be taught the ship business and to forget "Goldie" of the chorus and marry Florence. Cecil and Florence pretend love. Their pretence mystifies "Cappy" and disheartens Matt.

Matt finally organizes a rival shipping company with the aid of the "dude." The air is full of charters, contracts, cargoes, deals and business fights. "Cappy" is to preside at Matt's [illegible] funeral. The criss-cross love affairs play their part. Matt comes in with all of "Cappy's" employes, even his butler, as officers in the rival concern. First Matt seems the winner. Then "Cappy's" superior skill and resources appear victorious, but the upstart sailor man at last runs the "funeral" when Florence hands him $10,000.

There is not one sign of misfit in the allotment of the actors to their parts. They all "belong" on the 'Frisco waterfront or the deep sea or in Thomaston, Me.

Charles Abbe knows his "Cappy" to the life, and makes the audience know him. Robert Kelly could have been no one except the big, bluff sailor, strong on ship and in love, Matt Peasley. Percival Moore is the living embodiment of "Cappy's" subservient, but generous-hearted manager. Norval Keedwell is a perfect product of Broadway bright lights with "chorusgirlitis." Elizabeth Parks justifies Cecil's description as a "wonderful girl," "Goldie" of the chorus and Betsy Grimsby, from Thomaston and one of "Cappy's" typists. Marion Coakley is winning, lovable, rebellious, a real peppery Ricks, as Florence. Lottie Alter you recognize completely in Aunt Lucy as the charming maiden lady from Thomaston, who was "once 20 herself," and hasn't forgotten it. And so it goes through the whole list. Every one should see "Cappy" and his remarkable friends and laugh over the happy comedy of their trials and triumphs.

'PASSING SHOW'

"The Passing Show of 1918," which opened last evening at the Shubert Theatre what theatregoers undoubtedly will consider an all too brief engagement of four weeks, is in many ways the best of this now famous series of annual revues of Winter Garden origin. Every other line, almost, yields a laugh; nearly every other minute brings dazzling changes in the ceaseless kaleidoscope of color. Never, it would seem, have the Shuberts—and it is to J. J. Shubert especially that credit is due—produced so lavishly or so effectively. Several of the scenes, such as the palace courtyard, the old French garden and the gold room, stand out as masterpieces of the designers' and painters' allied arts. The women—and there are scores of them—are uncommonly attractive, and wonderfully arrayed. Not even that other notable annual production which claims New York as its birthplace and depicts in gorgeous and fanciful colorings the foibles of the day can truthfuly be said to equal this year's Winter Garden offering.

Several reasons for this may serve: Mr. Shubert, for instance, has found happier combinations and contrasts of color. Scenes and costumes are less bizarre, more appealing to an eye appreciative of real beauty and honest detail. Mr. Huffman, who staged the production, has evolved no striking novelties, but he has succeeded in presenting a series of pleasing and diverting stage pictures, wherever utilization of the female figure, in varying degrees of adornment, are concerned. There is no runway, but frequently the girls promenade along the outer edge of the orchestra rail. They even invade the aisles to vend thrift stamps.

Score Is Varied

Sigmund Romberg and Jean Schwartz, who collaborate in the score, have fitted their work deftly to the demands of the moment; there is a little of everything, from the blatant jazz to such delectable songs as "Smiles," sung by Miss Helen Carrington, or "I'll Make an Angel Out of You," by Charles Ruggles and Nancy Fair. The songs which the Howards, Willie and Eugene, give, are, likely as not, their very own. At least, none but they could sing them as effectively.

There is no plot to "The Passing Show of 1918." It needs none. There is this years less of hurried satire on plays too frequently unknown to Boston. Many of the lines undoubtedly originated with the individuals who utter them. The result, where so many nimble wits have combined, provides a steady fusilade of quip, jest and comic absurdity, at which naturally the two Howards lead the rest. Willie, the humorist of the pair, is more genuinely comic than ever. He is dropping much of his earlier buffooneries. Roy Cummings is comic in a versatile way. William Philbrick is droller than in many former seasons. Charles Ruggles, once a promising youngster in real plays with plots, now cavorts, with dignity, in a musical piece. Irene Franklin, who sang for the American boys in France and will be everlastingly proud of it, had a warm welcome and showed a polished artistry in "Sammie," "Merely Passing Through" and "When the Kaiser's Mother Called Him Little Willie."

Many Dancing Hits

In dancing hits the performance is rich. The Astaires—Fred and Adele—carry off chief honors, while Isabel Rodriguez, in evolutions calculated to move the most bored of merry monarchs, displays both art and figure lavishly. Others there are in the cast well liked in Boston—George Schiller, more than 30 years on the stage, and still lively as cowboy and Frenchman; Violet Englefield, reminiful of Eva Davenport almost, in personality; Emily Miles, who sings intelligently if not over-loudly, and, again, the girls of the chorus who are present when the curtain first rises and are there to ring it down. Of the assets of "The Passing Show of 1918" they are at least 50 per cent.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"It Pays to Advertise." Farce in three acts by Roi Cooper Megrue.

Mary Grayson.....Ann MacDonald
Johnson.....Teddy Le Due
Comtesse de Beaurien.....Betty Barncoat
Rodney Martin.....Dudley Ayres
Cyrus Martin.....Mark Kent
Ambrose Peale.....Joseph Sweeney
Marie.....Blanche Frederici
William Smith.....Frederick Murray
Donald McChesney.....Allen Karle
Miss Burke.....Dorothy Tierney
Ellery Clark.....Aubrey Bosworth
Charles Bronson.....Charles Stevens

The atmosphere of modern business lends itself to the skill of the dramatist, especially when that dramatist has a gift of humor. "It Pays to Advertise" was seen yesterday for the first time at the Castle Square and was acted by the stock company with a liveliness that was fully responded to by both the afternoon and the evening audiences. Romance, sentiment and the hustling qualities of the American business office combine to make "It Pays to Advertise" a thoroughly enjoyable farce. The enthusiasm of the soap king for his product and his solicitude for his idle young son combine to give the play humor in all its varieties. And the young son himself, in love and in business, is a thoroughly typical example of the young American. Mr. Ayres heads an effective cast of players, and as Rodney Martin he is an excellent example of the young men who only needs the opportunity to show what he can do in the world of love and business. Miss MacDonald is a delightful heroine, and Mr. Kent is the vigorous business man to the life. The other players round out a noteworthy production staged by William C. Masson.

Next week the play will be Paul Armstrong's melodrama, "Alias Jimmy Valentine," for the first time on this stage.

Christie MacDonald Has Charming Fantasy

Christie MacDonald, assisted by Irene Rowan and William Haig, in a musical fantasy, "Cupid's Mirror," lyrics by Neville Fleeson, music by Albert Von Tilzer, is the chief attraction of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was deeply interested. Albert Terry conducted.

This act is an outlet for Miss MacDonald at her best. She is seen before a French dresser, and, taking the mirror in hand, there is a dream with pleasant memories. In the subsequent scene the dream is visualized and there is the incidental romance of the two figures that adorn the sides of the mirror.

This is the first appearance of the actress in Boston in several seasons. She retains the personal charm and megnetism shown on former visits, and is just as interesting in musical speech. Her songs were all warmly applauded, and none was more interesting than her concluding number, "Day Dreams," one of her musical comedy successes.

An interesting feature of the bill was the musical act of Artie Mehlinger and George W. Meyer. Mr. Mehlinger is both comedian and singer, and much of his program was devoted to songs composed by Mr. Meyer. Mr. Mehlinger puts vitality and enthusiasm into his work. It was also a relief to note that Mr. Meyer, while at the piano, leaves the comedy element to the comedian. This is contrary to the methods of other performers in similar acts at this theatre.

Other acts were the Four Readings, jugglers; Marie and Ann Clark in chatter, Norton and Nicholson in a farce, Claudia Coleman in monologue, Lucille in a bird act, Norton and Melnotte in songs and dances, and Booth and Leander in an acrobatic act.

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RECONSTRUCTION.

With peace declared, one Jack,
A gob,
Came back
From raging main
And found a Jane
Was holding down his job,
So what to do with him
Now Uncle Sam was through with him,
But while boards, publicists, commissioners
all fought and wrangled,
And got their wires and themselves well
crossed and tangled,
Jack never tarried,
And now they're married.

RICHARD D. WARE.

Amherst, N. H.

Concerning Kings

As the World Wags:

Here's a little essay on Kings, adapted from Huckleberry Finn:

It's surprising the way them kings carry on. I reckon they're 'bout all allke. It's in the breed. Look at Hen the Eight. And look at Charles Second,

and L[illegible]s [illegible] en [illegible] Fourt[illegible] [illegible] ten and [illegible] Tess and William Two and the Clown Quince, and forty more, because all them high old potentates [illegible] to rip round so in Bible [illegible] and raise Cain generally. My, [illegible] ought to seen Henry Eight when he was in bloom. He was a blossom. He used to marry a new wife every day and [illegible] off her head next morning. And he would do it just as indifferent as if he was ordering up eggs. "Fetch up Nell Gynn," he says. They fetch her up. Next mornnig, "Chop off her head!" And they chop it off. "Fetch up Jane Shore," he says; and up she comes. Next morning, "Chop off her head"—and they chop it off. "Ring up Fair [illegible]." Fair Rosamun answers the [illegible]. Next morning, "Chop off her head!" And he made every one of them tell a tale every night, and he kept that up till he had hogged a thousand and one tales that way, and then he put them all in a book, and called it Doomsday Book, which was a good name and [illegible] the case. Well, Henry, he takes a notion he wants to get up some trouble with this country. How does he go at it? Give notice? Give the country a show? No. All of a sudden he heaves all the tea in Boston harbor overboard, and whacks out a declaration of independence, and dares them to come on. That was his style—he never give anybody a chance. Like his son, the Duke of Bilgewater, he'd steal candy from a child. He had [illegible] of his father, the Duke of Wellington. Well, what did he do? Ask him to show up? No—drowned him in a butt of mamsey, like a cat. * * * [illegible] people left money round where William Two was, what did he do? He [illegible] it. Spose he contracted to do a thing, and you paid him, and didn't sit down there and see that he done it—what did he do? He always done the other thing. Spose he opened his mouth—what then? If he didn't shut it up powerful quick he'd lose a lie every time. That's the kind of a bug William is. When you come right down to the cold facts, kings is kings, and you got to make allowances. Take them all round, they're a mighty ornery lot. It's the way they're raised. Sometimes I wish we could hear of a country that's out of kings. EZRA I. KING.
Kingston.

As the World Wags:

In last Monday's Herald, Mr. Phineas Redux agitates the problem of pyjamas, pockets and Pullman sleepers. After reading his discomforts, so graphically described in his half-column article, I am confronted by his question as to whether pyjamas should not contain more pockets rather than less, and whether a pocket on the inside of his pyjamas would not better insure his outraged, troubled slumber against nocturnal theft and against the necessity of keeping one of his hands perpetually upon his weary, heavily burdened breast. I would suggest a simple remedy, a remedy any kindly wife would give a nerve-racked, sleepless, nocturnal-theft-haunted husband.

Mr. Phineas Redux—why don't you turn your pyjamas jacket inside out? The reversed buttons will but add to the [illegible], while the security of your [illegible] pocket will be without price.
Boston. E. B. W.

Who Should Correct?

As the World Wags:

Is it not within the province of the desk editor or the proofreader of a newspaper to correct the errors in grammar which are in the copy, or should they in some cases correct such error and in other cases let them appear in print? This query is suggested by the following passage in Roosevelt's letter of Oct. 25 to Gen. P. C. March as the letter was printed in the Herald of Nov. 18: "I merely ask that you turn this over to whomsoever has charge of it." Should, or should not, the desk editor or the proofreader have corrected that error of "whomsoever" for "whosoever"? I am sure that grammatical errors in copy are in some cases corrected in newspaper office before the articles in which the errors occur get into print, and, if it was right in the case of Roosevelt's above-mentioned letter to leave that error of "whomsoever" for "whosoever" uncorrected and let it appear in print please state in what cases such errors should be corrected before publication, and in what cases they should be left uncorrected and allowed to get into print. When a palpable grammatical error is to be allowed to be printed without correction, should not a bracketed "sic" be inserted after the error?
Brookline. QUERIST.

Lecky's Tribute

In 1869 W. H. Lecky asserted that the chief virtue of the French is their intense power of sympathy, the foundation of some of their most beautiful in[illegible] qualities, of their social habits and their unrivalled [illegible]. "No other nation has [illegible] so [illegible] a sympathy with [illegible] struggles for freedom beyond its borders. It hardly any other land would a [illegible] war for the support of suffering nationality find so large an amount of support."

Dec 5 1918

The London Times of Nov. 11 published "A Dirge of Victory," by Capt. Lord Dunsany:

Lift not thy trumpet, Victory, [illegible] sky,
Nor through battlements [illegible] thy blow.
But over hollows full of old wire go,
Where, among dregs of war, the long dead lie
With wasted [illegible] on that the guns passed by.
When they went eastwards like a tide at flow,
There blow thy trumpet that the dead may know
Who waited for thy coming, Victory.

It is not we that have deserved thy wreath.
They waited there among the towering weeds.
The deep mud burned under the thermite's breath,
And winter cracked the bones that no man heeds.
Hundreds of nights flamed by: the seasons passed.
And thou hast come to them at last, at last.

"Quiet Seclusion"

As the World Wags.

I read in a Boston newspaper that the divorced wife of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks was "located" in "quiet seclusion." Is not this a tautological phrase?
Harvard. E. A. BULSTROP.

Not at all. A wife, divorced or in bondage, might be noisy in seclusion. Ralph Waldo Emerson in "The Snow-Storm" describes housemates sitting

Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

We regret to say that the late Prof. Hannibal, a more eloquent orator at Yale College than the visiting "Great American Traveler," Daniel Pratt, was at times tautological as when he said of a certain event that "it would make any one of you gentlemen laugh even if you were in the woods all alone, by yourself, and no one near you." In Brer Taylor's correspondence about tautology, why has no one mentioned the congressman who shouted: "The gentleman is silent, he does not answer, he makes no reply, he isn't saying a word." How easy it is to be tautological! We find Sir W. E. Brett in 1884 coming to the conclusion "that the Legislature intended in this case to be verbose and tautologous, and to say the same thing twice over." Ed.

Miss Powell and Colors

We were interested in the remarks of Miss Louise Cutts Powell about rouge and colors. She objects to the use of rouge or any painting of the face, and is thus in accord with Juvenal, Hamlet, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and other close observers of women. She should read Mr. Max Beerbohm's "Defence of Cosmetics," published nearly 25 years ago in the first volume of The Yellow Book. The essay contained an improving anecdote. "There are, I fancy, many such husbands as he, who, suddenly realizing that his wife was painted, bade her sternly, 'Go up and take it all off,' and, on her reappearance, bade her with increasing sternness, 'Go up and put it all on again.'"

Miss Powell urged her hearers to use colors round their faces. In old and aristocratic times French gentlemen strutted about with painted beards. We have seen a stage Irishman with green whiskers in vaudeville. Great care should be exercised in the selection of colors for a dress. Miss Powell was "clad in turquoise blue satin edged with rose pink, which admirably exemplified her views on the importance of colors in the scheme of life." The Devil was equally careful in arraying himself for a visit to "his snug little farm the earth."

And how, then, was the Devil drest?
O! He was in his Sunday's best:
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through.

Miss Powell commended Police Inspector Corbally of Newark, N. J., for not allowing girls of that city to convert the railway station into a beauty parlor. A railway station is no more a public place than a street car, and in Boston street cars we have seen apparently respectable women open their vanity bags and rouge their lips, if not their cheeks; nor was it a wholly unpleasant sight. We did not turn away, nor did we ask the conductor to forbid the operation; we did not hiss the word "Jezebel"—a singularly attractive woman, in spite of the prejudiced remarks of Hebrew chroniclers. We were tempted to ask the precise nature of the cosmetic—whether it were toilet rouge, safflower lake, rouge vegetal, rouge d'Espagne, vert rouge d'Athenes, pommade rouge, liquid rouge, Chinese card rouge, or rouge crepons. There have been women gloriously rebellious when man presumed to dictate in matters of the toilet. We recall the case of a young woman employed as a pressfeeder in the government printing office at Washington. Foreman McFarland or[illegible]

[illegible] fashion [illegible] a [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] shears of [illegible]. The young woman gave up her job rather than dress her hair otherwise. This happened in August, 1905. Does she now plaster her hair in unseemly gobs over her ears in accordance with the foolish prevailing fashion? Has marriage, with maternity, made her shamelessly indifferent? Or—we whisper the question—has she much hair in the dying year 1918?

Prohibition Note

How is it that the liquor control board has omitted to fix the price of brandy, often needed for medicinal use? Whisky and gin now have their maximum price, and are retailed in public-house bars at a rate that equals a sovereign a [illegible]. But apparently brandy may be sold at any price, or not sold at all, for it is within our experience that a doctor who offered to pay a sovereign for a bottle of brandy for the use of a patient was refused.—London Daily Chronicle.

Dec 6 1918

WILHELM II.

A king who donned the cap and bells,
A jester, doomed to wear a crown,
A wizard, victim of his own mad spells,
A brain of thistledown.

Playing with fire, he burned his throne,
Toying with steel, his own heart bled,
Leave him to Conscience and to God alone;
His soul is drunk, not dead.

Hero, he loved the villain's role,
With tinselled glamour masking crimes
His part became himself and took control
The man became a mime.

So fell the curtain, sans recall,
The plaudits all in hisses drowned;
Alas, poor Fool, who yet before his fall
A million heroes crowned!
—London Daily Chronicle.

In Re "Guinea Pigs"

As the World Wags:

1. Is not the usual dictionary explanation, "guinea pigs" sufficient?

2. Is there not a variety of cowry, which carries, on a white ground, cross-bars of black, and tan, like the common guinea pig, so-called?

3. Can you quote an instance of the use of the slang expression "guinea" for a definite gold unit, in the days of the First Royal West African Company, or any of its successors before the reign of Charles II?

(Of course it is implied in Iago's speech about love for a guinea hen, but something more definite is desirable. There is a very apt instance in a treatise on the currency by Sir Walter Raleigh, but that was published after the Restoration, and is probably an interpolation.)

Will you please give, at some time in the near future, a short vocabulary of technical cocking terms, both English and Welsh, more particularly those pertaining to the feathers, both uncut and trimmed?

It has been suggested that a symbolical use of these terms, like the expression "keep your tail-feathers up" may still be found unrecognized in our everyday speech. Q. G.
Boston.

1. The best dictionaries say that the origin of the name "Guinea-pig" is uncertain.

2. All we know about the cowrie is (a) that it is the skull of a small gastropod found in the Indian ocean, used as money in Africa and Southern Asia. There is an interesting note about the cowrie as money in Burton's "Lake Regions of Central Africa," but Burton does not describe the shell. In the story of "Ala Al-Din Abu Al-Shamat" in "The Thousand Nights and a Night," Ala Al-Din, buying a shop and a chamber in Alexandria, found there a store-room "full of sails and masts, cordage and seamen's chests, bags of beads and cowrie shells, stirrups, battle-axes, maces, knives, scissors and such matters, for the last owner of the shop had been a dealer in second-hand goods." (b) There is the common cowrie of the British coast. We have read of a shell that resembled "the mottled back of a tortoise." Hence no doubt the dialect use of "cowrie" for "guinea-pig."

3. The first reference to the coin guinea that Dr. Murray and his merry men found in English literature is this entry in John Evelyn's Diary: 1664, March 9th: "I went to the Tower, to sit in commission about regulating the Mint; and now it was that the fine new-milled coin, both of white money and guineas, was established." The note in the Oxford Dictionary is interesting: "In 1663 the Royal Mint was authorized to coin gold pieces of the value of 20s. 'in the name and for the use of the Company of Royal Adventurers of England trading with Africa'; these pieces were to bear for distinction the figure of a little elephant, and $44\frac{1}{2}$ of them were to contain one pound troy of our 'Crowne gold.' The 20s. pieces of the African company received the popular name of 'guineas' almost as soon as they were issued, as being intended for use in the Guinea trade and made of gold from Guinea; and the name was extended to later coins of the same intrinsic value." The latest coinage of guineas took place in 1813. The sovereign, of the value of [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] no [illegible] for [illegible] was [illegible] for [illegible] known [illegible] that [illegible] before 1813.

We are sorry to say we do not know the technical terms of the cock pit. No doubt "Keep your tail feathers up" comes from cock-fighting, as does the phrase common in English literature "Keep your pecker up," i. e., "Keep your beak and head up." There is a learned essay on cock-fighting in Beckmann's "History of Inventions." Beckmann quotes liberally from "A Memoir on Cock-Fighting" by Samuel Pegge, M. A., Rector of Wittington.—Ed.

"We Hope This Settles It"

As the World Wags:

Mr. Saxo Grammaticus, in objecting to my use of the future tense in English as bearing on the question of whether "I hope that he comes" is good usage or not, seems to forget that I provided an alibi for just such an objection by asserting, almost in his own words, that "the correctness of any expression is determined entirely by good usage, upon which, without careful investigation, two equally intelligent persons may widely differ." He now calls upon me to cite a few examples of this usage from standard authors. If he has ever hunted for instances of this general sort he must know how much out of proportion to the result secured would be the time required for this task. But I have done the next best thing. Being merely a careful student of the language, as I said before, I have consulted some half-dozen men who may well be called experts—teachers and writers whose business it is to know the right and the wrong uses of words and all the shadowy borderlands that lie between. With not a dissenting voice these men assert that expressions like the one under discussion are frequently heard in the speech of educated people who are careful of their words.

Lest Mr. Grammaticus immediately bring forward six other experts (including perhaps that well known scholar and relative of his, Mr. Anglo Grammaticus, who would stoutly assert to the contrary (for such is the habit of experts, especially in our courts of law), I hasten to quote from Prof. George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard, who will be recognized by all as of the highest authority. On page 205 of Kittredge and Farley's Advanced English Grammar is found this statement: "Future time may also be expressed by the present tense, as 'We sail for Havana on Tuesday.'" This authority, you see, does not even call the usage colloquial.

No living and breathing language can be "cabined, cribbed, confined" within the metes and bounds of formal logic, and there are two dangers that must be very carefully guarded against: first, lest we take our own prejudice as a criterion of good usage; secondly, lest we merit the term applied by one of the foremost scholars of English in the country, a professor at Columbia, to an earnest inquirer who wrote to a colleague of the professor, objecting to some common and harmless colloquialism. The question was referred to the professor. "Tell the blanked quibbling purist," he said, "to go to the devil," or words to that effect.
Andover. BRANDER NEALL.

Dec 7 1918

The Daily Chronicle of London asking "what name or title from all his long list will the ex-Kaiser choose to be called by" answers its question by saying, "Perhaps it will be one of his lesser known dukedoms, rather than the ignominious Hohenzollern or Brandenburg." These are titles of principalities, several margravates, burgravates, lordships and other "anointed" offices.

If William is put behind iron bars, a number will answer very well. When Louis Philippe went to England in view of circumstances over which he had no control, he took the name of Smith, Mr. Smith. The Daily Chronicle should have remembered this, for Punch was merry over Louis Philippe's invasion of England. Thackeray in March, 1848, pictured the ex-monarch and his wife in the Palace of Moses and Son being measured for a suit of clothes.

I once was a King, like the monarch of Room,
But was forced from my throne and came off in a Br—m;
And in such a great hurry, from P-r-s I run,
I forgot my portmanteau, dear Moses and Son.

Dressed in a ragged pea-coat and a tattered old hat, this "veteran gent," who, with his wife, had just stepped out of a boat, stared with wonder at the tailor's palace.

In the language of France his good lady replied:
"This house is well known throughout the universe wide

...nd you, my dear P...
run,
...ad better refit with E. Moses and Son

E. Moses stepped forth with a bow full of grace,
...nviting the couple to enter his place
...le thought they were poor—but the poor are not done,
...nd the rich are not fleeced by E. Moses and Son.

• • •

...he clothes when complete we direct in a hurry
"—— Smith, Esquire, at Prince Leopold's, Claremont, in Surrey."
...he cloth was first-rate, and the fit such a one
...s only is furnished by Moses and Son.

...s he paces the valley or roams in the grove,
...ll cry "What a very respectable cove!"
...ow changed in appearance from him who late run
...rom Paris to refuge with Moses and Son.

William was more prudent. In the great ...mount of baggage taken into Holland; ...robably only one suit was forgotten— ... nice striped suit for prison wear. Per...aps he had intended to refit himself in ...ondon when his troops were victorious. ...erman tailors in our years of student ...fe at Berlin and Munich were success...ul only with padded uniforms. Remem...er the accordion "pants"—they could ...ot have been dignified by the name of ...ousers—that Mr. Nikisch—Flos regum ...rthurus—wore when he first conducted ...e orchestra in Music Hall! Of all his ...uccessors Dr. Muck wore evening dress ...at might be called irreproachable. We ...ave been told that in the last years of ...is career he was fitted by tailors of ...espised and barbarous Boston.

More "Lost" Than "Found"

...s the World Wags:

What a hypnotic mesmerism there is ... fine type. Every little while I, who ...ever set foot on a sailing boat, "come ..." and find myself reading the shipping ...ews—deep in such irrelevant para...raphs as Tug Boojas, New York to ...ortland, called at Provincetown, left ...arge Mary Jane, fired a Swedish cook ...nd proceeded. Schooner Adolphus J. ...ickelford, rum and grindstones, ...eared for Cape Town. Steamer Hy...atica passed Africa, going south," and ... on.

But one department of fine print ...akes me sad. That is the "Lost and ...ound" section. The grief-inspiring ...art of it is there is so much more ..."ost" than there is "found." It so ...plifies this lamentable world in gen...al, this lack of balance. People lose ...oney, jewels, dogs, cats, clothing; lose ...eir husbands, lose their wives; faith, ...ey all but lose their lives; but never ...thing is "found"! Bat-eared terriers; ...berty bonds; bank books; sapphire ...usters; coral bracelets; all these have ...seen posted as having been strewn in ...ur streets by somebody; but the only ...ing I have seen listed as "found" was ... bag of wool."

And what was such a trifle beside the ...ssible social tragedy in the loss of "a ...itcase containing a dress suit"? A ...g of wool, plus trimmings, might be...me potentially a dress suit; but, found ...erely as raw, unmanufactured, smelly ...ool, how little it counted against the ...ddening columns of the "Lost"! Who ...ould stoop to a bag of wool, and be ...nsoled for the loss of a diamond brace...t? Such contrasts foster pessimism ... the darkest blue shade.

And I never found even as much as a ...g of wool. I have sown gloves galore, ...ickpins, small change, pocket-knives, ...en a sweater, on the highways; but ...thing do I get back. The column is a ...ue picture of life.

All goin' out and nothin' comin' in. ...ore "lost" than "found," times over. ...'s a sad wurruld, so it is. Ochone! ...h-hoo-oo-oo! A bag of wool! Mis...ere!

W. C. T.

Brookline.

Yes, the Empress Josephine had wretch...ly poor teeth; Henry of Navarre was ...rsed with "les pieds fumants." This ...orld is, indeed, a vale of tears. W. C. ...'s lamentation recalls two old saws: ...e lost woman is always found; the ...ose woman is often tight.—Ed.

An Army of Occupation

After Waterloo, it was arranged that ...eat Britain, Austria, Prussia and Rus...a should each furnish 30,000 soldiers, ...d the smaller German states in the ...gregate a like number, for the army ... occupation in France. This army, by ...mmon consent, was placed under the ...preme command of the Duke of Wel...gton, who established his headquar...s at Cambrai.

Dec 8 1918

MISS LA CROIX IN PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Aurore La Croix, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Her program was as follows: Bach, Prelude, Sarabande, Menuet and Gigue from Partita No. 1, B flat major; Schubert, Sonata, A minor, op. 42; Chopin, Scherzo, Etudes, E major, A minor; Blanchet, Scherzo, Serenade; Weber-Liszt, Slumber Song; Liszt, Etude de Concert; Royce, Theme and Variations in A minor.

Theophile Gautier, reviewing a recital of Mme. Pleyel—the woman whom Berlioz idolized and, later, finding her wanting, abused in a hysterically romantic manner—said: "We have had suave pianists, violent pianists, elegiac pianists, humanitarian pianists, even wretched pianists." What did Gautier mean here by the word "humanitarian"? A pianist that treated an audience with humane consideration? Was the humanity displayed in choice and length of program, or in refraining from outrageous assaults on the piano itself and the ear of the hearer?

If Gautier were living and still forced to write feuilletons for his daily bread, he would probably class Miss La Croix as "humanitarian," for she did not begin with a bombastic disarrangement of an organ prelude and fugue by Bach, and end with a thunderous performance of a Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt; she did not think it necessary to play a sonata by Brahms, one of Beethoven's later ones, or Liszt's; nor did she insist on all of Chopin's Etudes or Preludes. She was not announced in advance as "phenomenal," "sensational," "the mistress" or "the poetess" of the piano.

When she played here in March, 1916, she was still immature, but she then showed commendable qualities. Yesterday it was recognized at once that the two past years have been profitably employed by her. Her performance of the movements from Bach's Partita was delightful. Perhaps the Gigue, which is in the Italian manner and with the crossing of hands not unlike the simplest pieces of Scarlatti, might well have been taken at a little faster pace and without so many nuances, but the intimacy of the movements was felt, music for a chamber: The Prelude, a richly ornamented cabinet piece; the grave Sarabande, with its proud stateliness; the exquisite little trio or second menuet. The interpretation of this music, by reason of the pianist's uncommonly beautiful touch, her musical understanding and her comprehension of the 18th century spirit, was only one of the features of an unusually interesting concert.

Miss La Croix's enchanting touch was peculiarly suited to the romantic lyricism of Schubert. She has not yet the courage to play only one movement of a sonata, and the first movement of this one in A minor is the one pre-eminently Schubertian, without his characteristic expatiations that too often are a weariness to the flesh. Chopin's Scherzo and Etude in A minor revealed another and equally admirable side, of Miss La Croix's musical character. We prefer a franker announcement of the chief theme of the Etude in E major, for her dallying with the tempo broke the flow and spoiled the melodic simplicity. Miss La Croix by her performance almost persuaded one that Blanchet's music was worthy of her attention. We beseech her to drop from her repertory Liszt's paraphrase of Weber's little song, a paraphrase conspicuous for gingerbread ornamentation, with here and there pompous but unmeaning phrases of interjection.

Her behavior when playing is ingratiating. The thoughtfulness of her interpretation does not degenerate into pedantry. While her mechanism is sure and polished and her strength amply sufficient, she is a womanly pianist. The Lord deliver us all from a woman that plumes herself on playing the piano "just like a man." The virility of a woman is suspicious, intolerable. Nor was it necessary to announce on the program that Miss La Croix is a "pianiste." "Pianiste" is a good French word, but it is either masculine or feminine. In French Mr. Cortot or Mr. De Pachmann is a "pianiste."

Why did not Mr. William C. Duncan, the author of the libretto and the lyrics of "Fiddlers Three," now playing at the Tremont Theatre, say that he took the essential part of his plot, some of the details and even some of the dialogue from Francois Coppee's comedy in verse and in one act, "Le Luthier de Cremone," which was produced in Paris at the Theatre Francais on May 23, 1876? There were 43 performances of it that season at the Francais. (Mr. Duncan might, at least, put on the program the line, "Suggested by a comedy of Coppee.") The cast was as follows: Filippo, Coquelin; Maitre Ferrari, Thiron; Sandro, Laroche; Giannina, Blanche Baretta.

We shall speak of the English versions, "The Violinmaker of Cremona," "The Violin Players" and "Fennel" later; also of Jeno Hubay's opera with the title of Coppee's play.

Coppee's story is as follows: A mayor of Cremona, proud of the old reputation of the city for the making of stringed instruments, bequeathed a chain of gold to the one that should make the best violin. The competition is opened, the contestants are many. Among them are Filippo and Sandro, apprentices of Taddeo Ferrari, a celebrated violin maker, who has promised the hand of his daughter, Giannina, to the winner of the prize. Giannina is sorrowful, for she loves Sandro, who loves her. Sandro, ... as he is, fears ... Filippo, a humpback ... the soul of a great artist, ... knowing his talent ... his ugliness until Giannina confesses to him her love for Sandro. Nobly self-sacrificing, Filippo secretly substitutes his violin for that of his rival. Sandro would have borne away the prize if, insanely jealous, he had not changed the violins and thus thwarted Filippo's act of devotion. The humpback is proclaimed victor. He takes vengeance on his rival by handing Giannina over to him, and then departs happy, he says, if his absence is regretted. "If some string, as it sometimes happens, breaks with a mournful sound between your fingers, remember that in this farewell I feel my poor heart break. I know, dear friends, that you can do nothing, but never forget that I loved you well."

Coppee's Ferrari is too fond of wine. Mr. Duncan's Andreani is surly and it is he that makes the first exchange of fiddles. Coppee's Filippo is a humpback and Ferrari's apprentice; Mr. Duncan's Nicola is a handsome stranger. In both plays a jealous apprentice makes the second substitution.

That Mr. Duncan was acquainted with an English version of Coppee's comedy, if not the original, is beyond doubt and peradventure. It was natural that he should turn a humpback into a handsome lover for the purpose of operetta. Coppee did not dream of introducing a flirting American widow, a fortune hunting Englishman and an American drummer into a pathetic story of life in Cremona, but the essential features of the plot are Coppee's, not Mr. Duncan's.

You remember that Nicolo in "Fiddlers Three" tells Anina why he is confident that his violin will take the prize; how he discovered the secret of the famous varnish used by Amati and others. Note this conversation between Filippo and Giannina. (We quote from an English version of Coppee's comedy, probably the one made by Henry Neville):

"Filippo. I know you will be glad when I tell you I am almost sure of success. Of course when I began my work I was careful in choosing the wood—old fir for the body, maple for the neck—and took the greatest pains in making it; but all that is nothing—other violins may be as good in that way; but the master stroke was when I discovered one night while I was at work the lost secret of that wonderful old varnish—

"Gian. What! the famous varnish of the old masters?

"Fil. (excitedly). Yes, I have found it; and tomorrow I can be a generous rival, and give the secret to them all. I am sure of it; I have compared my violin with a famous old Amati, and it has the same tone—can you believe it?—the same. Is it not wonderful that from these bits of wood I can bring out a note that will fill a cathedral?

"Gian. (aside). Poor Sandro!"

Furthermore, one finds in the comedy of Coppee and the operetta of Mr. Duncan the hero going into the woods to dream and play his violin. We quote again from Coppee:

"Fil. Since that night I have hidden my happiness like a lover. My life has been full of joy. Every morning before it is yet day I take my violin and pass through the sleeping city into the open country. There, resting myself on the slope of a hill, I wait and dream for the sublime hour when the sun shall rise. At last, when the horizon begins to quiver with light, when the soft rustling about me speaks of the great awakening of nature, when the grass trembles and the woods murmur and the twittering of birds comes from the thicket, rapturously I take my violin and play. Ah! do you understand, it is the recompense for all my pain. I play madly, accompanying the glorious harmonies of the breaking day; the long sigh of the wind through the leaves; the ecstacy of the birds; and my precious violin trembles close to my heart, and mingles with this hymn of the dawn its song of youth and joy."

Curiously enough in Jeno Hubey's opera, "Le Luthier de Cremone" ("Der Geigenmacher von Cremona," produced at Budapest in 1894, with Coppee and H. Beauclair named as the librettists (Max Kalbeck, the translator into German), there is a song for Ferrari at the beginning of the opera that may have suggested the song given to Vario in "Fiddlers Three."

Yes, Mr. William C. Duncan should have put the name of Francois Coppee on the program. The operetta is entertaining: the performance is excellent at the Tremont; he could afford even now to pay Coppee his due, though the payment would be late.

There are at least three versions in English of Coppee's comedy. One made by Henry Neville was produced at the Olympic Theatre, London, July 2, 1877, according to the theatrical dictionary of the Stage. July 14, according to the book of the Dramatic Publishing Company. The cast was as follows: Ferrari, W. J. Hill; Filippo, Henry Neville; Sandro, Forbes-Robertson; Giannina, Miss Gerard.

"Fennel," by Jerome K. Jerome, produced at the Novelty Theatre, London, March 31, 1888. Ferrari, Stuart Dawson; Filippo, George Giddens; Sandro, Wallace Erskine; Giannina, Adela Mea... ... Why "Fennel"? There is an old English proverb, "Sowing fennel is sowing sorrow," but fennel was used by the ancients for the victor's wreath, and as a plant dedicated to St. John it has been placed over doors on his vigil. The comedy was revived at the Novelty on Feb. 26, 1912, when it was entitled "The Violin Maker of Cremona." Ferrari, C. Maynard Brown; Filippo, Ernest Rivarz; Sandro, Fred Hill; Giannina, Ada D. Hatchwell. The costumes worn were of the 18th century.

"The Violin Players," by A. Berlyn. Shaftsbury Theatre, London, April 22, 1890, when E. S. Willard took the part of Filippo.

According to Col. T. Allston Brown's "History of the New York Stage," which is not always trustworthy, "The Violin Maker of Cremona" was acted for the first time in New York at the Star Theatre on Jan. 13, 1887, at a benefit matinee for John Howson. The players were Hudson Liston, J. H. Gilmour, John Howson and Marie Jansen.

There was a performance in New York at the People's Theatre on Feb. 14, 1893, with Charles Fletcher as Filippo.

"Fennel" was played at the Madison Square Theatre on May 19, 1891, at a performance in aid of the Washington Arch fund.

"The Violin Maker of Cremona" was played by John Braham's Boston vaudeville company at the Chelsea (Mass.) Academy of Music. The English version had been made by J. Cheever Goodwin. E. A. White, Ferrari; Louis James, Filippo; C. A. Steadman, Sandro, Marie Wainwright, Giannina. John Brougham's comedy, "Flies in the Web," was on the bill. From the clippings before us this performance was in June, but there is no clue to the year. Will some one give the history of Coppee's play in Boston. We appeal to Mr. J. B. Clapp.

We have spoken of Hubay's opera. When it was first performed at Budapest, the composer, known to all as a violinist and a teacher of the violin, played the florid violin solo in his score and "was recalled 14 times." It will be remembered that in "Fiddlers Three" there is a violin solo before the curtain while there is a shifting of scenery.

Another opera founded on Coppee's play with music by Hans Trneček was produced at Schwerin April 16, 1886.

"Le Luthier de Vienne," text by Saint-George and Leuven, music by Monpou, was produced at the opera-Comique, Paris, in 1836. This opera is an absurd perversion of Hoffmann's wild tale of Rath Krespel, used also by Offenbach's librettists of "Contes d'Hoffmann."

Operas about a Cremona violin by Count Litta and Camille Durutte respectively are not based on Coppe's comedy. "The Violin of Stradivarius" is after Hoffmann's tale.

Edmond Rostand, Fanny Elssler, Cyrano and Remy de Gourmont

Edmond Rostand, who died in his 51st year, is known here chiefly by his "Cyrano de Bergerac," "L'Aiglon" and "Chantecler." "Chantecler" has been performed here only in English, when Miss Maude Adams attempted to play a part for which she was wholly unfitted, physically and mentally. That the part should have been acted by a woman was manifestly absurd. Among actors on the American stage, we can think only of Otis Skinner as the one that could have played the cock with the requisite bravura. Nor was Miss Adams the woman for "L'Aiglon" in English.

Other plays by Rostand have been acted here, publicly, or in a quasi-private manner, but the public associates his name with "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon," the latter with Sarah Bernhardt at the Eaglet. "Chantecler" defies translation into English. Any version must be a pale reflection of the gorgeous and at time swollen language of the original with plays upon words that are meaningless translated into any language.

It is hardly necessary to say that in his treatment of Cyrano and Napoleon's son, Rostand did not confine himself to facts. If he had been scrupulous, his dramas would not be so romantic as they are. It is true that Cyrano had a remarkable nose. Theophile Gautier, considering Cyrano, his career and his works, in "Les Grotesques," devotes four fantastical pages to noses and to Cyrano's in particular. Menage tells us—we quote from the edition of "Menagiana" that was published in 171... that Cyrano's nose, "which was wholly disfigured," was the cause of his killing more than 10 men. "He could not bear that anyone should look at it, and it at once put the sword in his hand." He was recklessly witty, but some of his once-admired jests are unprintable. It is true that later writers pillaged his works. Among them Moliere and Dean Swift. Menage says that he died mad. The first evidence of his madness was his going to mass in small clothes and nightcap without a cloak; th... at the end he had not a sou; but the malicious and pedantic Menage was not always truthful in his statements. Cyrano was wounded by a musket ball at the siege of Mousson, and later, when he was 20 years old, by a sword thrust in the breast at the siege of Arras. These

[illegible] ... he died in a Christian spirit, having for a long time renounced wine and women and living only on excessively simple fare."

Rostand introduced the legend of Fanny Elssler's liaison with Napoleon's son, the Duke of Reichstadt in his "Aiglon." This story was spread in Austria and Germany immediately after the death of the duke. In 1834 it was so believed in France that when Fanny arrived in Paris the Bonapartists planned a manifestation in her honor.

[illegible] Dumas the elder told the story in "Mémoires de Paris" and named her [illegible] Engel. Rostand represents Fanny as thrown by Metternich into the arms of the duke that she might make him forget his birth, ambition, and the hopes founded on him. Gentz was the panderer. As in Dumas's story, so in Rostand's play, Fanny recalls to the duke the glorious past that was hidden from him and works secretly for the Napoleonic cause. It is an established fact that Metternich employed women to dispel the duke's ambition. An actress, Mme. Peche, was chosen for the purpose, but all in vain. Fanny Elssler was not cast for the role; she could not betray Metternich's wishes, for she had never been initiated to serve them; the duke never spoke to her, never saw her, even on the stage. Proke:c'-Osten of Vienna, who was intimate with Gentz and the duke, tells in his book about his relations with the duke, how the legend started. "The soul and mind of the duke were so busied that the fair sex made little fleeting impressions on him." The origin of the story was this: The duke's footman was seen several times going to Fanny's house; he went because Gentz had a study in the house. "I was often there," says Prokesch-Osten, "it is there that the footman brought me a note from the duke or came to speak with me." There are evidences that Fanny was not unfaithful to Gentz, with the duke or with anyone else. Yet in 1834 Jules Janin wrote a gushing article on the arrival of Fanny in Paris, repeating the legend with ingenious elaboration and circumstantial detail, naming her as "the first love and the last, alas, of the Emperor's son." She could no longer dance in Vienna, said Janin, "after the closing of those two eyes, so brilliant, so piercing, that had looked on her with love."

Fifteen years ago Remy de Gourmont described, not without malice, Rostand as the representative of literary happiness. "Even in his beginnings, Rostand was never ignored, and if today he is raised to the skies this is not wholly unreasonable." There are writers that are loved; they are mistresses of the public; whatever they do, whatever they write is not a negligible matter. "M. Rostand, who has produced many charming and witty works, has been able to make a fastidious public applaud some of the worst verses that have [illegible] French poetry. . . . M. Rostand is a happy poet, for he is a poet that is loved; as soon as there is talk of him the critical sense of the most exacting judges is blunted. M. Faguet himself loses his head and recites to himself poetry, for which he, as professor, would put in disgrace any pupil that would be guilty of it. The psychological mechanism of these aberrations is curious, yet simple. It is based on intellectual laziness. A poet has written some very pretty verses, as in the case of M. Rostand; one is ravished by them, one is intoxicated by them; one places high in esteem and in affection the author. There takes place in the mind that crystallization by which Stendhal explained the obscure birth of passions and caprices. It is finished; the charm has worked. Everything that the poet will write henceforth will be admirable. Lo, we are reassured. The point is beyond dispute. Let us busy ourselves with something else. M. Rostand has been judged for all time; all we have to do is to admire him without reserve, without selection. No one knows how this crystallization takes place. M. Rostand is celebrated; he is illustrious; he could easily not be; he has had good fortune; that's all there is of it."

Admitting that Rostand had a certain talent, Remy de Gourmont nevertheless thought it unfortunate that "Cyrano de Bergerac" was the book that in 1903 represented French poetry in the minds of foreigners. He granted that the comedy abounded in wit; that the verse was cavalric, and at times touching and agreeably sentimental. He rejoiced that the comedy did not attempt to prove anything; that it portrayed a character in related adventures. It was a refreshment, a delicious glass of perfumed and iced wine after a long journey on the dusty road; it came after "the pharmaceutical and litigious" dramas of Alexandre Dumas, the younger. "For [illegible] years and more, when any one invited us to the theatre, it was to hear [illegible] discussing a first divorce case [illegible]

[illegible] the management of [illegible] and a quantity of other questions equally unclean—foolish, too, for they are insolvable, especially in the theatre. In the presence of the wit and the dash of Cyrano, scrupulous spectators felt themselves reborn. In place of the disgusting sides of life, the most brilliant aspects were shown. At last there was question of love, heroism, beauty! The enthusiasm was unanimous. Certain illusions followed. M. Emile Faguet, ordinarily prudent and even sceptical, was seized by a sort of delirium. He likened M. Edmond Rostand to Pierre Corneille and swore that we had been present at the performance of a new 'Cid.' 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' according to him, is something like the 'Cid' and 'The Genius of Christianity'; that is to say, if I have correctly understood him, the dawn of a new era in French literature. It is not quite that. 'Cyrano' is a date in the history of our literature, but it does not mark the beginning of a new period, it marks the end of the romantic cycle. This brilliant piece is the last rocket of a display of fireworks."

Enriched by his plays, never having known poverty, Rostand passed his later years in his sumptuously furnished villa at Cambo. In 1897 Charles Donos described his Parisian house in the rue Alphonse de Neuville as magnificent, adorned with rare furniture, paintings, curios of all sorts, "gained by the point of his pen." It would seem that Gourmont rightly summed up the case of Rostand: "The happiness that he enjoys in his life, is also in his work; hence, perhaps the secret of his success. His poetry is as happy, as joyous as himself; the public has smiled on his poetry, because his poetry has smiled on the public."

Oscar Wilde's "Importance of Being Earnest" will be performed at the Copley Theatre this week.

When the play was first published (London, 1899), it was described on the title page as "a trivial comedy for serious people." This sub-title was preserved in the Samuel French acting edition. When Wilde was questioned as to the merits of the comedy he was thus reported: "The first act is ingenious, the second beautiful, the third abominably clever." The first performance was at the St. James's Theatre, London, Feb. 14, 1895; George Alexander took the part of John Worthing. The cast was otherwise as follows: Algernon Moncrieff, Allen Aynesworth; Canon Chasuble, H. H. Vincent; Butler Frank Dyall; Manservant, F. K. Peile; Lady Bracknell, Rose Leclercq; Gwendolen Fairfax, Irene Vanbrugh; Cecily, Evelyn Millard; Miss Prism, Mrs. George Canninge. The play was withdrawn on May 8 after the 86th performance. There were revivals at the same theatre. The first was early in 1902. The second revival Nov. 30, 1909, lasted till Sept. 23, 1910.

The first performance in the United States was at the Empire Theatre, New York, on April 22, 1895. Henry Miller played John Worthing; Mr. Faversham, Algernon; Viola Allen, Gwendolen; May Robson, Miss Prism. The other comedians were Ida Vernon, Agnes Miller, W. H. Crompton, J. P. Whitman, E. Y. Backus. Charles Frohman on that night provided roses for the women in the audience.

The first performance in Boston was at the Castle Square Theatre, Sept. 29, 1902. John Worthing, John Craig; Algernon, George E. Mack; Canon Chasuble, John T. Craven; Butler, William J. Hasson; Man Servant, Morrison; Lady Bracknell, Jane Irving; Gwendolen, Lillian Lawrence; Cecily, Mary Sanders; Miss Prism, Leonora Bradley. The Empire Theatre company performed the comedy at the Boston Museum in May, 1906, with Margaret Anglin, Ethel Hornick, Lillian Thurgate, Messrs. Richman, Fitzwilliams, Milliken, Crompton in the cast. The comedy was performed at the Copley Theatre, Oct. 16, 1916, with Leon Gordon as Algernon; Lionel Glenister, Worthing; F. W. Permain as the canon, and Arthur Dennis the butler; Gwladys Morris, Lady Bracknell; Miss Newcombe, Gwendolen; Miss Miller, Cecily; Isabel Merson, Miss Prism.

When the comedy was revived in London, June 26, 1911, the Pall Mall Gazette remarked: "The work is not only its author's masterpiece, but it is also his only masterpiece, so far as the drama is concerned. Most of his other plays have aged terribly because of the affectations of the 'earnest' scenes in them. . . . In 'The Importance of Being Earnest,' the author is forever playing with life rather than playing at it; his wit is endless, and has lost little or none of its original savor; while the construction of the piece is one of the most perfect pieces of dramaturgic art of our time." Nor did the Pall Mall Gazette hesitate to characterize the play as "the finest modern farce in our language."

Yes, a farce; but like Gilbert's librettos for Arthur Sullivan, this farce should be played with the utmost seriousness by all the characters. Let them deliberately acquaint an audience with the fact that they are humorous and look on incidents and dialogue as funny, and they become tiresome.

A Play That Treats of Anglo-American Unity

The Herald of Nov. 1[illegible] mentioned the production on Nov. 4, at Eastbourne, [illegible] of a "new romantic" drama [illegible] Royal Highness. The hero [illegible] the Adirondacks for his health, breaking his journey at Washington, D. C. It is not stated whether he landed at Boston, New York or Philadelphia, but he stopped at Washington, which, as every schoolboy knows, is on the road from any one of these ports to the Saranac Lake Placid, Beede's, Keene Valley or the camp of Heliogabalus Croesus, Esq. At Washington he falls in love with the daughter of an ex-President, and to her is assigned the agreeable task of accompanying him to the mountains and lakes as nurse.

We have received a letter from Mr. E. N. Jenckes, Jr., of the Springfield Republican, containing interesting information about this remarkable drama.

"The drama, 'His Royal Happiness,' announced for production at Eastbourne, England, on Nov. 4, and commented on in the Herald of Nov. 17, may be the same play, bearing that title, which was prdouced by Miss Annie Russell in this country in 1914, or it may be a different play founded, as that one was, on the novel by Mrs. Everard Cotes. Its story is the same. Miss Russell's play was presented for the first time on any stage at Worcester on Monday, Dec. 25, 1914, was seen at Springfield the last two days of the same week, and was then taken to Toronto for week's run. Apparently it did not long hold the stage. And those who saw it in Springfield did not expect that it would.

"The drama was of some interest, however, because it dealt with the theme of an Anglo-American alliance, consummated by a mariage between an English prince and the daughter of an American President. In that first year of the war such a play could not altogether escape the character of political propaganda. Presented now in England, it can hardly fail to partake of the same character.

"The Springfield Republican of Jan. 1, 1915, in a review of the drama said: 'An Anglo-American alliance, of course, is, like a Massachusetts man's recent proposal for a federation of all the Anglo-Saxon peoples, a "pious dream," and a marriage between a prince of England and the daughter of an American President is pure romance, though a romance which the changing sentiment of the times makes every year a far less extravagant improbability. The play, being not too severe of purpose, is in the right vein, and one may point out the measure of truth on which the imaginings are based; but in its present form it is not a satisfactory play.'

"According to the reviewer, the play had 'moments of dramatic speech,' but they were 'only occasional.' 'Still the play is not a play of discussion, in the new and deplorable style. The Adirondack guide merely says that the idea (of friendship with England) came to him when he was saying the Lord's prayer in the same language with the prince. . . . An increased amount of humor in the delineation of American and English traits would improve the play, which is not strong in its characters. But they will serve the actors much better when the entire fabric is provided with the stresses and strains of emotional and political conflict.'

"It is interesting to note that the American President in the play is himself very eager for Anglo-American unity. He sees fit to say that the Archbishop of Canterbury must not be allowed to make a sentimental matter of the proposed alliance; it must be a practical political agreement. Yet the whole tendency of the play, as one remembers it, is to lay emphasis on the racial and cultural connection between America and England rather than on any regrouping of world powers in which these two nations should be banded for their own political advantage or the possible advantage that such an arrangement might yield their own capitalists, manufacturers and traders."

Notes About Plays, Theatres and Stage People

Louis N. Parker's English version of Rostand's "L'Aiglon," though known in this country with Maude Adams endeavoring to play the hero, had not been performed in England until the 19th of last month, when Marie Loehr produced it.

London is bearing itself well amid the excitement caused by the "pandemic of influenza," which affects all countries impartially at the moment. For this comparative calm the authorities are much to be commended. They have not given way to panic, and enforced that closing of places of amusement which has caused so much disturbance elsewhere. Again, the ordinary population of London is not easily moved, and our visitors, who flock to places of entertainment, have not been deterred from seeking that mental recreation which is one of the best means of staving off the attacks of the mysterious disease which is universally known as influenza. Careful inquiry at the London theatres shows that the present [illegible]

[illegible] we [illegible] "We [illegible] money at every performance as usual."—The Stage, Oct. 31.

This reminds us that Mr. Oswald Stoll, a London manager, published this cheering edict:

"To keep warm in a well-aired theatre is a safeguard against infection, because it helps to maintain vitality." At the kinema theatres in London there was a clear interval during the day so that the houses could be thoroughly disinfected before a fresh audience was admitted. There were some holding contrary views to that of Mr Stoll: "During the epidemic avoid crowded places and get as much fresh air and sunshine as possible." "But will some expert explain," asks the Daily Chronicle, "how it happens that those who spend most of their time outdoors are apparently having no better luck than many who are working long hours in what might be called a C3 atmosphere? Why, for example, has this particular 'flu' germ taken such a strong fancy to our policemen and firemen, and, by comparison, shown almost a positive dislike for those who work on the underground railways, where the sun never shines?"

"The Bubble," a comedy in four acts by Edward Locke, brought out at Manchester (Eng.), Sept. 9, and at the Wimbledon Theatre Oct. 23, bears a resemblance to "Potash and Perlmutter in Society." There is even a Rosa, but she is a daughter, not a wife. One of Jacob Cohen's lines is "Many smart young men have come from Lodz, and the smarter they were the quicker they came."

"Chu Chin Chow" celebrated its 1000th night in London, Oct. 29; "The Maid of the Mountains" its 727th at Daly's, Oct. 30; "Yes Uncle" at the Shaftesbury, 350, Oct. 30; "The Better 'Ole" was approaching its 806th performance at the Oxford on Oct. 31.

A new farce, "The Officers' Mess," by Sydney Blow and Douglas Hoare, music by Philip Braham, was brought out at the St. Martin's Theatre, Nov. 6. The hero is our old friend the liar of farce, this time "a mixture of musical comedy and Palais Royal complications of those dear old eighties." He lies "with a persistence and a blandness that almost any of the heroes in the long gallery adorned by Mr. Hawtrey might have envied." "The Mess" is one into which three officers home on leave got themselves by a track intended to lure pretty girls to the flat they occupied. "Stolen jewels, actresses, aunts, real and pretended, girls (in the musical comedy sense), a comic butler, a bedroom scene—the right ingredients were all there. And the stream of lies which pulled the rascals out of one mess only to land them in a worse was kept up with pertinacious ingenuity." Is this Mr. Braham of the family well known here? Was David Braham of Hooligan and Hart fame his uncle?

A roll of honor of the actors, musicians, writers and workers for the stage who have died for the country has just been finished for Old Drury. The roll contains over 200 names in gilt, on a dark mahogany background, affixed to the wall of Drury Lane in the entrance hall near the box office.

It is a pleasure to know that "Hindle Wakes," an uncommonly good play, uncommonly well acted by the men of Mr Jewett's company at the Copley Theatre, was appreciated here. The play is in its seventh year of continuous touring in the English provinces, and this fall two companies were on the road.

The Montreal correspondent of the Stage writes that the plays appealing to the Canadians last season have been of a melodramatic nature, but "Peter Ibbetson" with John Barrymore drew large audiences. "The theory that farces will 'go' seems to be discounted by the facts." "There is a definite and large section of the people who, caring for the lighter form of entertainment, patronize the vaudeville and moving picture houses, and will continue to patronize such houses seemingly as long as such places exist."

We have just heard of a man who had been for 80 years a church chorister. Wonderful. But was it wise? Few things are more distressing than age essaying the songs of youth. We know one former member of the Chapel Royal choir who is nothing like 80, and still has an occasional turn somewhere, as an alto. "How is the voice, now?" we asked him recently. "None so grand," he answered. "You see, I've got a set of new teeth, and they whistle a bit when I sing."—London Daily Chronicle.

New English songs commended by the Daily Telegraph of London as sung by Carrie Tubb Nov. 7, three "uncommonly fresh and tuneful numbers by the gifted boy, the late Willie Manson, a delightful setting by Harold Craxton of some dainty verses by a youthful writer, Janet Begbie and two charming little songs by Annie Miller a composer who showed in one number 'Tears' an unusual facility in creating atmosphere [illegible]

...y ...mpa ... nears, a d prov... panion, 'A Triolet of Spring' ... could be at once scholarly and vivacious."

"The Haunted Castle,' symphonic narrative for orchestra by Michel Dvorsky, was performed for the first time on Nov. 29 by the Philadelphia orchestra. The music illustrates a poem by J. L. McLane. To assist the hearer a picture of the castle was face to face with the poem printed on a slip. Who is this mysterious Mr. Dvorsky?. Is he Mr. Josef Hofmann, as some have said, and not a composer in poor health, living somewhere near the Pyrenees?

When "Twelfth Night" was revived in London (Oct. 29) Edgar Stevens, "who makes the Fool a man of brains and sense, and not simply a comic personage," sang Roger Quilter's settings of "Oh, Mistress Mine," and "Come Away, Death," and Addison's "When That I Was a Little Tiny Boy." An arrangement of Old World airs and dances by Norman Bath served as incidental music.

At school matinees at the "Old Vic," Nov. 12, 13, the performance of "The Tempest" was preceded by mass singing of "Where the Bee Sucks" by 1500 children.

The Daily Telegraph said of a concert at the Royal College, London, Nov. 7, at which Parry's music was performed: "One got from it all a deep impression of the sane, healthy mind that conceived this music. The classics are in it everywhere; there is hardly one whom the world has called great whose influence has not been felt here. It is not so much that Parry has gone beyond them, as that he has looked into them more deeply and steadily than others, and seen what it was that they meant by what they said. His music is true criticism of theirs; it seized upon the characteristic thing, upon those points where the spirit shines through the letter, and without any imitation of detail constructs for us afresh, better than we could have done it in words, our idea of them, what we truly think about them. And somehow it is not what anybody thinks, but what an Englishman thinks. It is not their emotion, or fancy, or even their logic that has appealed to him so much as their humanity and their nobleness of aim. And as there is nothing petty or ephemeral in his music, so there is nothing vague. He wrote with a clear purpose. He wrote what he wanted to write, but he wanted what other people wanted to sing. If all the words he set were collected, they would make an anthology a poet would not despise."

George Butterworth's English Rhapsody "A Shropshire Lad" was played at a Symphony concert in London Nov. 8. "Partly, no doubt, by reason of the music's prevailing note of sadness, the performance of that work reawakened a full sense of what was lost of potential value to native musical art when its young composer fell in action some two years ago. Gifted he was, beyond question, far above the ordinary, and it is good to know that he should have left us a work like this Rhapsody, so sincere and serene in its delicately-imagined beauty, by which to remember him."

Jeanne L'Hommedieu, "an American singer," gave her first concert in London on Nov. 7. "Her voice, a genuine soprano, is well under control, but that control is used mainly for the purpose of contrasts which are unnecessarily violent. We heard for example, enough ppp. to last most singers a dozen recitals, and somewhat similarly with f; but of the mf. we had far too little. The pianissimo was, in fact, so overdone as to become something of a trick, and Miss L'Hommedieu is too accomplished a singer to require to call trickery to her aid. But a little more of spontaneity!" Arthur Foote's "Ashes of Roses" was on her programme.

Vladimir de Pachmann drew a crowd to Central Hall in London Nov. 8 when he gave his last recital for this year. He played pieces by Mozart, Bach, Weber, Chopin. His interpretation of Bach's English Suite in G minor was "as inevitable as the music, and the tone had the delicate caressing quality of which few but Mr. de Pachmann possess the secret."

English songs recently sung in London but unfamiliar here: Holbrook's "Annabel Lee," Gustav Holst's hymns from "Rig Veda," Wilfred Sanderson's "Bill," the love song of a coster lass to her boy at the front, and "Under the Lanterns," Cyril Scott's "Oracle," also "The Bolshevist," ballad of the Macneil of Barra from the songs of the Hebrides; John Ireland's "Earth's Ball."

Early next year works of Offenbach, Planquette, Audran and others will be performed in London by Parisians after they have given the performances in Paris.

Mr. Northcott says in his book about Gounod's "Faust" in London: "There were 155 performances of 'Faust' at Her Majesty's. Up to the date of this publication (Oct. 1, 1918) there have been 93 at Drury Lane and 344 at Covent Garden—the 100th April 23, 1877; the 200th June 6, 1893, and the 300th May 10, 1905. In addition I have records of 128 performances at other places of entertainment in London. As a contrast to these figures it may be mentioned that 124 performances of 'Romeo et Juliette' have been given at Covent Garden, and six at Drury Lane; while 'Philemon et Baucis' (which Sir Augustus Harris endeavored to popularize in double bills) can boast of only 20 representations at the Bow Street house and four at Drury Lane.

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"Lux" writes:

"Relative to the fine art of editing, discussed by Querist in your column, a notable example of the function appears in the practice of the Massachusetts bar. When a Massachusetts lawyer in preparing a legal form for signature strikes out the printed words 'State of,' and inserts 'Commonwealth of Massachusetts,' does he imply that to him Massachusetts is not a state, or is he just plumb dotty?"

Has "Lux" never heard the reading of a Thanksgiving proclamation, ending, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts"? Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Virginia and Massachusetts are officially styled commonwealths.

Some months ago in England there was discussion of the word "commonwealth," associated inevitably with the period during which England was a republic, with Cromwell at the head. The Act of Parliament May 19, 1649, declared that "The People of England and of all the Dominions and Territories thereunto belonging are, and shall be, and are hereby Constituted, Made, Established and Confirmed to be a Commonwealth and Free State, and shall henceforward be Governed as a Commonwealth and Free State." Some objected in the recent discussion to the words "common wealth" as "distinctly Socialistic." But "wealth" is here a variant of "weal," being "welfare; a sound, prosperous state; the condition of being well"; "wealth" meaning "money," is comparatively modern. In the prayer of the Church of England for the King: "Grant him in health and wealth long to live," the old meaning is preserved. Some preferred, in this question whether the "British Empire" should be known as the "British Commonwealth," the term "Commonalty," used by Shakespeare, and found in papers of the English guilds, denoting the common people as distinguished from those of rank and title, the "commons" collectively.

Dr. Lieber in his "Civil Liberty" remarks: "Respublica did not necessarily mean the same as our word "Republic," as our term commonwealth may mean a republic—a commonwealth man meant a republican in the English revolution—but it does not necessarily do so." Saying that liberty and republic became synonymous words in the middle ages wherever popular governments supplanted monarchical, often where they superseded aristocratic polities, Dr. Lieber adds a footnote that is of peculiar interest today: "It is in a similar sense that Freiligrath, a modern German poet, begins one of his most fervent songs with the line, Die Freiheit ist die Republik; that is, Freedom is the Republic. On the other hand, I find that Prussia, at the time of Frederic the Great, was called, on a few occasions, The Republic, manifestly without any reference to the form of government and meaning simply the common or public weal or concern."

Col. Roosevelt's Grammar

As the World Wags:

"Querist" objects to Col. Roosevelt's sentence, "I merely ask that you turn this over to whomsoever has charge of it." I think "Querist" is wrong and Col. Roosevelt right. Take a parallel sentence, "Please turn this over to him who has charge of it," not "to he who has charge of it." You can't "turn a thing over to he." PURIST.

As the World Wags:

"Querist's" article raises the question in my mind whether his preference for the word "whosoever" instead of "whomsoever" is not equally open to criticism. In such a sentence as the one quoted, where the pronoun seems to be called upon to serve as both the object of "to" and the subject of "has," why not ignore the word altogether and make Roosevelt's sentence read thus: "I merely ask that you turn this over to the one who has charge of it"?

The Standard Dictionary pronounces "whosoever" as archaic. W. T. O.

Lynn.

"Whosoever" is an emphatic form of "whoever." It is found several times in the New Testament.—Ed.

Not "Abortive"

As the World Wags:

Nearly every novel one picks up nowadays mentions the "westering sun." Whence this abortive word "westering" that most authors seem to dote on? This word has long been as a thorn in my side, but today I nearly let out a yelp of joy as I read "Our Admirable Betty," and found that Mr. Farnol has broken away from the crowd and with the courage of righteousness writes of the "westerning sun." More power to him. OLIVER COE.

"Westering" is a good old English and Scottish word. It comes from the verb "wester," to go or drift westward, and is used of the sun or of boats in a tideway. The adjective "wester," meaning western, westward, more to the west, is also used adverbially. "Westering," by the way, is in the Concise Oxford Dictionary; "westerning" is not.

LAZARO PLEASES

Hipolito Lazaro, tenor of the Metropolitan opera company, and Sasha Jacobsen, violinist, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, which will be long remembered by those present because of the pleasing nature of the entertainment and the marked enthusiasm of the audience. Mr. Lazaro was heard here last spring with extreme favor, his high notes making something of a sensation. He gave no particular exhibition yesterday of those startling qualities, his program being notable chiefly for the rather light and popular nature of the selections, but it served sufficiently to show the remarkable beauty and sweetness of his voice.

He sang "O Paradiso," from "L'Africaine," Meyerbeer; "A Granada," F. M. Alvarez; "Clavelitos," Valverde; "Spirito gentil," from "La Favorita," Donizetti; "Ah non mi ridestar," from "Werther," Massenet; "Ariette," P. Vidal; "O bocca dolorosa," Sibella; "Love, I Have Won You," Ronald; "Che gelida manina," from "La Boheme," Puccini.

Mr. Jacobsen played Concerto in E minor, Nardini; Serenade, D'Ambrosio; Berceuse, Faure; Caprice Humoresque, Kreutzer-Saar; "Malaguena," "Zapateado," Sarasate. K. P.

Mr. Lazaro caught the fancy of his hearers from the very beginning and they demanded extra numbers with an ardor and insistence that was unusual even for Boston audiences. The singer was generous in response to these calls and more than doubled his program.

Mr. Jacobsen, too, made a most favorable impression with the singing quality of his tone and his expressive playing. He gave several additional pieces.

Dec 10 1918.

"The Importance of Being Earnest"

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Importance of Being Earnest," a "trivial comedy" in three acts, by Oscar Wilde:

Algernon Moncrieff	Noel Leslie
Lane	Leonard Craske
John Worthing, J. P.	E. E. Clive
Lady Bracknell	Leila Repton
Hon. Gwendolyn Fairfax	Jessamine Newcomb
Miss Prism	Viola Roach
Cecily Cardew	Phyllis Relph
Rev. Canon Chasuble	Fred W. Permain
Merriman	Nicholas Joy
Servant	Owen T. Hewitt

The play is now nearly 25 years old. The dialogue is still fresh and sparkling, nor is it in need of revision that it may appeal to spectators in 1918. The motif is as preposterous as any libretto of W. S. Gilbert, and thus it answers the first requisite of a farce. The play is dialogue; there is little or no action. Every one is witty, as in the comedies of Congreve. The wit is often cynical, but the cynicism comes from the surprising inversion of platitudes and truisms, moral saws and adages. The cynicism does not bite; the irony is not mordant. The satire is good-natured. No wonder that the professionally serious in the first year of the play could see nothing in it; that they debated whether the last word in the title should be "Earnest" or "Ernest"; that at last they dismissed the play as a frivolous farce based on an execrable pun.

This farce should be played in a most serious spirit. The moment any one of the comedians allows the spectator to see that he or she is conscious of delightful absurdity in speech or situation; the moment the comedians are deliberately amusing, then the charm is broken. The spectator is again in a humdrum world where speech is dull, where the serious and the frivolous alike are tedious companions, where the ironist, however amiable, is a suspected person, where wit is regarded as incompatible with respectability and deeds worth while.

Fortunately, Mr. Jewett's comedians were in the right vein. Fortunately, the play moved at a livelier pace than that taken in the past at the Copley Theatre for other comedies. Nor could any one of the players, except Messrs. Joy and Hewitt, say that the dramatist had slighted him or her. Algernon's valet has memorable lines; Worthing's has none, and the servant is mute.

Miss Repton with full appreciation of the dramatist's satirical wit, spoke effectively, but her snobbery was not sublime, nor did she have the traditionally aristocratic air. Miss Newcombe was wholly successful in her portrayal of the romantic Gwendolyn, now gushing, now disconcertingly matter-of-fact, openly rebellious, but not wholly free from the bondage of the conventions. We wish that Miss Relph had been less sophisticated—we do not say less affected in speech and facial expression. Would that she had been truly girlish, maidenly innocent in a way, but a daughter of Eve! She is prone to exaggeration. At times last night we thought that the Fanny of "Hindle Wakes" was on the stage, not the carefully guarded Cecily, who, under Miss Prism's eye and moral instruction, naturally wished to become acquainted with her guardian's dissipated brother. Miss Roach gave an admirable performance of Miss Prism; a well-defined characterization without the note of burlesque that the personality of the governess invites. And Miss Roach continues to disguise cheerfully her personal attractiveness.

The men were excellent. Messrs. Leslie and Clive played with the needed lightness and briskness; Mr. Permain reminded us of clergymen we have met—a discreet, artistically restrained performance, yet very amusing. Nor should the Lane of Mr. Craske pass unnoticed.

There is promise next week of "The Private Secretary."

Then there is the problem of gratuities to servants.
Should you, or should you not, send a pittance to Rosalie Hammer's maid
On the supposition that she might expect it?
For a week you look sternly at the smiling and subservient attaches of your own apartment house
As if to say
"I am going to give you two dollars, d—m you, and not another cent!"
But when Christmas day comes, you relent.
You may give them two-fifty, or even three.
And you scour the neighborhood for the night watchmen whom you have never seen
In order to swell their holiday exchequers.
Blessed are the poor in purse, for they don't have to tip anybody!
—Baird Leonard in the Morning Telegraph.

Cockpit Terms

As the World Wags:

I see in the day's issue of the Herald and Journal a reference to cock fighting and some of the expressions used. Some of the phrases used have become current English and, like many of our words originating in common slang, been adopted eventually into current idiom. For instance: "To stand the gaff" is an evidence of extreme courage, as "gaff" is the name of the steel spur used. "To show the white feather" is evidence of cowardice. The origin of the term, as I heard it, was as follows: The Earls of Derby were great cock fighters. One very famous strain was termed the termed the white-legged Derby. When cut out and fitted for the pit, the feathers on tail and hackle showed white, but did not look very white when facing one. or "breasted," as it is termed. If, however, the cock was a "wheeler," or a quitter, a fault almost unknown in the true Derby fowl, the white feathers under the tail were plainly in evidence; whence the slur, showing cowardice, or not "dead game," a dead game fowl being one that showed fight while the breath of life lasted. Another breed of Derby fowls was the Knowlsey, named after Knowlsey Hall, the family seat of the Stanley or Derby family in Chester, England. The black Berkeleys were also famous, named after the family of such ill-fame. Now, where did the phrase "a yellow streak," which has been so ably illustrated in the Hohenzollern family—they are yellow all through—come from?

Westminster, Dec. 6. S. H.

"Yellow" in old colloquial use was generic for jealousy, envy, melancholy. Did "yellow streak," referring to cowardice, come from "yellow dog"? "S. H." speaks of the Berkeley family. The manuscript life of Thomas, Lord Berkeley (1352-1417) describes his recreations and delights. From it we learn that "hee also wound to the threshing of the cocke, pucke with hens blindfolded, and the like." "Pucke" here means to strike, hit, butt. The word survives in dialect. "Puck," the noun, means a stroke, as at the ball in the Irish game of hurling. The barbarous "sport" of throwing at cocks tied to a stake was in old English days common on Shrove Tuesday. According to a foreign traveler, "the English eat a certain cake on Shrove Tuesday, upon which they immediately run mad, and kill their poor cocks." In some parishes of England the money collected at this sport was applied to the poor rates. Hogarth's first print in "The Four Stages of Cruelty" had much to do with putting an end to the cruel business. "S. H." well says "the family of such ill-fame." There was the Col. Berkeley who treated outrageously Maria Foote, the actress; there was the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, M. P., a bully and a ruffian, who made a cowardly assault on Fraser, the publisher, in consequence of Maginn's savage review of Berkeley's historical romance, "Berkeley Castle." This affair is described at length and with notes about the blackguards in the family in Maginn's "Fraserian Papers," edited by R. Shelton Mackenzie.—Ed.

Messrs. Death

As the World Wags:

Interest in Mr. Death, the comedian, has been accentuated by Mr. Stoddard's story about his Lowell acquaintance of that name. Several letters regarding other men named Death, which seems to

have been pronounced [illegible] th. I have come to me. One called my attention to the "Mysteries of Police and Crime," by Maj. Arthur Griffiths. In volume 1, page 402, I found an account of a railway murder when a Mr. Briggs was killed on the North London line. He was an elderly man, chief clerk in Robarte's bank. When the train by which he travelled reached Hackney, a passenger about to enter one of the carriages found the cushion soaked with blood. The body of an aged man was discovered near the track with his head battered in by a life preserver. He lived for more than a day, his identity being established by a bundle of letters in his pocket.

Within a few days Mr. Briggs's gold chain was found at Mr. Death's, a jeweler. Mr. Death was shown a photograph of Franz Mueller, a German who was suspected of the murder and who had presented to the little daughter of a cabman a jeweler's cardboard box bearing the name of Mr. Death. A photograph of Mueller was shown to the jeweler and was identified as the likeness of the man who had exchanged Mr. Briggs's chain. The German had taken the Victoria, sailing ship, at London, bound for New York. A couple of detectives, accompanied by Mr. Death and the cabman, took the first steamer across the Atlantic from Liverpool. This steamer arrived some days before the Victoria. Mueller was identified by Mr. Death and the arrest was made.

Does anyone recall the village Deathville in the town of Rutland, Mass., named for the family that was prominent in that section? Some one tells me that these people afterward changed their name to Demmon. Is this correct?

Another friend sends word that he has recently noticed a sign "Kitlem Bros., Makers of Dies." Mr. Stoddard suggests that anything further about the name of Death should be called a post mortem. J. B. CLAPP.

Dorchester.

LILLIAN RUSSELL

Lillian Russell, in a repertory of songs and stories, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that applauded warmly.

Miss Russell is as charming as ever, and wears a dazzlingly iridescent gown to add to the picture. The singer was handicapped by a cold last night. She excelled in those songs in which she employed her art as a comedienne. The feature of her performance was her stories, which she told convincingly and with a nice vein of comedy. In her concluding number she was assisted by six United States marines who had distinguished themselves by bravery in France.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry provided one of the big laugh provokers of the bill in their sketch, "The Rube." This is an admirable outlet for Mr. Barry, and the piece was so convincingly worked out as to fool the audience by an unexpected anti-climax.

Another laugh-getter was the act of Al Shayne, "the singing beauty." He need not fear imitators. In poise, dress, speech and song he shows the comedian well schooled in his art. Aided by an unannounced associate, who excelled in a controversial style, Mr. Shayne succeeded in providing a grand mix-up that included Al Cohen and the entire orchestra. This was one of the features of the performance, and had an added interest from its air of spontaneity and genuineness.

Other acts were Mlle. Vera Sabina, in a dancing act in miniature; Katharine Dana, Lucie Bruch and company, in an instrumental act; Francis Yates and Gus Reed, in songs and chatter, Roy Rice and Mary Werner, in a boisterous farce that suggested the days of Billy Rice, Helene Vincent, in songs, and Felix and Fisher acrobats.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Alias Jimmy Valentine." Melodrama in three acts by Paul Armstrong. The cast:

Handler .... Charles Stevens
Smith .... Harry Meyers
Blinkendolfenbach .... Teddy Le Duc
Bill Avery .... Joseph Sweeney
Doyle .... Mark Kent
Mrs. Webster .... Blanche Frederici
Mrs. Moore .... Betty Barnicoat
Robert Fay .... Frederick Murray
Rose Lane .... Ann MacDonald
Bricky Davis .... William Foote
Dick the Rat .... Samuel Godfrey
Lee Randall, alias Jimmy Valentine, ... Dudley Ayres
.... W. S. Hiatt
William Lane .... Aubrey Bosworth
Red Jocelyn .... Dorothy Tierney
Bell Girl .... Irene Wilcox
Bobby .... Rose Fay
Kitty .... Arthur Harriott
Williams

Lee Randall has been a bank burglar; he has been tried, convicted and imprisoned for his crime, and when the play opens he is in Sing Sing prison. How he is released, what happens after he gets out, and the way his past life holds trouble for him are disclosed in a skilful and entertaining way by Paul Armstrong.

Dudley Ayres represented the hero faithfully and with a strong emotional appeal, and Miss MacDonald was a

[illegible] g her [illegible] entine into the strait [illegible] path [illegible] eventually married him. All the other members of the company were effective, mention being due to Mr. Kent, Mr. Sweeney, Mr. Bosworth, Miss Frederici, Miss Tierney and Miss Barnicoat.

Next week, "For the Man She Loved," a melodrama by Carl Mason will be given at the Castle Square.

Dec 1. 1918

GEBHARD GIVES PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Prelude and Fugue, B flat major; Couperin Le Carillon de Cythere; G. Faure, Impromptu No. 2, F minor, Andante No. 8 from Pieces Breves; d'Indy, Second movement from Sonata, op. 63; Helen Hood, Jocelyn, Prelude; Engel, Perfumes; Coeur de Jeannette. New Mown Hay, Peau d'Espagne; Griffes, The Lake at Evening, Scherzo, op. 6, No. 3; Chopin, Fantasie-Impromptu; MacDowell, Rigaudon; Liszt, Rhapsody No. 12.

The music by d'Indy, Hood and Griffes was heard here for the first time. D'Indy's sonata, composed in 1907, was first played at a concert of the National Society in Paris, 1908. Mr. Griffes, we hear, lives in Tarrytown, N. Y. One of his compositions is now in the repertory of the Flonzaley quartet. Did he not write music for certain dances performed by Roshnara and her associates at the Wilbur Theatre early in December of last year? He was then quoted as saying that he had "developed" Japanese music for Mr. Itow's dances, keeping in mind the suggestion of quarter tones, the use of the augmented second and the organ-point, archaic characteristics of eastern music, toward which, with the scales of China and Japan, modern music is tending. Miss Hood and Mr. Engel live in Boston. Mr. Gebhard thinks rightly that it is not necessary to play transcriptions of Bach's organ music when there is a store of beautiful pieces by that composer for the clavichord or whatever instrument he used as the forerunner of the piano. With Bach he couples Couperin, one of the most poetic composers for the instrument of strings and keys, nor is he deaf to the charm of Gabriel Faure, so unaccountably neglected by the great majority of pianists, who plod contentedly in well,trampled, respectable, dusty paths.

The group of compositions by the Americans gave little pleasure. The most effective of these pieces is the "Peau d'Espagne" with its characteristic rhythm. There are pretty moments in Mr. Engel's other pieces. "Coeur de Jeannette" would be improved if the last inconsequential measures were rewritten. To suggest perfumes by piano music is not an easy task, yet Hanslick of Vienna once declared that there is music that stinks. We hasten to say that Mr. Engel's is not of this class. Would that he were not so anxious to shun the obvious, to avoid the commonplace! He has talent; enough for him not to attempt to outvie the ultra-modern gentlemen of Paris and the French provinces. Miss Hood's pieces are labored. Mr. Griffes has a motto for his "Lake at Evening"—lines from the most familiar and the most beautiful of Yeats' poems. The Scherzo is supposed to portray a palace of enchantment from which one night "troops of genii and other fantastic spirits danced grotesquely to a music, now weird and mysterious, now wild and joyous." Mr. Griffes does not musically live up to his mottoes. Hearing the "Lake" with its continually repeated note, we found consolation by thinking of George Moore's romance and trying to recall the other lines of Yeats's poem. Mr. Griffes's palace might be any apartment house, and the music issuing from it, that which comes simultaneously from the pianos and the gramophones of the flat-dwellers.

D'Indy's second movement should probably be heard in connection with the other two, for he has built his more important works for some years on the cyclical systems. Standing by itself this movement commands respect rather than admiration; it is not free from the reproach of dryness.

Mr. Gebhard played the pieces old and new in a polished manner. The first two groups did not call for any depth of emotion. At times, forgetting the size of the hall, he forced tone, but he played the music by Bach, Couperin and Gabriel Faure delightfully. Whether it was worth while to play the pieces of the second group is for him to decide. Sometimes it is of benefit to American music not to play the music of American composers. Those represented yesterday should be grateful to Mr. Gebhard. He did his best for them.

The Dal [illegible] one of the [illegible] Rule B[illegible] musical item [illegible] thanksgiving service at the Roman Catholic Church at Maidenhead, and [illegible] that the [illegible] sion was probably unique. In the early days of the last century this tune was adapted for a hymn by the Rev. Rowland Hill. The first verse was as follows:

When Jesus first at Heaven's command
Descended from His azure throne,
Attending angels joined His praise,
Who claimed the kingdoms for his own.
Hail, Immanuel! Immanuel we'll adore,
And sound His fame from shore to shore.

Royal Eyes

Looking at the picture of grouped kings and other potentates one observes that the King of Sweden is the only one wearing eyeglasses or spectacles. It has been said that he is the only monarch ever known to wear eyeglasses on state occasions. No member of England's royal family is obliged to aid vision. We have read somewhere that at one time Queen Victoria would not allow anyone wearing spectacles to appear before her at court. How many Presidents of the United States have worn spectacles or eyeglasses in public? Will any Englishman at the peace table sport a monocle? Sir Horace Rumbold relates that the first person to screw a glass in his eye was a Dutch swell, Jonkheer Brecle, whose monocle amazed the diplomats assembled for the congress of Vienna. The fashion spread so that Dr. Kitchiner in his "Economy of the Eyes," published nine years after the congress, deplores the fact that "a Single Glass, set in a smart Ring, is often used by Trinket fanciers merely for Fashion's sake. These folk have not the least defect in their sight, and are not aware of the mischievous consequences of such Irritation."

A Joyous Suburbanite

As the World Wags:

With the new 8-cent fare and the old 2-cent service I prefer walking to riding by electric car from my suburb to the heart of Boston. I can make the journey afoot to the public library in about an hour and a quarter, to my favorite drinkery in a trifle over an hour and a half. The walk is far more interesting than the ride and the open air, compared to that provided for car riders, is as wine to dishwater. Pleasant views open out from time to time in the suburban parts of my walk, and I meet with many attractive faces and figures as the ways become more crowded. It is entertaining to note the Peter Bent Brigham-Hospital, with its name humorously suggesting a "hiatusized" tragi-comedy. Not less entertaining is the announcement of a show window just below the hospital, "Microscopic Supplies," for who can read it without thinking of Mr. Hoover? Yes, the walk to Boston in suitable weather is pleasant and profitable, and when the weather is unsuitable why go to Boston? Have I not my library, my study, my garden, my woodpile to occupy time pleasantly and not unprofitably? By all means let the intelligent administrators of our local communications put up the fare as high as seems good to them; thus shall we of the suburbs learn to enjoy the delights of home, and some of us will unlearn, perhaps, that unprofitable and time-wasting habit of miscellaneous lecture going, so inimical to sound intellectual growth.

RUSTICUS.

Chestnut Hill.

Dec 12 1918

"Go on, sir," he said, "in a glorus career. Be like an eagle, and soar, and the soarer you get the more we shall be gratified!"

The American Eagle

"J. B. T." has written to us, inquiring about the reasons for the adoption of the American Eagle as the emblem of the United States. We are indebted to Maj. Gist Blair, judge advocate, U. S. A., northeastern department, Boston, for a full and interesting answer, which, unfortunately, we are obliged to condense.

The adoption arose from the eagle on the great seal of the United States. As early as July 4, 1776, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were selected as a committee to prepare a device for the great seal. They associated with them Mr. Du Simitiere, a French West Indian, miniaturist, and silhouette-cutter. Their device was not adopted. Not till 1782 was a device suggested by a committee, which had modified the one suggested by William Barton of Pennsylvania, adopted. This report made the American bald eagle the emblem of the United States.

"The adoption of the eagle as our emblem met with a great many objections, and it is interesting to note among the opponents those favoring the rattlesnake as our emblem were numerous and prominent. The rattlesnake had been frequently used as an emblem on colonial flags (see "American Emblems," by Cigrand, p. 394, and Bradford's Pennsylvania Journal, Dec. 27, 1775.) A long article in Bradford's Pennsylvania Journal favors the rattlesnake as an emblem, and is supposed to have been written by Benjamin Franklin himself, who was a member of the first committee with John Adams and Thomas

[illegible] the New [illegible] used a green pine [illegible] as their favorite emblem (see American Emblems, Cigrand, p. [illegible]). This [illegible] apparently gone out of use as an emblem everywhere in New England except in the state of Maine. Innumerable emblems were proposed and used by the various states and associations of the colonial period, but the eagle has been used as an emblem from the earliest days of history in almost every country in the world. It was chosen by the Greeks to represent Zeus, and by the Romans to represent Jupiter, and was used on the standards of the armies of Rome from the earliest days of the republic. Indeed, the eagle was found to be favored by our American Indians when the colonists came to America, and the feathers of the eagle were used in their headdress as a mark of distinction, which curious recognition of the bird must have been without knowledge of the Greek or Roman custom or any information directly transmitted to the Indians of similar recognition given to the eagle in historic times by other nations. (See 'American Emblems' by Cigrand, p. 376.)"

Maj. Blair reminds us of early instances when Americans used the eagle as an emblem: at the battle of Trenton in 1777 the Washington Life Guards placed the eagle among other devices on their flags. In 1781 the eagle was used as an emblem on a New York colonial standard at the surrender of Yorktown.

A potent reason for the selection of the eagle was a religious one. "Many of the early American colonists believed their coming to America to be due to the direct intervention of providence, and that they were, while here, being led and cared for by the Almighty. They often compared themselves to the children of Israel in the wilderness. The Bible was in every household and it was read and discussed by the deeply religious settlers, not only in New England but elsewhere in the colonies. They knew it better than any other book, and turned to it for guidance in their daily life. No doubt this influenced the first committee, consisting of Franklin, Jefferson and Adams, who selected the great seal, because they impressed upon the device itself, which they reported, this feeling and belief of the American colonists, that they were like the children of Israel wandering in the wilderness and led by God himself, and if they were obedient to his commands would meet with his favor. On one side of this seal which this committee proposed is a representation of the children of Israel in the wilderness led by a cloud, and from this it is easy to trace the connection of the emblem of the eagle and its adoption by the committee, which subsequently approved of it. Reference is made to "Exodus" to enable us to understand the substitution of the eagle as an emblem instead of the cloud, which it is said Jefferson was responsible for on the seal. The following verse explains this connection: "Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians and how I bore you on eagles' wings and brought you unto myself; now, therefore, if you will obey my voice indeed and keep my covenant then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people; for all the earth is mine." (See Preble's 'History of the Seal and Arms of the United States,' 3d edition, p. 684)."

The Glossarist

The use of the bald eagle of America for the national emblem has been harshly criticized. This eagle is not bald; the female is larger than the male and attacks and abuses him. Eagles are said to be cowardly and ungenerous. On the other hand some Englishman years ago, abusing this country, said the eagle was too noble a bird for us; that the turkey buzzard should have been selected as an emblem. There is a world-wide belief in the power and strength of the eagle, many examples in the classics of eagles presaging victory and supreme power, nourishing and saving heroes and sacrificing themselves for them. (See the first volume of Aldrovandi's "Ornithologia.") Because Aeschylus represented Prometheus cursing Zeus, the eagle let fall a tortoise on the dramatist's bald head and killed him. The sceptical maintained that the eagle, wishing to eat the tortoise, mistook the head for a rock on which he might break the shell.

Dec 13 1918

There was depressing talk at [illegible] Porphyry about the approaching drought. "Beer no longer produces an amiable numbness; ale is lamentably weak; soon there will be no beverage," [illegible] old Mr. Auger, "that searches out gently the centres of life." Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who had been nodding his head sadly during Mr. Auger's lamentation, exclaimed: "Why not try 'acorn [illegible]' the stuff in which hides are tanned [illegible] leather. I am told that, made from oak bark and acorns, it has a sharp, bitter, but not wholly unpleasant taste. There's another drink we might serve [illegible] the best sort of i[illegible] n[illegible] are [illegible] pieces, and inside of h[illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] bitter-sweet, sometimes [illegible] sometimes white in color. I have never tasted methylated spirit, but furniture polishers and hatters, with whom I have conversed in the course of my sociological researches, assure me that this drink cheers them mightily.

For Diners-Out

We have not had time to consult books of etiquette for some months. We now recommend as a Christmas gift to any youth exulting in his first dress coat and to any maiden that has just gone through the ceremonial process of "coming out" an invaluable treatise by the Rev. Dr. John Trusler. "A System of Etiquette," published at Bath (Eng.) in 1804. Dr. Trusler was also the author of "The Principles of Politeness," "Honours of the Table." Here is a golden thought for the day. "Wiping a plate with your napkin is rude, the whole service of the table among the opulent is naturally clean; if a plate accidentally be otherwise, call a servant for another."

Our Playgoing Public

As the World Wags:

We are daily asked for a copy of "Henry Gibson's 'Ghosts'" and our well-trained mind easily and nimbly leaps to the concept of "Ghosts," by Henrik Ibsen, but we are always puzzled to guess how this greatly advertised grower of copious whiskers has managed to escape the consciousness of these excellent if misguided people.

Boston. A BOOKSELLER.

Misleading Invitations

As the World Wags:

I read the other day in one of our department stores the appeal printed upon a conspicuous card: "If convenient, take small packages with you." I obediently took a few and now find myself in durance under an unaccountable charge of theft. My defence will be that I merely obeyed an apparently official request, but I approach the ordeal with misgivings.

Charles street. CON CONNERS.

The Colonel's Grammar

As the World Wags:

I am interested in the letter of "Purist" in Monday's Herald regarding the following quotation from Col. Roosevelt: "I merely ask that you turn this over to whomsoever has charge of it." He offers as a parallel sentence, "Please turn this over to him who has charge of it." The constructions are not parallel, because "Purist" presents the personal pronoun "him" as the direct object of the preposition "to," whereas if Col. Roosevelt's sentence were correct in form its object would be the relative clause "whosoever has charge of it." This relative clause is a substantive; in other words, it stands as would any single noun or pronoun in the objective case.

A slip in grammar is a very trifling thing among the great problems that are agitating the world, but now that the question has been raised, we may as well come to a right understanding of it, and not even a very great man can with accuracy make an objective-case pronoun the subject of the finite verb "has." W. F. GREGORY.

Boston.

As the World Wags:

Concerning the question of Mr. Roosevelt's grammar, under discussion in your interesting column, will you kindly permit me to suggest to your correspondents "Purist" and "W. T. O." that a slight acquaintance with old-fashioned English parsing would show that the matter presents no difficulty whatsoever. The Colonel is certainly wrong if he wrote it "whomsoever." The preposition "to" (which, like all prepositions, governs the objective case) has for object, in the sentence in question, the entire relative clause that follows it, while the pronoun itself is the subject nominative of the verb has and, therefore, must be spelled "whosoever" and not "whomsoever." The relative clause is here taken as the equivalent of a substantive. J. A. MURPHY.

Boston.

As the World Wags:

. . . If the Colonel wrote the sentence as it is quoted ("I merely ask that you turn this over to whomsoever has charge of it"), he violated that principle of grammar which says the case of a relative or interrogative pronoun depends on the use of the pronoun in the clause to which it belongs.

What Mr. Purist offers as a parallel sentence is not parallel, because it contains an antecedent for the relative. Would Mr. Purist say, for example, "That depends on whom does it"? Or shall we be [illegible] Mr. W. T. O. and discard one of the most useful idioms of our language? Grammar (which records good usage) says that we shall say "It depends on who sent him" (in which "who" is in the nominative case as the subject of "sent," and the whole relative clause is the object of the preposition "on") and "It depends on whom he sent" (in which "whom" is the object of "sent," and the whole relative clause is still the object of "on"). Similarly, "Give the book to whoever calls for it"; "Give the book to whomever (or whomsoever) he sends."

Boston. FRANCIS K. BALL.

Dec 14, 1918

SIXTH CONCERT OF SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony, No. 8; Converse, "The Mystic Trumpeter," Orchestral Fantasy (after the poem of Walt Whitman); Guilmant, Symphony, No. 1, for organ and orchestra. Joseph Bonnet, organist, played for the first time at these concerts.

By this time no one in Boston believes that only a German can interpret the music of Beethoven. Messrs. Rabaud, Monteux and Messager have proved that the old idea, long entertained by some in this city, was absurdly false. Beethoven did not write his music for a parish or a country; he wrote it for the world. Nowhere has Beethoven's purely orchestral music been performed with greater reverence and with more brilliant and emotional results than in the city of Paris. Nowhere has it been more appreciated and with finer discrimination than in Paris. The performances by the Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire under Habeneck moved Richard Wagner to enthusiasm. Habeneck's successors maintained the reputation of the preceding performances. At the Chatelet and at the Lamoureux concerts the symphonies of Beethoven have been often and superbly performed, nor has the public appreciation of these works, awakened by Habeneck, waned with the years.

Too often in Boston a symphony by Beethoven has been treated by conductor, orchestra and audience as an old and highly respectable relative whose annual visits were to be treated with perfunctory courtesy. Four or five symphonies were expected in the season; the sooner they were over, the better. Tribute to a great man had been paid.

Yesterday Beethoven's Eighth, which has not been the most "popular" of the last seven, assumed an importance that made some wonder why its peculiar eminence had not been sooner recognized. Mr. Rabaud did not bring about this result by any extravagance in tempo, in phrasing, or by the discovery of "inner and concealed" melodic phrases. He brought it about by legitimate and musical means. His choice of tempi was happy; the cantbile phrases were sung expressively, but without too great freedom; there was elasticity, not licentiousness. How effectively he prepared the climaxes, with inevitable quickening of the pace that carried with it the expectation of the hearer! The climax, then, was as convincing as any natural phenomenon. There was no attempt to give passing measures, more or less conventional grave significance. There was clear and logical thought; there was truly musical rhetoric. In this symphony there are pages that reveal as in no other one of the Nine, characteristics of Beethoven; whimsicality, even freakishness; humor that is akin to practical joking, a certain coarseness that is to be found in the work of nearly every genius, the coarseness, not vulgarity, not commonness, of a virile, mighty nature. These characteristics are plainly shown in the last movement; and in this movement, near the end, is an unexpected, almost irrelevant episode, that sets the hearer a-dreaming, measures that only Beethoven could have written; an irresistible effect gained by a surprising economy of means.

Mr. Converse's "Mystic Trumpeter," first performed in Philadelphia nearly 13 years ago, was suggested, as is well known, by a poem of Walt Whitman. The fantasia follows with one exception the sections of the poem: the visions of a rapt bard excited by the notes of a wild trumpeter, "some strange musician, hovering unseen in air"; of "the cool, refreshing night, the walks of Paradise"; of love, with Whitman's apostrophe that might be compared with the opening of Swinburne's Prelude to his "Tristram and Iseult"; of shipwreck, murder, war; of all humiliated, offended, dejected; of mankind at last a reborn race, joyous, exultant. This poem, surely, enwrapped the composer, for without being literal in translation, without the attempt at realism that is too often impotent, he has rhapsodically turned the poet's free verse into glowing, and dramatic musical expression.

It has been said that the foreign conductors of this orchestra have not rehearse faithfully the pieces of American composers. The statement, unjust and peevish, came as a rule from composers whose music made no marked impression on the audience. We do not believe that any conductor deliberately slighted in rehearsal any American composer. Whether his interpretation was intelligent is another matter. That depended on the nature and ability of the conductor. Mr. Rabaud, who has shown since his arrival, genuine interest in orchestral works of Americans, gave a most eloquent reading of Mr. Converse's Fantasia. The music itself and the performance of the orchestra awakened the enthusiasm of the audience. The applause, which Mr. Converse acknowledged modestly, was much more than a genial compliment to him; it was the public expression of delight at hearing an engrossing and imaginative work by an American sympathetically interpreted by a Frenchman.

Mr. Bonnet is not a stranger in Boston. A virtuoso of the first rank and an accomplished musician, he has awakened interest in the organ and in its ancient and modern literature. He chose yesterday the symphony of Guilmant, familiar to all organists in the form of a solo sonata. The Pastorale is charming in every way. The other movements are effective for concert use, although the thematic material in itself and in its development is not of conspicuous quality. Guilmant afterwards wrote compositions that redound more to his credit than the first and third movements of this symphony. Mr. Bonnet, who introduced a cadenza of his own, played in a masterly manner.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: D'Indy, "Wallenstein," trilogy after Schiller's poem; Chopin, concerto in E minor (Josef Hofmann, pianist); Berlioz, overture to "King Lear."

ENGLISH VICTORY WON BY WOMEN

Lecturer Newman Gives Them Much of Credit

Mr. Newman began his illustrated Traveltalk, "War-time England," last night in Symphony Hall by speaking of the revolution in England, of the levelling of ranks by the great work performed by women in the war. The women were largely instrumental in England's victory. They took the place of able bodied men at the front, in the air and on the sea. They were busy in shipbuilding, in munition factories, on the farm. No work was too hard or too dangerous for them. Those brought up in luxury worked side by side with the wives and the daughters of laborers, worked cheerfully and skilfully. The pictures gave an excellent idea of their helpful patriotism. Without them England's task would have been more onerous, if not impossible of accomplishment. Beginning with scenes of Edinburgh, Aberdeen, views of the trawlers at work, Mr. Newman showed pictures of the ship industry along the Clyde, of munition and aeroplane factories, of farm scenes, and of the employment of English women in France. There were also beautiful views of the Trossachs and of Oxford, stirring pictures of the British in action on Flanders' fields, with glimpses at American training camps in England. Remarkable views of a squall in the North sea and of the deck of a warship were loudly applauded. Mr. Newman's descriptions were interesting throughout; his tribute to the war women was eloquent.

The Traveltalk will be repeated this afternoon.

"Wartime France" met with such approbation and drew so large an audience that it will be repeated on Friday evening, Dec. 20, and Saturday afternoon, Dec. 21.

Most popular sports are cruel, but we must not confound, as is often done, cruelty with brutality. The former may accompany greatness of intellect, the latter is the characteristic of debasement. Every nation is disposed to "fie-fie" its neighbor's favorite diversion. The English fox-hunter and pigeon shooter are severe upon bull-fighting and cock-fighting—the classical and Oriental pastime preserved in Spain and in Spanish South America. The boxer, who imitates, at a humble distance, the Cestus play of the Greeks and Romans, looks scandalized at la boxe Francaise, with its garnishing of savate; and at the Brazilian capoeira, who butts with his woolly head. And so vice versa. Absence or presence of fair play should, methinks, condemn or justify all the various forms of sport which are not mere or pure barbarities.

The Cockpit

As the World Wags:

It has been revivifying to peruse your recent references to the ancient sport of cock fighting in a column devoted to commentary on other arts and sciences rather than to the activities of the police and the lower courts. The undoubtedly increasing interest in the subject might well lead to a symposium of reminiscences and experience and observation of comparatively recent date from the pens of a number of well-known residents and ex-residents of Norfolk county. One of them laid it down with absolute conviction that England's naval prestige was based entirely upon standards of gallantry, established in the cockpit, just as her military performance has been patterned on the attributes of the bulldog. There is a great, but as yet unwritten, literature waiting for expression at your door.

Your correspondent, "S. H.," uses the term "wheeler" as synonymous with "quitter." A wheeler is not a quitter. He is a strategist. His method is Parthian, breaking from the frontal, bill to bill, position of the "breast," into a feigned retreat. The over-confidence thus engendered in the pursuer lessens his morale and makes him careless. Then at the psychological moment the "wheeler" wheels to a sudden flank attack to which the enemy is often unable to respond with a defensive leap.

In spite of the supposed relation of white feathers to cowardice there was a breed of warriors known to many admirers as "The Ironclads," from their ability to stand and deliver punishment, in which white predominated. Never were such "hard-hitting revengeful fowl." One of its cadets, snow-white, was called "The Song Bird" in compliment to a sweet singer who much admired his blonde beauty and accomplishments. She owed to the latter at least one pair of gloves.

The phrase "dead game" reminds one of the rule under which a dead bird may be declared the winner over an unpunctured adversary. Truly a Victory with Peace.

But I understand the shortage of print paper still continues.

RICHARD D. WARE.

Amherst, N. H.

P. S.—Can you give me the true name of a ballad, which, I think, is called "Barney Magraw"? It is Irish with quite a lilt to it, with a good deal of "here's to the health of you in it Barney—"?

From the Ancients

Mr. Ware points out that white feathers do not necessarily go with cowardice. Let us quote from Friar Bartholomew's great work: "Liber de proprietatibus rerum," translated into English in the 16th century. "When he (the cock) hath the mastery over his adversaries, he singest anon; and ere he singeth, he beateth himself with his wings to make him the more able to sing. * * * And he breedeth a precious stone called alectricium like to the stone that hight chalcedony; and the Cock beareth that stone, and by cause of that stone (as some men trow) the lion dreadeth and abhorreth him and specially if the Cock be white. For the lion dreadeth the white Cock.

Old Philemon Holland, translating Pliny's "Natural History," revelled in the description of the cock: "This sovereignty is gotten by plain fight one with another, as if they knew that naturally they had spurs, as weapons, given them about their heels, to try the quarrel: and many times the combat is so sharp and hot that they kill one another ere they give over. But if one of them happen to be conqueror, presently upon victory he croweth and himself soundeth the triumph. He that is beaten makes no words, nor croweth at all, but hideth his head in silence; and yet nevertheless it goeth against his stomach to yield the gauntlet and give the bucklers. Hardly can he brook to be under another: and not only these cocks of game, but the very common sort of the dunghill are as proud and high-minded: ye shall see them march stately, carrying their neck bolt upright, with a comb on their head like the crest of a soldier's helmet. And there is not a bird besides himself that so oft looketh aloft to the Sun and sky; and then up goeth the tail and all, which he bears on high, turning back again on the top like a hook." The cocks of Rhodes and Tanagra were especially commended by Pliny for their fighting qualities.

Is Mr. Ware thinking of "Barney McGee," which was published in "More Songs from Vagabondia," by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey in 1896? It begins:

Barney McGee, there's no end of good luck in you,
Will-o'-the-wisp, with a flicker of Puck in you
Wild as a bull-pup and all of his pluck in you.
Let a man tread on your coat and he'll see!
Eyes like the lakes of Killarney for clarity,
Nose that turns up without any vulgarity,
Smile like a cherub, and hair that is carroty
Wow, you're a rarity, Barney McGee!
Mellow as Tarragon,
Prouder than Aragon—
Hardly a paragon,
You will agree—
Here's all that's fine to you!
Books and old wine to you!
Girls be divine to you,
Barney McGee!

Dec 15 1918

"Leave It [illegible]" [illegible] the Majestic [illegible] [illegible] brought [illegible] Atlantic City on July 30 [illegible] Dallas, George Ramey, Anna [illegible], Oscar Shaw, Olive Howland, Robert [illegible] [illegible] were in the company. The musical comedy—music by the indefatigable Jerome Kern—is based on George Ade's comedy, "The College Widow," by the hard-working firm of Bolton & Wodehouse.

"The College Widow." We knew her—there were several of them in New Haven long before Mr. Ade portrayed her. THE College Widow above her companions, above all others in any college town [illegible] radiantly handsome [illegible] of high degree and more than sufficient fortune. She shone brilliantly after she had left the city of her birth. Generous, impulsive, she spent her later years and met her cruel fate not far from this city.

Mr. Ade's comedy was produced at Washington, D. C., in September, 1904. It was produced in London on April 20, 1908 with Gertrude Quinlan still taking the part of Flora Wiggins, but with Frances Ring instead of Dorothy Tennant as Jane. The comedy amazed and amused the critics and the public of London. The Times exclaimed: "Think of a nursery full of children [illegible] Oxford [illegible] eights' week and [illegible] [illegible] of a bump-supper and the things that Othello described to Desdemona and the wildest adventures of Mr. Verdant Green and Frederick Burton and Lemuel Gulliver and you still will not have thought of anything quite so strange as the daily life at Atwater College as presented by Mr. Ade. Why does he call his play a satire? It is nothing of the sort. It is a very kindly, amusing picture of strange habits, high spirits and honest feeling, and every moment of it is enjoyable." The Pall Mall Gazette commented on the need of careful "adaptation" of American plays, "so opposed are the respective attitudes of the two peoples on many matters." The Era was interested in the glossary of transatlantic terms, in which "put up a holler," "pinkest collection of farm hands," "burning a student's lamp," "[illegible]," "sicced the widow on him," "[illegible] money," were explained for the benefit of English audiences. The reviews that were then published in the journals of London are almost as amusing as Mr Ade's comedy: nor is this sentence from a review of "Leave It to Jane," published in the Dramatic Mirror of New York, without a dash of unconscious humor. "Slangy but wholesome Americanism—the Americanism that is appreciative of youth's impulses as well as of the conservatism of age was the sure foundation upon which Ade built his plays." Approbation in true Johnsonian style.

Miss Dorsha, whose dancing is one of the chief features of "The Passing Show," is not visiting Boston for the first time. She was at the Wilbur Theatre with Rochnara a year ago this month. Appearing then as Joan Rhys she took part in a pretty pantomime, "After the War"; also in "Camouflage." Her graceful dancing was then not the least pleasing feature of the show. Furthermore she danced in a Coburn entertainment at Camp Devens last June.

Miss Dorsha is descended in direct line from Gen. Henry Knox of Revolutionary fame. As grand-niece of Rear Admiral Thatcher she christened at Quincy the torpedo boat named after him three months ago.

Dancing when she was a little child, she determined to go on the stage. When she was 15 years old she joined the company playing "The Daughter of Heaven," by Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier, after it left New York. The next year she was in the Winter Garden show, later with Ruth St. Denis, whose influence is clearly seen in Miss Dorsha's "Incense Dance"; with Pavlowa, with Roshnara on tour, and in "Sinbad," and with the Coburn productions. She has danced at various important war work and other charitable entertainments in New York. At the Macdougal Alley Festa in that city casts of her foot, modelled by Salvatore Belloni, were put on sale.

She has her own ideas about the dance of the future. She expects it to be freer and more imaginative. The neat and difficult technic of the classic ballet is [illegible] but not suited to emotional [illegible] [illegible] dances have primitive [illegible] their expressiveness is [illegible] Greek dancing in 1918 may be [illegible] be an honest expression of [illegible] music or emotion. [illegible] dancing of today has envied [illegible] joyousness—but it is [illegible] and refinement. I [illegible] free, sincere [illegible] of all emotions, not [illegible] on the sets or [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] in "The Passing [illegible] [illegible] Ruth [illegible] her

[illegible]

[illegible] New York [illegible] [illegible] who is perhaps remembered personally by some of our readers [illegible] bill [illegible]:

"Mr. Ossian E. Dodge, the Boston vocalist, having been urgently solicited by his Editorial friends to give one of his chaste, unique and fashionable entertainments in this city, previous to his departure for London—to attend the World's Fair—he announces with pleasure that he has engaged the magnificent and world renowned Tripler Hall Tuesday evening April 29th on which occasion he will sing his unequalled humorous descriptive [illegible] song, written by J. G. Saxe, Esq., Editor of the Burlington, Vt., Sentinel, entitled 'Jenny Lind-i-mania.' No postponement on account of weather. Tickets fifty cents each. To be had at the principal music stores—Genin's Hat Store and at Tripler Hall. P. S. As 500 tickets have been secured for delegations from Portland, Me.; Portsmouth, N. H.; Boston and Lowell, Mass., and Providence, R. I. (as will be seen by the Boston papers), citizens of New York are respectfully urged to be at the hall at as early an hour as convenient for the choice of seats. P. S. No. 2. Persons having business with Mr. D. will find him at the Irving House between the hour of 1 and 2 P. M."

This last sentence reminds one of a paragraph of Artemus Ward's program when he was lecturing and showing his panorama in London. "Mr. Artemus Ward will call on the citizens of London, at their residences, and explain any jokes in his Narrative which they may not understand."

Genin, the hatter, was famous the length and breadth of the land for purchasing in September, 1850, the first Jenny Lind ticket at an absurdly high price. When Jenny Lind first sang in Boston at the Tremont Temple, Ossian E. Dodge paid $625 for the first ticket. Tripler Hall, situated on the west side of Broadway, nearly opposite Bond street, was built by Mr. Tripler for Jenny Lind's concerts, but it was not ready at the stipulated time, so she gave her first concerts in Castle Garden. Tripler Hall, which cost over $100,000, was opened Oct. 17, 1850, by Anna Bishop, the singer. In this hall Catherine Hayes sang for the first time in America. Mme. Biscaccianti, the daughter of Ostinelli—the two were well known in Boston—sang there, as did many other celebrated women, Henrietta Sontag, Albani, Adeline Patti (1859) announced "as not yet 8 years of age. Jenny Lind gave there her last concert but one in this country (1852). The name of the hall was changed to "Metropolitan Hall," afterwards "Great Metropolitan Theatre." Rachel was seen there in 1855. An anecdotical history of this theatre, which was wholly destroyed by fire in 1867, would be uncommonly interesting reading. It was there in 1856 that Laura Keene brought out a curious version of "Camille" with the sub-title "Or a Moral of Life." The lorette's gay career, love for Armand, self-sacrifice, and death were represented as a dream, "from which, in the last scene, she devotes to the realities around her." It is said that many of the "objectionable" features of the original were omitted. There was an apotheosis. Famous actors and actresses, famous opera companies appeared here. There were debuts, successes and scandals. Josie Orton (Mrs. B. E. Woolf) and Dan Setchell, favorites in Boston, were at this theatre in 1857. In 1859 the name was "The Winter Garden Theatre," and this was retained until the destruction of the building, on Nov. 23, 1864. Junius Brutus Booth, Edwin Booth and John Wilkes Booth played together in "Julius Caesar." It was here that Edwin Booth made his first appearance on the stage after the assassination of Lincoln. This appearance was in "Hamlet" on Jan. 3, 1866. Charles Barron acted Laertes.

The Copley Theatre and Why It Should Be Supported

To the Editor of the Herald:

It is a far cry to the days when players and playgoers were chased out of town by provincial and Puritan standards in the United States. Our large cities are now crowded with theatres good, bad and indifferent. We are strong on quantity. Our nation is becoming a nation of theatregoers, indiscriminate theatregoers. To say that we have risen in this country to an intelligent appreciation of good plays well played would be to forget some awkward facts. We are assured, indeed, that theatres with us have rounded Cape Horn, that they are going concerns at last, on a sound business basis. There is then only one interrogation point left—how about the artistic basis? And there's the rub, or the quarrel, if you please, a very old quarrel and not limited to the United States. Our soft-spoken friend, Bernard Shaw, affirmed some time since that the prevailing play in England was simply impossible for cultivated persons in the habit of using their brains to say nothing of having a remnant of taste left for wholesome amusement. Better still [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] some [illegible] of [illegible] own, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible]

[illegible] there have been [illegible] to [illegible] good plays well played [illegible] exceptionally good plays exceptionally well played now and then at several theatres in Boston during the past two years, but I know of no theatre that has come so near to giving the public a steady diet of standard things, and in particular the best modern plays well played, during these same two years, as the Copley Theatre, where the Henry Jewett Players undertake to do genuine repertory theatre work.

Not everyone understands the boldness of such an undertaking as this, or is sufficiently surprised that a repertory theatre of the genuine variety should have had two years of successful life in our midst, in spite of the competition of a host of more popular things in the world of commercialized amusements. This means that a very considerable number of people in Boston know a good drama when they see it, and have given friendly and just and enthusiastic support to this attempt to do the impossible. For a repertory theatre is impossible, at least so the business managers say; its standards are not for this world. It refuses to play down to the market point of view. It stands for art and takes its function seriously. It even has the hardihood to desert the star system and the long run system, and stands for a well balanced group of intelligent and carefully trained, hard-working players who love their art and do good team play, no one man or woman making a centre for the rest to revolve about and seeking to absorb all the limelight.

Hardworking is the word, for this is no traveling group doing the same thing over and over in various cities, but a stock company in a chosen home bringing out in the course of the season a series of standard plays, quickly following each other, often a new play every week for a considerable time. Those of us who know the Henry Jewett Players know what a hard-working set of men and women they are, as well as the fine spirit of team play which reigns among them, and the serious devotion to their art which is characteristic of them. We also know something of their thorough training in England and their experience there under distinguished managers.

Really, of course, a new play every week is what the public should not demand. Think of doing a play and rehearsing for two plays ahead in the same week. Think of the time and thought and labor and expense put by Henry Jewett into a first-class reproduction of an old-time comedy like Sheridan's "School for Scandal" or Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," the very spirit and atmosphere of the classic successfully given, and then in spite of cordial recognition by critics and playgoers who know what is good, the director not finding sufficient support by the people of Boston to make a second week a safe venture. This is the sort of thing a repertory theatre is up against. It means that many people who are lamenting on the commercialized amusements of today and are calling for the uplift of the theatre forget that all depends not on one thing but on two things: an intelligent and co-operating public as well as on the company that gives the standard play and the clean play.

It's a little like the support given the church today by many people who believe in it and would be much disturbed if it disappeared from the community, but they don't go except at Christmas and Easter or for a wedding or a funeral now and then.

But why mention in the same breath the church and the theatre even by way of illustration, or dare call for community support of both as if they could be seriously spoken of in the same day. Well, either as devil or angel, the theatre is at any rate one of the things the church must reckon with, as Matthew Arnold told us long ago, "The theatre is irresistible, organize the theatre," and that means, see to it that plays of the right kind are backed up, if not by the state or the municipality, then by the intelligent part of the public which knows that the amusements of a city can undo the work of the preacher and of the school teacher also about as fast as they can do it.

Here then is our chance, without claiming everything for one theatre and leaving out the discriminating use of theatres in general. Here we have at our door an established repertory theatre putting up a splendid fight for the ideal thing, for standard plays, clean plays, for art, and for all that high art means on the stage in educational value for young people and for older people. It has secured already in the most important sense adequate recognition from those who speak with authority as critics and play-goers. Shall we not co-operate with it, get what it has to give and give what it ought to get from us?

There are many people in Boston and Greater Boston who, like the writer, know their very large debt to Henry Jewett and his players and desire to acknowledge it by promoting if possible a more just [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] the very [illegible] [illegible] ability devoted to the [illegible] [illegible] art and of the repertory theatre [illegible] who can meet the demand [illegible] made in London by the Saturday Review critic, a man who "knows how to choose a play, select a company and maintain standards of general excellence"—the man who gave such marked and widespread pleasure to Boston and Greater Boston with the Shakespearian comedies at the Opera House in 1915, and has presented such a long and striking list of the best modern plays, winning the discriminating praise of critics and playgoers during the past two years at the Copley Theatre. PITT DILLINGHAM

Boston.

Mr Dillingham speaks of the desertion of the "long run system" at the Copley Theatre. He forgets the long run of "The Man Who Stayed at Home" at the Copley, the pecuniary success of which rejoiced the heart of the management. He forgets also that "Hindle Wakes" would have been kept on the stage longer if there had been an assurance of a full house. He himself deplores the fact that the comedies by Sheridan and Goldsmith ran only one week. Nor do we echo his remark about "commercialized amusements." Every theatre is necessarily a commercial enterprise. If money does not come into the box office the comedians and stage hands, rent, etc., are nevertheless to be paid. There have been many excellent performances of entertaining and high-class plays in the other theatres of this city during the years of the Copley's life. We regret to say that the best of these plays were not always appreciated by the Boston public. A manager of a theatre is not to be blamed if, finding that the public does not care for a high-class comedy, a drama that "leads one to think," he provides for the public the form of entertainment it desires. There are musical comedies that are worth seeing; there are farces that give more pleasure than some of the "standard" plays. "Wholesome" in literature and in the theatre is too often synonymous with "dull." There is often "good team play" even when a "star" shines in the playhouse; there is a recent example, the company that supported Miss Barrymore in "The Off Chance." A repertory theatre is an excellent thing for a city, no one denies this, every one hopes that the Copley will prosper; but it will not be supported merely by casting reflections on the policy of other theatrical managers. Unless a repertory theatre thrives pecuniarily it will close its doors, for every theatre, the home of Shakespeare or vaudeville, a repertory company or a traveling company, depends on pecuniary support. A theatre is a commercial enterprise. The character of this enterprise depends on the public.—Ed.

Peace and the Theatre: the Outlook for the Future in London

Few people will be inclined to deny that during the war the theatre has in many ways done its duty to the public. It has contributed its quota to the fighting services, and some of its most promising recruits will not return. It has taken the lead in all charitable projects. By special performances of every kind it has raised hundreds of thousands of pounds, and no deserving cause has asked its help in vain. Above all, it has carried on its task of entertaining the people, in the face of many hardships and discouragements. At times the outlook has been black indeed, but the theatre successfully weathered every storm. Since the tide turned in France in July it has come into its own. It has enjoyed an extraordinary burst of prosperity; "records" have been broken on every side; the competition to secure theatres has been of the keenest possible description. For a little while, at the height of the influenza outbreak, there was a "slump," but the past week has seen a renewal of the boom.

What the future has in store for the theatre it is not easy to say. One immediate result of the armistice will undoubtedly be the disappearance of the "war play," which is already out of date. Few productions of this kind will be remembered. "The Better 'Ole" is probably the one exception to the general mediocrity of this class of entertainment. The war has not stirred the imagination of the British dramatist with the possible exception of Sir James Barrie, who has contributed one or two very striking war sketches, notably "A Well Remembered Voice," "The New Word" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." but there has been nothing from a British author to grip the attention like Maeterlinck's "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde." The function of the English stage has been, indeed, frankly to entertain, but more will be asked from it in the days of peace that are to come. "Revue" has served its purpose; it has amused vast audiences and it has found employment for many good actors whose talents have been almost wholly wasted therein. It [illegible] be hoped that the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] "[illegible]" and Mr. [illegible] presentation of "Twelfth Night" at [illegible] Court are indications that revue and musical comedy are not all-powerful. The forthcoming return to the stage of Mr. Henry Ainley, who [illegible] his career at the St. James in association with Mr. Gilbert Miller may be relied on to maintain the high tradition associated with Sir George Alexander, and the announcement that Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Nigel Playfair are interested in a new repertory experiment at the Lyric Theatre Hammersmith, are welcome indications of better things in store for the theatre. But it will remain as an interesting commentary on the existing state of affairs that of the 34 theatres open during "armistice week," eight were relying on musical comedy, six on revue, four on farce, and six on war plays of varying quality, while Shakespeare was being presented in one case only and of the remaining entertainments not more than half a dozen were worthy of serious notice. Possibly the fault lies with the public; possibly with the new system by which business syndicates control three or four theatres at a time with a tendency to standardize the type of entertainment. Whatever the reason may be, we can rely on the future to alter the present condition of affairs.—London Times, Nov. 18.

Sundry Notes About Music, Singers and Press Agents

Muriel Foster sang three new songs by Delius on Nov. 15 in London—"In the Seraglio Garden," "To Daffodils" and "Have You Seen but a Whyte Lillie Grow?" The Daily Telegraph said "they are things entirely by themselves. They are absolutely characteristic of Delius, who has given us nothing more truly himself than the first, as complete a picture, an aquarelle, as even he has made. Possibly there is a trace too much emphasis laid on the philosophy of the poem in the second and third; but there is no denying the concrete beauty of the music. These songs are not for all and sundry singers; they call for too much thoughtfulness. But for those singers who dare to undertake them they form a rich addition to the repertory."

Sir Charles Stanford's Thanksgiving Te Deum with accompaniment of organ, also of brass instruments and drums, has been published by Stainer and Bell, London. The old tune, "O God Our Help," is used as a cantus firmus. The "Last Post" is introduced.

Percy A. Scholes wrote the following letter to the Daily Telegraph, London, Nov. 15: "Most inappropriate music is being chosen in many quarters for Thanksgiving services. I have seen a hymn list for a great public gathering in which the chief feature is 'Now thank we all our God,' the German traditional hymn and tune of thanksgiving sung in German churches, we may be sure, for the sinking of the Lusitania and every victory since. Innocent parsons and organists are arranging to use the tune 'Austria,' which is not only the Austrian Hymn to the Emperor, but also the tune adopted by Germany for Deutschland ueber alles. At one great national gathering the program for a crack regimental band will, I hear, include no single piece of British music. It begins with the German War March of the Priests. A memorial service in one of our London cathedrals next week takes the form of a performance of Brahm's German Requiem, from the title of which the cathedral authorities have ingenuously dropped the adjective. Surely one need not point out the unsuitable nature of those arrangements. Let programs be revised even at the eleventh hour, and let our music express our patriotism. We have plenty of good British music, and need not borrow from our fallen enemies."

That fearsome (but possibly useful) person, the "press agent," is getting busy in the land again. At any rate, there are signs of his renewed activities in the concert world. A specimen of his genius reached us only the other day in the form of a preliminary announcement to the effect that a well known and admittedly accomplished 'cellist would appear at her recital in a "gown of unexampled splendor." Think of it—in these costly days, too! About the splendor of that "gown," moreover, there can have been no possible shadow of doubt. For it was fashioned, mark you, "from Persian embroiderie (sic), authenticated to be over two centuries old." What is more, "every color of the rainbow has been most artistically and deftly worked into it, while on the back panel is a medievel (sic) bird (now extinct), with gorgeous richly-tinted plumage." Let us admit that a lady appearing on the platform in a garb combining the attributes of a rainbow and an extinct "medievel" bird should be worth looking at. But might not the spectacle of so much feminine—and ornithological—loveliness divert attention from the merits of the artist's performance? Ladies in rainbow-hued magnificence and the gorgeous plumage of "extinct" birds should certainly add to the attractiveness of our very prosaic concert halls. On the other hand, it is not quite easy to discover why a [illegible] Mr. P[illegible] should have thought it worth while

[illegible] a lady who was about to give a pianoforte recital is "a wonderful linguist speaking six languages fluently," unless it was her intention to address the audience in between the various numbers on her program in half a dozen different tongues. And a threat to do that would probably have kept some people away. That particular Mr. Puff should try again. Let him find a pianist, for instance, who can play on half a dozen instruments at one and the same time. We warrant him a full house.—London Daily Telegraph.

Sir Charles V. Stanford wrote this letter to the London Times of Nov. 16: "You announce this morning that the Berlin court opera is to be exploited as a co-operative company under Stage Masters Richard Strauss and Leo Blech, with a leading singer. Baireuth is gone; the court operas in every state in Germany are in liquidation. The Germans know, as our allies the French have long known, the great power of and necessity for opera in humanizing and elevating the taste of the masses. Is England, the chief factor in winning the war and in the stability of peoples, going to let this great moment slip from her grasp? Or will she at last throw aside the role of follower of exotic taste and assert herself as one of the leaders in that great department of music which her sons have so long fought for at home?"

Dec 16 1918

RACHMANINOFF

By PHILIP HALE

Sergei Rachmaninoff gave a piano recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. His program was as follows: Mozart, Theme and Variations in A major; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 10, No. 3; Chopin, Nocturne, Valse, Polonaise; Rachmaninoff, Preludes, G major, B flat major; Two transcriptions—"The Lilacs"; Polka of W. R.; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 12. There was a very large, enthusiastic and bronchial audience.

When Rubinstein visited this country he played little music by other Russian composers; now and then a piece by Liadoff. One of his most delightful interpretations was that of Mozart's Rondo in A minor. Mr. Rachmaninoff, who, when he first visited Boston in 1909 played only his own compositions, did not put pieces by his Russian colleagues on the program yesterday and began his recital with a charming interpretation of the Variation by Mozart that are in the sonata with the Turkish finale. It takes courage to play or to sing the music of Mozart in these days, for the great majority of pianists and singers, however accomplished they may be, find the music of "the glorious boy" a stumbling block. The exquisite simplicity, the importance of every phrase, the peculiar serenity, the indefinable charm that enthrone Mozart on a golden seat in the Hall of the Immortals—these baffle brilliant musicians who are at ease in complicated, thunderous, intensely dramatic music, or in the visions and rhapsodies, also maunderings, of the ultra-moderns. There are pianists that, effective in pieces by Liszt, Brahms, Scriabin, or Debussy, would make a mess of a sonata by Mozart, or the concerto in A minor of Hummel.

Now Mr. Rachmaninoff, who is certainly not a reactionary, triumphed gloriously by playing Mozart's variations, by his tonal contrast, by the oiliness of rapid passages—Mozart said that passages of this sort should flow like oil—by the spirit of perfect beauty invoked by his fingers, his brain and his soul.

Instead of inflicting on the audience one of the last sonatas of Beethoven, he chose an early one, with its profoundly emotional largo, its graceful minuet, and whimsical rondo. Here again he displayed a rare individuality, which was artistically controlled, not displayed in eccentric phrasing or in any attempt to out-Beethoven Beethoven.

We do not know of a more commanding individuality among pianists than Mr. Rachmaninoff, now that Mr. Paderewski has forsaken the Muse for the Goddess of Polish Liberty. There are pianists of ingratiating, engrossing individuality. There are accomplished planists, as Mr. Hofmann, who command respectful attention, but do not move the soul.

Mr. Rachmaninoff commands in the simplest manner. He does not "make up" for the part; he is not pontifical. What is within him is revealed in his playing of music that appeals to him. The audience, hearing him, recognizes this appeal. It would be foolish to dilate on his technical proficiency; even third rate pianists have sufficient technic, and there are first class pianists, so reckoned in the catalogue who have only that. Yet one may speak of his masterly use of the pedals, and, what is rarer, his masterly disuse of the damper pedal, for some of his finest effects in color—and he is a colorist today, not a draughtsman in black and white—were gained without the pedals. The musician is [illegible] brain, responding to his [illegible] directs his fingers, but to call him an "intellectual" pianist would be injurious, for "intellectual" pianists are as a rule, as dry as a covered bridge.

Of his own pieces on the program the Prelude in G major is poetically beautiful. His playing of Chopin's music was remarkable for its freedom of expression in Chopin's spirit.

He will give a second recital in Symphony Hall Friday afternoon, Jan. 10, at 2:30 o'clock.

I am the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the West; but the greater part are in Spain. * * * It is remarkable that none of the proprietors have ever been to Spain to take possession and report to the rest of us the state of our property there. I, of course, cannot go, I am too much engaged.

Set Sail for Spain

As the World Wags:

"There is a good deal of Spain," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell during their first evening together at the Mitre, "there is a good deal of Spain that has not been perambulated. I would have you go thither." If Boswell had followed the advice he might have been a different man. George Borrow, we remember, went to Spain to spread Christianity, but gathered a more precious store of paganism. Yet there is that other Spain where our castles lift their bastions on rugged hills, and brigands clatter imperiously along the narrow roads. Here Roland put his dying lips to Olifant, his magic horn, and set vibrating the echoes that still summon the brave to battle against the hordes of darkness. It is the land of Don Quixote, the home of all those who try to keep alive in prosaic days the fine traditions of a chivalrous past. At other times our castles in Spain may be luxurious edifices, tricked out with arabesques, gateways and splashing fountains in the milder valleys of Andalusia. There it is possible to live over again the days "when you were a princess in old Seville and I was a Moorish slave." Seville, Granada, Cordova, Castile, Leon, Aragon, Salamanca, Saragossa, Valladolid, Fontarabia—the very words are notes in a dream symphony of romance! This is the Spain that cannot be exhausted, however many the travelers who perambulate it. This is the Spain whose geography I would have taught to every boy and girl in our schools. Promoters of vocational (isn't it, too often, vacational?) education will insist that it is not pragmatic or practical; let them ponder those solemn words of Gilbert Murray, "The unwillingness to make imaginative effort is the prime cause of almost all decay of art. It is the caterer, the man whose business it is to provide enjoyment with the very minimum of effort, who is in matters of art the real assassin." ACADEME.

Cambridge.

Alarm Clocks

We call the attention of Mr. Richard D. Ware, who wrote nobly of the cockpit, "Ironclads" and "Wheelers," to the glorification of the cock in Purchas's "Pilgrims":

"In the beginning of the night God causeth all the gates of heaven to be shut, and the angels stay at them in silence, and sendeth evil spirits into the world, which hurt all they meet; but after midnight they are commanded to open the same. This command and call is heard of the Cocks, and therefore they clap their wings and crow to awaken men; and then the evil spirits lose their power of hurting."

A Mean Trick

As the World Wags:

I was greatly interested in Maj. Gist Blair's disquisition on the eagle as the emblem of the United States, though I do not hold that bird in high esteem, for I read in college that Aphrodite, bathing in the Acheloos, was seen by Hermes, who became enamored of her. He persuaded an eagle to carry off her garments. To obtain which Aphrodite was obliged to yield herself to Hermes. I am aware that some explain this story by calling Aphrodite the evening aurora; the Acheloos, the river of night; Hermes, the extreme western light, or possibly the moon; the eagle, the bird of night. Nevertheless, the eagle was implicated in a "low-down" trick.

Beverly. GEO. P. BOLIVAR.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

He who sees him as a slayer, or who thinks of him as slain, both understand not; he slays not nor is slain.

He is never born nor dies, nor will he, having being, evermore cease to be; unborn, eternal, immemorial, this Ancient is not slain when the body is slain.

A Note on Billiards

As the World Wags:

To the writer of "Billiards' origin is Hard to Trace." It may interest you that in 1873, I played on a 5x10 billiard table, wood bottom, and balls and cues in proportion, in the billiard room of the Cluny Monastery in Cluny, France, and that the age of the table was unknown to the oldest remaining monk, who was then 90 years of age. He showed and played the shot of placing one ball in one upper corner and the other in the opposite corner, playing on the right hand ball and caroming on the one at the left.

I also drank wine with this old saint as we sat under the trees that sheltered Abelard, that famous early monk.

Among the distinctions of this convent are the capitals of the many columns upon which are well carved the heads of the early monks, who quarried the stone and built this splendid collection of structures. T. H. BARTLETT.

Boston.

"Which"

As the World Wags:

The President's "which." "History of the English People." Green—Book 7, c. 2, p. 57. Collier, N. Y.

"What James was as stubbornly resolved on was the restoration of Episcopacy. He wished not only to bridle but to rule the church; and it was only through bishops that he could effectively rule it. The old tradition of the Stuarts had looked to the prelates for the support of the crown, and James saw keenly that the new force which had overthrown them was a force which threatened to overthrow the monarchy itself. It was the people WHICH in its religious or its political guise was the assailant of both."

Will you please tell me what "which" means in the last sentence. It seems to be a rather elastic word. J. I. A.

Boston.

Why not write the sentence: "The people in its religious or its political guise was the assailant of both"? Even then the sentence is a clumsy one. Read the chapter on relatives, that, and which, in "The King's English," by H. W. and F. G. Fowler, and you will be still more confused. The Fowlers quote sentences from J. R. Green as shocking examples; but in this book Green shares the fate of DeQuincey, Thackeray, Meredith, Burke, Macaulay—in fact, nearly all the lights of English literature.—Ed.

Dec 17 1918

"Leave It to Jane" at the Majestic Owes Much to Miss Bowdin

By PHILIP HALE

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First appearance in Boston of "Leave It to Jane," a musical comedy in two acts, based on George Ade's comedy, "The College Widow"; book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse; music by Jerome Kern. Produced at Atlantic City, N. J., July 30, 1917, by Elliott, Comstock & Gest. Clarence West was the musical conductor.

Ollie Mitchell	Barbour Halliday
Matty McGowan	William Foran
Jimsey Hopper	George C. Mantell
Dick McAllister	George Ellison
"Happy" Jones	Charles Holly
"Stub" Talmadge	Oscar Shaw
"Silent" Murphy	Thomas Delmar
Peter Witherspoon	Alexander Loftus
Bessie Tanner	Elaine Arnt
Flora Wiggins	Rae Bowdin
Howard Talbot	Edward Martyn
Jane Witherspoon	Juanita Fletcher
Hiram Bolton	William W. Crimans
Sally Cameron	Hazel Flint
Billy Bolton	Earle Foxe
Hon. Elam Hicks	Allan Kelly
Harold (Bud) Hicks	Clifford Heckinger

The success of "Leave It to Jane," as the play is performed by the company at the Majestic Theatre, rests on the humor of Miss Bowdin, the pretty tunes of Mr. Kern, and the interest taken by young undergraduates in any theatrical representation of life in a western college. Mr. Kern's tunes have long been familiar as dance music and by means of the records. It is a pity that there are very few agreeable singers in this company and, with the exception of Miss Fletcher's, no pleasant voices: It may also be said that the dancing is of a primitive order.

But Miss Bowdin is funny in an odd way, funny not only on account of her make-up and the lines allotted to her, but funny by reason of her native humor that italicizes dialogue and situations. Her song, "Cleopatterer," is amusing in itself; her interpretation of it is droll beyond description. In the trio, "Sir Galahad," she was thrown and kicked about the stage and trampled on to the great delight of the audience. We were sorry for her. She deserves a better fate than this sharing in tumultuous horseplay. That this clowning excited the audience to roaring approval is explained by the fact noted by Bergson, Sully and other analysts of laughter, that if a man falls on a slippery sidewalk or sits on his stovepipe hat or chases it, or runs grotesquely into danger of his life, bystanders at once guffaw.

In "Brown at Harvard," a stupid play, The excitement was a boat race with attempted trickery. In Mr. Ade's comedy and in this musical play rich in delightful slang, the motif is a football game with a victory won through the wiles of a pretty girl, a seductive "college widow." No wonder that the London critics wondered at this revelation of sporting life in the American college and had much to say about the impossibility of similar occurrences at Oxford or Cambridge. They took Mr.

[illegible] and no do[illegible] thought that [illegible] water played annually with Harvard and Yale, that mighty men of the gridiron were an easy prey to any Delilah [illegible]ing for her favorite college.

Mr. Foxe was a manly hero. The [illegible] cast on him by Miss Fletcher was [illegible]sible, intelligible. The leading comedian, Mr. Shaw, was busy throughout the play, too busy, aggressively busy, [illegible]ishingly busy. Messrs. Crimans, Kelly and Loftus were adequate in their respective parts; Messrs. Delmar and Hecksinger amused by impersonations of eccentric students.

Mr. West conducted discreetly. A very large audience demanded many repetitions of songs and concerted pieces and, as we have said, laughed heartily.

[illegible] Arthur Shepherd of the New England Conservatory of Music, esteemed [illegible] Boston as a composer, conductor, [illegible] band master of [illegible] artillery regiment in France. [illegible] a letter dated Nov. 18, written to [illegible] Engel, is the following paragraph, which we now print through the [illegible] of Mr. Engel:

"If you could only have seen and experienced what I saw and experienced the morning of the 11th, and if only I had the power to describe it. We [illegible] heard the finish of the Great War. We received the great news early [illegible] morning that the armistice had been signed, and at about ten o'clock [illegible] commanding officer sent me word [illegible] the band in readiness to play at [illegible]. The guns had been booming all night, some of the big shells whistling over our heads and exploding less than [illegible] away, but at about 10:30 the artillery fire became terrific and made a [illegible] crescendo (there is more to tell [illegible] this connection later on). We kept our eyes on our watches, and with bated breath waited for the fateful moment—[illegible] one of the most significant in the world's history. Meanwhile one could [illegible] speculate wildly as to how many [illegible] were being spent in that last terrific and triumphant cannonade. At exactly eleven o'clock there was the stillness of death. Our bugler blew 'Taps,' then 'Reveille.' Then we played the national anthems of America, Italy, Belgium, England and France, and the war was over."

A Problem in Repartee

As the World Wags:

A young officer, returning recently from a southern camp, encountered in the crowded train a civilian who got [illegible] a way-station and, finding no seat, [illegible]owed himself upon the arm of one of the benches and proceeded to reveal himself in a loud voice clearly intended for the entire car, though addressed to an acquaintance in the seat beside him.

"As for me," he said, "I am damned sorry the war is over. I was making a mighty good thing out of it. I can tell you, and if it had gone on four years more there would have been no kick coming from me."

A lady who sat a few seats in front of [illegible] turned at this, regarded him indignantly for an instant, then rose and, walking up to him, slapped him resoundingly first upon one check and then upon the other.

"The first," said she, "is for my boy who lies dead in France; the other is for my boy who lies wounded, perhaps to the death, in the hospital where I am going."

Then she returned to her seat and [illegible] into a passion of tears.

Just what the man did is not at present known, and, pending information on this point, students of repartee are invited to provide appropriate rejoinders calculated either to bring off the [illegible]der as prosperously as possible from [illegible] difficult situation by the medium of sheer wit or to adroitly suggest the possession by him of some unsuspected quantity of common humanity.

What can the beggar do or say?

Boston. GAYLORD QUEX.

Orphic Harmony

As the World Wags:

When the good time comes that, justice having been done, mercy may allow [illegible] and me, or [illegible] to bring the light of other days around us, will any one else recall the cheerful evenings at "The Orpheus"? There, under the lithograph of [illegible] hero, labelled "One Flag, One Country. Zwei Lager," did a guest pledge a [illegible] veteran of the civil war, who [illegible] "mit Sigel," as he filled the [illegible] schweizerkase's hospitable holes with [illegible] "moutarde d'aphane," in the foaming [illegible] of Lager Bier—and all was [illegible]

THE OLD 'UN.

[illegible]

Effie Ellsler's Age

As the World Wags:

[illegible]FLEY, N. J., Dec. 12—Mrs. Euphemia Emma Ellsler, better known as Effie Ellsler, said to be the oldest English-speaking actress in the world, died [illegible] at the age of 95. . . . She was [illegible] of Hazel Kirke [illegible] would have been [illegible] porting C. W. Couldock as being [illegible]. This [illegible] does not seem credible. I shall be glad if the above record may be confirmed. If Effie was 67 or thereabouts, then I must be 15 or 20 years older than I thought, and it's alarming.

L. R. ROBINSON

If Mrs. Ellsler was 95, she was born in 1823. "Hazel Kirke" was produced as "An Iron Will" at Providence in October, 1879. The play entitled "Hazel Kirke" was produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, Feb. 4, 1880, with Couldock and Effie Ellsler in the company. According to the statement regarding her birth, she must then have been about 57 years old. What is still more surprising is the fact that when Nat Goodwin played Shylock at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, in May, 1901, with Maxine Elliott playing Portia, Effie Ellsler took the part of Jessica, a frolicsome maiden of 78. Something in our heart tells us that there is a mistake somewhere.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondents W. F. Gregory and Francis K. Ball think that in Col. Roosevelt's sentence, "I merely ask that you turn this over to whomsoever has charge of it," more correctly "should take charge of it" words after "to" form a clause in the objective after that preposition. Both of them see that the subject of the clause should be in the nominative, and that the Colonel is therefore wrong in using "whomsoever"; but they both think he would have been right to use "whosoever." Mr. Ball offers the example, "Give the book to whoever calls for it," as correct. The fact is that all three are in the wrong. A word cannot stand in two cases at the same time. Mr. Ball's example, "Give the book to whomever or whomsoever he sends" is correct, because the pronoun would be objective as after the preposition and also as object of its clause. But his other examples, given to justify the use of a preposition before a nominative are not analogous to the Colonel's sentence. In the Colonel's, the object is a pronoun qualified by the following words. In Mr. Ball's, "It depends on who sent him" and "that depends on who does it," it is the "sending" and "doing" that are in view, "whose sending" or "whose doing." Or say "on the character of the person doing" or on "sender of the person." In neither case on the person merely who does or is sent. The Colonel should have written "to the one in charge of such matters," or "to the one having charge of such things," or "to the person who should take charge of it." ROBERT SPRAGUE HALL.

Boston.

The Red Ball

In his "Literature of Europe," part III., chapter vii., Hallam says of Descartes that he fancied "that a smaller body is incapable of communicating motion to a greater; for example, that the red billiard ball cannot put the white into motion." Hallam does not make it clear whether this example is suggested by himself or Descartes; but was there ever a time in the history of the game when the red ball was less than the others?—E. B., in Notes and Queries.

Gertrude Huffman, in a series of dances and impersonations, is the headline attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was unmistakably pleased.

Miss Hoffman's offering included three dances, and impressions of Ann Pennington, Eddie Foy, Fannie Brice and Bessie McCoy. Her concluding number, "A Trip to Coney Island," is a noisy exposition of her musical versatility. The act is lavishly mounted, there is an augmented orchestra and there is the added interest of witnessing the dancer make her changes in an illuminated closet back stage. The act is one of the most interesting yet offered by Miss Hoffman. Each number stands out as an evidence of her sincerity, of her unflagging interest in her work.

The most interesting feature of her performance was "The Vision" in which the dancer, in pneumonic costume, excelled in an interpretative sense. She portrayed the foreboding of war; the turning point in the conflict and the final victory.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry opened the second week of their engagement in a new sketch, "The Burglar," by Mr. Barry. His burglar is as interesting as his rube of a week ago. A song of unrequited love by Mr. Barry, that besides being one of the features of the performance, is a pleasant memory in its ridiculous, though pertinent, orchestration.

Other acts were Olympia Desvall in a horse and dog act; Darrell and Edwards, in burlesque and dancing; Beatrice Herford, in a monologue; Billy Gleason, in songs and chatter; Lillian [illegible] and Bert Albert in a laughable [illegible] of schooldays, introducing the [illegible] and high spirits of Miss [illegible] Miller and Capman, dancers, [illegible] Van Cellos, in one of the best [illegible] foot manipulation seen at this [illegible] in several seasons.

[illegible] QUA[illegible] in Boston of "For the M[illegible]" A melodr[illegible] three a[illegible]

[illegible] C[illegible] Mason.

[illegible] Worthington ... Andrew Bosworth
[illegible] ... A[illegible] MacDo[illegible]
Mary Ba[illegible] ... [illegible] Ayres
[illegible] Worthington ... [illegible] Frederi[illegible]
[illegible] Maloney ... [illegible]
Mag[illegible] Maloney ... Mark Kent
Chief Inspector Healey ... Charles Stevens
S[illegible] Shafer ... Betty Barricoat
Bl[illegible]e Mabel ... Andrew Sexton
Officer Finn ... [illegible]

Melodrama of the kind that gives a tingle to the nerves has always appealed to the mass of theatre patrons. "For the Man She Loves" carries its interest with increasing strength from beginning to end; has the qualities of suspense, mystery and emotion. The sacrifices and trials of a woman for the man she loves form its basis. She triumphs over what seem to be overwhelming odds. There is a mysterious murder that baffles the detective skill of audiences and excites curiosity. There are also comic scenes and characters. Romance characterizes the acting by the members of the Castle Square company. Mr Ayres brings out all the many and heroic qualities of Billy Worthington without overdoing them, while Miss MacDonald is admirably sweet and artistically strong as the heroine. Excellent bits are contributed by Mr. Kent, Miss Barnicoat, Miss Tierney, Mr. Le Duc, Mr. Bosworth and Mr. Sweeney, and the hand of Mr. Mason is evidenced in the completeness of the production.

Next week's play at the Castle Square will be "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," an excellent holiday bill that should draw multitudes of children and grown-ups.

"The Private Secretary" Pleases Audience

"The Private Secretary," Charles Hawtrey's clever farce, was presented by the Henry Jewett Players at the Copley Theatre last night. The cast:

Douglas Cattermole ... Noel Leslie
Mrs. Stead ... Leila Repton
Mr. Sydney Gibson ... William Podmore
Harry Marsland ... Nicholas Joy
Rev. Robert Spaulding ... E. E. Clive
Mr. Cattermole ... H. Conway Wingfield
Knox ... John Hallam
Miss Ashford ... Jessamine Newcombe
Mr. Marsland ... Fred W. Permain
Edith Marsland ... Phyllis Relph
Eva Webster ... Viola Roach
John ... Leonard Craske
Gardener ... Owen T. Hewitt

Brimful of ludicrous situations and brilliant dialogue—the sketch amused the audience from the opening lines through to the end of the play. The scene is laid in England and the story is woven around the Rev. Robert Spaulding or E. E. Clive, who plays the title role—the private secretary.

Dec 18 1918

Apple brandy cinnamon, beer,
Christmas comes but once a year.

A Shopping Husband

As the World Wags:

It has been my custom to present to my wife each Christmas a modest piece of jewelry, but this year word was brought to me by an intermediary (my daughter, aged 10 years) that articles of wearing apparel would be more welcome. I then requested the intermediary to investigate the condition of the maternal wardrobe and report to me. This report reached me very promptly, suspiciously so, and it showed a deplorable lack of most necessary though mysterious items. The intermediary decided I must remedy this condition, and furnished me with the following list: Item, a camisole; item, a petty skirt (or is it petite?); item, one or more robes de nuit (the intermediary calls them nighties); item, a bathrobe, preferably of corduroy; item, bed slippers; item, stockings, all of certain colors and dimensions. A formidable list, but being very rich I determined that the maternal and wifely wardrobe should be some pumpkins this year and I would do the shopping myself.

I first consulted the advertisements in the papers and found to my joy that all the articles above mentioned really did exist and could be bought at absurdly low prices. Cheered and of great courage, I set out on my quest. At the first store I entered I inquired for the lingerie department. Rather that is what I intended to inquire for, but nobody paid any attention to me. Hordes of women, wild-eyed and feverishly intent on something, bore me in their midst and I found myself eventually near an exit, for which I darted and escaped, disheveled and very warm. Fear began to grip me, but I am in a way persistent, and on Tremont street I came to a store with whose name my researches in the daily papers had made me familiar. I entered none too brave and tremblingly asked a male functionary to direct me to the lingerie department. He did not believe me or my pronunciation was faulty, for I had to repeat my inquiry several times. Eventually he haughtily directed me to the third floor. As it turned out he was wrong, it was the fourth floor where I found my hunt[illegible] [illegible] with dimensions. Panic seized me I was about to flee, when a saleslady whose name, be it Mamie, Sadie, Gladys or Tessie, is blessed forevermore threw herself between me and the exit and asked me what I wanted. I told her as well as my condition would allow me, murmuring something about the things advertised at the absurdly low prices. These, she regretfully informed me, were all sold out, or the sizes were too small or too large and the colors entirely unsuitable. But as she was a kindly creature she could furnish me with just what I wanted for a little more money, which, as it transpired, were four times the prices advertised. Needless to say, I took just what the lady wished me to take. I never had a chance and she knew it, and so did I.

But henceforth when the wifely wardrobe needs replenishing she will go about as did the Lady Godiva in the olden days unless she does the shopping herself. I'm through.

AN EXILE IN NEWTON.

Invincible Ignorance

As the World Wags:

I wish to thank you for your able exposition of the subject of commonwealth. Still I am unconvinced that the Massachusetts lawyer has a better reason than usage for his deletion of the words "state of" from the printed form.

In the civil war the United States demonstrated that a component state is a state first of all, and anything it pleases afterwards. As a per se entity, therefore, Massachusetts is perhaps properly the commonwealth of Massachusetts and nothing more, but in the wider significance of her national character isn't she primarily, and especially to the lawyers, the state of Massachusetts, or, to reduce it to absurdity, the state of the commonwealth of Massachusetts?

Such is our aversion to the word "state" that no doubt we should rename the State House tho Commonwealth House were it not for the dread effect it would have on the rising generation, which might come to regard the Commonwealth House as being so called because of its proximity to the Common, from which the transition to Common House would be easy and irreparable.

The secretary of state is a truly horrible example of the state's studied avoidance of the word. He signs himself, if you please, Secretary of the Commonwealth. There is a distinction in terms, a nicety of nomenclature for you. Not Secretary of State, but Secretary of the Commonwealth. Isn't it fat? Could anything be more fatuous? Can you imagine a Secretary of State of the United States, even Bryan, subscribing himself Secretary of the United States?

Boston. LUX.

Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Kentucky are officially styled commonwealths.—Ed.

Wrong Makes Right

As the World Wags:

I wish Brander Neall or Glasshouse Grammaticus or some of these other high-brows who seem to know all about the English language would explain to an ordinary man why saying the wrong thing often enough makes it all right. They make me think of that old gag about calling a horse's tail a leg, and then how many legs has he? When some poor simpleton bites and says "Five," you laugh coarsely and say, "Only four, for calling a thing so don't make it so." That's just what the Huns think; if they kill enough women and children and steal enough private property, why then that sort of business will get to be the regular thing after a while and so be all right. And, speaking of tenses, will they tell me one more thing? Some persons say things like this, "If he ever told you all he knew, he'd surprise you." It's bad enough to use the present for the future, but how can one tell what a man means if he uses the past tense when he means the future? ZARLEIOS LANEL.

Andover.

Dec 19 1918

Archytas the Pythagorean defined time to be the universal interval of the nature of the universe, in consequence of surveying the continuity in the productive principles of that nature, and their departure into division. Others still more ancient defined time to be, as the name manifests, a certain dance of intellect; but others defined it to be the periods of soul; others, the natural receptacle of these periods; and others, orderly circulations; all which (says Iamblichus, from whom this information is derived) the Pythagoric sect comprehends. Both Archytas also and Aristotle appear to have admitted time to be a continued and indivisible flux of nows.

An Improving Anecdote

A nobleman of Siena named Plchi who was thrice wedded, had 150 children legitimate and illegitimate, and it was customary for him to have 48 sons in his train when he was ambassador to the Doge or the Emperor.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham

Has Mr. Cunninghame Graham, traveler and writer of singularly engrossing sketches of life and manners in South America, Morocco, Scotland and the far east, been returned to Parliament? He stood as a Labor candidate. When he represented one of the Lanarkshire divisions from 1886 till 1892 his constituency was composed chiefly of miners. Appearing on the platform to harangue them, they gasped at his dandiacal appearance. He reassured them by beginning: "Gentlemen, I shall be brief but tedious."

Signs and Omens

"In the month of August, 1909," writes a correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle, "when I was staying at Arnhem, the ex-Kaiser paid a visit to Count Bentinck at Middachten Castle. The morning was very hot, but about 12:30 great black clouds swept across the sky, and just as the Kaiser's train arrived a terrific thunderstorm burst over the town, deluging the thousands of onlookers.

"Over the station floated the Dutch and German flags; a flash of lightning struck the German flagstaff and shivered it to splinters, the Dutch flag remaining untouched. One wonders if the ex-Kaiser recalled the bad omen when he returned to Amerongen."

Now that eggs, boiled soft or hard or in a middling way, are found only on the tables of Messrs. Croesus and Hellogabalus—eggs wholly beyond suspicion—we recommend as a Christmas gift to housekeepers the discourse of Mr. Jonathan Goddard prepared for the Royal Society in the 17th century: "A Discourse upon Eggs, containing ten signs whereby to distinguish new eggs from those which are stale." This should be bound up in crushed morocco with a pamphlet issued at the beginning of the war by the English Board of Agriculture, which declared that while eggs should "present an attractive external appearance, their actual food value can only be determined by an examination of their contents."

Thought for the Day

THE ONE is all things, and yet no one of all. For the principle of all is not all things; but THE ONE is all, because all things run as it were into it, or rather do not as yet exist, but will be.

Roosevelt's English

As the World Wags:

"Purist" is in error in contending that "whomsoever" is grammatically correct in Roosevelt's sentence, "I merely ask that you turn this over to whomsoever has charge of it." The compound relative pronouns, "whoever" and "whosoever," in constructions of that kind—in which they each serve in the double capacity of the simple relative pronoun "who" and its antecedent—each take the case appropriate to the clause in which they serve in that double capacity, and hence Roosevelt's "whomsoever," being in a clause in which the appropriate case is the nominative, is an error for "whosoever." Here is a grammatically correct example of such a construction from the writings of David Hume: "Elizabeth proclaimed that she would have the head of whoever had advised it," in which "whomever" instead of "whoever" would have been incorrect. Here is a grammatically correct example of such a construction from the writings of Oliver Goldsmith: "The soldiers made proclamation that they would sell the empire to whoever would purchase it at the highest price," in which "whomever" instead of "whoever" would have been incorrect. No works on grammar sanction such construction as are exemplified in Roosevelt's sentence.

Brookline. QUERIST.

Mary

A London journalist saying that Princess Mary will find many of her own name to welcome her in France states that in England Mary is the most common of Christian names, male or female. That 68 persons out of every 1000 bear it, "and in France the number of Maries is very much higher, the name being frequently bestowed on boys as well as girls at baptism."

The Claremont Case

As the World Wags:

The case of the girl Amy Gill of Claremont, N. H., seems to be receiving some notice, at least by the press. Different opinions of physicians have been quoted and reports would lead one to think the case one of great mystery. Many such have come to the notice of the public in times past and, for a time, held a place in the daily news. My object in writing this article is to give actual facts as known to an expert. Do I think the girl in the present case is being influenced by some absent person? No! Not by any means, unless at some past time, and very short time at that, she has been in close contact with a most powerful mesmerist, and then there would have to be meetings and applications of such power as to make it lasting. I would have to say if [illegible] I believed the [illegible] tion of the girl to be "imagination of a disordered mind." I may not be permitted to [illegible] in detail my account of many experiments in magnetic force, but I will state that for the Society (in London) of Psychical Phenomena I made experiments for the late Prof. James and 20 of his friends, which by all were pronounced most remarkable. The question came up, "Can you influence a person at a distance?" meaning something beyond a few feet. My answer was, "Not without having been in contact at some previous time, and even then the subject would have to be in my presence." This is a short and perhaps very unsatisfactory statement on which to base an opinion, but it will open the way for inquiry and further information if desired. I believe the trouble is within the girl and not from any outside influence. DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

Boston.

Rockefeller the Mixer

As the World Wags:

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in an address at Atlantic City, N. J., Dec. 5, referred to standpatters who say: "With our backs to the wall we will fight it out along the old lines or go down with the ship."

As a modest anonym may I not record the fervent hope that as a "mixer," John D. Jr., will be as successful with the "classes" and the "masses," as he now is with his metaphors. E. McK.

Boston.

Dec 20 1918

LE CHEMIN DES DAMES

An age ago, or more, or less,
When grand dames had no other care
Than visiting, in stately dress,
With beauty patch and powdered hair,
Their peers, in castles grim or fair,
(Ah! how their palfreys mince and prance)
Their knights a highway did prepare
Yclept the "Ladies' Road" of France.

Who guessed then with what mortal stress
Along this road in deep despair,
Men of their blood would one time press
Mid cannon's roar, and star shells' flare,
Mid hellish flame, and poisoned air,
To check a mighty foe's advance.
O Road! thou dost thy name forswear
Yclept the "Ladies' Road" of France.

The curtain falls on frightfulness
To rise e'er we are half-aware
On men advancing to possess
That highway, shattered, broken, bare,
Where seeming faith is vision's snare,
And trust is devil's own mischance.
O Road of Craders, 'ware! beware!
Yclept the "Ladies' Road" of France.

Envoy

Soldiers in khaki, forth ye face
War weary, shorn of all romance,
Save for this route brave spirits dare,
Yclept the "Ladies' Road" of France.

Franklin, N. H. ALICE M. SHEPARD.

A Yankee "Poor Scholar"

As the World Wags:

A royal road to learning we can never have, but our paternal government is doing much to make the way easier for the poor man's son who aspires to reach the higher levels of scholarship.

Every country has had its "poor scholars," poor only in worldly goods; undaunted souls who faced and conquered fearful odds in their quest of knowledge. William Carleton, the Irish novelist, has given us the story of the Irish poor scholar of the olden days. From village to village the youth wandered, a welcome guest at humble homes where he requited hospitality by teaching the children of his hosts. In those unhappy, far-off times the "predominant partner" did not favor popular education in the Old Sod.

What of the American poor scholar? Who has not heard of him? The pages of our history glow with tales of his indomitable spirit and his triumphs are emblazoned on many a tablet in our national hall of fame. Cape Cod knows him well. Our illustrious chief magistrate, Gov. McCall (may his shadow never grow less) learned his first lessons in government when he taught school in Dennis and boarded with Capt. Howes. The late Frank Black, Governor of New York, taught in Provincetown. And who among us can forget that "George Fred" was once the genial autocrat of our Brewster school? You should hear Capt. Jerry Wixon tell of the pleasant hours he spent with the Brewster pedagogue who later so energetically represented our nation at the Hellenic court! And there were others

In a neglected corner of our ancient and modest dwelling by the side of the road I recently found a little volume which interested me greatly. It is entitled, "Select Remains of the Rev. C. D. Jefferds, Pastor of the Congregational Church in Chester, Vermont." (Printed by Allen and Farnham, Cambridge, 1864.)

In a brief sketch of his life, the Rev. Mr. Jefferds tells us that he was born in 1828, in Maine, "of poor but respectable parents." He was undoubtedly a most worthy man and a faithful minister. "More bent to raise the wretched than to rise." He was also a poet, and perhaps the poetic temperament was in part accountable for his life-long poverty. The struggling student of today may well ponder this extract from the good man's "journal." It is dated "Amherst College, Jan. 20, 1852":

"I have just been washing my stockings and towel, by which operation I save 3 cents apiece, amounting in all to 15 cents. I saw my own wood, of course, and would saw some other one's if I could get a good chance. I sleep on a straw bed of my own make, the bedstead being one which I converted from a single to a double one. When I retire I take off my old coat (which I threw away once) and lay it on the floor for a rug, by which I may prevent my bare feet from coming to the cold floor. My hand-brush consists of a wing, two of which my kind mother put into my trunk when I left home. But, unfortunately, I have lost one, and I strongly suspect that someone has purloined it. At least, someone might have mistaken it for one of the wings of imagination, which would excuse the deed.

"I trudge along in this manner, getting my lessons from day to day and looking forward to a brighter future, when I shall be free from such perplexities; for I never expect to be free from care, nor do I wish to be, till death shall take me to the mansions of rest. I owe $25 besides my board bill, which will be due at the end of the term, and all I have to depend upon is my aid from the Educational Society, which is $20 per quarter."

Great heart! Green be the turf above him! He died ere his prime, leaving a widow and three little children. "Select Remains" was compiled by his brother-in-law, the Rev. R. D. Miller, and any profits from the sales of the book were to be devoted to aiding the distressed widow and her little flock. Let us hope that it was the best seller of its year!

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

East Brewster.

"Select Remains" of my departed worthy prompts the question, What remains were selected? Liver and kidneys, or brain and lungs?—Ed.

Prolific Decapitation

As the World Wags:

AMUSING
MUSING
USING
SING
ING—a termination.
NG—No good!
G—Gee!

Boston. F. S. S.

Dec 21 1918

7TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The 7th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: D'Indy, "Wallenstein" Trilogy (after Schiller); Chopin, Concerto in E minor for piano; Berlioz, Overture to "King Lear." Josef Hofmann was the pianist.

D'Indy's Trilogy has been played in Boston only at the concerts of Oct. 18, 19, 1907, when Dr. Muck introduced the work, performed in Paris and New York as long ago as 1888. For several years Dr. Muck favored the music of this French composer, but when he read one day some bitter statements of d'Indy about the Germanization of musical America his heart was hardened and even the name of Vincent d'Indy was obnoxious to his ear. Thus was the audience of the Symphony concerts wronged.

The Trilogy should have been heard again before yesterday. It was evidently composed when d'Indy was influenced by Wagner; for instance, the opening of the third section, "Wallenstein's Death," takes one back to the "Ring," but the influence did not destroy d'Indy's individuality, for the nobler and the more beautiful pages of the Trilogy are by him and by him alone. The first movement, "Wallenstein's Camp," is descriptive, brilliant and highly original. The sermon of the Capuchin, preached by the bassoons, is humorously conceived. The thematic material is used in masterly manner; the instrumentation is varied skilfully; the mass of instruments—the composer calls for eight harps—there were four on the stage—is not employed merely to swell volume of sound; they are used alternately and in chorus for particular and expressive effects. The second movement, "Max and Thekla," is eloquent, love music that is not merely sensuous, with striking hints at the tragedy of their lives. Note the beautiful manner in which the typical theme of Thekla is turned into the famous lament over Max, "I've lived and loved." The third section does not rise in eloquence to the height of those preceding, but it is interesting, and not only by the employment of the introductory, and final chords that are, unconsciously no doubt, more or less reminiscent.

This Trilogy occupied d'Indy for seven or eight years, yet we find it more spontaneous in certain ways than his latest works—works characterized by purity of thought and purpose, superb workmanship, but of a peculiar austerity and aloofness that make them unsympathetic to the general public. If ever a composer wrote for musicians of highest aims, that man is the d'Indy of the latter years.

In the Trilogy there is a melodic warmth that is missed in the later works; there is an outpouring of musical thought unchecked by rigid adherence to the cyclic form on which the composer now insists.

Mr. Rabaud gave a dramatic reading of the Trilogy: a reading fine in feeling, eloquent in expression. The orchestra responded to his every wish. And in his interpretation of the "King Lear" overture Mr. Rabaud was in full sympathy with the wild and too often bombastic romanticism of Berlioz. In 1918 this overture seems old-fashioned, one of the least significant of the composer's overtures; but think how new, daring, revolutionary it must have sounded to the Parisians of the early Thirties! As Mr. Rabaud read the opening phrase of the lower strings, it was commanding, arousing anticipation. For once the main body of the overture was attacked as Berlioz wished it, "in an agitated and desperate manner."

Mr. Hofmann gave a remarkably clear, pearly, polished, unemotional performance of Chopin's concerto, for which he was loudly applauded.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Schumann, Symphony in D minor, No. 4; Rabeau, "The Nocturnal Procession" (after Lenau's "Faust"); Saint-Saens, Concerto in G minor for piano (Mischa Levitzki, pianist); Beethoven, Overture to "Leonora," No. 3.

Some days ago Mr. L. R. Robinson asked whether Mrs. Euthenia Emma Ellsler, "better known as Effie Ellsler," who died on Dec. 12, at the age of 95, and was "best known in the role of Hazel Kirke"—so the newspaper stated—could possibly have been the Effie Ellsler he saw with Couldock in the once popular play? We remarked in answer that there was a mistake somewhere. Gentle, also rude, readers now give full explanation.

Ellsleriana

As the World Wags:

There is some confusion here between mother and daughter. The Euthenia Emma Ellsler who died recently at the ripe age of 95 was the widow of the late John A. Ellsler, a veteran manager and actor who flourished within my personal knowledge in Cleveland, Ohio, among other cities in that neighborhood, about the time of the civil war. The "Effie" Ellsler who is pleasantly remembered in connection with "Hazel Kirke" is their daughter. With these useful facts well in mind most of the difficulties of Mr. L. R. Robinson will disappear.

I went to school with the latter lady at the St. Clair street grammar school in Cleveland during the period covered by the war. Her theatrical debut was made, as I remember it, while she was still a pupil at that school. I well remember being taken as a child to the old Academy of Music on Bank street, which her father then managed, to see her as a fairy, a minor character in the play of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp." The manner of her appearance is still vividly clear in my memory. A big star with golden points miraculously opened at the bidding of some character or other in the play upon the back drop, the points spreading outward as the opening enlarged itself, and in the precise centre sat our schoolmate, Effie, in white muslin with a wand in her hand—a vision of beauty and mystery. She may have said a line or two at this crisis, that I do not recall, but the picture that she presented us unfaded.

Rachel Noah (Mrs. France), later a member of the Boston Theatre company and now an instructor in Leland Powers's school in this city, was a member of Ellsler's company, and a little later the late James Lewis, long the comedian of Augustin Daly's company. Clara Morris made her debut at this house under Ellsler's management as an "extra girl," coming first into conspicuous notice by dint of a really remarkable performance of the boy, Josephs, in a dramatization of Charles Reade's "It Is Never Too Late to Mend." A little later it was my privilege to carry the champagne basket that contained some of her wardrobe for the evening over from the United States Hotel, where we both lived, to the theatre, in the character of a juvenile adorer. F. E. C.

Boston.

As the World Wags:

Let not your heart be troubled. If parents persist in naming their children in honor of themselves, they must expect to create post-mortem trouble. The Euphemia Ellsler who has just died "at the age of 95" is the mother of the Effie Ellsler of "Hazel Kirke" fame, and was herself an actress of more or less distinction from childhood onward.

Boston. EDWIN F. EDGETT.

As the World Wags:
The deceased Effie Ellsler was the mother of the one of the same name. The younger was born in Philadelphia and made her first professional appearances at her father's theatre (the Euclid Avenue Opera House in Cleveland) in children's roles. Later she appeared in Augustin Daly's "Under the Gas Light" and then went to the Madison Square Theatre and later to the Union Square Theatre, New York. She was the original Hazel Kirke in the play of that name and also the original in the parts of Priscilla in "Storm Beaten," Zora Warden in "The Governess" and in the title role of Robert Drouet's drama "Doris." She retired some years ago, married Frank Weston and resides at Nutley, N. J. Her father was John A. Ellsler, who died 15 years ago. The mother, who recently deceased, was also an actress but never acquired the fame of her talented daughter.
THOMAS F. REDDY.
Boston.

As the World Wags:
The Effie Ellsler spoken of in this morning's column must be the mother of the girl who played Hazel Kirke. In Clara Morris's delightful book, "Life on the Stage," she gives a very graphic picture of "their" family theatre in Cleveland. She says "it was at least an ideal place in which a young girl could begin her professional life. The manager, Mr. John A. Ellsler, was an excellent character actor, as well as a first old man. His wife, Mrs. Effie Ellsler, was his leading woman; his daughter Effie, though not out of school at that time, acted whenever there was a very good part that suited her." This must have been in the early sixties. Further on in the book she speaks of E. L. Davenport, who was playing Othello in this family theatre, expressing his surprise in very unmistakable terms at Mrs. Ellsler's playing Desdemona while Clara Morris was cast for Emilia. She says: "Perhaps his dissatisfaction may be better understood if I mention that a young man 23 years old, who took tickets at the dress circle door, called Mrs. Ellsler mother, and that middle-aged prosperity expressed itself in a startling number of inches about the waist of her short little body." I find from a Herald clipping which I have that John Ellsler died in New York, Aug. 21, 1903; that he was born in Philadelphia, Sept. 26, 1822, and that his widow, two daughters, Effie and Annie May, and two sons survived him. Undoubtedly the Mrs. Effie Ellsler lately deceased was the wife of John Ellsler and mother of the Effie who made the character of Hazel Kirke in Steele MacKaye's play.
Boston. TEMPERANCE BODFISH.
We are indebted for similar information to "A Friend," Cambridge.

Not Effie

As the World Wags:
May not Effie Ellsler's name have been confounded with that of Fannie Ellsler, who if living would be about 95 at the present time? I think Fannie was a celebrated danseuse. E. H.
Boston.

Fanny—not Fannie—Ellsler was born on Jan. 23, 1810. She died in Vienna Nov. 27, 1884. Yes, she was a dancer, and she danced in Boston to the great joy of all beholders.—Ed.

Dec 22 1918

"Contemporary Composers," by Daniel Gregory Mason, is published by the Macmillan Company, New York. The essays were previously published in the Musical Quarterly, the Outlook and the New Music Review. Mr. Mason writes about Richard Strauss, Elgar, Debussy, d'Indy. The introductory essay treats of democracy and music. In the final chapter music in America is discussed.

In his preface Mr. Mason remarks that program music has taken the place of harmony in the art of tones that narration or illustration occupies among graphic arts. Any musician endeavoring to express emotion through beauty is a common place person. "The persons of part[illegible] are those who [illegible] (music) the quaint color of folksongs, like Mr. Percy Grainger, or who make of it an agreeable [illegible] of dance or stage-pictures like Ravel and Strawinsky, or of colored lights and perfumes, like Scriabin; or who spin it into mathematical formulae as a spider spins a web, like Reger; or who use it as a vehicle for a priori intellectual theories like Schoenberg; or as road for a nerve stimulant, like Mr. Leo Ornstein." This is an amusing description, but has not Ravel written charming and emotional music that may be called [illegible], as his string quartet, the piano trio and two orchestral pieces? Mr. Mason does not consider their work in this volume because he thinks that the [illegible] has not arrived for a final critical [illegible]. "Meanwhile [illegible] tendencies, I [illegible] to the best in[illegible]."

[illegible] composer is, [illegible] companion, a [illegible] hall. All [illegible]

[illegible] two minorities [illegible] the frivolous [illegible] two extremes, held apart by profound differences of feeling. Mr. Mason deplores the immense popularity of the "program idea," symphonic poems, etc., with motives labelled "love," "jealousy," "death," and so on; music with a story. He is also disturbed by the impressionism of Debussy's music, which has an effect on "childlike audiences, indisposed to active mental effort and all for taking music passively like a kind of tonal Turkish bath." Yet later in the book he admits that Debussy has exercised "one of the most beneficial of influences against vulgarity of the bumptious type; that he is "a true child of his time in his quest of the sensuous, and a true child of his country in the subtlety with which he pursues it." "His Gallic taste," says Mr. Mason, "saves him from the coarseness of so much of the contemporary Teutonic art; and while his aim is no more spiritual than that of the Germans, he prefers innuendo, implication, and understatement to the gross exaggeration of Strauss, the vehemence in platitude of Mahler and the plodding literalness of Reger." Truly a concise and admirable characterization of these three composers! And even Mr. Mason admits that the charm of Debussy is enough to justify his popularity.

Mr. Mason on page 32 quotes Theodore Thomas as saying to someone who said that people did not like Wagner: "Then we must play him until they do." That speech has been usually attributed to Carl Bergmann.

In Mr. Mason's opinion the chief centres of truly creative activity today are found in three composers: Rachmaninoff, Elgar and d'Indy. "Each of these men reaches back roots to the primal sources of musical life—Bach and Beethoven: Rachmaninoff through Tschaikowsky, the eclectic Elgar through Mendelssohn, Brahms, Wagner and others, and d'Indy through Wagner and Franck. The Frenchman has perhaps, and his characteristic lucidity and logic, something the advantage of the more sensuous Slav and the more convention-beset Anglo-Saxon. Rachmaninoff, for all his warmth, does not always escape the vulgarity of Tschaikowsky, and Elgar cannot always forget the formulae of oratorio. But in d'Indy, with his untrammelled experimental attitude toward all modern possibilities, we have an influence destined steadily to grow and already clearly suggesting an epoch combining the best of the old ways with new ones at which we can for the present only guess."

The studies of Strauss, Elgar—one is tempted to ask why Elgar?—Debussy and d'Indy are thoughtful and elaborate. Mr. Mason has strong convictions and he expresses them forcibly. The reader feels the sincerity and high purpose of the writer even when he cannot at all agree with him. There are pages in these studies, illustrated by musical notation, that are of interest chiefly to musicians; but there are many other pages that will lead the general reader, "fond of music," to think, to question himself concerning his own likes and dislikes, whether they rest on any substantial foundation. Without any desire to be startling, without affection for paradox, Mr. Mason is often happy in the expression of his opinions, arguments, conclusions. "Strauss has administered his tonic shock to us, immersed as we were in the langours of the Wagnerian boudoir." "Do we really care very much about supermen and 'convalescents' and the rival claims of Christianity and neo-paganism when we are listening to 'Also Sprach Zarathustra'?" . . . As for 'Ein Heldenleben,' what an unmitigated bore are those everlasting Adversaries!" How finely he appreciates "Till Eulenspiegel"! "It combines the observation of a Swift with the sympathetic imagination of a Thackeray. Beneath its turbulent surface of fun is a deep sense of pathos, of the fragmentariness and fleetingness of Till for all his pranks; so that to the sensitive it may easily bring tears as well as smiles. Above all, it has that largeness of vision, rarest of artistic qualities, which not only penetrates from appearance to feeling, but grasps feeling in all its relations, presents a unified picture of life and purges the emotions as the Greek tragedy aimed to do. All is suffused in beauty."

The studies of Elgar and d'Indy are largely panegyrical. It is pleasant to note that Mr. Mason quotes d'Indy's description of the Italian fioriture as "that art which consists in making heard the greatest number of useless notes in the shortest space of time."

The chapter "Music in America" will not please the wild-eyed Chauvinists who are always screaming that music by an American should be heard in our concert halls, no matter how bad it is, simply because it is a "work" of an "Amur-rican" composer. His discussion of Mr. Moderwell's passion for rag-time is delightful.

"The true difficulty of the American composer's position is to be found, not in the poverty of the native folk song but in the surprising variety of the [illegible] miscellaneous, his style [illegible] distinction, his art as a whole [illegible] individuality. This feature [illegible] is the typical defect of American compositions of the present generation perhaps—typical in spite of some notable exceptions." A saving final clause: For every American composer of high and low degree will rank himself and herself as one of the notable "exceptions."

The capitalistic-industrial system is inimical to creative work in this country, "but in a plutocratic civilization like ours the more subtle forces of public opinion are perhaps even more fatal to it, because more pervasive and intangible" the composer is regarded by those "who recognize no measure of achievement but income" as "something worse than an interesting eccentric or even a harmless crank; he is something of a sybarite and a skulker; he is one who 'doesn't play the game.' . . . If he wishes to be approved of let him do something useful—that is, something that pays."

A book that read carefully and intelligently will amply repay the time spent in reading.

Band, Bandmaster and Choir in State Prison, Charlestown

To the Editor of the Herald:

Many people are laboring under the impression that the inmates of our penal institutions have no other talents than the one of purloining society's valuables. The purpose of this article is to acquaint you with the interest taken by inmates of the Massachusetts state prison in music.

At this prison in Charlestown an educational system is in vogue which comprises a number of different studies. Music is taught as part of this educational system. If an inmate can play a musical instrument or is musically inclined, he makes the fact known to the warden or deputy warden, who in turn passes him over to the bandmaster. The applicant is given an instrument and certain hours are allotted him for study. A teacher is appointed to instruct him, who gives three lessons a week. The pupil has also two hours each evening to study and practise by himself, without the annoyance of other instruments.

When a pupil is far enough advanced, he is placed in the band. It is surprising to see the progress made by these men in six months. Here the student has plenty of time to study and practise, which, of course, enables him to make more progress than one would make outside the walls. Here the student is locked in his cell, or room, as it is called. He has no business or family troubles or anything else to bother him, so he is free to indulge in such study as he thinks best.

At present this institution has a concert band of 30 pieces. This band handles all grades of music very effectively. The best standard and "up-to-date" selections are played, overtures as "Poet and Peasant," "Martha," music from "Il Trovatore," Sousa's marches, etc., are rendered very nicely by this band. It is rather hard to keep the band up to the standard, as many of the players become in turn eligible for release.

The bandmaster is a life-term prisoner who thoroughly understands the organization and instructing of bands. He has written many inspiring articles for musical journals. He believes in giving every man a chance, therefore all who wish are given a chance to learn some musical instrument. At present the bandmaster has made it his business to secure all the lifers and long-term men that he could find who were musically inclined. Formerly the bandsmen were mostly short-term men, while the long-timers did not seem to take any interest in music. Our bandmaster has been successful in getting the long-term men interested, and it is probable that an exceptionally good band will be had in the future.

On Sundays, two religious services are held in the chapel in the morning. The band plays at both of them while the men are marching in and out. After all the men are seated an overture is played just before the service begins. The band furnishes the music at all the concerts and entertainments. It has four rehearsals a week, two hours being allowed for each rehearsal. On Sunday afternoons a Christian Science service is held in the chapel. At this service an orchestra of eight pieces, composed of three white men and five colored men furnish very good music.

Eight nationalities are represented in the band: 10 Italians, 2 Yankees, 4 Irish, 3 Lithuanians, 1 Armenian, 1 Hebrew, 7 colored men and 2 Frenchmen. The bandsmen are placed in a cell-block separated from the main building, at one end of the yard. This cell-block is a two-story building nicknamed Cherry Hill because of the similarity of construction to the penitentiary at Cherry Hill, Pa. It contains 60 cells, those on the bottom floor being 8 by 16 feet and those above 8 by 12 feet. Besides having a barred door these cells or rooms have a sliding blind door which can be closed while playing goes on. Bandsmen are allowed to practise upon their instruments each night from 6 till 8:45 [illegible], when the [illegible] sounds [illegible]

[illegible] The [illegible] prisoners [illegible] here is no [illegible] allowed in [illegible] take advantage [illegible] and study hard. It would seem [illegible] to any visitor who happened [illegible] these instruments going at once with each individual playing a different tune etc. This time for individual practice is well appreciated by the men, who make the most of the opportunity to better their condition. At present besides the regular concert band there are 21 new pupils.

Here is a choir of 30 voices which assists at the religious services on Sundays. This choir has two rehearsals a week and one day in which they receive musical instruction. The choir is under the direction of Mr. William R. Lane, who is paid by the state to instruct it. Mr. Lane teaches the most modern methods. These men are taught to sing at sight, the proper placing of the tones and such things as go to make a singer. Mr. Lane is very conscientious in his work. We are fortunate in having him as our instructor. On Sundays the bandmaster directs the choir in the absence of Mr. Lane.

The officials give the choir and bandmen as much encouragement as they can and help them in every way.

Formerly, education was not considered a necessity to prisons throughout the country, but today people have changed their views and come to the conclusion that an education is of value to the inmates of prison and a great help toward reformation.

Quite a number of men who have received their musical education here are today playing for good bands outside these walls and some are in army and navy bands. Education counts every time, no matter where one is.
Charlestown. ARTHUR B. SMITH

How a Theatre Persuaded a Spectator to Place Advertisement

To the Editor of the Herald:

As an old Boston Theatre goer, and one who, in the good old days of the Boston Museum and other Boston stock companies, and William Warren, Charlie Barron, Annie Clarke, L. R. Shewell, Mrs. J. R. Vincent and Josie Orton graced the footlights and delighted Boston audiences with "Rosedale," "The Member from Cranberry Centre," "London Assurance" and other delightful dramas and farces full of clean, wholesome fun and sentiment, and, later as a subscriber remembers when the Castle Square Theatre was first opened with its stock companies, playing old and new dramas, portrayed by Lillian Lawrence, Mark Kent, Charlie Mackie, and later by the Craigs, with their casts of actors, it is a great pleasure to attend, as it were, a revival of these experiences in the new and able stock company consisting of Dudley Ayers, Mark Kent, Joseph Sweeney, Ann Macdonald, Betty Barnicoat and others, who are now delighting Boston audiences by their presentation of a most interesting line of plays, which possess merit in illustrating some phases of our daily experiences in business, sentiment and life and fruitful often in practical suggestions.

This particularly occurred to me when I saw the play "It Pays to Advertise," from which anyone launching or exploiting a new business might draw profitable lessons. All that I can say to the Boston public is "Go see them" and derive profit and pleasure from them.

As an instance of this in my own personal experience which illustrates concretely what I mean. It happens that in company with other men I am interested in an industrial proposition that bears the earmarks of great promise, to wit: the manufacture of leather from whale, shark and other mammals and fish skins. There is already demand calling for this product that insures ultimate and absolute success, and we have believed that for that reason that no particular publicity was necessary, that it would succeed on its own merits.

But this play gave certain suggestions so strongly that it has changed our minds and we resolved that it would "pay to advertise," and good results have already accrued to us and we have prospective customers who will take all of this product that we can possibly make. So I say,—All hail and good luck to the new Castle Square Theatre stock company, and we advise everybody to give them a real Boston welcome and crowded houses. They deserve it, to say nothing of the present environment, to wit: a reading room and other conveniences which the new management have provided.
Boston. FREEMAN HUNT

Notes About the Stage
Music and Musicians

Mr. Rabaud's symphonic poem, "The Nocturnal Procession," was performed in San Francisco on Nov. 29 and Dec. 1 by the Symphony orchestra, led by Alfred Hertz. It was played here in 1903 by the Orchestral Club, led by Mr. Longy, and in [illegible] by the orchestra of the New England Conservatory, led by Mr. Chadwick. It is on the [illegible] of the Symphony [illegible] this week.

Mr. Ch[illegible] symphony, [illegible] go orch[illegible] in memory of T[illegible] who died on Jan. 1, [illegible].

Mr. Loeffler's symphonic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," was performed by the St. Louis Orchestra on Dec. 13, 14, when that admirable artist, Henri Casadesus played the viole d'amour.

"The Better 'Ole" ended its run of more than 800 performances at the Oxford, London, last month. The play will soon be seen here.

The Incorporated Stage Society will revive in London on Jan. 12, 14, Vanbrugh's "Provoked Wife," presumably in an unexpurgated form. Later productions will include "The Harvesters," by Arthur Symons; "The Spirit of Parsifal Robinson," by H. F. Rubinstein, and "The Player Queen," a new comedy by W. B. Yeats.

The Strand Theatre, London, has passed into the hands of Messrs. Grossmith, Laurillard and Bourchier. Their first production will be that of a new play, "Scandal," by Cosmo Hamilton.

Eugene Stratton, Negro minstrel and a brother-in-law of Charley Mitchell, the pugilist, left a personal estate of £3113 16s, 5d.

A wire and trapeze gymnast, R. Smith, one of the "Latelles Brothers," bequeathed £1250 to the Birmingham (Eng.) General Hospital to be applied toward the maintenance of a bed for the preferential use of any persons who are or have been professional gymnasts, acrobats, athletes.

John S. Sargent has made a crayon sketch of Marie Loehr as the Duke of Reichstadt in "L'Aiglon."

"The Singer," an unfinished one-act play by Patrick Pears, who was executed after the Dublin rebellion of 1916, is announced for performance at Carlow, Ireland. P. C. Murray has interpolated a few passages.

"Under Orders" was the title of Herbert Thomas's "Out of Hell" when it was produced in New York last fall. "Under Orders" will be the title for the British Isles and the colonies. The fifth act, with the subject peace with victory, has not yet been performed in public, but will be played in the future.

Helen Raymond, the American actress who made a great hit in London, has been seriously ill for some time. She purposes to be a manager there as soon as she can secure a theatre.

Never has London had such houses as during the peace nights this week. Every theatre could have been filled twice over. George Robey had a great time of it at the Alhambra. He told me his latest story:

Yiddish papa, nursing his son:

Son: "Fader, vot did you do in the great war?"

Father: "Vot did I do? Vasn't I always the first to go down the Tube on Raid nights?"—The Stage.

The actors Henry Ainley, Gerald du Maurier, H. B. Irving and Robert Loraine, released from war duties by the armistice, now return to the theatre. Mr. Loraine, who as squadron commander was severely wounded, will be under Mr. Cochrans management for a term of years, but before going to London he will be seen elsewhere in "Cyrano de Bergerac."

The shop girls of Selfridge's department store in London gave performances of "The Shop Girl" at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, last month, and were praised. "In their more frivolous moments they run a dramatic and operatic society.

Paul Franz, tenor at the Opera, Paris, and during the early years of the war a soldier in the French army, has returned to Paris from a tour in South America. He had his picture postcard, representing him in uniform, standing in front of a "75" and looking down its muzzle, while the legend beneath is "His Master's Voice."

We published recently the complaint of Mr. Percy A. Sholes about German music used for a thanksgiving service in London. Here is a reply by "Emeritus" in the Daily Telegraph of Nov. 23: "On reference to 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' perhaps the most widely used hymnal in our churches, I find under the head of 'Thanksgiving' only two hymns, viz., 'Now thank we all our God' and 'Rejoice today,' and in each case the accompanying tune is composed by a German, the culprits being in the one case Martin Luther and in the other J. Cruger, who flourished in the 16th and 17th centuries respectively. It is, I think, fairly obvious that both these gentlemen are dead, and if their music has so long outlived them, it would appear to possess such qualifications as should entitle it to our consideration. In respect of the use of the tune 'Austria' I am (as one of the 'innocent parsons and organists' so touchingly referred to) not at all ashamed to confess my liking for it, and if the German nation approves of it, it would seem that they also know a good tune when they hear it, but I do not propose to allow their admiration to prevent me from using it. I heartily wish that I could plead guilty to the charge of innocence of which Mr. Scholes accuses me, but it is, I fear, one of the many qualities which the lapse of time has made conspicuous by its absence, but I am even now sufficiently innocent (or foolish, if he prefers the latter term) to listen with delight to a performance of the 'Messiah' composed by a German [illegible] company with Martin Luther and [illegible] [illegible] deceased."

Mr. Robin H. Legge, the musical editor of the Daily Telegraph, agrees with Mr. Scholes. "Many correspondents during this week have pointed out to me how 'wrong' of Mr. Scholes to have fallen foul of 'Now thank we all our God' as part of the celebration; the tune, quoth they, is in our blood, or at any rate in our most popular hymn books. Yes, yes. But to thousands who, like myself, were educated in the long ago in Germany there is no possibility of accepting this tune as anything else than saturated with Germanism, and associated in our minds with every German function of which we may have been present. It is nearly 20 years since last I was in Germany, during the Boer war; it is over 30 years since I lived there. Yet the effect on my mind when on Nov. 11 I heard a Guards band brazen forth the tune mentioned in front of Buckingham Palace was, and will ever be, uneffaceable, because of the early association in my mind of that tune, fine though it be. So, too, with the various performances of Brahms's 'German Requiem.' You all know that I am no chauvinist, and I know that my reverence for the classics in art yields to no man's. But here, again, you come up against old association. So far as my memory serves, Brahms wrote his 'German Requiem' in pious memory of his mother. In the many years I lived in Germany my association with it is—German life." He furthermore regretted the absence of military bands in the streets on Nov. 11 and the following days.

They did the thing better in the English provinces. At the Birmingham Town Hall the program consisted of "God Save the King," Elgars' "Pomp and Circumstance" march, the public joining in the singing of the trio ("Land of Hope and Glory," now a national hymn), "Carillon," "The Spirit of England," with "How Beautiful Are the Feet" and the Hallelujah Chorus. Writing of this performance Mr. Ernest Newman said "the occasion was not one to be criticized as a concert. Rather was it a communal outpouring of emotion, the attempt of the better part of the soul in us to steady itself in a great crisis, to realize at what price victory had been won, and the need there still is for courage and faith in humanity. We can only congratulate ourselves that in these two poignant works of Elgar and his poets we have things worthy of a great nation in its hour of victory, as they were worthy of it in the hour of trial; it is something to have kept so fine an edge upon both our loathing and our hope. The whole difference between the thing we have been fighting and our own sustaining ideal is summed up in the difference between the crude German Hymn of Hate and the lofty disdain and ardent humanism of these two great works. Last night they tuned us, as they always do, to a nobler philosophy, and laid a great compassionate, consoling hand upon our racked hearts."

Shall we see a stage revival after the war? Everyone hopes so, but it cannot be said that the precedent of the end of the Napoleonic wars is very favorable to such hope. "In 1816," says Mr. Archer, "the poetic drama was entering upon a period of disruption and decline," and it certainly is a dreary business to look through the list of new productions in London between 1816 and 1823—a period in which "Virginius" was hailed as a prodigy. Even from the acting point of view there was nothing remarkable in the way of revival. It is true that Macready made his first appearance on the London stage in 1816, but Mrs. Siddons had formally retired in 1812. J. P. Kemble was beginning his farewell season and Kean, though at the height of his reputation, began the downward path soon after.—London Daily Chronicle.

Dec 23 1918

Over a month ago a Bostonian wrote to us from Buenos Ayres, relating singular facts in the adventurous life of one Captain "Smylle." Then Mr. G. B. Haskell of Roxbury arose to say that the captain's name was "Smiley" and there was an account of him in Capt. John D. Whidden's book, "Ocean Life in the Old Sailingship Days." Last week we received a letter from Mr. Edward F. Clark of Ridgewood, N. J.

"I was tied up for six weeks in the Falkland Islands in 1864 and there met Captain Smylie (sic), and heard tales about him; some facts, and some exaggerations. Certain personal traits I noticed which I think have not been spoken of."

Will not Mr. Clark describe these traits to us? That is, if they can be described in the presence of Mrs. Boffin.

Marvellous! MarvelLOUS!

As the World Wags:

As I am always well pleased to run across men of odd callings, I was glad, last summer, to chance upon a "spirit herb" doctor, who attributed his ability to pick an efficacious remedy from a bagful of herbs to a control.

Upon my asking him about the medicinal properties of herbs, he told me that his control most commonly used tansy, and had once [illegible] a case of Derbyshire neck with that plant. Finding that the worthy doctor was about to expatiate on maladies of a more delicate nature, I made haste to ask particularly about his control. Upon which he asserted that 'twas the spirit of a famous chirurgeon of Queen Elizabeth's court, who held a great store of the esoteric knowledge of her reign.

If any man thinks such a fact unbelievable, let him chat with the doctor. As for me, I was impressed.

Boston. TARBELLUS.

"Derbyshire neck" forced us to consult the dictionary. In that invaluable book we found "Derbyshire neck: a swelling of the thyroid gland; bronchocele, goitre, so called as being endemic in parts of that country." Good old Dr. Beddoes in 1802 remarked: "The water of melted snow has been held by many authors to be the cause of the bronchocele or Derbyshire neck." (See his "Hygeia" vl. 67.)

This question arises: Was the famous Derby ram of the song, who was curiously swollen in parts of his body, afflicted in like manner as to his neck?

A Spendthrift Socialist

As the World Wags:

I have been reading many horrifying statements of postal defects recently, such as "My wife gave me a letter to mail to her mother on Monday of Thanksgiving week, inviting the old lady to come and eat turkey with us, and she never got it till Friday afternoon!" And so on for quantity. I had a recent experience, not as correspondent but correspondee, which could not be classed as outrageous, rather as extremely curious, of this sort and fashion. A Cambridge citizen who disagreed with something I had said wrote me in protest. He first took a 2-cent postal card, and wrote: "I enclose a full-page editorial which I hope you will read," etc.

Then he apparently bethought him that he could not enclose the newspaper page in a postal card, so he fished out a 2-cent stamped envelope and put both card and editorial in it, then whanged an extra 1-cent stamp on the lower right-hand corner of the envelope for good measure. Then he wrote a letter about it, and placed this in still another 2-cent stamped envelope with the extra and unnecessary 1-cent stamp in the corner, and mailed the lot. Total, 8 cents in postage, to carry what Uncle Sam would willingly have brought across the raging Charles for 2 cents.

Why did he do it? It may yield some light to say that he was a Socialist, and was sending me a page from the only daily in Boston which would be likely to print a full page in praise of the Bolsheviki. That he should be a follower of such journalistic misleading might be considered illuminative as to his mental capacity. Was that what ailed him, or was he merely trying to boost the business of his fellow-Socialist, Burleson, in spending 8 cents where 2 cents was sufficient?

I appreciated his earnestness in spending the 8 cents in an effort to change my views, although unfortunately the document he sent was worth less than nothing at all in that direction, rather by its advocacy confirming my opinion that the Bolsheviki were the most colossal aggregation of folly to be found within the limits of the race. Why the high freight on a worthless cargo?

Brookline. W. C. T.

"I Hope He Comes"

As the World Wags:

The sentence which Mr. Brander Neall cites from Kittredge and Farley's Advance English Grammar, "We sail from Havana on Tuesday," is far from being an example of such a use of the present tense with a future meaning as is exemplified in the verb "comes" in the sentence "I hope he comes." The sentence quoted by Mr. Neall is good English, and nobody would think of claiming to the contrary. In "I hope he comes," however, the sentence which I deny to be idiomatic English, the verb used in the present tense with a future meaning is in a subordinate clause of a sentence which is governed by the verb "hope," and I again ask Mr. Neall to cite from standard authors a few examples of the use, in a subordinate clause governed by that verb "hope," of a verb used in the present tense with a future meaning. The present tense is not infrequently used with a future meaning, as I said in my first note, and the sentence which Mr. Neall cites is simply one of the numberless examples which could be given of such a use of that tense, but the sentence cannot logically be cited as justifying the use of such English as is exemplified in the sentence "I hope he comes."

SAXO GRAMMATICUS.

Brookline.

MESSIAH" AGAIN

Following its time-honored custom, the Handel and Haydn Society gave its Christmas production of Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. It was the society's 139th performance of the work and the occasion derived special interest from the fact that it served as the 100th anniversary of the organization's first production of the oratorio in Boylston Hall, on Christmas day, 1818.

Emil Mollenhauer was conductor. H. G. Tucker was organist. The solo singers were Florence Hinkle, soprano, in place of Mabel Garrison; Merle Alcock, alto; Arthur Hackett, tenor; Henri Scott, bass, in place of Arthur Middleton. Miss Garrison and Mr. Middleton were unable to sing, as had been expected, because both are suffering from influenza.

It is doubtful if "The Messiah" was ever performed, since its production in Dublin in 1742, when its deepest meanings, apart from their special significance, had a closer relation to world conditions than they have now. For example, consider these well-known phrases: "Why do the nations so furiously rage together and why do the people imagine a vain thing?" "The kings of the earth rise up and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord"; "Darkness shall cover the earth and gross darkness the people, but the Lord shall arise upon thee"; "Every mountain shall be made low, the crooked straight and the rough places plain"; "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: 'I will shake all nations and the desire of all nations shall come' "; "For unto us a child is born and his name shall be called the Prince of Peace."

It was easy to believe that the remarkable applicability of the words and music to the world of today impressed not only the great audience that filled every seat in the hall, but also imbued the conductor, the orchestra, the chorus and the solo singers with unusual solemnity and intensity of feeling in their interpretation of the work. Certain it is that no finer production of "The Messiah" has ever been heard in Boston, and never was an audience that heard it quicker in response to its deep and powerful appeal to the loftiest sentiments and emotions.

Generous applause was given to the different portions of the work that always appeal to its hearers, particularly to "Comfort ye my people," by Mr. Hackett; "Behold a virgin," by Miss Alcock, and "He shall feed his flock," Miss Alcock and Miss Hinkle; "There were shepherds" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," Miss Hinkle; "Why do the nations?" Mr. Scott; the "Hallelujah" chorus and the Pastoral symphony, exquisitely interpreted by the orchestra.

Dec 24. 1918

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

We have received letters about Col. Roosevelt's English from Mr. Bernard M. Allen of Andover, Mr. J. B. Davis, and "Lux." We thank the writers for these letters, but enough has been said about "whomsoever" and "whosoever." We should like to hear from the Colonel himself, if he would not be too violent. There is room for a letter from Mr. H. W. Magoun of Cambridge; although we do not bow to the authority of the Century Dictionary.

"Might it not be well for some of your correspondents to extend their labors? I notice that the benighted editors of the Century Dictionary, which is supposed to be as good authority as there is, have been guilty of recognizing (sub vocibus) both of the forms, "whomever" and "whomsoever." Why not labor with them before instructing the rest of us as to correct usage? They are the guilty ones.

"Furthermore, have you ever noticed that men with more or less familiarity with eight or nine languages are never troubled with difficulties concerning the other matters in dispute? They realize that the English subjunctive is not yet wholly dead and that it had a preterit form. If they were to express an opinion, it might be illuminating. Observe that they have not and that any such action must be in the future. English is a dangerous subject for those without a philological training.

Roosevelt's Dead Language

As the World Wags:

Mr. Roosevelt's English, where-ever you see
Is the "Purist" and "Querist" that-ever could be.
Whoever may argue that whomever's wrong;
However can't prove to whichever'll belong
Whatever's correct and whenever 'tis read.
Let's forever consider this "lingo" as DEAD!

WALTER SCOTT HOWARD.

Buzzard's Bay.

For Messrs. Reddy and Bodfish

As the World Wags:

It is a fine day, not too cold for an out-of-door excursion, so I invite Mr. Thomas F. Reddy to seat himself beside me upon my magic carpet of memory, turn the appropriate peg, and away we go through time and space back to Cleveland, O., in the year 1861. At that time

[th]e theatrical appetite of [the] city was catered to by no more than two theatres and a hall. The chief temple of the drama—and a rather shabby one it must be confessed to have been—was the Academy of Music, situated on Bank street next to the Kennard House and connected with it with an eye to festal possibilities by large doors, thrown open once at least at the time of the celebration of the opening of the composite structure, but not often afterwards. I recall the stage and auditorium of this house to have been up one flight of stairs and to have been related to this staircase just as they were in the case of the old Boston Museum in this city, the stage door opening straight ahead and the public entrance to the left of the lobby and at the head of the stairs. On an unimportant street, running from Bank street to Water street, parallel with Superior street, the principal business thoroughfare of Cleveland, and just behind the Weddell House, was The Varieties, a rather discredited playhouse specializing in "variety" shows, the ancestral form of the modern vaudeville. Brainerd Hall, on Superior street, a little to the east of the Weddell House, was the temporary home of about everything else in the amusement line that came to the city. I saw there the Peak Family Bell Ringers, divers panoramas of the civil war and many other entertainments of various sorts; one or more lectures upon the subject of temperance, more or less wasted, as I now regret to recall; a sleight of hand performance or two—McAllister, in particular; and a lot of patriotic allegories such as provided a definite part of the horrors of the war of the rebellion. In connection with one of these I first saw in actual use upon the human person a complete suit of armor. This was worn by a gentleman personifying War, and was the redeeming feature of the show in which my childish mind detected unmistakable evidence that under a shallow pretence of amusing me I was being secretly "improved." I do not recall anything more abhorrent to a properly constituted boy. The Euclid Avenue Opera House, to which Mr. Reddy mistakenly refers Miss Ellsler's debut did not come into existence for many years. I was taken away from Cleveland in 1866. When I next revisited the city in 1878 or 79 it existed as a "new" house, its novelty and elegance being still insisted upon in its advertising. It had been built, I think, by Mark Hanna of political note, and I remember to have greatly enjoyed seeing there for the first time Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer," with Mr. Digby Bell as John Wellington Wells.

Cleveland was then a rather small city. The house my family last lived in was sold several years later than that visit in 1878-9, for about $10,000. In 1912 I tried to locate the site of my boyish home but found it indistinguishably merged in a gigantic sky-scraper situated on Prospect street, just above what was in the old days Eric street. I asked a real estate man of my acquaintance to estimate what my former property was now worth, and was told that, had I held it instead of selling, it would have brought me in roughly $160,000. This loss of $150,000 is, I think, the largest of which I ever became conscious in any one day; nor does any way occur to me by which I could possibly lose so much in any other way.

Oddly enough, the impropriety of Miss Ellsler's appearing as Desdemona mentioned by your correspondent, Mr. Temperance Codfish, was apparent even to a child of not more than 10, and I clearly recall her almost grotesque appearance in the part. The Clara Morris, who may have appeared in this cast as Emilia, as reported by T. B., is spoken of as if she had been at that time a full fledged chicken instead of a mere egg. Miss Morris was in 1861 an "extra lady," not even in the category of "responsible utility" as was then technically described the humble player who was occasionally trusted with a line. Miss Morris grew rapidly, it is true but was hardly "up to" Desdemona at that time. She would have been as unripe in the part as her senior was over-ripe. In 1878-79, Effie Ellsler had some reputation, probably not at all professional, as a "champion skater." At any rate, I remember to have had her pointed out to me at the rink, out on St. Clair street, as I recall its site, in that character. She was dressed in some pretty and distinguished way, inviting notice and attention, and wore the highest pair of laced boots that I had than ever seen on a lady. F. E. C.

Boston.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"A Marriage of Convenience," a comedy in four acts by Alexander Dumas, adapted from the French by Sydney Grundy. Cast:

Comtesse de Candale	Ruth Chatterton
Marton	Frances Goodrich Ames
The General	David Glassford
Comte de Candale	Henry Miller
Chevalier de Valclos	Jose Ruben
Jasmin	Charles Gotthold
An officer	Willard Barton
A Suisse	Robert Whitehouse

This brilliant comedy, with its Louis XV. atmosphere, its gorgeous costumes, its powdered wigs, its impression of a society that danced through l[illegible] minuet, its [illegible] ben humor, was produced at the [Hollis] Street Theatre Jan 3 to 8, 18[illegible], [with] the cast John Drew, Arthur Byron, [illegible] H. Harkins, Graham Henderson, [illegible] Irving and Elsie DeWolfe. Twenty years ago! Memorable performance without doubt, but let no ancient wag his head, shrug his shoulders and bemoan "Ah! There were giants in those days."

For Mr. Miller, Miss Chatterton and their associates need shrink from no reminiscences of oldest inhabitants. Their work confounds the most pessimistic admirers of the past. Comparisons are always odorous, and in this case would be foolish. The present production is a delight from beginning to end and the audience that crowded the theatre last night evidently thought so.

Mr. Miller fills the eye, wears the costumes, embodies finely the character of a polished gentleman of Paris, 1750, who weds a girl straight from a convent for her dowry and resolves to make the best of it. Why think of loving a wife, especially if one has a charming marquise for consolation? And when he discovers the young wife had her own romance, and with his best friend, too, why worry? All shall be happy. But when real love and jealousy come into the minuet, he shows under his bewigged and powdered surface that his heart is human and honest and that he is a real gentleman after all. He does it all with excellent restraint and clarity.

Miss Chatterton has said she had no ambition to be a "star"; her aim in life was to be an actress. Well, by her picturing of the convent girl thrown into a marriage without affection, astonished at her husband's moderation and real manliness beneath his satin and laces, falling in love with him, renouncing her shallow chevalier of the convent days, coquetting charmingly to win the comte, toting around her huge paniers, bobbing hoops and long train with lovely grace and quaintness, flashing forth her jealousy, yielding to her passion for her husband with sweet unaffectedness—she proves through it all beyond cavil that her ambition is realized. She is an actress.

The other members of the company do their parts well in the reproduction of the spirit of the times, the telling of the story and the portrayal of the characters. Mr. Ruben is satisfactorily shallow and foolish as the Chevalier, while Mr. Glassford is excellently bluff and direct as the general of an older and more honest generation. Mise Ames and Mr Gotthold as the efficient and officious [ser]vants of the involved household give valiant and pleasing aid in making the performance complete.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"Lombardi, Ltd.," a farce-comedy in three acts, by Frederick and Fanny Hatton. The cast:

Yvette	Miss Vera Leonard
Muriel	Miss Lilian Franklin
Daisy	Miss Grace Valentine
James Hodgkins	Hallam Bosworth
An expressman	Will L. White
Tito Lombardi	Leo Carillo
Norah Blake	Miss Mary Kennedy
Phyliss Manning	Miss Winifred Bryson
Millie McNeal	Miss Marion Abbott
Robert Tarrant	Charles Wellesley
Lida Moore	Miss Roberta Arnold
Riccardo Tosello	Warner Baxter
Max Strohn	Harold Russell
Mrs. Warrington Brown	Miss Ina Rorke
Eloise	Miss Helen Wolcott

In a recent interview with a press agent, Mrs. Hatton explained that "Lombardi, Ltd." brings a new character to the stage, "an artistic genius, who thinks only of art and nothing of business." It seems to some that much of the romance and most of the imagination of American life is in its gigantic enterprises of business. Apparently, dramatists lack that vision. The great captain of industry is but scratched in such plays as "The Lion and the Mouse." But this has nothing to do with "Lombardi, Ltd." And that has little to do with business. The Hattons call it a comedy, a misnomer. The piece is farcical in part, with a spice of satire. Less admirably acted, it would provoke wonder at the hardihood of clever writers stringing it through three scenes. How much they are indebted to Leo Carillo for his vitalization of Tito Lombardi, the playwrights doubtless know.

A short story soon told. Lombardi is an artist whose creations are with dress goods. To him dressmaking is a career, not a means of livelihood. That is why he makes beautiful gowns for a model, and gives them to her, simply because he admires her lines. When she sells herself to a stockbroker, the artist in him is grieved, not the man. If the atmosphere of "Lombardi, Ltd.," is favorable to amorous intrigue, as dressmaking establishments in opera, play and never are expected to be, it is not the fault of its master—who has a keen eye for color, but a poor head for business, and little liking for woman, the courtesan. Saved from failure, he marries his level-headed and affectionate assistant, on her initiative.

When this piece was produced in New York, in the autumn of 1917, some staid critics found glaring suggestiveness. They were very sensitive, or lines have been toned down. By no means the sort of entertainment recommended by those who enjoy Mr. Bryan's famous lecture on "The Prince of Peace." For the seasoned playgoer it has it[s] moderate fillip. Again, the Hattons sustain their reputation as writers able to make dialogue [pictur]esce.

Mr Carillo's Tito is an engaging spe[cimen] of the Latin race. Naive, volatile, [irres]ponsible and amiable, he takes his [di]fficulties, both personal and financial, [l]ightly. The lines he speaks are what the New York Sun, squelching a too aspiring novelist, describes as "a distinguished derangement of language." Mary Kennedy, as Norah, Tito's sweetly devoted assistant; Marion Abbott, playing Millie, a drably devoted seamstress; Hallam Bosworth, in his angular impersonation of James, the indomitably efficient book-keeper, are capable elaborations of familiar type. Grace Valentine seizes upon the ready laugh provided with a mannequin who enters Lombardi's with unsophisticated resignation to a life of sin.

In all, a first rate performance. And the costumes at Lombardi's must delight the feminine. A large audience was frankly pleased.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Comedy in three acts by Anne Crawford Flexner from the stories by Alice Hegan Rice. The cast:

Mrs. Wiggs	Olive West
Lovey Mary	Dorothy Tierney
Mis' Hazy	Minnie Milne
Miss Lucy	Ann MacDonald
Mrs. Schultz	Beatrice Blanchard
Mrs. Eichorn	Jeanette Howell
Asia Wiggs	Marion Florence Coogan
Australia Wiggs	Olive Bogart
Europenia Wiggs	Margaret Fay
Hiram Stubbins	Mark Kent
Mr. Wiggs	Joseph Sweeney
Bob Redding	Dudley Ayres
Billy Wiggs	Aubrey Bosworth
Chris Hazy	Frederick Allen
Mr. Hunkerdunkus Jones	Teddy LeDuc
Deputy Sheriff	Frederick Murray
Brother Spicer	William Food
Deacon Bagby	Charles Stevens
Mr. Schultz	Samuel Godfrey
Postman	William Foote
Mr. Eichorn	Harold Kirkwood

The revival of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is under the stage direction of William C. Masson. Miss Olive West, specially engaged on account of the illness of Betty Barnicoat, acts Mrs. Wiggs herself with sincerity and a pleasant sense of humor. Mr. Kent and Miss Milne are laughable as the eccentric Mr. Stubbins and the grotesque Miss Hazy. Mr. Ayres gives a manly youthfulness to Mr. Bob. Miss MacDonald is charming as Miss Lucy, and Miss Tierney as Lovey Mary.

Next week at the Castle Square the play will be Edward Sheldon's "Romance," a comedy drama of the love of a young clergyman for an opera singer.

LAUDER GETS WARM WELCOME

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Eleventh annual tour of Harry Lauder in a repertory of old and new songs and stories, with a surrounding vaudeville bill. Under the direction of William Morris. Daniel Dore conducted.

There was a large audience, and the enthusiasm was unbounded. The entire parquet was occupied by sailors and soldiers as guests of the comedian. The vaudeville bill was a good one, nicely varied, but the big audience was in a constant state of expectancy till the stubby Scotchmen was before them, gnarled stick and all, and wreathed in smiles and glad to be among his Boston friends once more.

Mr. Lauder has several new songs, including "Don't Sing Any More About War, Just Let Us Sing of Love," "Back, Back, to Where the Heather Grows," "There Is Somebody Waiting for Me," "I Think I'll Get Wed in the Summertime," "From the North, South, East and West," "When I Was Twenty-one." The comedian was generous with encores and added several of his old successes to the program. At the conclusion of singing "The Wee Hoose Amang the Heather" he talked of his experiences with the boys on the western front and urged every one to do his part to stamp out German propaganda, which he believes is still rife in this country.

The art of the comedian is already a matter of record. All his songs are sung with a lucidity of text, and each song has its significant and pertinent dress. He cleverly differentiated each song, and the repertory developed a succession of types, each with its own characteristics. Not all of the songs are in the comedian's vein, and here and there was a nice bit of sentiment that did not fail to pull on the heartstrings.

The vaudeville bill included "The Act Beautiful," a posing act, introducing a milk-white horse and four dogs; Julia Curtis, impersonator; Children of Confucius, a Chinese singing and dancing act; Bert Melrose, in perilous stunts of equilibrium; and the Three Kitamuras Brothers, Japanese acrobats.

[Ja]ck Norworth Back with New Songs

There is an extra letter th[is] week [in] Keith's program, which runs to M. Jack Norworth heads the bill with songs that have an appeal for all sorts of theatregoers, from high-brows to morons; his offering has tone enough for cultivated tastes and humor enough to tickle the ribs of the soberest parson.

And the audience last evening didn't have anything against Lois Josephine and Tyler Brooke, either. This couple's act is all clever song and pretty dance, with several changes of costume by Miss Josephine. Their wind-up is a facetious [m]arriage ceremony, performed in the [abs]ence of the clergyman, who cannot be found at the proper time.

[A] woman's band—and a good one—is [made up] of Inez Secrest, Marjorie Moore, Gi[illegible] [B]rewer, Frankie Cramer, Harriet De[illegible] [J]ean Nickolaus, Dorothea Lorenz, An[illegible] Williams and Laura Townsley, grou[ped] as Ralph Dunbar's Grenadier Girls.

Royal [G]ascoigne is an unusual juggler. He d[oes s]ome skilful stunts, which he accom[pan]ies with a delightfully witty comme[nt i]n Cockney ascent. He also has a [somer]saulting doggie.

The s[loppi]est act on the program is that of James (Fat) Thompson, assisted by Al P[etrie]. They slop whitewash buckets o[f] it. Everybody enjoys seeing one huma[n be]ing plaster another with wet, stick[y] stuff. Puzzle—How do Jim and Al ever get cleaned up again after the show?

Miss Merle and company present a good trained bird act with a tedious and unnecessary prologue. Jack Ryan and Billy Joyce entertain with lively songs. The Lurgan Sisters explained that their gowns were coming on a train. The News Weekly is of local interest, showing pictures of the big new warehouse at South Boston. The extra is a Red Cross film showing relief work in Sicily. The Klein Brothers also offer an act.

Dec 25 1918

FRED STONE IS

By PHILIP HALE

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of the musical extravaganza, "Jack o' Lantern," in two acts and eight scenes; book and lyrics by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside, music by Ivan Caryll. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Globe Theatre, New York, Oct. 16, 1917. Musical director, W. E. Macquinn.

	Fred Stone
Jack o' Lantern	Roy Hoyer
Paul	Charles Mast
Henry Tripp	Harold West
Bobbie	Oscar Ragland
Uncle George	Allene Crater
Vilanessa	Helen Falconer
Cicely	Margaret Irving
Lady of Dreams	Teresa Valerio
Zingarella	Marie Hall
Babby	Frances Jordan
Janet	Violet Zell
Susie Sasfras	

The old-fashioned pantomime with the clown of the hot poker, the greased sidewalk and the string of sausages is no longer in fashion. George L. Fox, Tony Denier, James S. Moffitt are names that convey no meaning to the younger generation. The modern pantomime with Pierrot never gained a firm footing in this country, and the rage for it in Paris died long before the war. Are there still "Shakespearian" clowns in the circus? Those we saw in our boyhood were for the most part dull fellows.

The noble art of clowning, however, is still seen in all its glory in the person, the smile, the facial play, the antics of Mr. Stone. His athletic feats, his surprising leaps and jumps and bounds, his amazing ability to extricate himself from threatened danger, these are ever delightful. His dancing, now graceful, now purposely grotesque, his skating, his curious tricks with mouth and throat; these, too, give great pleasure. But Mr. Stone has another charm. Back of all the clowning, the kindly, sympathetic man is recognized by the man of intelligence who himself enjoys his absurd behavior perhaps more keenly than those who roar in the audience. His fun is never vulgar, never common, nor is it priggishly refined.

It does not follow that interest flags in this show when Mr. Stone is not on the stage. There are old friends, who are always welcome, among them charming Allene Crater, with the musical voice, mistress of demure quips and gags; little Miss Zell, fearless as ever, rejoicing in her lightness and in Mr. Stone's strength and skill. Then there is the graceful and fascinating skating of the Misses Dallerup and Smith; the dancing of Miss Falconer, the saxophone concert of the Six Brown Brothers. The drill of the Signal Corps led by Miss Crater is highly creditable to the Sunshine Girls and the stage manager.

One of the many scenes is that in which Jack o'Lantern recites a mo[de]rn version of the story of Cinderel[la], i[n] which a table is covered with tri[c]k [illegible] In this scene the lova[b]le char[illegible] Mr Stone is un[a]ff[ec]t[edly] reveal[ed]

The chorus girls, many in num[illegible] for once really attractive, young, fresh pretty, joyous, disporting themselves in many changes of costume, many of which are beautiful, and all are tasteful, girls taking part in the extravaganza, not too anxious for the approving gaze of men, old and young, in the front row.

Mr. Caryll's music is appropriately light and tuneful. The songs and concerted pieces deserve more musical voices than those heard last night. The scenery by Messrs. Urban, Emens and Albert is effective, as is the management of the lighting. The extravaganza should crowd the theatre during its

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That Algernon Charles Swinburne could be violent in prose and poetry is known to his admirers; also to those who now find pleasure in belittling him. His letters, edited by Messrs. Edmund Gosse and T. J. Wise, recently published in London, show a rough humor in expression of indignation. He wrote to Lord Houghton: "Is there—oh! is there, any truth in the report that in consequence of an article in the Times yesterday which decrees that there are—and shall be—no living poets in England, Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning have 'shaken hands in death' by shutting themselves up in a hermetically sealed room with a pan of ignited charcoal between them; and that Mr. Thomas Carlyle, regardless alike of his years, of the weather, and of the law of the land prohibiting indecent exposure, has been seen dancing a Highland fling, in a state of total nudity and partial intoxication down and up Cheyne-Walk, Chelsea, with a Scotch cutty-pipe in his mouth, and the Scotch fiddle on his back, by way of expressing as in a Phyrric war-dance, the triumph of an 'inarticulate poet,' over the downfall of the last articulate individual of that ilk?"

Dr. Phear and Harvard

The London Times, noting the death of the Rev. Samuel George Phear, D. D., formerly master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, said:

"The ancient connection between Emmanuel and Harvard University was to Dr. Phear a matter of much interest. At the tercentenary of the college in 1884, Harvard, whose founder had gone from Emmanuel to New England in 1635, sent as its representatives James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton. In 1886 Dr. Phear would have liked to cross the Atlantic for the 250th anniversary of the foundation of Harvard, but the condition of his health forbade, and his place was taken by Prof. Mandell Creighton. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than the closer friendship between the colleges in recent years."

Dr. Phear was 89 years old when he died. He had been for over 70 years a member of his college.

Who'll Pay?

As the World Wags:

There appeared side by side in a recent issue of the Traveler two news items, one announcing that the Boston Elevated road had lost in the last few months about $3,000,000 in their effort to run the road under present adverse conditions, and the other stating that the "ladies of Dorchester" in mass meeting had demanded a restoration of the former five-cent fare without regard, apparently, to the financial condition of the road. I recall that in a successful farce of 20 years ago entitled "The City Directory" one of the characters, enacted by the greatly mourned Charley Reed, came upon the stage and frankly said: "I'd like right well to know who is going to pay my board?" This was then regarded as a comic exaggeration, but times seem to have greatly changed.

Boston. F. E. CHASE.

Those Warships

As the World Wags:

A dear lady friend has solved the question. Susie says: "What! destroy the German navy? How boyish and simple, when they can give it to Switzerland and make its people secure and happy."

Boston. DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

Do our readers remember the imposing Admiral of all the Swiss Navies in Offenbach's delightful "Vie Parisienne"?—Ed.

As the World Wags:

Instead of consigning the German fleet to Davy Jones's locker, why not auction off the vessels to various South American powers, and apply the money secured from the sale to the rehabilitation of devastated areas in northern France and Belgium.

CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND.

Euthanasia

As the World Wags:

If surprise were the only necessary element in wit, there would be a good joke in the Transcript's "In Memoriam" column, Dec. 14, 1918, disregarding the well known acquired, as distinguished from the etymological, meaning of the word. "Euthanasia" is prefixed to the "In Memoriam," name and date of death; therefore, instead of the intended "happy release," this can mean only: "We killed her." CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

"Sandbag Mary Ann"

Soldiers in France used the expression "Sandbag Mary Ann," a mysterious phrase until it was explained by a soldier writing to Notes and Queries. The phrase was first "Cela ne Fairy Ann," army French for "Cela ne fait rien." Fairy Ann became Mary Ann. "Owing either to cherished idols at home being protected by sandbags or to the ignorance of the '18-pounders' (as the under-age recruits are affectionately called), when Sammy apologizes to Tommy for pushing past him in the trenches—the cryptic phrase 'Sandbag Mary Ann' is more readily uttered and understood than the conventional 'That's all right, chum.'"

Dec 26 1918

'OH, MAMA!' IS

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Oh, Mama!" a musical comedy in two acts and three scenes. Book and lyrics by Philip Bartholomae; music by Frank Tours and Augustus Barratt. Produced by Lee and J. J. Shubert. Fred Hoff, musical director.

Chef de Care.....Richard Temple
Charlie.....Alan Edwards
Toby.....Harry Delmar
Duc de Bouvais.....Emily de Trament
Lulu.....Mlle. Kelety
Betty.....Justine Johnstone
Jack.....Frank Fay
Lily.....Helen Shipman
A waiter.....Richard Melbourne
Greene.....Harry Conor
Maitre d'hotel.....Richard Temple
Man from Cook's.....David Dryer

This musical comedy, at first entitled "Girl O'Mine," was brought out in Schenectady a year ago yesterday. It arrived in New York at the Bijou Theatre on Jan. 28, 1918, when Dorothy Dickson took the part of Betty, Edna Wallace Hopper that of Lulu, Marie Nordstrom that of Lily. Frank Fay was in the company.

When the comedy, or a revised version of it, was seen in western cities not long ago, it was known as "The Victory Girl."

As "Oh, Mama!" it was produced at New Haven last Monday night.

The plot has remained practically the same throughout the transformations. The motif is an old friend, that of a pretty young girl going to a city—in this instance, Paris—to meet an uncle whom she has never seen. A pugilist and his wife, who are living on the alimony coming from her divorced husband, are in Paris on their bridal trip. The husband turns up and stops the alimony. Fortunately Jack, the pugilist, has served in New York as a barkeeper. The wife Lily must have been at one time in vaudeville, for she can dance and sing—in true vaudeville fashion—and she has the vaudeville lingo at her tongue's end. They start a cabaret show in the hotel where they owe the landlord, joined by Charlie, who has befriended the nice young girl looking for her uncle. Add Lulu, a gay actress at a minor theatre; a French duke, who, like all Frenchmen in farce comedy, is excitable and shouts; another excitable Frenchman, the landlord, and the uncle.

The musical comedy, as it is now fashioned, is contrived chiefly for the benefit of Miss Justine Johnstone, Miss Helen Shipman, Miss Kelety and Mr. Fay. Miss Johnstone has, like Italy, the fatal gift of beauty. She sings with small and childish voice. As a singer she was applauded for her naive delivery of a song in which she declared her laudable intention to be good, although she was sorely tempted, and when she was naughty, she wished to be naughty twice, a pleasing ditty, but hardly suitable for a sociable in the vestry. Miss Johnstone's dancing disclosed Atalanta's better part; otherwise it was not conspicuous. At present her chief stock in trade is her beauty.

Miss Shipman was amusing at times in extravagant vaudeville fashion. Miss Kelety, a sumptuously upholstered woman, acted passionately and sang a song in French that took us back to evenings improvingly spent in a little cafe-concert in the Rue de Clichy. Ah the fleeting years! We do not mean to say that Miss Kelety was disporting herself at that concert hall in 1885, for she is young enough, and a comely brunette, "black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem."

It was good to see Mr. Harry Conor again. He took us back to the time of the Hoyt farces. As he amused the audience last night, we could not help hearing him singing "The Bowery" in "A Trip to Chinatown." Those were happy days!

Mr. Fay took an active [illegible] the vaudeville—the whole show is practically vaudeville. He sang and he danced and he recited and he played the piano and was more than once funny.

There were good-looking young women in the chorus. The costumes were tasteful. There were a few pretty tunes; the music for the dancing was as a rule of the sheet-iron circus band sort.

Where will "Oh, Mama!" be produced the next time and under what title? Last night the audience was pleased, especially by Mr. Fay's indefatigable activity.

If there was any idea of preserving anything like complete secrecy at the Versailles conference it is probably dashed by the news that no fewer than 500 American journalists are on their way across, for American journalists, accustomed to frequent receptions by the President and to complete knowledge of the working of their own government machine, are not likely to tolerate any excessive secrecy.

At the Berlin Congress, Bismarck signalised his appreciation of Blowitz's intelligence system by peering under the table at one meeting and saying: "I was just looking to see if Blowitz was there." There will be little opportunity for any such "scoops" this time.—London Daily Chronicle.

We were living in Albany, N. Y., when Roscoe Conkling, pompous and arrogant, a very turkey-cock, withdrew from the United States Senate followed by "Me-Too" Platt. There was a meeting of the stalwarts including the two senators in Albany at the hotel once famous for its Christmas and New Year's free lunches, the hotel where "Tony" Brady once served, before he opened a tea-shop in South Pearl street. He afterward went to New York, where he amassed a fortune.) The New York newspapers were then represented by able correspondents, Albert Gallatin Browne, Amos Cummings, Harry Macdona and others. There was curiosity throughout the country about the results of this political meeting. Keppler had effectively caricatured the two senators in Puck, whose masterly editorial articles were then written by H. C. Bunner. We remember one correspondent coming into the lodging house where several of us had rooms and saying quietly: "My dispatch is all right. I had one man in the next room with a hole bored in the wall, and my other man was under the bed in Platt's room."

Then and Now

As the World Wags:

As Parson Jackson says, the sun do move, but is it not that the world moves and we remain stationary? Years ago—I hate to count my birthdays—we—and I speak only of a then average party of working men—used to foregather at a little place where were small tables, sand on the floor; and the ale was served in pewter mugs. After listening to a lecture by John Swinton on Caliban, I have heard the company discuss the labor question from Mills' "Iron Law of Wages," which even then few believed in though it was accepted in the schools, to the last word on the distribution of wealth by Hadley or Clark. Or a discussion as to the relative merits of Gluck's "Orpheus" and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" as representative of the German and Italian schools, not that any one of us knew much about either. Actors and actresses: E. L. Davenport, Mme. Janauschek, Mary Anderson, or Fechter as Monte Cristo—his Edmond Dantes was superb. Politics were perennial, an open season all the year round.

Now, it's all to the "Movies," shadows of shadows, and just as real and just as exaggerated as the Spectre of the Brocken. A while ago I went into Jack's old place and called for a glass of ale. It looked and tasted like brown ink. The company were all Poles and Finns, with the exception of three men, two Yankees and a French Canuck, who were trading horses of the three for a quarter variety. I left, but I do wish I could speak, or at least understand, Finnish; then I might get some idea of the purport and objective of the Bolsheviki, and get a glimmer of Finnish ideals. We are all optimists just now while the President is in France, but it looks from the side lines as though Apollo has gone into the discard and the Dionysians are all to be blacklisted after July 1.

"Pan is dead" and the Great God Demos is regnant. Are we all to be leveled up or down? The gods alone can tell.

By the press dispatches all Berlin has gone mad on dancing, which has happened before. Carlyle has something to say on the subject. The views of Mr. Herkimer Johnson would certainly be illuminating. S. H.

Westminster.

The Difference

In the course of conversation downstairs the other evening I happened to say that I thought Mrs. Munden was the best dressed lady in the house.

"Oh, no," said Miss Thompson—she's maid to my lady, "Mrs. Munden looks the best-dressed, but her ladyship actually is."

"Well," I said, "a man can't detect that fine shade of difference."

"Yes, you can," she said, "and without any technical knowledge either. You've only to look at their eyes. Mrs. Munden as often as not looks as if she were wondering what people thought of her, and that's an expression you'll never see on her ladyship."—Barry Pain in "The Butler's Notebook."

London Today.

From an article by Mr. George R. Sims—an article appropriately by him, for did he not write "The Lights o' London" nearly 40 years ago?—we learn that the lighting of streets since the armistice is not regarded as an unmixed blessing. Pedestrians accustomed to darkness for many months are now confused by motor lights and street lamps. "The policeman on traffic duty with whom I conversed on the first night of restored radiance said to me: 'My job's getting on my nerves. I can't see what's coming for the light.'"

The tall hat has reappeared, not a new one but the one that was interned towards the end of 1914. "The Homburg hat has obtained almost complete domination as a covering for the head of such London men as do not affect cloth caps. The cloak room of a London club yesterday afternoon showed four silk hats, 60 Homburgs, half a dozen bowlers, and a hat of straw. As the Homburg has come to stay, its name must be changed." What a pity it is that George Augustus Sala is not alive to enlarge his amusing homily "The Hats of Humanity," written as an advertisement for James Gee, a hatter of Manchester, England. In the preface contributed by Gee, we read: "Some years ago an American hatter published a very readable little illustrated pamphlet on head coverings; but the data it contained were meagre, and not always correct." Will some one tell us the name of this American hatter? Sala's homily is not dated. He, by the way, swore by the stovepipe, plug, silker, chimney pot, beaver, bell-topper, castor—call the monstrosity what you will.

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In "The Life of David Belasco," by William Winter—the two volumes were published after Winter's death—there are withering remarks on "civilization" as observed in the United States. We quote one sentence:

"In our great cities life is largely a semi-delirious fever of vapid purpose and paltry strife, and in their public vehicles of transportation the populace—men, women and young girls—are herded together without the remotest observance of common decency—mauled and jammed and packed one upon another in a manner which would not be tolerated in shipment of the helpless steer or the long-suffering swine."

Is it possible that before his death in 1917 Mr. Winter had enjoyed a trolley car ride in Boston?

Signatures and Addresses

The Daily Chronicle of London notes that the armistice has "released the pent-up energies of writers 'to the editor.'"

"That famous correspondent 'A Father of Twelve' is again jostling 'A Householder,' while 'Justitia' is lifting up his voice on high. It is a good sign of returning British normality. It used to be said that the Peking Gazette, which has existed for centuries, was the only newspaper that never receives letters signed 'A Reader from the Commencement'!"

We have been fortunate in our correspondents. The great majority sign their names, as Mr. Herkimer Johnson, Mr. George P. Bolivar, Mr. Lucien B. Henderson, Messrs. Abel Adams, Gaylord Quex, Abel Seaman, the Rev. Mr. Babblington Brooke and others. They do not prate and posture as "An Old Subscriber," "Vox Populi," "Fiat Justitia," "Citizen."

When was it decreed by the mysterious powers that regulate social affairs and make life troublesome and miserable that "My dear Mrs. Gollightly" is more formal than "Dear Mrs. Gollightly"? Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt in his Volumes of reckless gossip entitled "Four Generations of a Literary Family," tells this story about Henry Huth, merchant and collector of books. "At first, in his letters I was 'Sir,' then 'Dear Sir.' Once I became 'My Dear Sir'; but he repented this gushing familiarity, and returned and adhered to the middle form." This Huth, by the way, had fits of depression, so that when the fit was on him he was unable to face the process of looking for a book on the shelves. In 1878 he fell backward on a staircase and broke his skull.

"My dear sir" is surely more familiar than "Dear Sir."

For a Dismal Day

The day was gloomy. To cheer our spirits we took up a little book, "L'Anti-Hegesias," a dialogue in verse on suicide, with critical and historical remarks in French, published at Hamburg in 1767. Hegesias, it appears, was a Cyrenaic philosopher, who wrote a book describing the miseries of life so effectively that it drove many to commit suicide. So Ptolemy forbade him to

... Opening the "Anti-theatricals" at ... we read that the art of dying by voluntary starvation is lost. Lovers of research should inform us when this manner of death disappeared. "It is the only one that is not violent and is simple and natural." The author believes that the laborious poet Silius Italicus, rich, a Roman consul, who owned a villa that had belonged to Cicero and an estate on which was the tomb of Virgil, was the last man of any reputation to starve himself.

At the end of that dismal day we should have seen at a theatre the revival of Gresset's "Sidney," a play brought out in Paris in 1745. Sidney is in love with Rosalie, but he leaves her for a woman less worthy of his affection. She disappears. He therefore determines to kill himself and orders his valet to prepare a poisoned cup. The first two acts are concerned with Sidney's suicidal purpose. Unfortunately there is a happy ending to the third act, as if Mr. Belasco, or the late Charles Frohman, had tapped the dramatist on the shoulder and said, "The curtain must go down on the reunited lovers." The valet substitutes a cooling and temperance drink for the fatal draught and Rosalie returns smiling. This ending would have spoiled our pleasure after all.

Let us go back to death by voluntary starvation. Appiano Buonafede in his critical and philosophical history of suicide insists that Elizabeth of England was so grieved by her execution of Essex that she let herself die of hunger. This opinion is not corroborated by orthodox historians. In May, 1900, a girl named Reeves drowned herself in the Thames, leaving a diary in which she said she had starved herself in order to be so weak that she could not struggle in the water.

Samuel Exposed

One last word on hymn-jokes: In a homely chat on favorite hymns the son and heir said he liked the one best where the little Jew boy stole the old gentleman's watch! The hymnal index was useless here, and the reference took some searching for. Here it is, familiar to all:

> The old man meek and mild,
> The priest of Israel, slept;
> His watch the Temple child,
> The little Levite, kept.
> —London Daily Chronicle.

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RABAUD MAKES OLD MUSIC LIVE

By PHILIP HALE

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schumann, symphony No. 4, D minor; Rabaud, "La Procession Nocturne," symphonic poem (after Lenau's ...)—first time at these concerts; Saint-Saens, piano concerto No. 2, G minor; Beethoven, overture to "Leonore" No. 3.

Mr. Nikisch, a romantic conductor, gave a singularly romantic interpretation of Schumann's symphony in D minor. The music appealed to him strongly, as did Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet." The performance of these two works was the crowning glory of his career in Boston. After his departure there were many performances of this symphony; some highly respectable and therefore ineffective, some ...iously unintelligent and dull. His successors unfortunately regarded the symphony as "a classic," forgetting the fact that the romanticist of one generation, if he has a spark of genius or even conspicuous talent, is a classic in the eyes of the generation following; but the works of this "classic" composer should still be performed in the romantic spirit. Thus the occasional bombast, the extravagance of the Berlioz of the "Hernani" and "Antony" period should be defiantly expressed. So with Schumann. Yet too many conductors treat a symphony by him as though they were exhibiting a corpse and calling attention to the beauty of its features in death. They are afraid of disturbing the body. This symphony is not dead; its spirit did not die with Schumann.

Spirit of Music Prevails

Mr. Rabaud, fortunately for the audience, looks on the symphony as living music; as romantic in spite of the years. There was nothing perfunctory in the performance; there was no trace of the required respect of the professional mourner in the funeral chamber or at the grave. For once the spirit of the music prevailed over its material body. No conductor can change certain awkward passages in the symphony or reorchestrate it in the performance; but Mr. Rabaud made the hearer forget Schumann's deficiencies, by bringing out fully the beauty of the musical thought. Take for instance, the haunting Trio of the scherzo. No conductor here has ... at ... the ... to ... played ... without ... the movements as the ... between the movements as the ... directed.

"La Procession Nocturne" is illustrative of an episode in Lenau's "Faust." The symphonic poem was performed here 15 years ago by the Orchestral Club under Mr. Longy. There has also been a performance by the New England Conservatory Orchestra. The work was brought out in Paris in 1899. It shows the sensitive, impressionable nature of an accomplished musician, an imaginative composer whose technical skill allows him to create at once a mood, to maintain it without inducing monotony, to re-establish the mood after an ecclesiastically impressive middle section. The effects are gained by artfully simple means, a sober use of musical material; but the sobriety is not for a moment academic. The moods of Nature and of Faust are suggested without any attempts at bald realism. The despair of Faust is not frenzy. The religious procession seen by him, the solemn hymn as it swells and dies away—these furnish the contrast to the portrayal of the night, the stillness of the forest, the gloomy Faust as he envies the happiness of those singing the sacred hymn. The audience was quick to appreciate the charm of the music and the perfection of the performance. The composer was recalled several times.

Praise Levitzki's Playing

Young Mr. Levitzki has given three recitals in Boston. Yesterday he played here for the first time with the orchestra, and gave a delightful performance of Saint-Saens's almost too familiar concerto. He played the first movement of pseudo-Bach character in the appropriately dignified manner, not endeavoring to infuse the emotional quality that is inherently lacking, but giving due importance to melodic figures, displaying strength and a clear and charming touch. In the other movements, the clarity, the grace and the fleetness were noteworthy. We have not heard for many years so well-balanced and so interesting a reading of this concerto, a performance wholly in keeping with the character of the music.

By this time, no experienced and unprejudiced hearer has any doubt about the ability of Mr. Rabaud as an interpreter of Beethoven. His interpretations, neither conventional nor extravagant, are vital and illuminating, as was Mr. Rachmaninoff's treatment of music by Mozart and Beethoven not long ago.

The concert will be repeated tonight.

The program of the concerts next Monday afternoon and Tuesday evening will include national airs of Belgium, England, France, Italy and the United States; these choral works—Verdi's "Te Deum," Chadwick's "Land of Our Hearts," Cesar Franck's Psalm CL, and these orchestral works: Bizet's overture "Patrie" and the third suite of music by composers represented in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book (16th century) derived from the stage music arranged by Mr. Rabaud for a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" in Paris.

The program of the concerts for Jan. 3, 4, comprises the "Antar" symphony of Rimsky-Korsakoff; Beethoven's violin concerto (Mr. Heifitz, violinist and Ravel's "Raspodie Espagnole."

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That huge vessel, the Leviathan, is known to all readers of newspapers. Is it generally known that the ship used in the laying of the transatlantic cable was to have borne that name, but it was thought that, as it comes from Holy Writ, the use would be irreverent? Furthermore, sailors, it is said, balked at the pronunciation, as they turned Bellerophon into "Bully Ruffian." And so the cable steamer was named the Great Eastern.

Youthful Gladiators

A foreign correspondent, writing of a Spartacus demonstration in Berlin, said: "About 1000 young people of both sexes took part, mostly from 1 to 17 years of age, and some even younger."

"Gadget" and "Smouting"

Is the word "gadget" used in this country? We read in Notes and Queries of October that it is often heard in England; in the navy for a tool or implement; for the fitments on motor cycles, as speedometers, mirrors, levers, badges, mascots attached to the steering apparatus; for the "jigger" or short-rest used in billiards; for the gauge that tests the accuracy of local plate ... for "any old thing." Soldiers in F... ...s spoke of billets or quarters as "..."; sailors apply the word to anything novel, or not known by its proper name. "Gadget" is not in the Oxford Dictionary; not in Wright's great Dialect Dictionary; not in "Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues." It is said to be in Webster's New International Dictionary.

Then there is "smouting" or "smooting," English printers' slang, meaning to do casual work in a printing house ... good ... the ... Printers' ... the member of the ... association is permitted to work for any other employer than the one by whom he is engaged . . . except in case of accident . . . Transgression of this rule is called 'smouting.'" Our friends upstairs in the composing room inform us that they never heard the word. A "smooter" over here is called a "hobo." Is there any English dictionary of printers' slang? In French there is Eugene Boutmy's "Dictionaire de la Langue-Verte Typographique" (Paris, 1878). It is full of curious information, containing a monograph about printers, and poems relating to the trade. When a French printer is obliged to reset something through his own blunder he is said "to go to Germany." A printer that is at the same time a proofreader is an "amphibian." For one to die is for one "to break his pipe." "To eat a rabbit" is to attend the funeral of a co-mate, for at the end of the ceremony the mourners used to eat at a restaurant near the cemetery a "more or less authentic rabbit." A restless printer going from printing house to printing house is called a "rouleur." It appears from this book that female typesetters were not welcomed in the French composing rooms: the men objected, having in view the maintenance of morality and fearing the "promiscuity of the sexes"; they also thought that the art of printing would degenerate if women set type.

"Smoot" in English dialect means to smuggle one's way in; to move quietly, furtively; to hide stealthily. "A young man is said to smoot after a girl when he dares not appear openly in the courtship."

Legless in Parliament

Was the legless candidate for Parliament returned? Years ago there was an Irish member, a Mr. Kavanagh, who had neither legs nor arms. It is said that he went riding and mountaineering. He was carried into the House, by special permission, and deposited on the bench.

There have been many armless men that have done surprising things, since John Valerius, born in 1667 without even the traces of arms. About 1795 he showed himself in London. He could shave himself, throw dice, play cards, take his hat off while he was standing, fire a musket with certain aim, etc., etc. A still more extraordinary person was Miss Beffin, who astonished Londoners in 1815-17. Born without arms and legs, at the age of 24 she was 37 inches in height. She cut and made part of her clothes, sewed neatly, wrote, drew landscapes, painted miniatures, "all of which she performed principally with her mouth." At the same time in London was Martha Bagshaw, born in New York without arms, first known to the public as "Miss Honeywell, the American Wonder." She amazed the crowd by doing many things with her mouth and toes. Truly this is a world of wonders! But how did Mr. Kavanagh go a-riding? Was he clamped in some way to a saddle? And how did he guide his horse?

George and Hannah

The sale in London of Hannah Lightfoot's portrait brought up the question whether George III. married her? Thackeray passed over the stories of the monarch's juvenile loves "of Hannah Lightfoot, the Quaker, to whom they say he was actually married, though I don't know who has ever seen the register." W. G. Thorpe, the delightful gossiper of the Middle Temple, says that when Hannah died Queen Charlotte insisted on having the marriage ceremony performed a second time; also that the Duke of Edinburgh in South Africa was entertained by a family named Rex, whose founder, George Rex, was always held to be the son of Hannah Lightfoot and strikingly resembled George III." So there are Englishmen and Englishwomen today who firmly believe that George V. was married to the daughter of an English naval officer before the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck became his Queen.

"There was handsome black-haired Sarah Lennox, who used to lie in wait for George III. when he was a young prince. She made hay at him on the lawn, but he behaved as the judge did towards Maud Muller. Did George in after years think regretfully of Sarah, whose portrait was painted magnificently by Sir Joshua?

"The Life of David Belasco," by William Winter, is published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. The biography is in two volumes, one ... pages, the other of 563 pages. There are many portraits and each volume ... provided with a copious index. Hand...omely printed, in large type, the volumes ... no doubt ... ...the... price. The ... life of Mr. Belasco ... informed ... been told ... ...avo vo... ... ...ed ... record of the ... the writing of the ... of 1916. When he died ... of volume one and ... volume two were ... remainder ... and Belasco had been friends for over 30 years.

The story of Belasco's early life is told at great length. His parents were born in London. The father, descended from a Portuguese Hebrew family, was a harlequin in the theatres and ... caught the gold-fever and with his wife arrived at San Francisco, where David was born in 1853. When he was ... years old the family moved to Victoria, where a kind priest arranged that he should be educated in a monastery. He stayed there for about two years, then ran away to join a circus, to ride horses bareback, and to perform as a clown. The father carried him back to Victoria. There he became interested in the theatre.

The fact that he had been ... on the stage as Cora's child in "Pizarro," when Julia Dean probably was acting, led Mr. Winter to indulge in one of the many digressions that swell the contents of this book. These digressions are of great value to students of the theatre in America, they will interest the generations of theatregoers now living; they will be as a treasure-house for future historians of the ... but their inclusion here breaks the continuity of the narrative. It is pleasant to know that Winter first saw Julia Dean at the Boston Museum in 1855 as Julia in "The Hunchback"; his description of her and his criticism are of value, but what have they to do with Mr. Belasco especially as it is not known positively whether as Cora she carried him, a ..., in Kotzebue's play?

The family went back to San Francisco about 1865. The father opened a fruit shop and ... with ... David attended school. He was trained in elocution and spoke pieces. He took honors in penmanship. He wrote a play, "Jim Black," or "The Regulator's Revenge." "In all my study of theatrical history I have not encountered a person more downright daft, more completely saturated in every fibre of his being, with passion for the stage and things dramatical than was young David Belasco." He left school in 1871, was married two years later. Wandering about San Francisco he would ... dives, sometimes "shockers" of his own composition; or he would sell stories of his adventures in dives, joints, hospitals, police stations to newspapers. "I knew," said Belasco to his biographer, "every infamous and dangerous place in San Francisco ... only my dear mother understood me. ... 'Davy is all right,' she used to say; ... him alone, ... only curious about life, and wants to see everything with these ... dark eyes of his.'"

Late in 1872 Belasco was on the stage in San Francisco in a very minor part, and was billed at Walter Kingsley. Before that he had played in ... private shows and in public. He had played the banjo and danced as a newsboy in "Under the Gas-Light" ... had uttered blood-curdling ... whoops in "The Jibbenainosay." In 1869 he had met John McCullough and ... W. H. Sedley-Smith. Here Winter devotes five pages to the latter's career. In 1871 Belasco determined to follow acting as a means of livelihood. He played not only in San Francisco, for several years he was a strolling actor on the Pacific coast, in mountain settlements and mining camps. Marching into a town, he would bang a drum or toot a cornet.

The company would play in a hall, dining room, an empty barn. Innkeepers sometimes acquainted these actors with the sheriff. Nearly a third of the first volume is taken up with the actor Belasco in the far West. The list of plays and parts in which he appeared occupies over six pages. But in this long section of the volume is a romantic account of his romantic marriage, much about other actors, also actresses of that period, the Chapman sisters, Bella Pateman, Katharine Rodgers—there are many pages about Belasco and Boucicault and the translation of "Led Astray," in the course of which Winter speaks of "the ingratiating but false-hearted" "William Stuart"—John T. Raymond and the genesis of "The Gilded Age"—Mrs. Bates, the mother of Blanche Bates; John E. Owens and Charles R. Thorne, Sr., Crane, Edwin Booth, Mme. Modjeska, Salmi Morse and his "Passion Play" (over 10 pages), Bronson Howard and "The Banker's Daughter," a mass of names, facts, descriptions, criticism, much of it entertaining reading; some of it little better than padding. These pages are followed by a discussion of Belasco's own "Story of My Life," "The Evil of Incompetent Criticism" in which Winter writes characteristically and with genteel violence, "The Nature of Belasco's Talent and Services," "Concerning Matters of Fact" in which the biographer corrects certain statements ... that ... ...

[illegible] "Rose Mi[illegible] w[illegible] of the [illegible] Al[illegible]er Henderson, and I remember her as a [illegible] at whom it was [illegible] possible to gaze without [illegible]ing."

"The Facts About [illegible] Rip" [illegible] title of another section. Then follows an account of Rose Coghlan. The Hernes are discussed. In the story about "Drink" Winter characterizes "L'Assommoir" as a "noxious novel," and on the next page brings in Ada Rehan as "the supreme comedy actress of her day." "Drink" in Charles Reade's version for London, achieved "immediate and, unhappily, enduring success." More pages about J. A. Herne, in which Winter declares that Herne was a playwright, a maker of plays, a mechanic, not a dramatist. Some of us remember "Margaret Fleming" as played in Boston. Listen to Winter's description: "One of those crude and completely ineffectual pieces of hysterical didactacism which are from time to time produced on the stage with a view to the dismay of libertines by an exhibition of some of the evil consequences of licentious conduct. In that play a righteously offended wife bares her bosom to the public gaze in order to suckle a famished infant, of which her dissolute husband is the father by a young woman whom he has seduced, betrayed and abandoned to want and misery: libertines, of course, are always reformed by spectacles of that kind!" There are pages about Adelaide Neilson, in which Winter pays that "lovely woman and great actress" a noble tribute. W. E. Sheridan, Laura Don are sketched. It was in Belasco and Robertson's play, "The Curse of Cain," that, according to Belasco, "For the first time realistic thunderstorms and lightning effects were introduced more naturally than anything that had gone before." And "Tiger Rose," seen here recently, showed that Belasco is still faithful to his thunderstorms as a dramatic attraction.

When he was 29 years old, Belasco brought to an end his career in San Francisco. He had then acted more than 170 parts; altered, adapted, rewritten or written more than 100 plays and had been the responsible director in the production of more than three times that number. The story of the Madison Square Theatre in New York is told. J. S. Mackaye was "a wayward genius, of poetic temperament, wildly enthusiastic, impetuous, capricious, versatile, prone to extravagant fancies and bold experiments, and completely unsympathetic with regulative, Sunday-school morality." His asociates in management, the Mallorys, were "shrewd, practical business men, in no way visionary, thoroughly conventional in character—in fact, moral missionaries, intent on making the theatre a sort of auxiliary to the church, their whole scheme of theatrical management being, originally, to profit by the patronage of the Christian public." No wonder there was disagreement. Belasco succeeded Mackaye. There are descriptions of plays produced at this theatre while Belasco was stage manager. Belasco's own "May Blossoms" (1884) was his first "signal personal victory." In his account of the performance Winter describes at length Georgia Cayvan, "a handsome brunette, fortunate in person and in temperament." Leaving the Madison Square Theatre in 1885, Belasco for two years worked as a free lance. He became associated with Steele Mackaye in the Lyceum for a short time. Belasco thought of organizing a company to go about in "Hamlet," with himself as the Prince. His home was a small hall bedroom, and he did much of his work in the public writing room of the old Fifth Avenue Hotel. "Valerie," his version of Sardou's "Fernande," was produced at Wallack's. He went as stage manager of a company to San Francisco—a company that included Mantell, Haworth, Ferguson, Vandenhoff, Buckstone, Miller, Barrymore, Crompton, Fawcett, Florence Gerard, Sophie Eyre, Mary Shaw, Louise Dillon, Kate Denin—truly a remarkable company.

The biography continues in this manner, with a wealth of anecdotage, criticism, now kindly and illuminative, now interesting chiefly as an exhibition of the writer's prejudices and his ability to scarify anyone or anything that ran counter to his opinions. There are superfluous descriptions of plays long ago forgotten, superfluous in a work of this nature, except when the plays are by Belasco, descriptions that have their place, however, in a history of the theatre. Then the digressions! Here is an example: Between the sections "The School of Acting" and "A Revival of 'Electra'" there is the exposition of Winter's opinion that "The True School is the Stage." Necessarily there is a great deal about Mrs. Leslie Carter—"a compound of many opposed qualities, sense and folly, sensibility and harshness, intelligence and dulness, an affectionate disposition and the imperious temper."

The biographer names two plays as a "grievous blot" on the record of Belasco's career. One is "Zaza," the other "The Easiest Way," which Winter characterizes as "vulgar and repulsive." And here he argues at length the "ethical question." The first volume of the biography ends with over a dozen pages about "Madame Butterfly."

In the second volume the a[illegible]rs and a[illegible]dres[illegible] [illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible] Belasco [illegible] "[illegible] Under Two [illegible]" [illegible] (1880) [illegible] the [illegible] "[illegible] Rose". [illegible] prominently [illegible] David Warfield, Mrs. Carter [illegible] as Du Barry, George Arliss, [illegible]stein, Henrietta Crosman, Frances Starr, Charlotte Walker, Nance O'Neil, Lenore Ulric. Belasco's differences with the Theatrical Syndicate are fully treated. Potraits of Messrs. Hayman, Charles Frohman, Klaw, Erlanger, Nixon, Zimmerman are grouped. There are these mottoes dividing three of the theatrical agents from the other three: "The Dollar Sign is the Sign of Success," "I Keep a Department Store," and under the group is this note: "It is often true, as old King Duncan declares, that 'There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face.' Nevertheless study of the faces of the men who compose that sacred institution of beneficence, the Theatrical Syndicate, is worth making. Such study renders it easier to understand the condition of the theatre in America today. W. W.". Speaking of Belasco's alliance with the Shuberts, the biographer is not too complimentary to those gentlemen. It is a pity that Winter sometimes mistook abuse for argument.

He returns to "The Easiest Way," "one of the most obnoxious specimens of theatrical trash that have been obtruded on the modern stage"; but as Winter speaks of "A Parisian Romance" as "feculent"; "Magda" as "radically pernicious"; "the 'Tanqueray' scandal"; John Hare sullying his fair fame by presenting and attempting to defend "The Gay Lord Quex," Eugene Walter need not be seriously disturbed by Winter's diatribe.

He disputes the right of Nance O'Neil to the title of "tragic actress." "She possesses rough natural ability, animal strength, vocal capacity, some sensibility and considerable power of forceful simulation. Most of her performances have been monotonous."

Has Belasco been a plagiarist? Twenty-three pages are given to this subject. The biographer of course appears for the defendant. The matter might be disposed of in a page.

The last play that Winter saw was "The Little Lady in Blue" (1916). Here is a memorandum of a later play: "David produced a new play called 'The Very Minute' last Monday night (April 9, 1917), at his New York theatre, with Mr. Arnold Daly in the principal part. All about bad effects of drinking too much liquor, etc. Novelty—striking! Good old Towse calls it. 'A shalloy pretence of a serious play' and says it is a 'nightmare.' Commends D. B.'s 'meticulous attention to the character and manner of production.' Also commends A. D. for 'moments of powerful acting.' Well—he was there and I was not; but how A. D. must have changed! I never saw any more 'power' in him than there is in a pennywhistle. Used to have a sort of sousy quality that was pleasing. Competent in a commonplace way: Unusual assurance—great conceit. Knows his business—generally definite, which is a merit. Disagreeable personality. Head turned with vanity. And nothing really in him—that ever I could see."

Mr. Jefferson Winter adds pages by his father about Belasco, pages written disjointedly. Two of them at least have nothing to do with Belasco, but are harsh criticisms on American life and manners. "We call ourselves a civilized nation—but civility is conspicuous in our country chiefly by its absence. Gentleness is despised. Good manners are practically extinct. Public decorum is almost unknown. We are notoriously a law-contemning people. * * * Our methods of business, approved and practised, are not only unscrupulous but predatory." And so on, and so on. It would have been in better taste if the description of Charles Frohman (vol. II, pp. 451-453) had been omitted. There are letters from Belasco about Winter's wish to give a series of Shakespearian productions, and other correspondence, also a curious letter by Belasco stating his personal preferences, in which he names his favorite actors and actresses. "If I could see only one more theatrical performance and had to choose which one of those actors (McCullough, Barret, Booth, Owens, Raymond, Wallack, Salvini, Irving, Mansfield), I think I would choose Edwin Booth in 'King Richard the Third.' * * * If I were to have the choice of one last performance by the one actress I admire the most I am afraid I should quarrel with Fate and insist on choosing two—Adelaide Neilson in Juliet and Sarah Bernhardt in anything."

In an appendix Mr. Jefferson Winter discusses "Van Der Decken," "Polly with a Past," "Tiger Rose." What would his father have said about "Tiger, Tiger," if he was so vexed by "The Easiest Way"? The second volume contains an elaborate chronology of Belasco's life from July 25, 1853, to Oct. 3, 1917. As we have said, the two volumes are richly illustrated, with 32 pictures of Mr. Belasco.

How Oscar Shaw Heard Shakespeare in Malay

"A novel experience it i[illegible] to hear Shakespeare played in the Malay language by native actors," said Oscar Shaw, who takes the part of "Stub" T[illegible] in "Leave It to Jane" at the Ma[illegible] Theat[illegible].

"While I was in Kuala Lumpur, [illegible] settlement, I attended a performance [illegible] 'Romeo and Juliet' by a [illegible] of Malay actors. In Malay the translation of Shakespeare becomes devoid of rhythm, as many superfluous words are used and spoken. Thus the poetry is turned into one long speech.

"The performance progressed to the balcony scene. Following the speech, 'Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,' etc., the Romeo stepped to the footlights and sang in English, the well-known American ballad, 'In My Little Corner Cosy.' The audience listened with rapt attention, not having the slightest idea of what the actor was singing. At the termination of the song, he stepped backwards and resumed the Shakespearean text.

"At the end of the performance, I inquired of the manager why this extraordinary and somewhat sacrilegious innovation had been attempted. In reply the manager informed me that a well-known American comedian had taught the Malay actor the song, telling him that it was always used by both Booth and Sir Henry Irving and every noted American and English Shakespearean actor. He also said that the comedian had spent several hours for a week rehearsing the Malay actor in the song, and that while he knew very little about Shakespeare, he was impressed with the fact that Shakespeare's songs were very much superior to his text. He asked me if I could suggest some other song that they could use in 'Macbeth' which was to be played the next week.

"I told him that I would call at the theatre the next day and teach his leading man an excellent song to use in 'Macbeth,' so I thought the most inappropriate song I could select would be 'Strolling Along the Strand,' and the next morning I came to the theatre and met the Malay player and told him how wonderful I thought his performance was and that I knew he was a profound student of Shakespeare because just at the proper time he sang, 'In My Little Corner Cosy,' and that if he had omitted to sing it he would have shown that he was a careless student. The Malay seriously assured me that he had secured Sir Henry Irving's version of 'Romeo and Juliet' and that he had found the song in that. He never mentioned that it had been taught him by an American comedian.

"I remained in Kuala Lumpur to see 'Macbeth.' I was glad that I had been told the Malay players were putting on 'Macbeth,' because their version was distinctly novel. One would never have recognized the 'Macbeth' we know in the Malay conception.

"In the witches' cave scene, the Malay actor sang, 'Strolling Along the Strand,' followed by a brass band selection of 'The Heart Bowed Down' from 'The Bohemian Girl.' The reason for the band, I suppose, was that I had told the actor that the correct atmosphere was given to this act by the introduction of a brass band. If you wish to enjoy Shakespeare," concluded Mr. Shaw, "you should hear it played in Malay with American and English songs and a full brass band."

Notes About the Stage, Actors, Musicians and Music

Mr. John Smallman, formerly of Boston, is now conductor of the Los Angeles Oratorio Society of 150 voices, which gave a performance of "The Messiah" on Christmas. He recently gave a recital at Santa Barbara with the composer C. W. Cadman for the Woman's club of that city.

Rudolph Reuter, who will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 15, was born in New York. Trained by Carl Roeder, he was organist and choirmaster of a church in the Bronx at the age of 14. Going abroad for further study, he won the Mendelssohn prize, and then went to Japan where he conducted the piano and theory classes at the Imperial Academy in Tokyo. He has played, since his return to this country, with the Symphony Orchestras of Chicago and Minneapolis, with the Kneisel Quartet and he has given recitals in New York and other cities.

Mr. J. H. Barnes, "Handsome Jack," who is well known in Boston—he was last here with Blanche Bates when she revived "East Lynne"—has been unbosoming himself to a New York reporter. He takes a gloomy view of prevailing theatrical conditions: "I see a stage on which Shakespeare is overembellished and underacted and often very faultily read, where the scene painter and the upholsterer triumph to the exclusion of the poet's fancy, his immortal lines and colossal studies of human nature. I have seen Forbes-Robertson himself have a great difficulty in getting members of his own company to give adequate emphasis and meaning to the author's lines. I see a stage from which romance and charm are almost entirely banished, where filthy, sordid, realistic, ugly so-called problems, neither amusing, ennobling nor interesting, except to a few very advanced thinkers, are, like a mildewed ear, blasting a whole nation, perverting the young and disgusting the old, and so deadly dull as to kill the theatre habit [illegible] the [illegible]. The optimism of [illegible] [illegible]ances of Forbes-Robertson in [illegible] years are explained partly, I think, by his remarkable success in Shakespearian repertory just before his retirement."

Whoever he may be, "Ex-Musicus" is, at any rate, a wag. Writing with reference to the article on "Armistice Music" which appeared on this page last Saturday, he suggests a truly striking choice of music for performance "on Peace day, when it comes." For "[illegible] cathedrals and places where they sing," for example, Brahms's "Ein deutsches Requiem," to be followed by "Ein Feste Burg," "Nun danket alle Gott," and "Hark, the herald angels" (Mendelssohn). At concerts, inter alia: Overture, "Der Fliegende Hollaender" (in honor of the Navy), "Kaisermarsch," "Die beiden Grenadiere" (Wagner or Schumann)—this "in honor of our French allies, as the 'Marseillaise' is introduced"—and, finally, "as I suppose," says our waggish correspondent, "there must be one English number," the overture, "Rule, Britannia" (in Wagner's version). Further, he thinks that "Herr Richard Strauss might be induced, for a consideration, to compose an ode for the occasion, utilizing 'La Brabanconne,'" and that, as conductor, the services might be secured of Siegfried Wagner, "who expressed his sympathy for England at the beginning of the war by wondering why America had not at once annexed Canada." If ever we start Germanizing our concerts again, may "Ex-Musicus" be ready with his ironically facetious pen!—London Daily Telegraph, Nov. 30.

Mme. Calve will be the singer at the first and third of the Queen's Hall symphony concerts of the new year in London. She will sing extracts from "Carmen," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Magic Flute" and "Hamlet."

Col. Harrison's daughter, Beatrice, the admirable violoncellist, is known in Boston. Her sister May enjoys a high reputation as a violinist. A third daughter, Margaret, violinist, made her first appearance in London Dec. 4. She has studied wholly in London. In composition she is a pupil of Stanford.

In New York, where it was produced at Wallack's in 1884, it was not liked, some said on account of the players, although John Gilbert, John Howson, Effie Germon and Mme. Ponisi were in the cast.

The London Times had this to say about the recital (Nov. 30) of Mme. Suggia, the first wife of Pablo Casals. The review is well worth reading: "She is one of those artists who can cast over all they play the kind of glamour which makes the listener content even with what is hackneyed or second best, so Dvorak's Concerto and Boellmann's Variations served their purpose well enough. There is a special perfume about the melody which Mme. Suggia beguiles from her violoncello. It reminds one of something rare, of the quality, shall we say, 'of Mrs. Montagu's conversation or the flavor of a fine green tea.' It is all that violoncello playing ought to be, broad, flowing, etc., and guiltless of any tricksomeness. Shut your eyes, and, for a few bars, you might suppose the player to be some eminent, spectacled professor. But before you have opened them a charm, a witchery, unknown, untaught in academies, is leading you captive. Mme. Suggia is better than a professor. She is a siren."

The Times, reviewing a concert in London with a program "really representative of English song," said that Macdowell is "one of many song writers who do not realize what a singer wants." Now, we wait for Mr. H. T. Finck's impassioned rejoinder.

"Jolly Jack Tar," a musical drama by Seymour Hicks and Arthur Shirley (Princes Theatre, London, Nov. 29). The Daily Telegraph. "Never was there such an extraordinary stage olla podrida. Farce, musical comedy, old-fashioned surrey melodrama, melodrama of a more recent and commended character, motion pictures, songs, choruses, dances, historical incidents, ranging from the Elizabethan up to the present year—was there ever such an abundant feast set before a rapacious public! Jolly it is, for the fun is [illegible]bodied and of a kind which our fathers and their fathers before them [illegible] relished."

No poet has ever made so much money as M. Edmond Rostand, author of "Cyrano de Bergerac." He was born rich and had riches thrust upon him. "Cyrano" was demanded by every nation, and the royalties in a few years rose to £300,000. "L'Aiglon" became equally popular, and "Chantecler" made him a millionaire. If there is another millionaire poet in the world one would like to know his name.—London Daily Chronicle.

An Article on Polyglot Programs Worth Reading

A few days ago one of the greatest songs in the world was sung in English for the first time probably for [illegible] years. It came like a new discovery. However well we may know [illegible] words, and however gr[illegible] of translating them, [illegible] in the sound of an English [illegible] in English [illegible] [illegible] has [illegible]

[illegible]

Dec 30 1918

While we were pondering the mysteries of life and death and inquiring into the meaning of "gadgets" and "smooting," contributors were knocking at the door. Let us now hasten to admit them.

"Ilk" and "Personate"

As the World Wags:

It is satisfactory to note in your quotation on Christmas day from Swinburne's prose, the apt use of that much misused word "ilk," which means "same." In the quotation from Swinburne, "ilk" refers to "poet," occurring several lines back. Most persons think that "ilk" means "kind," i. e. "species," and that it has an opprobrious connotation. Even a scholarly Bostonian writing to the Herald some weeks ago, used it in that fashion. Another word that is misused, or rather two words much confused in use, are "personate" and "impersonate." An actor that "personates" an officer on the street is in danger of the criminal law. An actor that ably "impersonates" an officer on the stage runs no such risk and may win applause. PURIST.

Chestnut Hill.

Orchestration

(Le Baron Cooke in "Pagan.")

The clouds efface my view of the golden stars,
And the Night-Winds play with shrieking emphasis
On their wooded instruments;
The sea rumbles in a surly undertone;
While the groaning thunder deadens the chime of bells
In the tranquil valley.
The incessant chatter of my teeth
Preludes
The unspeakable terrors
Throbbing, like tumultuous chords,
In the depths
Of my soul.

In other words, the gentleman's teeth clatter like castanets.—Ed.

For Nutcrackers

As the World Wags:

Here's another nut for some of your wiseacres to crack. When you want somebody to throw something to you, you say "Here you go," and when you want him to catch what you are going to throw, you say, "Here you go," and you don't mean what you say, either time. How comes it? And speaking of cracked nuts, did you know that the man who wrote all the bughouse articles on insanity, dementia, etc., in the Encyclopedia Brittanica had the name of Sir John Batty Tuke?

Andover. ZARLEOIS LANEL.

But "batty" in English slang does not mean queer in the head: it stands for wages, perquisites, and it's supposed to be derived from "batta," extra pay given to soldiers serving in India. If Sir John's middle name had been "balmy," Mr. Lanel's point would have been well taken.

Erin-Go-Brightstein

As the World Wags:

It seems from tables recently published by certain statisticians that over 60 per cent. of the fighting in the great war for the liberation of humanity has been done by soldiers of one particular race, the Irish, who have fought on all fronts and on both sides, to say nothing of the top and bottom. Just at present they are in charge of Erin-go-Brightstein on the Rhine, so named in acknowledgment of Bernard Shaw's profound and disinterested regard for the German people—and their royalties. It is understood that a gifted Celt, who is a past master of free and easy composition, is about to publish a thick volume dealing with the war in its entirety, and the work, bound in green and gold, will soon be on sale at all the bookstores. Its advent is eagerly anticipated; for, if half of what we hear be true, it will make interesting reading in the long winter evenings yet to come. It may have been Burke who questioned if God loves those who think themselves his chosen people as ardently as they admire themselves; for Burke well knew the folly of taking oneself too seriously. The present plight of the high priests of "Kultur" and their dupes should serve as a sufficient warning against this danger. J. W.

West Roxbury.

By Right of Capture

As the World Wags:

In the search for war souvenirs, a most interesting one seems to have been generally overlooked. After the civil war it may be remembered that Gen. Sherman said that "Dixie" should be adopted as one of the nation's patriotic airs, as it was "ours by capture." So in 1918 we find ourselves the possessor of another musical trophy—"The Watch on the Rhine."

While formerly intensely German and therefore taboo in the civilized world, the Germans have now abandoned the Rhine, and the actual "Watch on the Rhine" is now kept up by those against whom the bellicose words of the German version were directed.

If new words, suitable to the changed conditions could be set to the old fine music, the air might properly become an international hymn "by capture."

J. B. MURDOCK.

Portsmouth, N. H.

ROSEN SKILLED

Boston heard a new violinist yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. He is Max Rosen, 18 years old. He was born in Roumania. His father, a Jew, came to New York while Max was a baby and ran a barber shop on the East Side.

Max learned to play the violin at the Music Settlement School and was taught by David Mannes; won a scholarship; gave a recital in Cooper Union, was sent to Europe by Mr. de Coppet, founder of the Flonzaley Quartet; studied under Auer and Willy Hess; played at concerts in Norway; came back to New York last December and played with the Philharmonic Orchestra. Yesterday he "had an ovation" in Symphony Hall. It sounds romantic; it is romantic—a romance of real life in America, 1918.

Hearing the story, [illegible] expect Max Rosen would have long hair which he whisked and tossed about as he played, that he wore queer [illegible] and [illegible] strange "temperamental" mannerisms to help give expression to his music. Here you would be either disappointed or gratified according to your point of view. He came on the stage yesterday and stood ready to play as just a clean-cut, fine-featured young gentleman with auburn hair of normal length parted on the side, and he played without visible emotion or sign of freakishness.

He gave all his attention to his violin and what he hoped to do with it as an instrument of expression.

But there was emotion enough in his music, deep, strong, tender, intense, astonishingly so from a youth of 18 years, yet restrained withal, held well in hand as by one who had seen much of the world and had many experiences. His tone is pure, full, rich, vibrant, beautiful. His skill is highly developed, swift, sure, strong, tripping or dainty as required. When he is older he will play Saint-Saens's Concerto in B minor with more breadth, perhaps, than he did yesterday, but the second movement with its romantic song with no more beauty. He gave as an extra number Gounod's "Ave Maria" as it should be heard before a high altar ablaze with lights and flowers in a dim cathedral.

His other regular numbers were: "Summer Idyll," C. Burleigh; "La Capricieuse," E. Elgar; "Tarantella du Concert," L. Auer. He played many extra pieces in response to enthusiastic and insistent applause. It is a safe prediction that Max Rosen, who comes to us from Roumania by way of New York's ghetto, will some day be a large figure in the music world.

Ethel Leginska, pianist, who was the other artist yesterday, was a marked contrast to young Rosen visually and in action. Her dress was novel in design and black. Her hair was cut in Dutch children's style and she wore large silver buckles on her shoes. She played with a plenitude of temperamental display. It was evident that her emotions were riotous and she did not try to conceal their tumult. Yet her manner was so plainly a genuine, sincere and natural expression of her inner self that it did not seem bizarre. With her usual skill, brilliance and expressive power she played Beethoven's Sonata Op. 53, two Etudes and Polonaise Op. 53 by Chopin, Rhapsodie XIII by Liszt and many extra numbers in response to acclaim quite as hearty as that given to Mr. Rosen.

Dec 31 . 9 . 18

9TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestra was assisted by a chorus prepared by Stephen Townsend. The concert celebrated the close of the year of victory. The program was as follows: National airs of the United States, Belgium, England, Italy, France; Chadwick, "Land of Our Hearts," for chorus and orchestra (first time in Boston); Bizet, "Patrie," dramatic overture; Verdi, "Te Deum," for double chorus and orchestra (first time at these concerts); Barnaby and anonymous English composers of the 16th century, Suite No. 3, from the stage music arranged by Mr. Rabaud for the production of "Le Marchand de Venise" in Paris; Cesar Franck, Psalm CL., for chorus, orchestra and organ (first time at these concerts); "America."

There was a large audience, but the seats of many subscribers were filled by others, and, strange to say, there were many vacant seats in the second balcony.

The concert as a whole was tame and a disappointment. Even the patriotic hymns of the allied nations aroused little enthusiasm. There was a slight crescendo of applause during the playing. The heartiest manifestation of joy followed the Marseillaise, and yet, taken at a little slower pace than that chosen by Mr. Messager, the Marseillaise—"luckiest musical composition ever promulgated; the sound of which will make the blood tingle in men's veins," to quote Carlyle—was not so spirited and flaming as when it was played here con amore by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra two months ago.

Mr. Rabaud planned the program so that the United States, France, Italy, England and Belgium should be represented. As Russia's heroic soldiers in the early years of the war alarmed the Germans and gave the English time to form a second army, Russia, theoretically, should have been heard in music. Alas, what is Russia today? What has she been since the Revolution and the substitution of a weak tune by Gretchaninoff for the superb National Hymn associated with the Tsar?

For the United States, Mr. Chadwick's [illegible] patriotic [illegible]

[illegible] Verdi's "Te Deum" was a doubtful experiment. It is to be regretted that the choral performance was timid and generally ineffective. It too plainly showed the lack of confidence that results from insufficient preparation. A work like this "Te Deum" is not to be treated in Mr. Wemnick fashion: "Hullo, here's a 'Te Deum'; let's sing it." There was not sufficient time for thorough rehearsal between the announcement of the concert and the day of performance. Nor is this "Te Deum" a work for many of the amateurs that were in the chorus, a work that demands picked singers, trained musicians with independent voices; not merely amiable singers following the more experienced in their neighborhood. Yet, pale as the choral performance was, it was a pleasure to hear Verdi's music again, an extraordinary work for the Verdi of "Aida" and the "Requiem," an almost incredible work for the Verdi of 84 or 85 years. How the significance of the text inspired him with an imposing simplicity of expression! The grandeur of "The Father of an Infinite Majesty" the ineffable beauty of "Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter," the monotone "Day by Day We Magnify Thee," the wonderful "O Lord Have Mercy," and the marvelous ending in which the hope of the world is voiced clamorously, with the following few orchestral chords, pianissimo, never to be forgotten—these are only a few of the glories in this dramatico-mystical composition.

Cesar Franck's Psalm, which gains in effect with the orchestral accompaniment, is straightforward jubilation. Here the task of the chorus was comparatively easy.

Bizet's "Patrie," written shortly after the Franco-Prussian war, was again an appropriate selection, expressing the martial spirit, the grief, the indomitable courage of the French; yet one wished that Bizet had invented music more worthy the composer of "Carmen" and "L'Arlesienne." The overture was written to order. Some of the pages are trivial, indeed; some are only bombast. Only here and there does one recognize the better Bizet, whose letters as a soldier in 1870 are more eloquent than this tonal expression of feeling.

Mr. Rabaud's Suite shows his taste in selection from the old English composers and his skill in editing and arranging the pieces, without the foolish reverence that respects the archaism that is synonymous with dulness in modern ears, without the impertinent modernization that takes away the delicate and delightful flavor of old songs and dance tunes. The opening Maestoso is distinctively English in its formality and ruggedness. The gems of the Suite are the Moderato by Farnaby and the Andante by an unknown composer of Elizabethan days. The Suite found immediate favor.

This concert which took the place of that announced for Oct. 11 and deferred on account of the influenza, will be repeated tonight.

The program of the concerts on next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Jan. 3, 4, is as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Antar," symphony No. 2; Beethoven, violin concerto (Mr. Heifetz, violinist); Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnole.

'BEAR LEADERS'

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in the United States of "The Bear-Leaders," a farcical comedy in four acts by R. C. Carton. Produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, on Feb. 1, 1912. Stanhope Molyneux, Edmund Gwenn; Mrs. Molyneux, Miss Compton; Edward Petworth, Donald Calthrop, Marjorie Hillborn, Muriel Martin Harvey, Jim Kennedy Loomes, Ashton Pearse Horace Beckton, Robert Horton, Mr. Felgate, Fred Lewis; Amatole Durocq, Michael Sherbrooke; Mme. Mescale Ada Webster; Duko of Gallminster, Spencer Trevor; Dowager Countess of Grismdal, May Whitty, Lady Tuddenham, Mary Brough; Byles, E. F. Mayeur.

Horace Beckton	Nicholas Joy
Bylea	Owen T. Hewitt
Stanhope Molyneux	H. Conway Wingfield
Mr. Felgate	Fred W. Permain
Mrs. Stanhope Molyneux	Jessamine Newcombe
Lady Marjorie Hillborn	Viola Roach
Edward Petworth	Noel Leslie
Sir Kennedy Loomes	E. E. Clive
Lady Tuddenham	Leila Repton
Evadne Tuddenham	Elbra Goodell
Madame Mescale	Phylis Relph
Anatole Durocq	William Podmore
Dowager Countess of Grimsdal	Mary Hamilton
Duke of Gallminster	Leonard Crasko

This comedy ran for 200 performances in London, from Feb. 1 to July 30 in 1912, yet no manager on this side of the Atlantic risked a production of it. It is said that the late Charles Frohman secured the rights, but for some reason or other his interest in the comedy cooled. Perhaps it was thought that the subject and the treatment were too English, but other comedies and farces far more local, inferior in dialogue, thinner, have met here with success.

Mr. and Mrs. Molineux receive into their family young [illegible] of the [illegible] to [illegible] to prepare them for [illegible]

responsibilit... [illegible] and philosophers to Edward, a future duke—Mr. Carton must have at least one duke in his comedies—and Lady Marjorie, the granddaughter of a dowager countess. The Molineauxs do this because a will that would enrich them has not been found. As the duke and the countess are bitter enemies, they are not allowed to know that the young ones are under one roof. It is intended that Edward, who hates girls, should marry Evadne, and Marjorie, with a temper, wed deaf and stupid Loomes, but the girl-hater, who likes grown-up women, and has had an affair with Mme. Mescale, a florist, and the headstrong Marjorie fall in love and elope that they may be thoroughly compromised and so be forced to marry. Molineux, himself a bit of a sport, has also met the florist. She tries to blackmail Edward. Fortunately, an eccentric waiter, serving at a ball given by the Molineuxs, turns out to be her husband. The will is found. There will be no more bear leading, but it looks as though the Molineuxs would be obliged to support the young couple, for duke and countess vow that they will not give them a penny.

This is only a faint sketch of a very amusing farce. Mr. Carton's world is peopled by extraordinary characters for whom the conventions and the moralities do not exist. There is a Gilbertian twist in this dramatist's mind, but his satire is not so cynical as Gilbert's.

Nothing could be more delightful than Molineux's advice to Edward when he first meets him; his recital of what a young man in training for a dukedom should do. Throughout the play there are witty lines that reveal character and are not merely put as epigrams in the mouths of puppets. The blackmailing florist is an old friend, but her appearance does not shock Marjorie; she welcomes the news that Edward has a "past" and begs him to tell her all about it. Truly an amusing comedy or farce. The wonder is that the production in Boston has so long been delayed.

It should be played briskly. Last night that accomplished actor, Mr. Wingfield, who is constantly on the stage, was often too deliberate, not always at ease with regard to his lines. We should have liked him a little more irascible, rather peppery, quick in opinions and conclusions. No doubt he will strike the requisite pace after a few performances. Mr. Leslie and Mr. Clive were capital, each in his part. Mr. Craske's make-up, voice and behavior as the gouty duke were excellent, a bit of character acting that went well with the equally delightful characterization of the old countess by Miss Hamilton. Miss Newcombe, winning and gracious as Mrs. Molineux, played with a delicious sense of humor. Miss Roach was an attractively rude little vixen, later softened somewhat by her affection for Edward, and at last eminently desirable. Miss Relph's broken English with a French accent was more natural than is usually heard from English-speaking women in comedy; her coquetry was unaffected, not extravagant. Nor should the jealous waiter of Mr. Podmore be passed over in silence. The stage settings were tasteful, the costumes of the women were handsome. An audience that filled the theatre was highly entertained.

Two Songs

Sung by Ferdinand, Carl, Mehmed, Little Willie & Co.—otherwise known as the European Concert Party.

1914.

John Bull is in his counting house
  Engrossed in sordid trade:
The Yankee has a German half
  Of which he' half afraid;
With French and Russian we can do
  Exactly as we like—
The World is at Our feet, and that
  Proclaims 'Tis time to strike!

1918.

What cunning people forced the war
  Upon us all may see,
And that it was a wicked scheme
  None know so well as we;
But had our counsel been received
  By others as it ought,
(And had we seen which side would win)
  We never should have fought!

—A. W. B. in the London Daily Chronicle.

"My Dear Miss"

As the World Wags:

Some 40 years ago or more I made my 18-year-old sister tumble out of bed to show me a note written to her by a man, a well known Boston bachelor, who had qualms when a body said "stores" for "shops" and always carefully turned up the silk lining of his frock coat, whereon to wipe his pen. He was an annoying purist. The letter when offered for inspection maintained her contention: he addressed her as "My dear Miss J." I think I slept little that night, rather expecting she might in the next mail receive a proposal. The phrase has been a constant irritant. Why? And I am glad to see it attacked. There are windmills still for Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, and plenty of rejoicing Dulcineas to stand by and glory in the fray.

There is that miserable old "I hope it don't" do something or other "next week." An illiterate girl in an office was my first kindling ray on this. I shivered, but she was very sweet and pretty and I forgave. A Latin school boy some years later repeated the offence, and here my Smith College niece says the same.

Of all shams today I am inclined to think the college girl of 1918 the greatest. There may be colleges but I am not sure of culture. Perhaps because I am of a so long ago generation that my own education was from a gentlewoman of the old school, who was well versed in classics and brought us up on Pierpont's Reader, and Shakespeare, later on, to spell and read by. G. T. J.

Dorchester.

Pierpont's "Reader"—but Pierpont was also the "Compiler" of the American First Class-Book, the Introduction to the National Reader, the Young Reader.

The same my sire scanned before
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er.

A copy of the National Reader is now on our desk. It was published in Boston by Carter, Hendee & Co. and by Hilliard, Gray & Co., in 1833. It is not always cheerful reading. On page 107 is the little poem, "A Thought on Death," by Mrs. Barbauld, followed by Bryant's "The Old Man's Funeral." There are moral lessons, as Lord Chesterfield's remarks about lying and H. Ware, Jr.'s, "Criminality of Intemperance." Does any one remember the "Fall of Tecumseh"?

What heavy-hoofed coursers the wilderness roam,
To the war-blast indignantly tramping?
Their mouths are all white, as if frosted with foam,
The steel bit impatiently champing.

We prefer this to the mournful verses from Blackwoods "on the custom of planting flowers on the graves of departed friends." What a lugubrious book for reading and speaking! Page 52: "Thoughts of a Young Man on the Prospect of Death," by Henry K. White, which contains the line: "Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?" Page 52, "The Grave," by Bernard Barton. The "Danger of Being a Good Singer" is pointed out. It seems that singing leads to rum, and rum to a carbuncled face and the poorhouse. The poem, "Niagara Falls," is translated from the Spanish of Jose Maria Heredia, the father of the more celebrated poet whose sonnets are among the chief glories of French poetry.

By the way, who was the author of those verses beginning

Niagara, Niagara,
You are a staggerer!

On page 131 we find a poem entitled "The Little Graves"; on page 133 "Life and Death"; on page 134 "The Burial of Arnold"—not Benedict, but a senior at Yale.

We prefer "The Rhetorical Reader," by Ebenezer Porter, D. D., of Andover. The 22d edition was published in New York (1836). Opening at random, on page 144 we find a thrilling account of the burning of the Fame and escape of the passengers.

"Where is Sophia? Here. The children? Here. A rope to the side! Lower Lady Raffles. Give her to me, says one. I'll take her, says the Captain." Gallant captain; we see him now with Lady Raffles in his arms. Then there is the pathetic story (pp. 152-154) of the widow sitting by her blazing fagots with five tattered children by her side. "The last herring smoked upon the coals before her." Yet she offered some of it to a stranger that knocked at her door. "And is this all your store? And a share of this do you offer to one you know not? Then never saw I charity before." The stranger turned out to be the widow's son, "returned to her bosom from the Indies." She "lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty and in the delightful employment of virtue, and at this day the passer-by is pointed to the willow that spreads its branches above her grave."

In an article addressed by Fisher Ames to printers, complaining of the space given in newspapers to murders, suicides, prodigies and monstrous births, Ames, speaking of the contagious spirit of imitation, says: "When the man flew from the steeple of the North Church 50 years ago, every unlucky boy thought of nothing but flying from a sign post." Who was this man that flew here in the middle of the 18th century?

As long as these old reading-books are on the shelf why should one anxiously search the book shop for "the very latest," "the greatest seller," something "epoch making"?

After Christmas

As the World Wags:

Will you not urge the running of a Christmas Gratitude Clearing House?

If the gift puppy chews his tag before you see him, if the card is lost from the bag of driftwood or the volume of Dr. Woodrow's Sermons, how can you now thank "Anonymous"? Z. Y. X.

Boston.

The Information Bureau

For E. E. H. The Order of Merit was established by Edward VII in June, 1902, when there were 12 appointments: Three soldiers, two sailors, five scientists, two representing literature and one art. Only two survive, Lord Rayleigh and Lord Morley. At present the composition is one soldier, four sailors, four scientists, three literary men, a musician, Mr. Balfour and Viscount Haldene. "There are several vacancies in the British chapter of 24, and two of them will doubtless be filled by a sailor and a soldier," says a London journalist.

KEITH'S GIVES

Keith's Theatre opened New Year's week with an attractive and pleasing bill. Johnnie Singer and his Dancing Dolls gave an exhibition of acrobatic dancing that had some new and unique features. Harmon and O'Connor in "We and Us" produced a humorous scene and performed a few stunts. The dancing act of Tom Bryan and Lillian Roderick included some new features and evoked liberal applause.

Julie Ring and James Norval, in a humorous skit, "Divorced," stirred a little sentimental feeling and dissipated it by a farcical ending that stopped the starting tears of the more sensitive.

Fred Allen, in his special act, "Trying to Get Along," gained liberal applause by the sheer absurdity of his performance.

Phyllis Neilson-Terry, the English actress, did not appear till near the close of the performance. She gave a program of songs in which her wonderful voice was heard with splendid effect. A note on the program stated that "Miss Neilson-Terry sings G above high C, the highest note sung today on any stage or concert platform," and no one doubted the truth of the statement. The clear quality of her voice and the masterful manner in which she handled it in "Couplets du Mysoli" was enough to satisfy the audience even if she had not reached the vaunted high note. She followed her songs with a recitation of two poems in a manner which justified her name of Terry as her singing justified that of Neilson.

Jimmy Hussey, with the assistance of William Worsley, gave a military playlet, "Somewhere in Vaudeville," a sketch equal to some of the best things that have been written of the experiences of a recruit from the city.

There was an all-star cast in the "feminine novelty," "What Girls Can Do." The answer is "everything," and they showed it. The cast included the Warren girls, Queenie Dunedin, Ardelle Cleaves and Pauline Chambers, and the acts ranged from dancing to slack wire walking, with various bits interspersed.

It is no disparagement of the performers to say that the pictures shown at the opening evoked as much applause as any of the acts, for they showed the arrival of the battleships in New York harbor and the arrival of President Wilson in France and the reception accorded him there. One picture of special local interest was the decoration of "Go to Hell Whittlesey," leader of the "lost battalion," by Gen. Edwards.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Romance," a drama in a prologue, three acts and an epilogue, by Edward Sheldon. Cast:

PROLOGUE

Bishop Armstrong	Dudley Ayres
Suzette	Dorothy Tierney
Harry	Aubrey Bosworth
Thomas Armstrong	Dudley Ayres
Cornelius Van Tuyl	Mark Kent
Fred Livingstone	Joseph Sweeney
Harry Putnam	Charles Stevens
The Butler	Teddy LeDuc
Miss Armstrong	Jeannette Howell
Miss Susan Van Tuyl	Mary Gray
Mrs. Rutherford	Anna Meyers
Mrs. Frothingham	Helen Brandon
Miss Frothingham	Marion Frances Coogan
Signora Vannucci	Bertha Blanchard
Calvin Thorndike	Samuel Godfrey
Edgar Dunlavey	Frederick Allen
M. Bapliste	Teddy LeDuc
Mrs. Grey	Alice Knowles
Miss Snyder	Jessie Alison
Mme. Margherita Cavallini	Ann MacDonald

Jan 1 1919

These lines were published in the London Daily Chronicle before the election:

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT

When you take your wife or daughter
  To the polling booth, just think—
You can lead a horse to water,
  But you cannot make him drink.
And behind the ballot curtain
  Madame may turn her coat.
'Tis a wise man that is certain
  Which way his women vote!

H. H. M.

"Flu"

As the World Wags:

Isn't there something shocking about this abhorrent slang abbreviation of influenza? Sometimes it is "flu," "fluey" or "influ." It really isn't decent when writing of the dread plague to use the horrible expression. It's not only flippant and vulgar, but downright heartless. Can you imagine how it must affect a sensitive person of culture who may have lost a child by the disease, to read about the "flu" in the newspapers? Abbreviation is a cursed sin, anyway. In the cinemas the aristocratic leading woman always "phones," never telephones. "Phone" gives one almost physical pain, and we shudder when reading it, but, in God's name, let's rise and exterminate this fearful "flu" habit which even extends to those molders of good form, the newspapers.

Boston. L. R. ROBINSON.

The "Whoms" and "Whos"

As the World Wags:

Let me suggest in the absence of a response from our respected colonel that the "whomsoeverites" and the "whosoeverites" all join together New Year's eve in singing the old English jingle:

Moods and tenses
Bother my senses,
Verbs and adverbs
Drive me mad.
Irregular verbs
My sleep disturb,
They are a regular bore.

Belmont. MANCURIAN.

Greek Drama at the Copley

The repertory of the Copley Theatre was agreeably enlarged last Sunday afternoon if the reports in the newspapers were trustworthy. A Greek drama was performed with much more action than would have been approved by Aristotle. At the end the Boston police gave a spirited impersonation of the "deus ex machina."

Insatiate

As the World Wags:

Several weeks ago your column mentioned taking the "germ" out of Germany. Why leave "any"?

Plymouth. OBSERVER.

Long and Short Heads

As the World Wags:

In the Spanish novel of the great war called "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," by Vicente Blasco Ibanez, there is a passage (page 127) in which a German professor descants at great length upon the superiority of the German race. They are of purer breed, he says, than the rest of Europe, and this is proved by the shape of their heads. They are "dolicephalous, or arched-headed," while most of the others, especially the races to the south, are "brachicephalous, or flat-headed." The mystery here is not in the theory, but in where the author or translator got the spelling and the meaning of these words.

"Dolichocephalous," more commonly, "dolichocephalic," means "long-headed," while "brachycephalous" or "brachycephalic" means "short-headed." A person belongs to the first or the second type according as the width of his skull, from side to side, is less or more than three fourths the length of it, from front to back. There is nothing to indicate that either type is particularly superior to the other. Most Negroes and Eskimos for example, as well as most Germans, are dolicocephalic. Personally, I am inclined to believe that a happy medium is better than either extreme. (The cephalic index of my own family averages very close to .75). "Brachycephalic" must not be confused, however, with "Brachycephalidae," which indicates a family of oxydactyl opisthoglossate anurous batrachians.

PROF. PULVEROSICCUS

Andover.

But is not a man's head all right unless it runs up to a peak? Take the case of Philocles, a comic poet, a nephew of Aeschylus. His head was sharp, raised and pointed in the crown of it like a sugar loaf. Pericles had an extraordinarily great and long head. To hide the deformity the sculptors put a helmet on it. He was better off than a citizen of Leipsic, who was vehemently troubled with a daily intolerable pain in his head which gave him no rest. He consulted Johannes Pfeil. "The physician prescribed, but to no purpose: for the sick man, overpowered with the pain and want of rest, gave up the ghost. Pfeil (with leave of his friends) dissected the head of the deceased and in his brain found a stone of the magnitude and figure of a mulberry (by eating of which fruit the patient had said he had contracted his disease). This stone was of an ash color and was shown unto many as matter of singular admiration." (See for a fuller account of this interesting case, "The Lives of German Philosophers, Counsellers-at-Law and Physicians of His Century and of the Preceding One," by Melchior Adam, rector of Heidelberg University. This invaluable work was published in 1615.)

Jan 2

As soon as the armistice was signed, there was dancing in the streets of Paris and in London, also in Berlin. A London journalist recalls the fact that "it was dancing that engrossed the town after the overthrow of Napoleon, when the waltz was new, and it was a great attraction to see the Tsar and others whirling around in their smart uniforms."

Let us add a note. The waltz, then a slow movement in trois temps, made its way to England about 1812. In 1816, the year after Waterloo, it was danced at Almack's in London. The wives of for-

[illegible] the Baron de Neumann, Lord Palmerston, were famous for their skill. The Tsar Alexander danced at Almack's in his tight-fitting uniform. We find no mention of dancing in the street by nobs and royal personages. Miss Mitford had written against the waltz in 1811, and hers was not the only attack against its "immodesty." Byron, of all men in the world, joined in the outcry. His poem "The Waltz: An Apostrophic Hymn," written in the fall of 1812, was published anonymously in the spring of the following year. The poem was not well received, and Byron asked a friend to contradict the rumor that he, Byron, was the author. A form of waltz, the Waltz Allemande, was known in England before [illegible], as is shown by pictures drawn in [illegible] and by a caricature of Gillray's, dated 1800, entitled "Waltzer au Mouchoir": "It illustrates an ingenious expedient toward surmounting the difficulty of spanning a waist too ample for the stretch of mere arms.

This London journalist, seeking an explanation of this dancing after the armistice finds it in the fact that dancing is one of the few expressions of high spirits in which everyone can join.

"People want to do something to give expression to their delight and relief, and so dances are as universal in those grades of society which live out of the limelight as in the more advertised West end."

He could have cited illustrious examples from the Old Testament. "King David, he with one small stone, the great Goliath slew." So runs the beginning of the verses we learned at Exeter. After the slaughter of the Philistines "the women came out of all cities of Israel, singing and dancing to meet King Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music." We are not told whether David then displayed his agility in dancing; but when the Ark was brought to Zion, he danced before the Lord with all his might, and David was girded with a "linen ephod." Michal, his wife, evidently did not approve "nature dancing" or "interpretative dancing" as it is understood by Miss Duncan and Miss Moller, for she despised him in her heart and said "How glorious was the King of Israel today, who uncovered himself today in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself." The justly celebrated Mr. Bayle has an ingenious note on this subject: "If he had discovered his nakedness, his action might be deemed ill, morally speaking, but if he did no more than make himself contemptible by his postures, and by not keeping up the majesty of his character, it was but an imprudence at most and not a crime. It ought to be well considered on what occasion it was that he danced; it was when the Ark was carried to Jerusalem; and consequently the excess of his joy and of his leaping testified his attachment and sensibility for holy things." Ferrand in his "Reply to the 'Apology for the Reformation'" makes this illuminative remark. Quoting Michal's taunt, he says: "These last words of the sacred text seem to show that David stripped himself stark naked, yet as the same text, speaking of David dancing before the Ark, says he was girded with a linen ephod, I do not think he stripped himself naked. But he stripped himself so far as to appear as it were naked, and to make his behavior judged unworthy the gravity and majesty of a king; and the more so, for that the thing was done publicly, and before a great multitude." It will be remembered that the Tsar Alexander wore a tight-fitting uniform when he joyously disported himself.

The Great Eastern

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the introductory note of the column today, an old Torontonian writes that in 1865 there were one or two Junoesque ladies of the Canadian metropolis—pulchritudinous they were, too—each of whom was known as "The Great Eastern." Imagination here runs riot. W. B. W.

Dec. 23.

Perhaps either one might have served as a model for the Venus Callipyge.—Ed.

The Theatre's Friends

It is all very well for managers and authors and actors to talk. It would be a bleak and a cold and a windy day for the theatre if the deadhead were abolished. When the play refuses to go, and the paying seats are taking a holiday, who comes to the rescue? Who is it that gets his dress suit out of pawn—if it be in pawn—and helps to make the stalls into one white, shimmering resplendency? Who is it that gives to the audience just the right touch of opulence? Who is it that stands in the stalls between the acts with his back to the stage, surveying the whole audience with an air of the [illegible] who [illegible] person

ga[illegible] [illegible]
ps and q[illegible]
Wh[illegible], the deadhead—Bart Kennedy in the Stage.

Jan. 3 1919

The question was asked in this column a few days ago whether there was ever a time in the history of billiards when the red ball was smaller than the others. We find the following answer in Notes and Queries of November: "There was a small ball in a 'Trattato sul Giuoco del Bigliardo,' by L. M. F. (Napoli, 1821), it is stated that the game was played either with two large balls and a small one, which was called 'il pallino' (or at Milano 'il casino'), or without the pallino 'all uso Veneziano.' What the color of the small ball was we may only surmise from the description of the table, which mentions 'la rossa' and a 'punto della rossa.'"

Clubs in Mourning

As the World Wags:

I received my annual importation of sorrel from the West Indies a short while before Christmas, but no falernian. I had made up my mind that I would spend the festival gayly in my own home instead of going to the club, so I set about looking up the different places where such stuff is sold that makes a man feel like Tubal Cain when he was in his prime. I sauntered into one of the places mentioned, bought a bottle of the stuff and carried it off happy and contented until Christmas day, when I blended the disgusting thing with the sorrel. After mixing the same carefully I sampled it before the other members of the family had their fling. Much to my disappointment it was nothing more than a bottle of fire water highly colored in a pretty bottle, for which I had paid a fair price. In pre-war times I could have bought a bottle of good stuff which would be well worth the price and would make the West end troubadours hilarious for a solid week, but it did not even incite a speech from me, much to the disappointment of myself. It reminds me of a smoke talk the boys of the Liquortarian Club had the other night; the stuff the butler served was high in price but poor in spirit, and the servitor seemed to be well schooled for the occasion; he did not exceed the limit, for not once did a member receive a schooner that was too heavily laden, so they had to spend the evening telling research stories. I am an honorary member of this club, and am tendering my resignation, as I believe that the club will have to go out of business soon on account of the national prohibition movement. If this is the way that these hostelries intend to dole out the blooming stuff while it lasts it would be well for all of us club members to begin and be reconciled to our fate. And speaking of prohibition, what shall we do when we have to install new members into our clubs and organizations? How will the installed ones know that we are boiling over with exuberance at their entry into our circle? Perhaps it would do the more loquacious members good to keep it away, but what of the temperance ones? I see where we are going to have fewer clubs and less members in our circle and the time is not very distant. L. CUTHBERT ODIAN.

Boston.

Should sorrel be put into "Stuff"? It perhaps depends on what the "stuff" was that Mr. Odian purchased. The poet Horace recommends the "low growing herb of sorrel with a cup of white Coan wine," but only as a purge. This Coan wine was a pale white and was mixed with sea-water. In the West Indies the "Sorrel Cool Drink" is said to be refreshing, but what is the ingredient that should search out the centres of life? In a cook-book of the 15th century we read that ginger should be eaten with pig: sorrel with mutton.

Ricochet Words

As the World Wags:

Has the question ever occurred to any student of etymology, or, if it has, has any satisfactory reason ever been given why so great a proportion of the so-called "ricochet" words in the English language begin with the letter "H"? I give below nearly 50 of them, all, with one or two exceptions, to be found in the Century Dictionary. I am seriously doubtful if as many more can be found beginning with any or all the other consonants in the alphabet.

Hah Nab, Helter Skelter, Hey Dey, Hoity Toity, Hocus Pocus, Hodge Podge, Hotch Potch, Hub Dub, Hugger Mugger, Hurley Burley, Hum Drum, Hurdy Gurdy, Hobble Bobble, Hob Lob, Hoddy Doddy, Hoder Moder, Hoky Poky, Holus Bolus, Hot Pot, Hubble Shubble, Huckie Buckie, Huck Muck, Huddle Duddle, Hubble Bubble, Hurry Scurry, Humble Bumble, Hull Gull, Humpty Dumpty, Hurry Durry, Huzz Buzz, Harum Scarum, Hob Nob, Hunny Bunny, Hustle Bustle, Hanky Panky, Hells Bells, Handy Andy, Handy Dandy, Hary Scary, Ho Bo, Haver Claver, Hy Spy, Hickery Pickery, Highty Tighty, Hubby Tubhty, Hogen Mogen, Higgledy Piggledy, Hootchy Kootchy.

I confess the more one thinks of it the more curious it seems. F. N.

Cambridge.

Where did "F. N." find the term "ricochet" for these words?—Ed.

Part 6 [illegible]

Orchestra Plays "Antar" of Rimsky-Korsakoff at Tenth Concert

MR. HEIFETZ IS SOLO VIOLINIST

By PHILIP HALE

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Antar," Symphony No. 2; Beethoven, Violin Concerto; Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnole. Mr. Heifetz was the solo violinist.

It would be an interesting experiment to put "Antar" and Scheherazade" on a program in illustration of Rimsky-Korsakoff's orientalism. "Antar" was composed in 1868, "Scheherazade" in 1888, when the composer's technic was fully developed. Of the two, "Scheherazade" is undeniably the more popular, not only because it has been heard often and is associated with its incongruous use for a ballet; it appeals more intimately to the average hearer. Yet "Antar" is the more imaginative work. "Scheherazade," for the most part, suggests the harem. It is true, there is the storm music, with the shock and the fury of the billows, the composer had heard one of the Kalandars telling his wondrous tale, but the excursions from the harem are short and few. The greater number of pages are odorous with

Strange spice and flower, strange savor of crushed fruit,
And perfume the swart kings tread under foot
For pleasure when their minds wax amorous,
Charred frankincense and grated sandal-root.

There is freer, purer air in "Antar"; there is the thought of the desert and its majestic loneliness. The mood of the hero, who might have stalked gloomily with Lara or any other Byronic hater of mankind, is at once established; it is powerfully maintained. The descriptive, or pictorial, episode of the pursued gazelle is graphic, not grotesque, although the composer here risked a disconcerting fall into the ludicrous. The two movements that follow, expressing in turn the delights of revenge and of power are splendidly barbaric, invoking scenes of ravaging and murderous hordes, exulting, furious, rushing onward to the wild sounds of strange instruments, ruthless, defiant, indomitable, while the love-music of the finale is sensuously languorous.

In this symphony we find the cruelty and the sensuality of the east, frank, unabashed, magnificent. And all is so largely expressed! There is here no miniature painting, as is found too frequently in "Scheherazade", the colors in "Antar" are often bold and glaring; the palette knife takes the place of the brush. The thought of the composer is more than fanciful; it is imaginative.

Mr. Rabaud was so fortunate in his interpretation of this Symphony that it is to be hoped he will find it convenient during the season to let us hear Balakireff's Symphony, played here some years ago, and the same composer's "Thamar," which, as we believe, has not yet received full justice in Symphony Hall. Then there is the first Symphony of Borodin, which Mr. Nikisch brought out here 28 years ago for the first time in this country. These composers are more in favor with the French than is Tschaikowsky. Perhaps the frequent bursts of platitudes and coarseness, the vociferous outcries of despair that at times degenerate into a personal whine, disturb the Parisians, yet we should like to hear his fourth Symphony, to our mind the most characteristically Russian of Tschaikowsky's work in the symphonic field, played under Mr. Rabaud's direction.

He was equally fortunate in his interpretation of Ravel's tonal pictures of Spain, which yesterday were more glowing and spirited than ever before. The nocturnal prelude had fuller significance, a more poetic feeling. How brilliant the reading of the Malaguena, the Habanera and the finale with its delirious revel. The reading of the Rhapsody was distinguished by subtlety as well as dash. Those who thought that Mr. Rabaud might be an "academic" conductor have learned that neither Beethoven nor Ravel, Schumann nor Berlioz, Converse nor Saint-Saens is misunderstood or unappreciated by this musician of broad sympathies, kindly authority and a spirit that blazes when the music makes demand.

Mr. Heifetz, who played yesterday for the first time with this orchestra, gave an uncommonly fine performance of Beethoven's Concerto. His technical proficiency, which is almost incredible in a man of his years, [illegible] amazing [illegible]

[illegible] his [illegible] and [illegible] his consummate [illegible] examination. But since he first [illegible] here he has gained in warmth and depth of expression, so that his selection of the too familiar concerto was not ill-advised. The cadenzas, which, we are told, are by Leopold Auer, were long and musically uninteresting.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program for Jan. 17-18 is as follows: Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, No. 5, Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto (Mr. Fradkin, violinist); Saint-Saens, "Phaeton," symphonic poem; Lalo, Rhapsody.

MR. ELMAN'S RECITAL

Mischa Elman, violinist, gave a recital last night in Symphony Hall. His program was as follows: Nardini-Nachez, concerto in A major; Vieuxtemps, concerto in A minor, No. 5; Chausson, Poeme; Gluck, Largo; Hummel, waltz; Rimsky, Korsakoff, Franko, Hymn to the Sun from "Le Coq d'Or," Paganini, Vogrich, Dans les Bois, Wieniawski, Polonaise in A major.

The New York journals stated yesterday morning that Mr. Elman, suffering from the influenza, was unable to fulfil his engagement with the Russian Symphony Society the night before. His recovery was quick, for certainly last evening he seemed to be in robust health. His ear was not dulled nor was his natural strength abated. Nardini's concerto, delicate and tender music for the most part, was played, with the exception of the Adagio, as if it were fraught with passion. It was unwise to follow it with a concerto by Vieuxtemps and Chausson's "Poeme." A modern concerto—and Vieuxtemps is still reckoned among the moderns—without orchestra resembles cold veal, no matter how skilful or soulful the violinist may be.

The program was of generous length and Mr. Elman responded to recalls. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience.

A writer of editorial articles for the New York Times does not think that the prosperity of the United States lies in its great store of diamonds—over a billion dollars' worth, it is said. He makes an unprovoked assault on the diamond, reproaching it for not having the gorgeous beauty of other stones, and saying that the high price charged for it is its chief value in the eyes of many.

It is true that the diamond is not so beautiful as many other stones. An old-fashioned chandelier of cut glass is as handsome as if it had been fashioned with diamonds. It is also true that many buy diamonds because they are expensive, as many who really do not like champagne drink it publicly and with a flourish, when they would prefer a pewter of sound, nutty ale. We saw at Saratoga Springs and in summer hotels of the late sixties women with huge diamonds in their ears at breakfast; also with hands clogged with diamond rings performing at dinner on an ear of green corn as a flute player plays his flute but the flashing of the diamonds did not mitigate the grossness of the feeding.

The New York Times ignores the medical and psychical properties of the diamond. He should read "The Marvellous Adventures of Sir John Maundevile, Kt." In chapter XIV there are pages about "the knowledge and virtues of the true diamond." First, saying that men should wear the diamond on the left side, "for it is of greater virtue than on the right side; for the strength of their growing is toward the north, that is the left side of the world, and the left part of the man when he turned his face toward the east." Sir John dilates on the virtues of the stone.

"He that beareth the diamond upon him, it giveth him hardiness and manhood, and it keepeth the limbs of his body whole. It giveth him victory of his enemies in pleading and in war, if his cause be rightful. And it keepeth him that beareth it in good wit. And it keepeth him from strife and riot, from sorrows and from enchantments, and from fantasies and illusions of wicked spirits. And if any cursed witch or enchanter would bewitch him that beareth the diamond, all that sorrow and mischance shall turn to himself through virtue of that stone. And also no wild beast dare assail the man that beareth it on him. And it maketh a man more strong and more stalwart against his enemies. And it healeth him that is lunatic and him that the Fiend pursueth or travaileth. And if venom or poison be brought in presence of the diamond, anon it beginneth to wax moist and to sweat."

Commas and Colons

As the World Wags:

In the Herald of the 27th of December, under "Signatures and Addresses," the writer affirms that "My Dear Sir" is surely more familiar than "Dear Sir," but does not say whether he is speaking of England or of the United States. If we are to believe the authorities on this subject, "My Dear Sir" is usually more familiar than "Dear Sir" in Eng-

land, in the United States the reverse is usually true. In writing to strangers in England we should bear this in mind.

This question of salutations calls up the interesting and perhaps more important question of the proper form of punctuation (if there be one) to be placed after the salutation. In this period of our gigantic physical progress we strive to make our language as gigantic as our achievements, and by heaping up words on one another think to increase their efficiency. As a result, we have been criticised, perhaps somewhat unjustly, as being a people of raw and untutored strength, whose opinion in literary matters is neither trained nor organized.

Our punctuation (or lack of punctuation) goes in hand with our composition. We discard comma, semicolon and colon (which require thought) for period, exclamation point and dash (the slang of punctuation). In writing the salutation in a letter we have got so far as to use the colon (usually with a dash after it) or the dash and sometimes the exclamation point or the period. The present fad, apparently due to the typewriting machine, is to omit punctuation at the ends of the lines of the address (in the letter itself and on the envelope), and this suggests, as the next step in our progress, that the salutation also have no punctuation. (Let it be said in passing, that the omission of punctuation in the address, like the use of abbreviations, is indicative of haste, and hence of a lack of courtesy.)

Is punctuation necessary after the salutation? Is one form of punctuation better than another? Yes, to both these questions. The proper form of salutation (sanctioned by good usage), and the only logical (grammatical) form, is that which has been used by all the great writers of English for hundreds of years, and which, it may be added, is in use in England today, namely, the comma. (Please Mr. Editor, don't change that comma after "namely" to a colon; for that comma has been in use for centuries too). The comma is the only logical punctuation possible after the salutation because the salutation is in the nominative of address (vocative). The formality of the salutation is shown by the salutation itself, not by the punctuation. To see how the salutation will look with our effective modern punctuation, put it down on the first line of the body of the letter: "Dear Molly:—put the kettle on, and we'll all have tea." FRANCIS K. BALL.

Boston.

Mar 19

"How to sing a Song: The Art of Dramatic and Lyric Interpretation" by Yvette Guilbert, with an introduction by Clayton Hamilton, is published by the Macmillan Company, New York. Mr. Hamilton says that this book is intended primarily as a manual of craftsmanship, for the benefit of beginners who aspire to follow in Mme. Guilbert's footsteps; but in his eyes the volume has a deeper meaning and teaches that technical accomplishment is made, not born, that it can be taught and learned. "This is a lesson that is sorely needed at the present time, when an anarchic group of so-called 'critics' is springing up to celebrate an anarchic group of so-called 'artists' who noisily pretend that technic is of no account, because they are too lazy to acquire it." Mr. Hamilton incidentally remarks that Mme. Guilbert is "the finest artist, living in the world today, who does anything of any kind upon the stage." Her little book is not "so much a textbook as a personal expression of the ecstasy of a great artist in the propagation of her craft."

Mme Guilbert considers first "the special vocal technic necessary to a singer of songs as compared to that of an operatic singer." There must be a long special voice training, for in order not to sing a song as a uniform work, the singer must be a soprano and contralto or a tenor, baritone, bass, all in one. The operatic star, no matter how fine her voice, will not be able to render a song justly. She will deform it by too rich or too stiff a voice, always limited to her register. "La Chanson is not one song. La Chanson is multiple, and you must have multiple powers, multiple colors, multiple voices." The public must see with its eyes as well as its ears. Gounod advised Mme. Guilbert not to take singing lessons. "Your professor," he said, "will kill your power of expression by giving you a 'pretty voice,' which means a 'flat' voice. And then you will be one of the thousands.' She once asked Verdi why he had composed in "La Traviata" for the supper scene with its sentimental spirit, vivacious music. "You see," replied Verdi, "if we had on the operatic stage singers of songs such as you are, we would write music appropriate to the words, but we have only more or less beautiful voices for arias, and we write music for arias, arias to make the soprano shine, arias for the contralto, etc."

The singer must [illegible] every word its [illegible] and color, its light and shade. The art of coloring is the first indispensable acquisition, the next is the art of breathing, a question of cleverness. Mme. Guilbert then gives practical lessons in the two. Many of us remember her dramatic singing of "The Legend of St. Nicholas." She finds in the song various voices to be expressed by colors: the voice of the interpretative singer is neutral; that of the butcher, brown; the speaking voice of the saint, red, large and posed in the grave register; that of the child is white. To show how a text may be "penetrated" and amplified, Mme. Guilbert analyzes "La Glu" and other songs.

"Atmosphere" is considered. It is not only the frame for the action; it is not a costume donned; it is style, "the most precious gift of all." There must also be different expressions of the plastic. Again some of her songs are analyzed. She takes "Our Little Mate," a poem by Jules Laforgue as one of them. "We could easily imagine her sitting at a little marble table in one of the Parisian night cafes, smoking a cigarette and listening to the playing of a gipsy band. You have heard me sing the song, and you understand why, when singing, I smoke a cigarette, and you understand why I have chosen as music for this song the air of a popular waltz, a favorite of cabarets and dancing halls. I am giving the song half singing, half reciting. You are under the impression that you hear the strains of a gipsy band. You have not only the atmosphere of the song. You have, I may say, almost the atmosphere of the woman's soul pictured outwardly in every line, in every detail, by her lips keeping the cigarette, by her eyes, by her hands, by her arms—provocation—sensuality—perversity."

Considering tragedy, Mme. Guilbert finds two forms of expression; an exterior one, in which the singer shows she was a witness; an interior one, in which she shows that she is the acting agent of the tragedy. There is this difference "because the human soul is not created to express a tragic episode which befalls a fellow man with the same power of sorrow as one which touches itself." A song, she repeats, is a condensed drama. Treating "The Comic Spirit," Mme. Guilbert speaks of the Englishman's lack of humor and quotes a saying of Rochefort: "Glory for Yvette Guilbert. She succeeded in making the English laugh." She defines the different shades of comic spirit by assigning to each a color: gray for a quiet and refined gayety; red for the spirit that produces a big, hearty laugh, the limit of good taste in comedy; purple for songs in which the humor is in the words, "their meaning, if you wish, in their double-meaning even," in which the interpreter is a pince-sans-rire. Mme. Guilbert ends this chapter by inveighing against the comedy of grimaces. She does not think that the plays of Moliere have been played or are played as they should be. "Venerable dramatic artists, possibly without any sense of humor or with a limited sense of humor, have built up a tradition how to play Moliere. We all know that tradition is a straightjacket put on every artistic temperament." Others think the comedies should be played as low for us. "And probably none of us has seen or will see Moliere properly presented, as it is humanly impossible to assemble a company of players, each of them in possession of that divine gift of nature, a sense of humor."

The plastic art is next considered. "If you appear on a platform or on a stage to play a drama or to sing in opera, or to sing a simple song, there must be an absolute harmony between the expression of your art, be it acting or singing, and your body. . . . Your physical appearance must prepare the public that it will experience perfect art—that it will not be shocked by a discord between the art and the exterior of the artist. . . . A crowd is easier moved to tears or to laughter especially than the individual. . . . The body must be moulded each time in harmonious accordance with the text of your songs." Experience in plastic beauty can be acquired by the education of the eyes, by the contemplation of sculptures and paintings, not merely by looking at them. . . . Isadora Duncan, plastically speaking, is a sublime tragedienne or comedienne. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was a great dancer. Each song is a pantomime with words, the spirit of it must be expressed by the plastic attitude of the body. (This chapter is illustrated fully by photographs of Myra Wilcoxon, a dancer and pupil in Mme. Guilbert's class of pantomime). Art sometimes requires a deformation of plastic beauty for the sake of truth."

The costume should be carefully considered. "I have seen a very famous singer (quite aged) in an attire which she considered probably of a simple elegance. Simple it was. But simplicity does not create atmosphere. She looked like a cook in her Sunday dress. I have seen on the concert platform another singer, a very charming young woman, dressed in a tea gown of the latest, most absurd style. The skirt ended just below the knees. Certainly it was the latest style, but is it good taste? Does such style create an artistic atmosphere? . . . I have seen singers interpreting the Bergerettes of Weckerlin in costumes of the middle ages. . . . The male singers, I think, are forever condemned to appear in this modern abomination called evening dress, until one sensible, tasteful and courageous man will break the rule and appear in some appropriate costume. Why should art be delivered in the detestable banality of a frock coat and patent leather shoes? There is no department in dramatic art where more horrible crimes are committed than in the costume department. In my memory will ever live the most extraordinarily costumed Cleopatra of a very popular moving picture play which I have seen in this country."

There are other chapters, "The Development of the Faculty of Observation"; "Musical Rhythm"; "The Eurhythmic Expression of the Body"; "The Science of Tempo in Declamation"; "How to Acquire Facial Mimicry"; "About Magnetism and Charm"; "The Soul That Must Animate the True Artist."

The gift of observation can be acquired. "The inventive power of an artist is imagination." Observation must be based on intellectuality, on cerebration. "You must double the observer with the philosopher."

"A song requires rhythm in the same degree as does a recitation, and therefore there should be no difficulty in keeping the rhythm in a song, where recitation and song occur together. You will find, however, that very few interpreters of songs are able to overcome this difficulty. If they have to speak a few words within their singing text, they lose and cannot find again their rhythmic accent." Beranger's 'Ma Grandmere' serves here as an example of rhythmic diversity as interpreted by Mme. Guilbert.

"The grace of each body is personal to the body. A tall woman will have an eurhythmic expression different from that of a small one. A tall singer cannot have the same gestures as a short one. I would not advise the short singer, with short arms and short legs, to try imitating the graceful movements of a tall singer with long arms and long legs. 'Just as the same dress does not fit every woman, the same gesture cannot fit everybody.' The 'Chanson a Danser' is not danced, but the body has a rhythmic part in the interpretation. 'Even your motionless body has to exhale grace, then how much more when it moves in correspondence to the tune and words of a song.'

"Taking tempo" means giving light and shade to the phrase of an author by pauses of short or longer duration. Words are the material of the thought; the tempo indicates its structure. Perfect articulation or artistic coloration of the voice cannot make up for lack of tempo. Facial expression is not merely a question of muscular skill, "it is the transfiguration of a thought, of a sentiment into physiognomy." There are photographic illustrations of sentiments and emotions expressed by Mme. Guilbert. "Whether it be the mouth of a great lady or mouth of a farm girl, large and red, thin and pale, every woman's mouth is a surprising accessory in the art of facial mimicry." The book ends with an appeal to preserve the purity of art. Real art has a limited public. "The crowd which is always more numerous than the intellectual aristocracy, is not yet ready for beauty." . . . The artist is loved for what he or she has created, and for that reason the artist must not be impressed by any outside influence. . . . When your personality has ripened, your soul developed, close your ears! Be what you are! Express what you feel, go straight to your aim of beauty; reveal in all you do, all your sorrow and all your joy; appeal to the heart, move the heart by telling and expressing your art, and let the public know by your art that you are able to share its sufferings, to understand every struggle for life, love and happiness. Make the public conceive that you, too, are a poor human being, full of hope, full of deception, a poor human being dreaming of kindness, of beauty, of love."

Mme. Guilbert's study of the singer's art should interest teachers and pupils. She has set an illustrious example, not easily followed, if it is not wholly incomparable. The singing of a simple folk song, is after all, largely a matter of brains, and few singers, even the golden-voiced, have the brains of Mme Guilbert.

C. Haddon Chambers's comedy, "The Saving Grace," which will be seen at the Tremont Theatre tomorrow, was produced at the Gaiety, Manchester (Eng.), on Oct. 1, 1917. The cast was as follows: Blinn Corbett, Charles Hawtrey; William Hogg, A. E. George; Ripley Guilford, Noel Coward; Mrs. Corbett, Mary Jerrold; Susan Blaine, Emily Brooks; Ada Parsons, May Blayney; Mrs. Guilford, Ellis Jeffreys. The comedy—the Daily Telegraph said: "This is a real comedy, an event not so common as programs would have us believe"—was brought out in London at the Garrick Oct. 10, 1917. It was seen at the Empire in New York on Sept. 30, 1918.

"The Better 'Ole," by Bruce Bairnsfather and Arthur Eliot, with music composed, selected and arranged by Herman Darewski; lyrics by James Hurd, was produced at the Oxford, London, Aug. 4, 1917. It was produced in New York at the Greenwich Village Theatre on Oct. 19, 1918. On Nov. 18 it was transferred to the Cort Theatre in New York. The success in New York has been so great that the play is still there and four new companies are formed for the road.

The first performance here will be at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Many things that are relevant and true have been said about our national hymn. But there are many other things, no whit less relevant and true, that so far as I have observed, have not been said. For instance, "The Star Spangled Banner" is alleged and admitted on all sides to be unsingable: that is, of course, except by trained singers. That is true. But it is also no less true that that fact is an absolute disqualification of it as a national hymn. The merits of the tune are not here in question. I think that they are of a high order. Nevertheless, unless it can be sung by Thomas and Richard and Henry and all their sisters and cousins and aunts, for whom chiefly it was written, it is naught as a national hymn. That Caruso can sing it, or the Apollo Club can sing it, and thrill the audience, is wholly immaterial to the question of its fitness for a national hymn. But that everybody should be able to sing it, everybody that is gifted with any "ear" for music and fondness for it, even if he has never taken one singing lesson, is the supreme and paramount consideration, taking precedence even of the musical value of the tune. The above seems to me to be a conclusive argument against "The Star Spangled Banner" as our national hymn.

But that is not all of the argument against it. It must not be forgotten that, whenever a foreign nation receives with ceremony a distinguished American, civil, military, or naval, the foreign band will be obliged to play the American national hymn. The President of the United States was received with pomp and ceremony by England. The English band was called upon to play "The Star Spangled Banner," a tune of our selection, the words of which relate to a battle between England and the United States. Was that really an amenity? Is a battle between the two countries really a felicitous subject to be trotted out on an occasion of especial peace and amity? But more. The words of this tune take pains to be excessively insulting to England. Referring to the English, the poem says that "their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution," and calls them "hirelings" and "slaves." Is that a graceful courtesy? Or is it mere mutton-headed blundering? Or is it the product of some subtle and sinister mind, striving to refine insolence till it becomes torture? Whatever aspect is the true one, it can be only reprehensible to compel the English to "sass" themselves, when on ceremonial occasions they try to do honor to us.

Then, besides, the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner" is "borrowed" by us from England. Now, we are a boastful nation of 110,000,000 people, and our interest in music is indicated by an estimated annual expenditure of $600,000,000 therefor. Can we not produce for ourselves one little tune of real musical value? If not, shame and humiliation, instead of boasting, should be our portion.

And, furthermore, the original tune of "The Star Spangled Banner" is the tune of a drinking song. Should it not be distasteful to a nation that is just about to adopt universal prohibition to have its national hymn redolent of the pungent aroma of rum?

So much for "The Star Spangled Banner," considered solely as a national hymn.

There remains "America," My country, 'tis of thee.

Are not the words good? In the opinion of many, including myself, they are admirable. And they were written by an American, for our national hymn. And they have held the affection of the people for 86 years. If we are ever to have a hymn venerable for its antiquity we must some time give some hymn a start. The start of nearly a century possessed by this text constitutes an argument in its favor by no means trifling.

And is not its music good? It has in high degree all the good qualities that could be required in a national hymn. Why, then, not adopt it? Because, if we adopt it, it will then be the national tune; first, of the United States; second, of our dear friend and ally, England; third, of our hated enemy, Prussia, which stole it from England and applied to it the words "Heil dir im Siegerkranz" in 1793, long before the German empire came into existence; fourth, of Switzerland; and fifth, of Denmark. It may be remarked that, when a tune has become the national tune of five different countries, it has become international, and has ceased to be the national tune of either of them. There might just as well be one flag for five different countries. And a national hymn should be just as unique and distinctive as a national flag. E. B. H.

Boston.

Mr. O. G. T. Sonneck, in his exhaustive report on "The Star-Spangled Banner," published by the Library of Congress in 1914, has this to say:

"'The Star-Spangled Banner' was slow in gaining popular consideration equal to that accorded to 'Hail Columbia' and 'America.' It took two wars, first the Civil war and some [illegible] years

[illegible] ... the [illegible] "The Star-Spangled Banner" [illegible] introductory [illegible] ... any patriotic reason [illegible] why the citizens of the [illegible] United States of America [illegible] of English, German [illegible] [illegible] bought for [illegible] st [illegible] Englishmen, Germans, should be expected to [illegible] the theory that 'To Anacreon in Heaven' was of English, [illegible] French or German origin.

We took the air and we kept [it] transplanted on American soil. It [illegible]d. As 'To Anacreon in Heaven' of European origin the air is obsolete [illegible] except, as the air of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' it stirs the blood [of] every American, regardless of [his] [illegible] or the origin of the air.

[Concerning] "America," Mr. Sonneck [illegible] his "Report on 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'Hail Columbia,' [illegible] and 'Yankee Doodle'" (Washington, D. C., 1909) has this to say: "The [main] objection raised against 'America' [has] been the use of the words with [that] foreign air of cosmopolitan usage, 'God Save the King.' Yet there is this [difference], which should never be overlooked. If the Danes or the Prussians [illegible] Save the King' they have [illegible] borrowed it from the British. Not so with us. 'God Save the King' [was], before 1776, as much our national [anthem] as that of the motherland. Being a British air it belonged to the British colonists just as much as it did to the Britons at home. When we gained national independence, did the Americans [illegible] with deprive themselves of the English language, of English literature, English tastes, of all the ties formed by an English ancestry? Why should, then, Americans renounce their original partnership of the air of 'God Save the King?' Why should it not be perfectly natural for them, in short, American, to [use] for their national anthem an air which, historically considered, they need not even borrow? Certain it is that after 1776 the air was not treated with the comparatively recent chauvinism."

[Mr.] Sonneck then quotes instances, among them a poem published in the Philadelphia Minerva, Oct. 7, 1795, under the title 'Rights of Women' by a lady, '[God] Save America,' beginning

> [illegible] save each Female's right
> [illegible] to her ravish'd sight
> Woman is free.' "

[We urge] "E. B. H." to read Richard Grant White's essay on national hymns, published early in the years of our civil war, when there was a prize offered for the best national hymn."

Was Rostand His Publicity Agent? L. N. Parker's Tribute

[illegible] Edmond Rostand's financial good [fortune] has been explained by his poorer rivals. The dead poet was a "[illegible]," a "[illegible]," and so on. Allowing something for natural jealousy on the part of fellow-climbers on the slopes of Parnassus, it may nevertheless be admitted that Rostand knew how to [illegible] the arts of the advertiser. He [kept] us waiting for seven years on the tip-toe of expectation, for the birth of "Chantecler," whose slow advent was [for] the time being heralded by the [illegible] puff-preliminary. The result has made many a publicity manager green with envy.—London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Louis N. Parker in the course of [a] tribute to Rostand, published in the [illegible] of Dec. [illegible]—the London periodicals [are] still late in arrival—contradicted this statement.

[Whom] the gods love die young. M. [Edmond] Rostand was only in his 50th [year], and the world had every reason to expect more masterpieces from him. [illegible] written Finis, and [illegible] content with six plays and [a volume] of poems. Nothing, perhaps, [illegible] who writes without stopping [illegible] and who turns out his [illegible] a day between breakfast and [illegible]. Each of the six plays [illegible] enough to stamp its author [as a] genius and a great dramatist. He has been compared with Victor Hugo. I cannot imagine a more [illegible] comparison. Hugo is like a [illegible] by Rodin; Rostand is a delicate [illegible] figure. Hugo [illegible] and [illegible] roar. Rostand is the precise [illegible] verse. He is always meticulous [illegible] about the mot juste. [illegible] ing in L'Aiglon—he [illegible] back to his predecessors. [In] the Romanesques there is Alfred de [Musset]; in [illegible] there are echoes of [illegible] of Ronsard, in Princesse [Lointaine] we seem to hear the troubadours of [illegible] Provence; Chantecler [illegible] peers at us from between the cabbage-stalks of the [illegible] garden. Rostand delights in [illegible] rhythms, he revels in the old forms of the French ballade, the rondeau [and] the virelai. With splendid [illegible] he flings them at his [illegible] in the most unexpected places. [illegible] a duel to a ballade, and [illegible] his opponent on the envoi. [illegible] gives [illegible] The [illegible] of La Princesse [illegible] on a song with a re[illegible] L'Aiglon the [illegible]

[illegible] gaieties, and Shakespeare's [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] it [illegible] or [illegible] [illegible] exhibits, a [illegible] violent, [illegible] [illegible] All [illegible] words [illegible] distinction. It is the work of a refined, sensitive, [illegible]-critical gentleman. Also it is the work of [a scholar] familiar with the [by]-paths of history and the curiosities of literature to such an extent that the foreign reader or listener almost needs a commentary of footnotes if he is to catch the full value of this allusive dialogue.

"The man himself was like his work—shy, reserved, retiring, inaccessible. The booming which heralded the completion or the production of one of his plays was not of his own engineering, but was contrived by the people who exploited him. No play ever suffered so much from preliminary drum-beating as 'Chantecler.' The anticipation of the public was coarsely whipped up to a height which no human effort could reach. Hence disappointment, disillusion, and a revulsion of feeling from which that play has not yet recovered—may never recover. If one had to label his plays one would call 'Romanesques' the most ingenious. The English translation, 'The Fantasticks,' in rhyme, by Constance Fletcher is, considering the difficulties, more ingenious than the original. One would call 'La Princesse Lointaine' his most poetical play. It is a thing of sheer beauty from beginning to end, and as a love-story I know of nothing to surpass it. 'Cyrano' remains the most popular play, but 'L'Aiglon' is his dramatic masterpiece.

"Rostand was one of the very few dramatic authors one could bear to see come before the curtain on a first night. He looked the part. Indeed, his appearance positively added to the effect of the poem. One felt that here was a poet who was worthy of his poem; that he was indeed the proper climax of the poem—rounded it off and completed it. He had the pale brow, the brooding eye and the dignified presence. His verve was inexhaustible. In the 'Contemporaine' of Nov. 15 he has a sparkling poem on the ex-Kaiser, which glows with the old fire and scintillates with the accustomed rapier-like wit. It appears to be the last of the work, but the moment to [illegible] his work, but the fact remains that France has lost one of her most brilliant sons, and the world one of its great poets."

What mooveth us to wish health and say, God helpe, or blesse, when one sneezeth? For even Tiberius Caesar, who otherwise was known for a grim sir, and the most unsociable and melancholick man in the world, required in that manner to be salved and wished well unto, whenever he sneezed, though he were mounted in his chariot.

Concerning Sneezing

Let a man now sneeze in a street car, church or theatre, and to those near him he is a loathsome object. The sneeze may be only a mild "ker-chew!" nevertheless the sneezer is looked upon not only as one for whom the grave yawns impatiently but as a spreader of corruption, the agent of the tall thin fellow with a scythe. The poor wretch may sneeze into his handkerchief or into his favorite newspaper, his crime is not the less atrocious.

Not every man sneezes courteously, in a genteel manner. What one of us in the theatre has not been sprayed by a sneezer or cougher in the seat adjoining or directly behind? Presumably well-bred persons are recklessly indecent in their uncontrollable desire to share their nasal, catarrhal, bronchial afflictions with others. Yet we do not go so far as to insist on the internment of a man because he sneezes once or twice. He may sneeze, and yet be in sound health, with his flues clear and in enviable working order.

An entertaining little essay might be written on sternutation. One might go back to Plutarch's "Discourse Concerning Socrates His Demon." We learned in school that Socrates had a demon or familiar spirit whom he consulted concerning his behavior. "You, yourself, Galaxidorus, have heard a Megarian, who had it from Terpsion, say, that Socrates's Demon was nothing else but the sneezing either of himself, or others; for if another sneezed either before, behind him, or on his right hand, then he pursued his design and went on to action; but if, on the left hand, he desisted: one sort of sneezing confirmed him whilst deliberating and not fully resolved, another stopped him when already upon action."

The pagan Arabs, close to nature, held sneezing a bad omen which should stop their journeying, but Mohammed, favoring sneezing, said: "If a man sneeze or eructate and say 'Alhamdolillah!' he averts 70 diseases of which the least is leprosy." He also said: "If one of you sneeze, let him exclaim, 'Alhamdolillah!' and let those around salute him in return with 'Allah have mercy upon thee'"

[illegible] then your condition?" [Xenophon] ended a speech to [his soldiers] with the words, 'We have [good] reasons to hope for preservation.' [A] soldier sneezed. The army accepted the omen and sacrificed to the god. Then Xenophon resumed his speech: "Since my fellow soldiers, at the mention of your preservation, Zeus has sent this omen," etc.

On the other hand St. Augustine reports that the ancients went back to bed if they sneezed while putting on a shoe. Aristotle asked why sneezing from noon to midnight is good but from night to noon unlucky.

Dr. Christopher Wren, the father of the architect, supplied curious notes to Sir Thomas Browne's "Vulgar Errors." Here is one: "Sternutation. Physitians generallye define itt to be the trumpet of nature upon the ejection of a noxious vapour from the braine, and therefore save rightly itt is 'bonum signum malae cause, sc. depulsae.' "

An extract from Velley's, Villaret's and Garnier's history of France is now pertinent: "The year 750 is commonly reckoned the era of the custom of saying 'God bless you' to one that happens to sneeze. It is said that in the time of the pontificate of St. Gregory the Great, the air was filled with such a deleterious influence that they who sneezed immediately expired." (Our word "influenza" comes from an Italian word meaning "influence." "On this the devout pontiff appointed a form of prayer and a wish to be said to persons sneezing for averting them from the fatal effects of this malignancy." We doubt the accuracy of this statement, for we know on indisputable authority that Prometheus was the first to wish well to the sneezer. "When the man, which he had made of clay fell into a fit of sternutation upon the approach of that celestial fire which he stole from the sun." "This," adds our learned and painstaking informant, "gave original (sic) to that custome among the Gentiles in saluting the Sneezer. They used also to worship the head in sternutation, as being a divine part and seat of the senses and cogitation."

Whenever the King of Mesopotamia sneezed, acclamations were throughout his dominion.

The poets looked tenderly on the sneezer. We quote first from Homer:

> She spoke: Telemachus then sneez'd aloud;
> Constrain'd, his nosaril echo'd through the crowd,
> The smiling queen the happy omen blest.

And now for Milton's organ tones:

> And these flaws, though mortals fear them
> As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of heaven,
> Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
> Are to the main as inconsiderable
> And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
> To man's less universe, and soon are gone.

"Gadget"

As the World Wags:

The word "gadget" has long been in common use among the midshipmen of the U. S. Naval Academy, as a slang term to describe any small article, such as a screw bolt, a collar button, or a cork screw. I think it may be found in the glossary of some of the earlier copies of the Lucky Bag. C. R. C.

Yarmouth, Me.

THE VERB "FAREWELL"

To the Editor of the Herald:

Miss Grace Butterfield in a letter published in "Our Mail Bag" of last Saturday's Herald objected to the "hideous" word "farewelled." She quoted this sentence from a program book of the Boston Symphony Orchestra: "He farewelled the stage at Ghent in 1827."

Miss Butterfield is evidently unaware that the verb "farewell," "to take leave of, bid or say good bye to," also "to say good bye" is a verb in good and regular standing, not archaic, not obsolete. It has been in use from the 16th century to the present time.

Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia": "She brake from their armes . . . and farewelling the flocks, did homeward wend."

Sir Thomas Urquhart's translation of Rabelais: "Pantagruel, veiling his cap and making a leg with such a majestic grace as became a person of his paramount degree and eminency, farewelled Trinquamelle."

Sir Richard F. Burton: "The Thousand Nights and a Night" (1885): The Second Kalandar's Tale: "He took the sword and struck off the lady's hands first with four strokes, and then her feet; whilst I looked on and made sure of death and she farewelled me with her dying eyes."

The verb is transitive and intransitive.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston, Jan. 5.

JOHN M'CORMACK IN SYMPHONY HALL

Singer Delights a Large Audience

The popularity of John McCormack was demonstrated anew yesterday af[illegible]

[illegible] filled the [illegible] [illegible] The p[illegible] and the aria "To Alcea" [illegible] before he [illegible] M[r.] McCormack had sung [illegible] numbers and had repeated the four-line "fragment" called "The Magpie's Nest." All the qualities which have won him fame were displayed: the agreeable dignity of his presence, the clearness of his phrasing, the exquisite enunciation, the tender power of his singing of love songs, the arch and jocular interpretation of Irish folk songs; yet his voice was slightly shadowed by a cold.

Of the old favorites always expected by his audiences, he sang several, among them "Mother of Mine," "Mother Machree" and "I Hear You Calling Me." Thomas Moore's "She Is Far From the Land Where Her Young Hero Sleeps" was especially appreciated. Mr. Edwin Schneider's accompaniments, as usual, were sympathetic, and Mr. McCormack placed one of the pianist's compositions upon his program. Donald McBeath, appearing in unifom, was down for four violin numbers, and played seven with good tone and excellent technique. The artificial harmonics in the Chaminade number were managed dexterously.

W. B. W. in a letter to this column informs us that the ancient Lacedemonians were in the habit of smoking two cigars at the same time.

We were not acquainted with this fact in school or in college, and now a diligent search in Plutarch's Lives and in Plutarch's Morals does not corroborate Mr. W. B. W.'s statement, although Plutarch has much to say about the habits and the speech of the Lacedemonians. We do not see Lycurgus or Epaminondas smoking even one long nine, or Leonidas with a T. D. in his mouth, while he and his heroic comrades were combing their yellow hair before the memorable stand at Thermopylae.

It is true that the ancient Romans smoked and wore plug hats, if John Leech's pictures in "The Comic History of Rome," are to be believed, but we do not know whether there is a "Comic History of Greece." When Mr. William Poel revived Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida" in London, under the auspices of the Elizabethan Stage Society, [some] years ago, he preferred to treat this curious tragedy as a comic play. Pandarus spoke with a Cockney twang. Thersites was a Scotchman. Cressida was a sophisticated spinster of about 30 with a languid, drawing room voice, and Achilles and Patroclus smoked pipes while they talked. Mr. Poel did not intend his production to be a burlesque; he argued that Shakespeare's [illegible] was satirical.

Even if some Lacedemonian after his black broth and a sententious speech had smoked two cigars at the same time, he was not so heroic a character as Mr. Gallaspy, described by his friend Mr. John Amory 150 odd years ago, for when Mr. Gallaspy smoked tobacco, "he always blew two pipes at once, one at each corner of his mouth, and threw the smoke out at both his nostrils." This Mr. Gallaspy had other rare accomplishments. He was tall, strong, handsome, had wit and ability and sang well. He swore terribly, fought everything and drank seven in hand: "that is, seven glasses so placed between the fingers of his right hand, that in drinking, the liquor fell into the next glasses, and thereby he drank out of the first glass seven glasses at once . . . and he made but one gulp of whatever he drank." Admirable Gallaspy! If he were living, we should propose him for honorary membership in the Porphyry Club.

Then there is Mr. "Jimmie" Powers, who, shining in farce comedy, as a bell-boy in a hotel was seen smoking two cigars, one in one corner of his mouth, the other cigar in the other corner. Was the play "A Bunch of Keys"?

Final Prepositions

As the World Wags:

On the last day of a year of [illegible] accomplishments, one should not be unduly critical, yet you will note that "G. I. J.'s" letter in this morning's issue ends, "who . . . brought it up on Pierpont's Reader and Shakespeare, later on, to spell and read by." Your correspondent laments the disappearance of culture, but if the culture is something represented by that word taken as a standard, is the slang of the college girl (displayed on [illegible]) when without the sacred [illegible] a protest against undue [illegible] youthful instincts) any greater [illegible] than the [illegible] of [illegible]

... Murray ...) ... to end a sentence with ...?

WM. C. JOHN...

Brookline, Dec. 31.

The old rule has been frequently violated by highly respectable, God fearing writers.—Ed.

"Once" for "As Soon As"

As the World Wags:

Is it proper to use the word "once" in the sense of "as soon as"? No such use of the word is recognized by Webster's New International Dictionary, but I hear and see instances of it about every day. An example of such a use of the word is furnished by each of the two following sentences, which are from an editorial article in the Boston Evening Transcript of Dec. 30, entitled "America as a World Power": "High tribute is paid by Mr. Taft today to the December speech delivered by Senator Lodge in the Senate on the aims of our allies and the foundations of the peace as they will be firmly laid once those aims are attained." "Surely we can count upon the same gentlemen's agreement to carry us through the treaty-making stages and to regulate the distribution of duties and responsibilities that will devolve upon ourselves and our allies once the peace is signed." QUERIST.

Brookline.

"Querist" should change his dictionary. We now quote from the New English (Oxford) dictionary (Vol. vii, O and P, page 118, column 3). Article "Once."

As conjunctive adverb—when once, if once; as soon as—(so "once that.") Among the quotations in illustration are these:

Sheridan's "Rivals" (1775): "Once I have stamped it there, I lay aside my doubts forever."

Moore, Memoirs: "Once I get it brilliantly off my hands, we may do what we please in literature afterwards."

Browning, "Death in the Desert": "Will he give up fire for gold or purple once he knows its worth?"

Ruskin, "Fors Clav": "Once that they were pulling together . . . Hansli put himself to say."

The editorial writer of the Transcript is certainly in good company.—Ed.

The Groaning Dictionary

The election threatens to embarrass future dictionary makers. Mr. Asquith has given us "coalitioneering." A St. Pancras orator has addressed "Mr. Chairman, electors and electorettes, and other ladies and gentlemen." The word "electorette" surely is a diminutive, and no woman is an elector until she is 30. "Doctor" is masculine and feminine, and so is "elector."—London Daily Chronicle.

"Here You Go"

As the World Wags:

Mr. Zarleols Lanel says, "When you want somebody to throw something to you, you say, 'Here you go,' and when you want him to catch what you are going to throw, you say, 'Here you go,' and you don't mean what you are saying either time. Now, then—When the other fellow has something that you wish, you attract his attention to yourself by saying, 'Here you go,' and if he has anything to throw, it must go from him to you, presumably." I will crack Lanel's nut this way. The great law of nature is—reaction is equal to action but opposite in direction. To simplify this question Mr. Lanel should do less talking, and give the other fellow a chance to say, "Here you go," and throw a "High Ball" or a "lemon," and that would even up, what Lanel and somebody "didn't mean to say, what they said either time. H. M. L.

Hampton, N. H.

'SAVING GRACE'

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Saving Grace," a comedy in three acts by C. Haddon Chambers. Produced at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, Eng., Oct. 1, 1917. Messrs. Hawtrey, George, Coward, and Mmes. Jerrold, Brooke, Jeffreys, Blayney the players. At the Empire Theatre, New York, Sept. 30, 1918. Messrs. Maude, Devereux, Douglas, Mmes. Crews, Nesbitt, Granville, Hughes, the players.

Blinn Corbett	Cyril Maude
William Hogg	Stanley Harrison
Ripley Guilford	Edward Douglas
Mrs. Corbett	Laura Hope Crews
Susan Blaine	Betty Murray
Mrs. Guildford	Charlotte Granville
Ada Parsons	Annie Hughes

Mr. Corbett, who as an English officer left the army because he ran away with his colonel's abused wife, was as a citizen a compound of Mr. Micawber and Col. Sellers. He, his wife and her niece, Susan, were in financial straits. The butcher refused them credit, although Mr. Corbett had publicly shaken hands with him and inquired after his family. The servants, William and Ada had not been paid for months, but they were still loyal. There was a way out of it all. Corbett ... would ... obliged ... longer to ... more than doubtful ... accept samples of wine ... dinner-agent of port, sherry and champagne houses at his own ... If Ripley Guildford, a light-headed young man, the only son of a rich widow, would only marry Susan!

Yet the three amiable schemers were happy together in their poverty, for they had the saving grace of good humor. Mrs. Corbett, delightful in her vague views of life, especially its conventions, speaking not always apropos, adorable by reason of her personal charm and her sweet and innocent character, adored her husband. He saw life as a spectator of a comedy. Susan, too, was a cheerful body. There was only one cloud: Corbett could not gain service in the war. Even his application to enlist was refused. Was it because he had eloped with the injured wife of his colonel.

Of course it all came out happily in the end. Mrs. Guildford relented; her son was in the aviation corps; Corbett, through a telegram sent by his wife to Gen. Faber, who admired her in years gone by, was ordered to report for service; the butler enlisted; and Mrs. Corbett, Susan, and the servant Ada were left to wait for the return of their valiant men.

The play is a study of character and is very human. The men and women are deftly drawn; the dialogue is natural and amusing. Mr. and Mrs. Corbett would be recognized in any city; the visionary, hopeful, humorous, dashing man, not at all worried by lack of money, resourceful in schemes that are futile, with a sense of humor ever present except possibly in his own valuation of his importance in military service; the wife, ingenuous to the verge of foolishness, remorseful only when she fears she ruined her husband's career, ever ready to aid him, an enchanting creature, prompt to defend herself and niece when attacked by Mrs. Guilford. The lovers, the butler and the maid are more conventional characters, and the play opens appropriately with the time-honored convention of an exposition by butler and maid; but in this instance the maid is not dusting the furniture, nor does the butler snatch the traditional kiss and receive the traditional box on the ear.

This comedy, light, at times satirical, at times almost farcical, was finely acted by all the players. Mr. Maude's characterization of Corbett was distinguished by lightness, briskness and high spirits. There were many subtle touches; there were also moments when he played perhaps in too farcical a vein. On the whole, an admirable piece of work. Miss Crews was the wife that has been sketched above. Even in her sentimental moments, in her recollections that were often singularly ill-timed, her native sweetness and her unflagging devotion inspired admiration and the sympathy that is akin to affection. Her performance was polished in the extreme, but the polish was warm, not hard, metallic. Three scenes as played by her will live long in the memory: Her dignified encounter with Mrs. Guilford; her description of Gen. Faber's behavoir toward her when she was nagged by the colonel; and the scene when, silent, she took her seat to sit up with her husband at work after he had threatened to join the Foreign Legion, a scene in which she was mutely eloquent and most womanly.

The other parts in the comedy were more than agreeably acted. It is not necessary to name the comedians one by one. Each gave verisimilitude to the character assumed.

There was a very large and well pleased audience. Between the second and third acts Mr. Maude spoke at considerable length about himself, told several stories, and concluded with a graceful tribute to President Wilson and Col. Roosevelt.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Better 'Ole," or "The Romance of Old Bill," by Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather and Capt. Arthur Eliot; music composed, selected and arranged by Herman Darewski and Percifal Knight. Cast:

The sergeant-major	R. Derby Holmes
Angele	Ethel Steele
Bert	Leon Gordon
Alf	Percy Jennings
Old Bill	Edmund Gurney
Rachel	Helene Whipple
The colonel	F. Gatenby Bell
A spy	Lynn Starling
Suzette	Peggy Pates
Victoire	Dorle Sawyer
Captain of the women war workers	Edna Dorman
Military postman	John Martin
Capt. Milne	Vernon Kelso
Berthe	Georgette Marcel
A French officer	Lynn Starling
A French railway porter	Paul Dietz
Maggie	Mrs. Edmund Gurney
Kate	Mabelle Parrett
The vicar	Arthur Johnson

"The Better 'Ole" is neither comedy, drama nor musical play. It is a combination of all three, a lively series of pictures, or, as the program perfectly describes it, "a fragment from France in two explosions, seven splinters and a short gas attack."

Based on Capt. Bairnsfather's cartoons of the trench life of three "Tommies," Bert, Alf and Old Bill, Capt. Eliot, who helped the artist to transfer the pictures to the stage, did a remarkably neat and effective job. He did not attempt too much.

Running through the successive "splinters" there is a slight thread of a story—Old Bill's ... possession of a German plan to blow up a bridge and trap French troops, his resolve to go over the top alone and explode the mines just before the French went over the bridge; his discovery coming back to the trench wounded, the apparently incriminating map found on him, his trial as a spy; the arrival of a French officer with the war cross for him; his exoneration, his modest request in response to his colonel's offer of a British reward, that his two friends, Bert and Alf, have leave to go with him to "blighty"; his arrival home to find that Maggie (Mrs. Old Bill), has bought a "pub" and called it "The Better 'Ole." That is all, but it is enough.

Old Bill is the chief figure of the picture, and Mr. Gurney draws it to the life. He shows Old Bill as the big "walrus" that he is, short on learning, long on hidden courage and homely tenderness of heart. He can only express his strongest feelings by a prolonged "Ullo!" varied to suit the emotion. He calls young Alf, who makes love with a long file of French girls on the way up to the front line, "Don Jonalf," and the three friends of the trenches are to him the "Three Masqueraders." But Old Bill is "all there," and so is Mr. Gurney.

The same is true of Mr. Gordon, as the young Lothario Bert, and of Mr. Jennings, the ever cheerful Alf. Description is useless. You must see the "explosions" and "splinters" yourself to get a real idea of what a vivid living picture of the British army it is, without heroics, always intently but happily on the job of doing its bit and "licking the Kaiser."

The incidental music is appropriate and effective. The scenery depicting French villages and the trench is realistic and extremely well done, and all the characters, girls, soldiers, officers, fit admirably into their places in the picture.

An audience that crowded the theatre gave the piece liberal approval with hearty laughter and applause.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Thirteenth Chair." Drama in three acts by Bayard Veiller. The cast:

Helen O'Neill	Ann MacDonald
Will Crosby	Aubrey Bosworth
Mrs. Crosby	Bertha Blanchard
Roscoe Crosby	Mark Kent
Edward Wales	Sidney Dudley
Mary Eastwood	Dorothy Tierney
Helen Trent	Mary Gray
Braddish Trent	Charles Stevens
Howard Standish	Frederick Allen
Philip Mason	Joseph Sweeney
Elizabeth Erskine	Anna Meyers
Grace Standish	Marion Frances Coogan
Pollock	Edward LeDuc
Mme. Rosalie La Grange	Betty Barnicoat
Tim Donahue, inspector of police	Dudley Ayres
Sergeant Dunn	Charles Patterson
Doolan, a policeman	William Harvey
Policeman	Samuel Godfrey

In writing "The Thirteenth Chair," Mr. Veiller has done an ingenious piece of work, both in the suspense he creates and in the atmosphere of suspicion with which he enshrouds at least half of his dramatis personae.

A dominating personality of this play is the quaint and curious spiritualistic medium, Rosalie La Grange, who is played by Miss Barnicoat with no little illusion of age and mystery. The character is an unusual figure on the stage, and Miss Barnicoat does it justice. Miss MacDonald gives a romantic youthfulness to the personality of Helen O'Neill, to whom the finger of suspicion points more directly than to any other character. Mr. Ayres acts the inspector of police with skill, and Mr. Kent, Miss Tierney, Mr. Bosworth and all the rest lend effective aid.

Next week the play at the Castle Square will be "The Story of the Rosary," an English melodrama.

BACK AT KEITH'S

Eddie Leonard and Company Have Old-Time Circle in Their Act

TED DONER BRINGS UNIQUE OFFERING

Eddie Leonard and company in "Dandy Dan's Return" is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was unmistakably pleased. The act is worthy of the best traditions of vaudeville. There is the old time minstrel circle, a reminder of never-to-be-forgotten days, and the ensemble is not the least interesting feature of the act. The air of spontaneity is at all times apparent.

In addition to such old favorites as "Roly-Poly Eyes" and "Ida," Mr. Leonard has several new songs, including "Nora's Beautiful Goo Goo Eyes," "Look Er Yonder, That's All," and "Sweetness." Al Lassar conducted.

One of the big laugh getters on the bill, and an act new to this theatre, is the contribution of J. C. Mack and company. It is a reminder of a style in sketches that had its vogue a generation ago.

It is not a ... the feet ... audience ... Doner is entitled to the distinction ... his unique offering, "Something ... a Single." He is a skilled comedian. His dance and simulated affection for his imaginary partner and later his successful attempt to create the illusion of an Apache dance leave something to the imagination of the audience. There were several clever impersonations and a final dance that brought him several calls to the footlights.

Other acts were Bob Hall, extemporaneous comedian; Lydell and Macy in "Two Old Cronies"; Prince and Rogjah in a dancing act; Dorothy Toye and sister in a singing act; Cole, Russel and Davis, in a farcical sketch, and the Hearst-Pathe pictures.

Jan 8 1919

We recently read in the Herald a terrible indictment against spitting, and were indescribably pained by learning that a policeman, a sworn foe to expectoration, had been seen by an argus-eyed but unprofessional sleuth spitting publicly, with abandon. We do not for a moment defend the vile habit of spitting in public or in private places. The spittoon—the word is preferable to the Portuguese "cuspidor"—whether it be of metal, earthenware, or a box of sawdust, is not a parlor ornament. A man that cannot smoke without its immediate presence should not smoke at all. We remember a morning visit paid to one of the first families of Syracuse, N. Y., not merely one of the first families as you enter the town by rail. No, there were evidences of wealth and position. The hostess was gracious, but startled us by asking if we would have a glass of champagne. Fortunately she did not say "wine." As it was high noon, we courteously refused, wondering if she purposed to open a bottle, or whether in plutocratic Syracuse, the home of the Canal thieves, champagne was always on tap. She then offered a cigar, and followed the invitation by showing a spittoon close to our chair. Saying in a genteel, mutton-tallow voice that we had no use for the receptacle, she cried: "I thought all men spit when they smoke." But we digress, we wander, which, if Schubert's song is to be believed, is the miller's joy.

There are a few occasions when spitting should be allowed in public. Let us consult the treasure house of folklore. "To prevent ill luck from meeting a squint-eyed person, you must spit three times; and when you pass under a ladder you must spit through it, or three times afterwards."

From the earliest times spitting was regarded as a charm against all kinds of fascination, as a bringer of good luck. And so pugilists often spit in their hands; hucksters spit on the first money they take in a day, that it may remain with them or bring them more. Spittle played an important part in the old practice of medicine. Levinus Lemnius wrote over two centuries ago: "Divers experiments show what power and quality there is in man's fasting spittle, when he hath neither eat nor drunk before the use of it: for it cures all tetters, itch, scabs, pushes and creeping sores; and if venomous little beasts have fastened on any part of the body, as hornets, beetles, toads, spiders and such like, that by their venom cause tumors and great pains and inflammations, do but rub the places with fasting spittle, and all those effects will be gone and discussed." Sir Thomas Browne was not sure that the fasting spittle of man poisoned snakes. The saliva of a woman who has given birth only to boys is a curative ointment for pain in the eyes. With all due reverence, we refer to the Gospel according to John, ix., 6. The colliers of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, when they combine for the purpose of raising their wages, spit upon a stone together for the cementing of their confederacy, and so Mungo Park in Africa noticed that his attendants spat on a stone to insure a good journey. Here is a more poetic thought: in English provinces of the 17th century falling stars were called the spittle of the stars.

It is to be feared that the free and wanton spitters, a public nuisance and danger, are not folk-lorists and are without excuse. We remember vaguely some verses about railway travel in which were these lines:

> And like a true American
> Upon the floor he spat.

Bitter Words

As the World Wags:

The letter from "Purist" of Chestnut Hill in your issue of Dec. 30 admirably exemplifies the characteristic attitude of the typical puristic mind. "Most persons," he says, "think that 'ilk' means 'kind,' when it really means 'same.'" What, in heaven's name, does he think words are? They are nothing, of course, but symbols of ideas which they present to the minds of those who hear or read them. And if, as "Purist" says and I believe, the word "ilk" presents to most persons the idea of "kind," then its commonest meaning is "kind," absolutely regardless of its original force, or of the extent to which ignorance or carelessness is responsible for its change in meaning; regardless also of whether the newer meaning has full established

[illegible] among good [illegible]. As to [illegible] by the "scholar [illegible] Bostonian" referred to by "Purist" gives at least some [illegible]ive testimony.

[illegible] p[illegible]t is the literary conservative [illegible]ionary, perfectly contented with [illegible] as they have been and opposed to [illegible] changes except those in a backward [illegible]. Like his brethren, the social [illegible] political reactionaries, he is useful [illegible] necessary, up to a certain point, for [illegible]ing too rapid advance, but, like [illegible]m also, beyond that point, which is [illegible] reached, he is a terrible nuisance, [illegible] block in the pathway of progress, to [illegible] bowled out of the way with as little [illegible]mony as is being shown nowadays [illegible] the political and social reactionaries [illegible] Europe. BRANDER NEALL.

According to the best of our information and belief "ilk" meaning "same, identical," the very same person, thing, [illegible], already mentioned, is an obsolete word. "Of that ilk" means "of the [illegible] place, territorial designation or [illegible], chiefly in names of landed families." "That ilk," meaning that family, [illegible]ass, or set, is an erroneous use of the word. Take the word "pretentious." It means "making claim to great merit or importance ostentatious"; yet many [illegible], especially theatrical press agents, use the word as synonymous with "sumptuous" or "costly." Would Mr. Neall call anyone objecting to this perversion a reactionary, a blocker of progress? A sentence of old Hobbes of Malmesbury is often quoted: "For words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them: but they are the money of fools"; but this sentence is incomplete, for the last clause should read, "but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas, or any other Doctor whatsoever, if but a man."—Ed.

Jan 9 1919

"Purist" writes to us, complaining justly, of the manner in which his letter "'Ilk' and 'Personate,'" published in the Herald of Dec. 30, was treated. He wrote about the confusion of the words "personate" and "impersonate."

"An actor that 'personates' an officer in the street is in danger of the criminal law. An actor that ably 'impersonates' an officer on the stage runs no such risk and may win applause."

To his and our mortification the first [illegible] appeared in the Herald as follows: "An actor that 'impersonates' an officer in the street is in danger." And so the point made was wholly lost.

Cheer up "Purist": We are all in the hands of the compositors and proofreaders.

At Manchester

As the World Wags:

Newspaper writers are sometimes exceedingly lax. They stir our interest in their stories only to omit that which we [illegible] desire to learn. When the mayor of Manchester rose upon his hind legs after the banquet tendered our President the other day and solemnly announced, "Gentlemen, you may smoke," did the President light up? If not, I wonder why. If he did, in the interest of democracy I should like to know what he smoked. PHINEAS PHIPPS.

Malden.

Born at Staunton, Va., Mr. Wilson should have pulled out a corn-cob pipe, [illegible] one of the Virginia red clay pipes, or even a West Virginia stogy.—Ed.

We Don't Know

As the World Wags:

What is the difference in essence between the accomplished purpose of one nation that would make the law of the sea because it has the greatest navy, and the projected purpose of another nation that would make the law of the land because it has the greatest army?

Would London (provided any of it were left after the preliminary killings) [illegible] worse or better governed from without than now from within? If recognition makes a man modest, would possession make a nation less ruthless in the exercise of power than in its acquirement? Do men want good government or free government, where, as always, they do not mean the same thing, governments being unlike Kentucky whiskey in that some are worse than others, but none is good. Will nations cease to prey on one another when men cease to prey on one another, and when will that be? If Asquith, the commoner, could not have prevented the war, could Edward, the King, have done it? Would a hereditary duke be an improvement in the West end of Boston or otherwise? Is a malum prohibitum more unworthy than a malum in se? An Englishman of the lower orders said of Americans: "Their bleedin' 'eads ain't 'arf stuffed." The remark has no relevance. I quote it without comment or inference. LUX.

Boston.

The Verb "Farewell"

As the World Wags:

I recommend to the consideration of Miss [illegible], who [illegible] the verb "farewell," the following passage in Prof. William Dwight Whitney's "The Life and Growth of Language" (page 132):

"The tongues of our family had an old time a formal means of making 'denominative' verbs out of nouns and adjectives, we have mainly worn out and lost the means, but we make verbs almost more freely than ever. Thus—to head an army, to foot a stocking, to toe a mark, to mind a command, to eye a foe, to book a passenger, to chair a candidate, to table a resolution, to stone a martyr, to scalp an enemy, and so on indefinitely." E. N.

Boston.

More "Ricochet" Words

As the World Wags:

"F. N.'s" list of "ricochets" seems designedly provocative, for he could hardly have forgotten these: Pic-nic, flub dub (should the final consonants be doubled?) Pell mell, inty minty (at the opening of the counting out rhyme), clap trap, odds bodkins, (God's little body?), flim flam, riff raff, pribble prabble, shilly shally, tic toc, tell tale, brick bat (?), kit cat, blim blam (see Uncle Remus), wishy washy, flip flap, daffy down dilly (?), chin chopper (nursery rhyme), ball bim (as "Hit him in the eye-ball bim"), spic and span, tilly vally ("Henry IV"), tootsy wootsy, silly billy, ping pong, sing song, skimmer scammer, see saw, tit tat, slam bang(?), fal lal, and who knows how many more? By way of postscript there is the immortal Sergt. Buzfuz. Surely the learned Herkimer Johnson, if he is not hibernating, could enlighten us as to the origin of the linguistic "ricochet." AMATEUR.

Brookline.

Mr. "F. N." did not forget the words given by "Amateur." He asked why so great a proportion of the so-called "ricochet" words in the English language begin with the letter "H." "Flubdub" is correct. "Ods-bodkins" is an old oath, equivalent to "God's dear body." "Inty minty" has variants in counting out. Some think that the rhyme is derived from a gypsy incantation. Where did "F. N." find the word "ricochet" descriptive of the words he cited?—Ed.

Jan 10 1919

Miss Baird Leonard, reading Mr. George Moore's conversations between himself and Mr. Edmund Gosse, notes that Mr. Moore always comes out on top. "We can't blame him so much for that. It is a practical certainty that he would come out on top in an actual conversation with Edmund Gosse." Miss Leonard thinks that what Mr Moore is now doing is nothing less than bullying. "Why doesn't he write up a dialogue between himself and Miss Agnes Repplier, for instance? They have religion in common, if nothing else. Or, if he prefers to lash at mid-Victorianism, why not launch a literary tete-a-tete with Mrs. Humphry Ward? The gods would rock with laughter. If he doesn't do it, I've a good notion to do it for him."

Has Miss Leonard read the review of Mr. Gosse's "Short History of Modern English Literature," by John Churton Collins, in which Mr. Gosse is roasted to the intense amusement of the bystanders? The review is found in Collins's "Ephemera Critica, or Plain Truths About Current Literature," a book published 16 years ago.

To invent imaginary conversations, it is not necessary that the two or more talkers should all be alive. We should, for example, like to read a conversation on the art of writing novels or on the conduct of life between Mr. George Moore and the late E. P. Roe, or, say T. S. Arthur. An imaginary conversation between Walt Whitman, Ezra Pound, Miss Amy Lowell, Mrs. Hemans and the Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts might have an educational value. Marcel Schwob wrote a delightful "Dialogue on Art," in which Dante, Cimabue, Botticelli, Donatello, Orgagna, Fra Filippo Lippi and some others express their views. Walter Savage Landor, with his marmoreal style, is not the only one that has succeeded in this field, but no one [illegible] in English has yet approached him.

Too Familiar Phrases

President Wilson has been taken to task for his repeated use of certain terms and phrases. The Daily Chronicle of London says that the phrase of the moment with English political speakers is 'even so,' while a little time back it was "very well then." All speakers and writers have their pet tricks and mannerisms. It appears that in England 'ori[illegible],' "exploration" and "gesture" [illegible] employed in a political sense are [illegible] Writers [illegible] the war, even [illegible] country, have used the word [illegible] the word [illegible]. These Eng[illegible]

[illegible]

Springs and Kipling

As the World Wags:

What's the use of getting up a neat [illegible] with much thought and [illegible] will put into it, if people fail to use it when it is placed in their hands? The chap who made the wire mattress with coiled steel springs at top and foot of the bed had a very neat idea; the springs are numerous, and for a light weight sleeper, his idea was to drop every third or fourth spring, thus adjusting the tension to the small sleeper.

But there is only one hospital in Boston that knows the trick; the rest all dump a scant rack of bones, weighing about [illegible] pounds, on a bed that is geared up and keyed for a man the size of Bill Taft, whose weight would bring the springs into action. The poor scrawny guy, his attenuated frame never starts a spring the least bit; they might just as well be solid blocks of steel, so far as giving his bones any relief is concerned. A neat invention, a happy thought, all gone for nothing. And the poor racks o' bones have not even the relief of a chap [illegible] in or sleeping in the open; he can take the trench tool and dig a hollow for his hip bones, as he curls on his side to sleep.

[illegible] the meaning of [illegible] Kipling's phrases in the barrack-room verses, for instance. I know that "Two's off lead" means the starboard plug in the forward pair of the four (or six) horse team of No. 2 gun of the field battery. But in his tale of "The Row in Silver Street," why was the call "Threes about" deemed so deadly an insult to one of the parties of soldiers, and what does it mean? Everything that I recall of drill went by fours; and I remember a long and dismal time when if I happened to count as one or four one day, I was almost irresistibly moved to try to be a pivot the next day also, when I might be a two or three. It required a powerful moral effort on my part, and occasional profanity from the sergeant, to inhibit the impulse.

I may be exhibiting great ignorance in asking this question. But I don't care anything for that; I do it every little while anyway; and Daniel Webster didn't know that tadpoles grow up to be frogs until after he was 40 years old. And I want to know what the dickens kind of an evolution "Threes about" is. W. C. T.

Brookline.

We know very little about war, guns and pillage, but there are books to be consulted. In an English Instruction Book for Cavalry we read that "The Threes wheel at once, upon the word 'Threes Right,' 'Threes Left' or 'Threes About.'" Why "Threes About" should be considered an insult, is not explained in the instruction book. Is there nothing in the context of Kipling's story to give a clue?—Ed.

Jan 11 1919

RACHMANINOFF

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Rachmaninoff, pianist, gave his second recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. His program was as follows: Haydn, Variations, F minor; Beethoven, 32 Variations, C minor; Dandrieu-Godowsky, Caprice; Loeilly-Godowsky, Gigue; Scarlatti-Tausig, Pastorale, Caprice; Strauss-Tausig, Two Waltzes: Voices of the Forest and One Lives Only Once; Rachmaninoff, Polichinelle, Melodie, Humoresque, Three Preludes (G sharp minor, D minor, C sharp minor); Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2. There was a large audience.

Mr. Rachmaninoff is the most interesting of the pianists that of late have visited Boston: interesting by reason of his commanding personality; interesting on account of his unusual programs; interesting by his originality as an interpreter, an originality that does not degenerate into extravagance or self-exploitation, but shows the composer in a light that glorifies him and illuminates his music. There are famous pianists that command respect and are uninteresting, as Messrs. Busoni, Godowsky, Hofmann. There are excellent pianists that are interesting, as Miss Christie, Messrs. Gabrilowitsch, De Pachmann, Copeland. There are younger pianists, not yet widely known, that are interesting, as Miss Lacroix.

Take the program of yesterday. It was not conventional. That Mr. Rachmaninoff included six of his own compositions was natural, and it should be said that three of them were requested. Among the three was the too celebrated Prelude in C sharp minor, which Mr. James Huneker has characterized as a dirge written for the funeral of a Brooklyn piano tuner. We doubt if Mr. Rachmaninoff would have included this Prelude, if it had not been requested, for he must be as sick of it as Mr. Paderewski is of his Minuet. Mr. Rachmaninoff had the courage to play one [illegible]

[illegible] "W[illegible] [illegible] of [illegible], what [illegible] have [illegible]" He would not have [illegible] him [illegible] he had been [illegible] to hear Mr. Rachmaninoff play his [illegible]. The variations, which when performed by others seem an endless toil and trouble, were for once a continuous stream of fancy, or as dissolving views, or as a master's hints at things of beauty with his mind so crowded with riches that he went impatiently from grave to gay, from the whimsical to the profound. Haydn's Variations have often been heard in our concert halls, but never with so varied eloquence in the interpretation. In these variations, as in those by Beethoven, there was no reminder of formal structure, no suggestion of deliberate thematic transformation: all was free, spontaneous, as the outpouring of a rapt improvisator.

Equally interesting in an unaccustomed manner was the playing of the old music tinkered by Tausig and Godowsky. One often shudders when the Pastorale and Caprice of Scarlatti are on a program; one feels like shouting indignantly: "What? Again?" and reading some improving book during the performance, and yesterday they were heard as if they were new. And what is to be said of the brilliance displayed in Tausig's transcriptions of the Strauss waltzes? These transcriptions at last seemed more than a demand for a tour de force. Mr. Rachmaninoff has been called a skilful etcher. He is a great colorist, but he does not daub, nor is he a fresco painter. His color scheme is subtly, artistically arranged. The black and white notation is clothed with colors that enhance the beauty of the thought. They do not alter it crudely and beyond recognition.

Mr. Nathaniel Wanley, late M. A. and vicar of Trinity Parish, Coventry, treating in 1791 of giants "and such as have exceeded the common proportion in stature and height," remarked: "As the tallest ears of corn are the lightest in the head and houses built many stories high have their uppermost rooms the worst furnished; so those human fabricks which Nature has raised to a giant-like height are observed not to have so happy a composition of the brain as other men: like the pyramids of Egypt they are rather for ostentation than use, and are remembered in history not for any accomplishment of mind, but only for the magnitude of their bodies."

Mr. Wanley did not improve on Thomas Fuller's saying: "Often the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature hath built many stories high," or on the apothegm of Bacon: "My Lord St. Albans said that Nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads."

Capt. Martin Van Buren Bates, a circus giant, who had shown himself all over the world, died at his home near Medina, O., last Wednesday. He was 7 feet 4 inches tall, he weighed [illegible] pounds; he was married twice, and his first wife stood over 8 feet; he was [illegible] years old, but nothing is said about his "intelleck."

We have never been on intimate terms with professional giants and cannot speak from personal knowledge about their mental acumen. We are told that Maximinus the Emperor, 8½ feet in height, was barbarous, cruel and hated of all men. Ferdinand Magellan enticed giant Patagonians to board his ship. "They were of a huge stature, so that the Spaniards' heads reached but to their waist. Two of them he made his prisoners by policy; who thereupon roared like bulls. Their feeding was answerable to their great bulk, for one of them did eat, at a meal, a whole basket of biscuits, and drank a giant bowl of water at each draught." Caius Julius Solinus tells of the carcass of a man nearly 12 feet long that was found in Crete. Lucius Flaccus, the legate, he says, and Metellus, "allured with the novelty of the report, went on purpose to the place to take a view of it, and there they saw that which upon hearsay they had imagined was a fable." This unnamed monster was dead, so there can be no discussion concerning his mentality. One, Gabbara, was brought out of Arabia to Rome in the time of the Emperor Claudius. "Nine foot high was he, and as many inches," but Pusio and Secundilla in the days of Augustus Caesar were taller than Gabbara by half a foot. "Whose bones were preserved and kept for a wonder in a charnel house or sepulchre within the gardens of the Salustians." Not a word about quickness or slowness of brain, nimbleness or sluggishness of [illegible]. [illegible] a Scot who lived in the time of [illegible] King of Scotland [illegible] 11 feet [illegible] tall [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] ... the skeleton of a man 37 feet long was found in 1548, and two years later one 33 feet long. "Many curious persons have preserved several of the gigantic bones." We regret to say that Sir Hans Sloane, not doubting the facts, thought the bones were those of whales, elephants or other animals. What did he say to the skull of the Macedonian giant, found in September, 1691—the day of the month is not given—which held 210 pounds of corn?

Did any one of our readers ever meet the late Capt. Martin Van Buren Bates "in society"? We do not mean on the sawdust or in a side show; but seated at a table with cheering and improving discourse.

St. Augustine in his "City of God" inquired into the credibility of the statement in Genesis that angels, seeing the daughters of men were fair, loved them and begot giants, in old time men of renown: "as though we have no such extraordinary huge statured creatures even in these our times." And he concluded: "They were not all giants, but there were far more before the deluge than have been since: whom it pleased the Creator to make, that we might learn that a wise man should neither respect hugeness of body nor fairness of face: but find his blessedness in the undecaying, spiritual and eternal goods that are peculiar to the good, and not that he shares with the bad: which another commends to us, saying: 'There were the giants famous from the beginning that were of so great stature and so expert in war.' These did not the Lord choose, neither gave the way of knowledge unto them: but they were destroyed because they had no wisdom, and perished through their own foolishness."

Nevertheless the Count de Pierrecourt early in 1901 left the greater part of his fortune, said to be about $2,000,000, to his native city of Rouen on condition that an annual prize of $20,000 be founded to form a settlement for the tallest man and woman who should agree to marriage. Thus the count hoped to regenerate the species. That was nearly 18 years ago. Were there marriages? Did the tall parents beget tall children? Let us not burst in ignorance.

A Heroine in Action

As the World Wags:

I clip this from the Los Angeles Daily Express:

Mrs. Bloodgood returned to consciousness slowly, looking from one to the other with a dazed, pleading look.

"Then it is so," she said at last. The two looked at her without being able to answer. Suddenly she bounded up erect, her fists striking her forehead.

"It is I who have done it!" she cried, and for the second time fell back lifeless on the floor.

She pulled off a few stunts after this, too.

J. C. LARKIN,

Glendale, Cal.

Jan 12 1919

Two plays that have met with great success in New York, "The Crowded Hour" and "Eyes of Youth," will be seen here tomorrow for the first time. The musical comedy, "The Kiss Burglar," also to be seen tomorrow for the first time in Boston, shared the same fate in New York. At the Copley Theatre, where the management has had the courage to produce some unusual plays, Mr. G. B. Shaw's "Doctor's Dilemna" will be performed for the first time in this city. Those in search of "something new" cannot complain this week.

"The Crowded Hour" will be at the Park Square Theatre. It has been said of it that the hero and the heroine "belong to that numerous band of stage Americans who are callous and insensible to the war until it is brought home to them by some merely personal experience," but Mr. Channing Pollock, one of the authors, insists that he and Mr. Selwyn wrote only a romance and the story of an awakening; that the war is used only as a decorative background. It appears that he and Mr. Selwyn were hearing an orchestra "jazzing 'Over There'." Mr. Pollock remarked on the incongruity of people singing and dancing to the tune that thousands of other men were whistling in the face of death. The remark reminded Mr. Selwyn of a story he had long in mind, but had not written, the story of "The Crowded Hour." "I can't begin to tell you how impressed I was," said Mr. Pollock to a New York reporter. "I raved. And then I asked him why he didn't write it. He came right back at me and wanted to know if I'd collaborate with him. I told him frankly I didn't think it necessary. But he did, and so here I am, co-author with him."

In Chicago, Miss Willette Kershaw took the part of the heroine. In New York the play was announced for Nov. 22, 1918, with Miss Jane Cowl as Peggy Lawrence, but she was sick, and the production at the Selwyn Theatre was deferred till Nov. 25. Then came letters to the newspapers; statements from Miss Kershaw and Miss Cowl. It was a pretty row. Miss Kershaw grieved, her friends said, because she could not play the part of the regenerated chorus girl in New York; someone stated her [illegible] ... were [illegible], saying that [illegible] had Miss Cowl in mind at the beginning, that the play was written for her, [illegible] she opened in one of her own plays before "The Crowded Hour" was completed. Thinking it necessary to produce the latter, they considered Miss Kershaw the best of the actresses available. She therefore took the part of Peggy when the play was produced in Chicago. The Selwyns, "after argument," persuaded Miss Cowl to head the company in New York. The situation was explained to Miss Kershaw, who "accepted the situation most gracefully." Miss Cowl also had her little say in print, in which she denied that her failure to open in New York on the night announced was due to "temperament."

It was true that she was upset by anonymous letters from Chicago and the anonymous press circular, but she did not play because she had a sore throat. Well, what is it all to the Infinite? The play is here; Miss Kershaw is said to be excellent in the role of Peggy; nor is the play so dependent on war excitement that interest in it dropped with the signing of the armistice; furthermore, armistice is not synonymous with peace. Until the treaty of peace is ratified by the United States Senate we are still at war with Germany and Austria.

"Eyes of Youth," a play by Charles Guernon and Max Marcin, was produced at the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, on Aug. 13, 1917, when Miss Marjorie Rambaud took the part of Gina Ashling. It was brought out in New York at Maxine Elliott's Theatre on Aug. 22, 1917. Miss Rambaud made a decided hit as the girl that, gazing in a magic crystal, presented to her by a Hindu Yogi, saw visions of her future, which are realized on the stage in various scenes. Skating in the winter, Miss Rambeau broke a leg and did not appear again in the play until May 20, 1918, the 325th performance. Miss Jane Gray played the part on March 5. Early in July, 1918, Miss Alma Tell played Gina at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. It was announced on June 22 1918, that when "Eyes of Youth" should start on its tour this season, beginning in Chicago last August, Miss Margaret Illington would take the part; that Miss Rambeau would appear in "Under Orders." "Eyes of Youth" was produced at the St. James, London, on Sept. 2, 1918, another instance of a play successful in New York being taken to London before Boston saw it. In London, Miss Gertrude Elliott took the part of Gina. Mr. Walkley of the London Times commented on the fact that the "make" of plays has for some time been affected by the kinematograph. He described Gina's future, revealed by the magic crystal, as in each event appalling. "A penniless, faded school 'marm' (the play, by the way, is American) is bad enough. A divorcee, the victim of a brutal and unscrupulous husband, is a shade worse. Worst of all, perhaps, is the alcoholized, dissolute termagant of the operatic stage. These visions of the future 'put' the lady (in her own idiom) 'wise.' "

Miss Alma Tell will take the part of Gina at the Wilbur Theatre tomorrow.

When "The Doctor's Dilemma" was produced at the Court Theatre, London, on Nov. 20, 1906, it was announced as a "tragedy in four acts and epilogue." The cast was a strong one.

Sir Patrick Cullen	William Farren, Jr.
Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington	Eric Lewis
Sir Colenso Ridgeon	Ben Webster
Cutler Walpole	James Hearn
Leo Schutzmacher	Michael Sherbrooke
Dr. Blenkinsop	Edmund Gurney
Louis Dubedat	Granville Barker
Redpenny	Norman Page
The Newspaper Man	Trevor Lowe
Mr. Danby	Lewis Casson
A Waiter	Percy Marmont
Jennifer Dubedat	Lillah McCarthy
Emmy	Clare Greet
Minnie Tinwell	Mary Hamilton

Miss Hamilton is now in Boston, a member of the Copley Theatre company. Her impersonation of the cantankerous old aristocrat in "The Bear-Leaders" during the last fortnight excited admiration. Mr. Gurney is now at the Hollis Street Theatre in "The Better 'Ole."

Mr. Shaw's play was revived at the St. James's Theatre, London, on Dec. 7, 1913, and, according to the London Times, it was welcomed with "enormous enthusiasm." Messrs. Webster, Sherbrooke and Mmes. McCarthy and Greet were seen again in their respective parts.

Mr. Granville Barker produced the play in New York at Wallack's on March 26, 1915. The cast was as follows:

Sir Colenso Ridgeon	Ian Maclaren
Sir Patrick Cullen	Lionel Braham
Sir Ralph Bloomfield-Bonnington	O. P. Heggie
Mr. Cutler Walpole	Arnold Lucy
Dr. Blenkinsop	Edgar Kent
Dr. Schutzmacher	Wright Kramer
Louis Dubedat	Nicholas Hannen
Redpenny	Reynolds Evans
The Newspaper Man	Ernest Cossart
Mr. Danby	Walter Geer
A waiter	George Carr
Jennifer	Lillah McCarthy
Emmy	Kate Carlyon
Minnie Tinwell	Eva Leonard-Boyne

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Although "The Doctor's Dilemma" has not been played here, it is familiar to many as a printed play with Mr. Shaw's "Preface on Doctors," in which he scolds and rages amusingly for 87 pages. He dropped the word "tragedy," as a characterization of the play, which in its printed form consists of five acts.

The preface in this instance is no more entertainingly [illegible] than the play that follows. Mr. Shaw in the preface, deals savagely with the medical profession, storms against the craze for operations, bacteriology, immunization, the perils of inoculation, vivisection, and so on, and so on, ending with 14 conclusions.

7—"Treat the private operator exactly as you would treat a private executioner."

8—"Treat persons who profess to be able to cure disease as you treat fortune tellers."

10—"Make it compulsory for a doctor using a brass plate to have inscribed on it, in addition to the letters indicating his qualifications, the words, 'Remember that I too am mortal'."

12—"Do not try to live forever. You will not succeed."

13—"Use your health, even to the point of wearing it out. That is what it is for. Spend all you have before you die; and do not outlive yourself."

In the comedy several doctors, high in their profession, specialists, discoverers of organs, diseases, and cures are deftly portrayed. There is also the unfortunate and poor Dr. Blenkinsop, whose life is saved at the expense of another patient, a sufferer from tuberculosis, the graceless, shameless, fascinating Dubedat, for whom his wife has an incredible affection. The "dilemma" is, which of the two should be cured. The "Doctor's Dilemma" was written before Mr. Shaw found out that a plot was unnecessary. In this play there is a well-sustained plot, not merely sparkling conversation. Mr. Jewett is to be thanked for bringing out the play at the Copley.

"The Kiss Burglar," a musical comedy in two acts; book and lyrics by Glen MacDonough, music by Raymond Hubbell, was performed for the first time in New York at Cohan's Theatre, May 9, 1918, with Miss Fay Bainter in the part of Aline, grand duchess of Orly. It was said at the time that this was Miss Bainter's first appearance in musical comedy. As a matter of fact she sang and danced at Daly's Theatre, New York, in a musical piece, "The Rose of Panama," derived from the German or Austrian "Kreolenblut," on Jan. 22, 1912. Before it arrived in New York it was known as "Jacinto."

The part of the burglar was taken in New York by Armand Kalisz. Denman Maley took the part of Oswald Gayly, the "would-be boudoir explorer." It has been said that the idea of the piece was Glen Mae Donough's. It is also said that the piece was originally Viennese, and was obtained by Mr. Kalisz, who "eventually disposed of it to Jack Welch with the understanding that he was to be retained for the leading male role." It is also said that Miss Bainter was responsible for the introduction of "The Mantlepiece Tragedy," a musical interpretation of a fairy tale by Hans Christian Andersen.

Miss Marie Carroll and Denman Maley will be in the company that performs "The Kiss Burglar" tomorrow night at the Shubert Theatre.

What One Play Would You See Before Death or Lonely Island Life?

Miss Baird Leonard wrote entertainingly, as always, in the Morning Telegraph:

"A few Sundays ago Mr. Heywood Broun, writing in the Tribune, answered the question of which play he would choose to see over again if he were given one evening at the theatre before dying or going to a desert island or something of the sort. I have forgotten just what Mr. Broun's first choice was, but I remember that he gave honorable second and third mention to Mr. O. P. Heggie in 'Androcles and the Lion' and to Mr. Charles Chaplin in 'Shoulder Arms.'

"The speculation is an entertaining one for almost anybody. It is difficult to decide just what dramatic experience we would like to repeat if only one were left to us. My happiest evening at the theatre was spent during the revival of 'When Johnnie Comes Marching Home,' but I am sure it could never be duplicated, as the management was unconsciously responsible for my pleasure. 'The Walk-Offs,' the Hattons' latest reflection of society as they see and know it, gave me the same kind of delicious amusement for identical reasons. If I could live those two productions again in the same spirit, it would be a simple matter for me to answer this momentous question.

"But I can't. Therefore, after a short constitutional through the courts of memory, I think that if I were allowed to drop in at a matinee on my way to the guillotine I should choose to see Mrs. Fiske once more in 'Vanity Fair.' I am sure that 'Vanity Fair' (or was the dramatization of Thackeray's great novel presented as 'Becky Sharpe'?) was not a great play. It may not even have been a good play. But Becky's appearance in the third act at the top of the ballroom staircase on the night before Waterloo gave me the thrill that comes once in a lifetime, and will therefore be more unforgettable for me than Mary Garden's Melisande.

"My second choice would be Sir Herbert Tree's marvellous production of 'King Henry VIII.,' even though I couldn't bear his saying the famous soliloquy correctly, after I had [illegible] ... [illegible] on [illegible] His having done so [illegible] as much as hearing [illegible] through Rudolfo's narrative, when my graphophone record of the [illegible] has been cracked in a certain passage almost since the day it was purchased. Speaking of 'King Henry VIII,' I shall never be able to understand why Miss Willette Kershaw, whose performance as Anne Boleyn was a triumph, could be so upset over not being permitted to play the heroine of 'The Crowded Hour' on Broadway. It would have been a reductio ad absurdum which I couldn't have borne."

Mr. Ryan Gossips About a Dancer and Some Actors

To the Editor of the Herald:

In Ellsler's Cleveland company in 1858, or thereabouts, was James Dickson Wyman, more familiarly known as "Dick" Wyman, at the old Mercantile Library Association, when its rooms were on the easterly corner of Bromfield and Province streets. He was one of the prize declaimers of the English high school when it was on Bedford street. He was determined to go upon the stage, although his father, Oliver C. Wyman, who made the unfortunate venture of trying to re-establish the old Boston or Federal Street Theatre after it had been used for some time as a lecture hall called the Odeon, opposed it strenuously. As an old school friend I corresponded with young Wyman while he was in Cleveland, and in his letters of that time I find no mention of Effie Ellsler. She was, probably, too small to be noticed then, even as an "infant phenomenon." This was Wyman's second year on the stage, where he was known as James Dickson. He had made his debut on the professional stage the previous year in Mobile, which seemed to be very hospitable in those days to dramatic novices.

Poor fellow, he never made the success before the footlights that he desired, although on his mother's side he came of a theatrical family, the Powells, who were identified with theatricals in Boston when the sturdy Puritan prejudice against the mimic scene was still active. Edwin Adams, who started at the Mechanic Apprentices' Association, made a far more successful wearer of the sock and buskin, and so did William E. Sheridan, who was a clerk for the old-time State street stationer, Benjamin F. Loring. Dickson never acted much in Boston. He was "Lon" Morris's leading man when that ambitious Ethiopian minstrel opened the Continental Theatre, which he reconstructed from the old Apollo beer garden, and I saw Dickson play Alfred Evelyn in "Money" there, in a creditable way—only this and nothing more.

As was indicated in the Herald not long ago, Fanny Elssler, the famous dancer, who was at the old Tremont Theatre at the site of the present and other Tremont Temples, was not even remotely connected with the heroine of "Hazel Kirke." Fanny set the town wild in the forties of the last century. She performed at a benefit to aid in the completion of Bunker Hill monument, and some satirical objector to the taking of the money thus obtained said the generous Austrian put the cap-stone on the monument with her toe. I have a dim remembrance of being taken as a somewhat over-petted boy of four to see her at a farewell performance, but all I can recall of it is that she came before the curtain and kissed her hands and said Adieu, adieu, adieu! This I remember because I imitated her the next day, much to the delight of admiring elders.

Another in memory of Fanny is the remark of a Baptist deacon. I met him at Hull some 30 years ago. He said: "I never was in a theatre but once and I yielded to the temptation to go there to see Fanny Ellsler. When I saw her come down the stage in her voluminous skirts I thought I had never seen a more beautiful creature in my life."

Observe the vulgar pen-wiper skirt, for the ballet had not then come in, and Fanny, like Byron's wild Albanian, was kirtled to the knee, or perhaps a little lower. I think she introduced the cachucha and cracovienne here, and a couplet haunts my memory which said:

"Fanny Ellsler, Cracovienne,
Throws her legs about the stage."

If there was any more to it the cranial discard long ago received it. Fanny Jones, who danced at the Tremont Theatre, took up some of the Elssler dances after the great danseuse had left this city, and as a young one was received with favor. She left the stage early and married "Deacon" Olmstead, the clerk of the cashier of the old Tremont House, which was long the leading hotel of Boston and was the model of the old Astor House in New York. Charles Dickens was entertained there during his first visit to Boston in 1842, before he wrote the "American Notes" which put him in the black books in the United States for so many years. Nevertheless he told the truth after his usual exaggerated fashion, and with all his faults we took the genius back into our hearts when he came to us again a quarter of a century later to read from his own works in public.

We have had many great dancers here since Elssler and some account Mor-

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[illegible] of [illegible] shall never again make [illegible] [illegible] over any queen of the b[illegible] [illegible] free in her carriage, but [illegible] take the horses therefrom [illegible] to her destination. "Cause [illegible] 'll probably [illegible] be and a [illegible]
JOHN W. RYAN.

[Notes] About the Theatre, Actors, Music and Musicians

Cosmo Hamilton's new play, "Scandal," was produced at the Strand Theatre, London, on Dec. 7. The Times published an entertaining review, headed "The Stage Bedroom." It deserves quotation in full:

"We confidently await the day when our stage shall invite us all to the little sequestered retreat at the end of the corridor which Daudet indicates, without naming, in one of his novels. 'Ou [illegible] aurait pu [illegible] some theatrical [illegible] will [illegible] and be not only tell [illegible] For we have been [illegible] over the rest of the house, [illegible] compelled to linger, at the [illegible] hour, in the best bedroom.

"The [general] rule about bedroom scenes [is] very simple. The last con[illegible] publicities [illegible] with sufficient farcical [illegible] Exceptionally, we are re[illegible] with a modern variant of the [illegible] Tarquin and Lucrece. The pair [are] husband and wife, but the woman [illegible] party, and we are [asked] to connive at a legalized rape. [Typical] example, Mr. Maugham's 'Land of Promise.' In 'Scandal' the pair are [only] supposed to be husband and wife, the [illegible] more or less for a lark and, [incidentally], to get herself out of a family scrape—having pretended a relationship which the gentleman, ready as a gentleman to rescue a lady in distress, [consents] to acknowledge. All the same, [illegible] her into the inevitable bedroom, and once more we are threatened with Tarquin and Lucrece. Tarquin proposes to punish the girl for the remarkable embarrassing trick she has played on him, and sternly orders her to bed. When he has ultimately bullied her into her nightgown—which, it is a [illegible] to find, clothes her much more effectively than her dinner gown—he [illegible] as a supreme humiliation, that he wouldn't touch so unattractive a [woman] with the end of a barge-pole, and takes himself off. Perhaps the old [illegible] in the audience, the battered remnants of an effete Victorian age, may have felt an impulse to withdraw, [illegible] Tarquin did, with hasty [illegible], but the younger members seemed to take it all quite coolly. No doubt they know better than their elders that these violent bedroom scenes are only the new stage courtship a la mode. Anyhow, our Tarquin and Lucrece do promptly fall in love and become the lawful spouses they had only [illegible] for.

"Mr. Bourchier is the Tarquin, and [illegible] contrives to mitigate his ferocious bedroom behavior by a bluff, hearty good humor in general company. But [his] Lucrece, Miss Kyrle Bellew, neglects [all] mitigation. Surely the author must have meant her for a composite character, a blend of the innocent and the wayward, lovable as well as irritating, whereas the actress is all of a piece, all perverse—in fact, a thoroughly exasperating vixen, without a redeeming feature. We suggest that this uncompromising attitude upsets the balance of the play, if a play like 'Scandal' can be said to have a balance. Miss Gladys Ffolliott is extremely droll as a dragon [of] propriety, and so is Miss Clare Greet in her familiar part of the unsophisticated female."

The London Daily Telegraph of Dec. 19 announced that Albert de Courville, arriving from New York, would introduce in London a "real 'jazz'" interlude and the "Shimmy" dance. He said he saw no play in New York that took his fancy so that he rushed to purchase it for production in England.

Doris Keane has acquired the English rights of "Tiger, Tiger." Will she play it in the present censored version?

The nativity scenes from the Coventry Miracle play were performed in London Dec. 18. King Herod was represented as a low comedy character with a red nose. "A noticeable feature of the performance as a whole was the possession by the Royal Victoria Hall of at least half a dozen men who can speak English roundly, clearly and musically."

The Paris correspondent of the Stage [wrote] on Nov. 22:

"The excitement caused by the armistice has somewhat abated in Paris. Although the legitimate theatres suffered [during] the early part of last week, music halls were crowded from pit to dome, [and] in such houses as the Casino, where [special] artists of the Opera Comique [sang] national anthems, indescribable [scenes], that were truly Latin in their [enthusiasm, were] witnessed.

[illegible] [illegible] one [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] reservations [illegible] more [illegible] a [illegible] who has [illegible] of life than a [illegible] properly speaking, and one had an odd impression that the eminent French actor had pieced together stray memories of incidents and persons he had met in his own life's story. After a short run the play was withdrawn from the Porte Saint Martin, and replaced by a revival of Henry Bernstein's 'Samson,' which is perhaps the greatest part in M. Guitry's repertory. He is surrounded by a brilliant cast, including Henry Roussell and Victor Boucher in the roles created by them 10 years ago, and Mlles. Dorziat, Vera Sergine and Marcelle Lander.

"The Varietes opened its season with 'La Dame de Monte Carlo,' a rather confused musical comedy, in which one has difficulty in following the thread of innumerable plots and counter-plots, set to music, that suggests an undigested course of old-time operettas. There is a beautiful Hindu maiden who marries an English nobleman, having been saved by an Italian vendor of statuettes from a villainous detective of the name of Polotchef. It is all very patriotic, as you see. The gayety of Mlle. Dieterle and the fund of personal fantasy which always characterizes any work of Harry Baur, did much to save the piece."

At the International Conservatoire of Music I seem to see a noteworthy improvement in our system of school curriculum. For I am told that Mr. E. J. Dent, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and the authority on the Scarlattis, as well as the author of the best book in our language on Mozart and his operas, will take classes once a week each for senior and junior students "for the critical and general discussion of musical subjects." Students may bring pieces of music to be explained, or introduce subjects for discussion. To my thinking, this is a very valuable idea.—London Daily Telegraph.

Some years ago a certain actor, who doubtless has long forgotten the incident, was in the habit of airing his opinions on matters in general in a very irritatingly loud voice, which roused the ire of the older members of the club and one member in particular. He on a certain occasion being awakened from a comfortable nap shouted out, "I wish someone would make that jackass shut up." The actor complained to the committee that he had been grossly insulted, and suggested that the member should apologize to him. However, he didn't get any satisfaction, and went about for some time with a distinct grievance. One day he approached the late Charles Brookfield (this was before he joined the censor's office) and poured out his troubles to him. "What do you say he called you?" "A jackass." "Well," said Brookfield, looking him straight in the eye, "if you felt hurt, why consult me? You should go to a vet."—The Stage.

D'Ambrosio's violin concerto played in London—"Trumpets blown in Warsaw, Berlin, and Chicago have proclaimed M. Melzac as one of the great violinists"—was described as a "melodious, Italianate Max Bruch sort of piece."

"Friendly Enemies" will be produced in London about the end of this month.

"Love's Labour's Lost" was played at the "Old Vic" in London the second week in December for the first time in the history of the theatre.

"Drum-taps," by Ernest Bryson (Curwen), is a continuous set of seven part-songs to Walt Whitman's words, unaccompanied, except for occasional side-drum and still more occasional organ. The composer has girded himself with the armor of the modern harmonists, as may be seen especially in the avoidance of obvious closes. But one fancies that with the five smooth stones from the brook he might have done himself more justice, for he evidently is sincere; he feels the words he is setting, and gets a good vocal line.—London Times, Dec. 7.

The comedian Huntley Wright has been released from military duty, after serving over four years in Egypt, Italy and France.

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President Wilson, speaking in England, told the story of the man that being slapped on the back by someone, said to him: "I don't know your name and I don't remember your face, but your manners are familiar." A correspondent, "T. B. D.," attributes this remark to Mr. Oliver Herford and writes that Mr. Herford met his victim in a room of a club in this city. Mr. Herford has said and printed many witty things; some of them have still a wide circulation; but the retort quoted by President Wilson was attributed to W. S. Gilbert before Mr. Herford began to crack his jokes and try them on members of the club, to judge of their future success with a publisher. No doubt the report was attributed to Theodore Hook, Samuel Rogers, Sheridan, Beau Brummell and others before Gilbert won a reputation for making needlessly disagreeable remarks to bores and would-be jokers. Possibly the retort is in Mr. Joe Miller's [book or] Bacon's A[potheg]ms.

[illegible] [illegible] in Poker [illegible] [illegible] jokes are all [illegible] of [illegible] smoking-room order [illegible] to A[braham] Lincoln are to be found in [illegible] of "Ana" in French a century or more before he was born. Perhaps Noah told them to his sons in the Ark, or Benjamin Franklin sprang some of them at court when he was charming French philosophers and noble dames alike. As our correspondent "F. E. C." well remarks: "This sort of attribution operates something like the old game of 'passing ball'; if one makes a bad throw into the past and falls short of the intended mark, any intervening player may catch the ball. Capital game, too, for we all have a chance at the bubble reputation."

"Ricochet" and "H"

As the World Wags:

Please allow me to explain to "Amateur" that in a true "ricochet" word the first and last portions should always rhyme. "Pell Mell" is a perfect "ricochet," but "Flim-Flam" certainly is not. His list therefore of 31 words contains but eight that really count.

I have always understood that "Odsbodikins" was a contraction of "God's bodkins" referring to the bodkins, or nails used at the crucifixion. Just as "Ods-splutter-hur-nails" means literally "God's blood or the nails" in the same connection, and "Zounds!" stands for "God's wounds."

I regret to say I cannot tell you where I "found" the use of "ricochet" for such words, for I have never heard them described otherwise. Perhaps it's for the same reason that Adam and Eve decided to call the camel, a "camel," because it "looked like a camel." F. N.

Cambridge.

Two or three correspondents—among them "F. N." in a private note—suggests that many "ricochet" words begin with "H," because in moments of excitement we begin an exclamation with the aspirate "H" as "Hurrah!" "Ha!" "Ha, Ha!" "Hello!" "Hear Hear!" and even the German "Hoch!" "This may explain," writes "F. N.," "why in the hurry to coin a new word to express more or less emotion we naturally drop into aspiration, but it is a far-fetched explanation at best." Again we ask, why "ricochet"? No definition of the word in English or French hints at its use with this significance.—Ed.

"Z. Colburn" and "Hilliard"

As the World Wags.

In Miss Grace Butterfield's communication to the Herald on "Bad Spells in Boston," she speaks of the ability of public school pupils to perform "mental stunts rivaling Z. Colburn's worst." What does Miss Butterfield mean by "Z. Colburn's worst"? Isn't the intended reference to Warren Colburn's mental arithmetic in popular use 50 or more years ago. It is possible, however, that "Z. Colburn" is correct, and that the intended reference is to stunts which Zerah Colburn, a mental prodigy (born in Cabot, Vt., on Sept. 1, 1804; died in Norwich, Vt., on March 2, 1840), was able to perform. In speaking of the inability of public school pupils to spell well, Miss Butterfield sighingly exclaims, "Oh, Hilliard!" To what Hilliard does that exclamation refer? I presume that it is to the author or publisher of some spelling book. OLD SCHOOL.

Brookline.

Gifts to President Wilson

As the World Wags:

Today's Herald has a Rome dispatch of Jan. 4 saying that on that day "valuable gifts were presented by the King and Queen (of Italy) to President and Mrs. Wilson and the members of the presidential party." If President Wilson accepted those gifts from the King of Italy, did he not violate the constitution of the United States? See last paragraph of sec. 9 of art. 1 of the constitution. Perhaps, however, Congress has given, or will give, its consent to President Wilson's acceptance of gifts from the Italian King and, if so, his acceptance of the gifts would not be a violation of the constitution.

Brookline. OBSERVATOR.

Newman Improved

As the World Wags:

Don't you like country newspapers? And did you ever read aloud some of the items for the benefit of a select circle. Funny? Well . . . If my particular circle does not just be flattering with their outbursts.

My good friend Elmer E. Landers of the Martha's Vineyard Herald cheers me up with a copy. It contains, with other catchy features, what look and read like original contributions of verse. "The Face in the Fire," by a doctor of divinity has this verse:

And a mist came into my eyes,
A mist that enfolded a smile,
For the face was a face once loved,
Long since, and lost awhile.

Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," concludes:

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

RALPH WARDLAW GLOAG.

Boston.

People's Choral Union Has Splendid Program at Symphony Hall

The peace celebration by the People's Choral Union of Boston last evening at Symphony Hall attracted a large and highly appreciative audience and scored an additional triumph for the organization, which is now in its 22d year of service. Of the nearly 500 members of the union, 350 were on the stage, and the performance of the choral peace program that introduced the concert, as well as of Haydn's oratorio, "The Creation," that followed, included several distinct triumphs.

The initial number, "America," in which the audience joined, as it was invited to do in all the patriotic numbers, was varied by the interpolation of the stanza "God Bless Our Men," which has been sung extensively since the beginning of the war. The other numbers were Gounod's "Lovely Appear," soprano solo from "The Redemption"; "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; "God Save America," a song recently produced, the young composer of which, W. F. Harling, was unable to be present as it had been hoped that he would be, as he was conducting in New York; "The Star Spangled Banner," which Frederick W. Wodell always conducts splendidly, his achievement last night being no exception, and "Land of Our Hearts," which Director George W. Chadwick of the New England Conservatory of Music wrote last spring for the Norfolk Festival, and the playing of which he heard last night.

Soloists Excellent

The oratorio afforded numerous opportunities for the soloists, who were: Mrs. Edith Goudreault, soprano; Charles Hart, tenor, and Frederick Patton, bass. All were given evidences of warm appreciation by the audience. For Messrs. Hart and Patton it was their initial appearance in Boston. Henry A. Shedd was organist and Miss Mildred Vinton pianist. At the conclusion of the concert program, Conductor Wodell was presented with a handsome bouquet of roses by the union. It was a matter of regret that Henry L. Mason, the president of the organization, was unable to attend, he being kept at home by illness. The union sent a gift of flowers to his house.

It is the intention of the union greatly to enlarge its membership, and anybody who would like to sing in the oratorio "Messiah" in Symphony Hall, Sunday evening, April 27, is invited to apply at Jordan Hall, New England Conservatory building, Sundays, Jan. 19 and 26, at 2:30 P. M., to take a very simple sight-singing test. The rehearsals will be in Jordan Hall Sunday afternoons at 4 o'clock.

Edith Goudreault, who gave the soprano solo in "Lovely Appear," last evening, is well known to audiences of many other cities besides Boston as a lyric soprano of no small power. She has a voice of delightful sweetness and wide range. Her coloratura is very brilliant. Mr. Hart's voice is a genuine tenor, bright and ringing in quality. Mr. Patton has a bass voice of fine quality, great power and remarkable range. Frederick W. Wodell has been conductor for the union since 1908.

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'EYES OF YOUTH'

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Eyes of Youth," a play in three acts by Max Mercin and Charles Guernon. Produced at Atlantic City, Aug. 13, 1917, by A. H. Woods with Marjorie Rambeau as Gina. Produced in London at the St. James's Theatre early in September, 1918, with Gertrude Elliott as Gina.

Asa Ashling	John D. O'Hara
Kenneth Ashling	Gordon Morris
Rita Ashling	Frances Grayson
Louis Anthony	Harry D. Southard
Peter Judson	Harold Heaton
Robert Goring	Judson Langill
Paolo Salvo	William Bonnelli
Gina Ashling	Alma Tell
A Yogi	Mario Majeroni
Joan	Della West
Piquard	Albert Roccardi
Goritz	Louis Alter
Opera Singer	Charlotte Gaynor
Alfred Brooks	Harry Crosby
Percival Blake	Francis Morey
Judge Singleton	Edward L. Walton
Court Stenographer	William Tousey
Clarence Morgan	J. Harold F[illegible]
Dick Brownell, detective	Joseph Slaytor

Gina had three lovers, also a voice. The impresario Salvo promises her a brilliant operatic career. Her father tells her that he is ruined and they will have to let the servants go; that it is her duty to wed rich Robert Goring. Gina [illegible] her wits' end. Fortunately a [illegible]

... the Hindu ... that we have ... from ... and had a fine western ... the yogi in the play is a ... Hina is kind to him, and in return he gives her a crystal ball in which she can thus read her fortune. Incidentally he delivers a lecture on Hindu beliefs concerning actions and their consequences, fate and free will.

Her visions are acted on the stage. Duty calls her to stay at home. She is a school teacher, and not versed in the modern methods of instruction, therefore the school committee discharges her. Her lover jilts her for her sister. Her brother taunts her. She is a capricious opera singer, also a wanton, having been seduced by the impresario. Brother Kenneth, finding out Salvo's reprehensible conduct, kills him. She marries Goring, who frames a divorce suit and wins it in a remarkable court scene. Then she becomes a dope-fiend, but a kind detective tries to cheer her up in front of Rector's and honest Peter, the suitor who in life has little money, takes her in his arms in the vision and promises her a happy future. After her crystal gazing, she, like a sensible girl, marries Peter, who will make a fortune in South America as an engineer.

The play was evidently manufactured to display the versatility of the leading actress. It is a machine-made play, and the machine creaks. The scenes are improbable, the dialogue is commonplace. The part of the heroine might be called that of a "change artist." The other characters are conventional and crudely drawn. The play is essentially a film play for a woman to appear first in the role of a dutiful drudge, then as a shameless "vampire," and, at last, the victim of a rich and heartless husband, a victim that finds forgetfulness in morphine. Add the happy ending that the audience may leave in cheerful mood. Add the element of mystery supplied by the Yogi with his crystal ball.

Miss Tell as the perplexed and highly respectable maiden lapsed into farce comedy in her replies to her suitors after she had read her future in the crystal ball. Even at the beginning she read her lines with an emphatic gasp in attacking each sentence. She played the school teacher in a restful manner, but with the nagging sister and the sneak of her former lover, she mistook ranting for dramatic intensity. As the opera singer she over-played the part in every way. There was no illusion, there was no semblance of sincerity. In the absurd court scene she spoiled what promised to be a plausible performance by tearing passion to tatters. Her most effective scene was the one on a dimly lighted stage when she was lachrymose and commendably quiet, though even here her reading of the lines left much to be desired.

It is not necessary to speak at length of the supporting company, which as a whole was inadequate even for the play. Mr. Morris had a manly outburst in the singer's dressing-room, and Mr. Majeroni as the Hindu was sufficiently mysterious. The children in the schoolroom gave an excellent performance.

The audience evidently looked upon the play as a roaring comedy. There were times when it seemed as if Miss Tell was of the same opinion.

F. W. of Cambridge writes: "When, if ever, one of the readers of this column supplies the missing derivation of the term 'richochet' as applied to a certain kind of word, may I not put in a plaintive inquiry for the sources of 'limerick,' 'ragtime,' and 'distemper,' used to describe certain forms of poetry, music and painting? As compared to these three problems the mysteries of the author of the Junius Letters, the Man in the Iron Mask, and 'Who Struck Billy Patterson?' are as easy of solution as a hen's reason for crossing the road."

"Distemper," defined as "a method of painting in which the colors are mixed with some glutinous substance soluble in water as yolk of egg mixed with water, etc., executed usually upon a ground of chalk or plaster mixed with gum," is derived from the verb "distemper," meaning to dilute, to mix with something so as to weaken or impair. This verb in turn comes from the old French "destrempe," soaked, moistened, seasoned or laid in water, softened or allayed by watering. In Peacham's "Complete Gentleman" (1632) it is said: "He wrought in distemper (as we call it) or wet with size, sixe histories of satient Job, wherein are many excellent figures."

The derivation of "limerick" is disputed. The New English Dictionary makes this statement: "Said to be from a custom at convivial parties, according to which each member sang an extemporized 'nonsense verse,' which was followed by a chorus containing the words, 'Will you come up to Limerick?'" Something in our heart tells us this is not the true explanation. The first quotation gleaned in English literature by Dr. Murray and his merry men is dated 1898. We heard many limericks of the "smoking room" variety long before that. Some of them were attributed to that amusing Negro minstrel known on the stage as Harry Bloodgood. It is a singular fact that we can repeat 40 or 50 of the Rabelaisian limericks, and, indeed, are prepared to pass a rigid examination on them, while we can not ... of ... Copley ... for ... Roman ... winburne ... time ago a discussion of the word "limerick" appeared in this column. It undoubtedly contained a mass of miscellaneous misinformation.

To "rag a tune." Does the expression come from the old verb "to rag," meaning "to tear to tatters," "to pull in pieces"?

John Mason

One of the fairest estimates of John Mason as an actor is in "Sixty Years of the Theatre," by Mr. J. Rankin Towse, the judicious dramatic critic of the New York Evening Post: "His best work has been done in the 20th century, and is too recent therefore to be discussed here, but by pretty general consent he is the most capable all-round actor on the American boards today." Mr. Towse's articles in the Evening Post (1913-16) were collected in 1916. "It is to be noted that he got his early training in one of the last great stock companies, that of the Boston Museum. There he absorbed the experience that was to qualify him for every department of the drama—tragedy, artificial and modern social comedy, or melodrama. His individual work, even in inferior plays, is always notable for its superior artistry. Not particularly versatile in the Protean sense, having a strong and self-assertive personality, he has a plentiful variety of method, while his executive skill is manifested alike in boldness of outline and delicacy of detail. He can exhibit robust forcefulness or intellectual subtlety. In his passionate outbursts there is the ring of true sincerity, and he is admirable in scenes of dignified gravity or pathos. In humor he is not exuberant, but his appreciation of it is keen, and his interpretation of it, especially in the vein of irony, facile, sure, and effective. With actual genius, perhaps, he has not been endowed. It may be doubted whether he could successfully embody the greatest tragic creations of poetic fancy, but he possesses the clear intelligence and the finished craftsmanship which are excellent substitutes for inspiration and often much more trustworthy."

COPLEY THEATRE—The Henry Jewett Players present for the first time in Boston "The Doctor's Dilemma," a play in five acts by George Bernard Shaw. Cast:

Emmy	Leila Repton
Redpenny	William Podmore
Sir Colenso Ridgeon	H. Conway Wingfield
Dr. Schutzmacher	Leonard Craske
Sir Patrick Cullen	Fred W. Permain
Cutler Walpole	Nicholas Joy
Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonington	Cameron Mathews
Dr. Blenkinsop	E. E. Clive
Mrs. Dubedat	Jessamine Newcombe
Louis Dubedat	Noel Leslie
Minnie Tinwell	Mary Hamilton
The Newspaper Man	E. E. Clive
The Secretary	Owen T. Hewitt

If anyone has a grudge against a doctor or is impatient with any form of medical theory or practice, if anyone is impatient about over-emphasis on the germ theory or surgical excess of enthusiasm in cutting out appendices; if anyone is dissatisfied with physicians' fees, or their fads or foibles, and would enjoy seeing these eccentricities of the medical profession dissected, exposed, railed at in true Shavian style, held up to ridicule, scorn and playful humor, with plentiful praise for what is honest and noble in the profession, let him go to a performance of "The Doctor's Dilemma."

He will see not only five acts of fun poked at doctors, but will also rejoice over airy shafts flung at many other sorts of men, including Bernard Shaw himself, in Shaw's best style. He will witness also the unfolding of an intensely interesting story well done by the Henry Jewett Players, for without exception these players have caught the Shavian spirit of the play and launch the author's keen thrusts of ridicule at varied hypocrisies with good humor and without malice.

The "dilemma" is Sir Colenso Ridgeon's, an eminent physician, who has a "cure" for tuberculosis by inoculation. He knows when to give it to save a patient. Another may kill the sufferer by administering it under wrong conditions. A beautiful young wife begs him to save her artist-husband, Dubedat, whom she worships, though he is a scapegrace. Sir Colenso promises to do so, but can only handle ten cases and his list is full. One of the ten dies. A fellow-physician, Blenkinsop, a poor but honest doctor, also has tuberculosis. Shall Sir Colenso save the reprobate and let the noble doctor go? He finally decides to let the wicked artist die, because he loves the wife and will marry her after death takes her husband. He turns the artist over to Bonington, who says he will use Sir Colenso's lymph on him. He gives the serum at the wrong time and the patient dies. The honest Dr. Blenkinsop is saved, because he follows Bonington's advice and eats a pound of green gage plums a day.

Mrs. Dubedat promises her dying husband to marry again, and remain beautiful and happy in the memory of their joy. This she does, but the fortunate man is not Sir Colenso, whom she properly spurns, so that poor specialist gets nothing out of his attempt to solve his dilemma but a very severe lecture from the lady.

Mr. Wingfield ... Sir Colenso ... cil, assumed dignity and wavering between motives with excellent clarity. Mr. Permain as Sir Patrick Cullen gives a lifelike portrait of a humorously grouchy doctor of the old school who is constantly exposing the follies of today's practice. Mr. Joy takes a lively pleasure in finding every ailment caused by blood poisoning and in cutting out the "sac" that makes all the trouble. Mr. Matthews as Bonington enjoys nothing better than showing how foolish all the others are and giving any old serum for any old malady. Miss [illegible] has remarkable success in giving an air of reality to the extravagant devotion of Mrs. Dubedat to her own and her husband's ideals.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"The Kiss Burglar," a musical comedy, book and lyrics by Glen MacDonough, score by Raymond Hubbell; produced at Baltimore April 23, 1918, and at George M. Cohan's Theatre, New York, May 10. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Aline	Marie Carroll
Mr. E. Chatterton-Pym	Oliver Smith
Mrs. E. Chatterton-Pym	Louise Mink
Miss Harte	Anne Sands
Bert DuVivier	George Leon Moore
Tommy Dodd	Harry Clarke
Oswald Gayly	Denman Maley
Col. Trotevitch	Emmett Shackleford

Mr. DuVivier, an American attorney traveling abroad, stole a kiss one romantic night in Trieste from a dainty little duchess in whose boudoir he sought honorable asylum while evading pursuit by an enraged party of aristocratic card cheats. The encounter between the American and the duchess was brief, but left a lasting impression on both. Annually, in the spring, he moped about it in his hustling law office; she, when visiting America later, had occasion to recall it, because a comic burglar, one Oswalde Gayly, who happened to be the young American's peculating book-keeper, likewise accepted a kiss from the duchess when he "lolled" into her chamber at night, to aid his friend, a professional publicity agent, in getting a first-page story in the newspapers for his upstart employers. It all ends happily, of course, and the little duchess decides that American burglars, as a class are delightful, and that the young attorney is particularly adept and satisfying.

"A Kiss Burglar," as a specimen of up-to-date musical comedy, lacks many needful qualities. In construction it is mechanical, unpolished. In characterization, aside from the dainty duchess, it is nil. Mr. MacDonough, whose abilities as a lyricist and maker of musical comedy books were of certain pecuniary value to producing managers several years ago, seems to have been outstripped by the new generation, and the inevitable comparison between his work and that of Messrs. Wodehouse and Bolton unfortunately is not in his favor. Mr. Hubbell, likewise, seems to have given his best melodies to successes of former seasons, and aside from one song, "Since I Met Wonderful You," and a symposium of Sousa, Herbert, Cohan and Berlin, as each might have written a tune called "The Rose," his score leaves very mild imprint.

It is given to Miss Carroll, vocally ineffective but rich in personal charm, to save the performance. Her opening scene, when in her chamber, she visualizes in dance the tragedy of the haughty little mannikin who encouraged and then repulsed the love of a peasant mannikin, was artistically perfect. Her following encounter with Mr. Maley as the bungling burglar had equal charm. Aside from thos too brief episode, she had no opportunity, unless it came when she gave a jazz dance to a background of another of those amazing groups of chorus ladies which the community has viewed more or less critically of late.

Mr. Maley and Mr. Clarke, with bits of vaudeville, filled many moments by clever and varied efforts at comicality. Mr. Moore, of striking resemblance to Arthur Byron playing his heaviest role, sang resonantly. Mr. Smith was a conventional Piccadilly chap, married to a slangy American girl, played energetically by Miss Mink. In the second act, laid in an inn in the Berkshire Hills, the presence of four husky chorus men brought unfulfilled hopes. A demonstration of close harmony by the good old-fashioned male quartet seemed to be the only feature lacking to make the evening otherwise characteristic of the specific sort of entertainment "A Kiss Burglar" seems to be.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Story of the Rosary," melodrama in five acts by Walter Howard.

Paul Romain	Dudley Ayres
Philip Romain	Joseph Sweeney
Col. Hilderbrand	Mark Kent
Maj. Hellenbro	Arthur Walton
Maj. [illegible]	David Earnest
Surg.-Capt. Helgas	Fitzgerald Norman
Capt. Gessler	Hoe Chase
Capt. Esterhazy	Miron Hastings
Capt. Lindorff	Desmoan Winters
Capt. Othmar	Harry Stenhens
Lt. Peterkin	Aubrey Bosworth
Lt. Sarona	G. F. Sharp
Lt. Reinhardt	Harry Blythe
Lt. Wellenberg	Roy T. Lockwood
Lt. Karsburg	Philip Russell
Trumpeter Swartz	Robert Lawrence
Trooper Smutz	Frederick Allen
Karl Larose	Charles Stevens
Prince Sabran	Charles Patterson
Winkeistein	Edward Leduc
Father Theodore	Sidney Dudley
Wilhelmini	Dorothy Tierney
The Mother Superior	Betty Barnicoat
Venetia Sabran	Ann MacDonald

"The Story of the Rosary" was produced at Manchester, England, Sept. 17, 1913. It was produced at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, on Sept. 7, 1914. Originally the war was between two European neighboring states. When the play was revived at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in July, 1918, a few changes were made to meet the supposed exigencies of the present war. The action now takes place in a garrison town in Belgium. The Hillsteins are turned, in London, into Ardennes, and the prefix "von" is dropped from the style of Prince Sabran and his daughter Venetia.

"The Story of the Rosary" is a play of the type of the popular Drury Lane melodramas that are by no means out of vogue in these days, and it provides a rapid succession of scenes that bring the audience directly into contact with the atmosphere of war and into the midst of a love story as romantic as the far-famed tale of Romeo and his Juliet. The happenings of "The Story of the Rosary" occur in a continental country not far removed from the fighting. They record events in the lives of Capt. Paul Romain and the Princess Venetia, and show the barracks of the Red Dragoons, the Church of the Convent, the priest's garden, the colonel's home. Through it all runs the love story of Capt. Paul and the Princess, of the summons to war, of her despair, and of the solace brought by the church. Best of all the Captain and the Princess are happily reunited and their troubles are at an end. The stage settings have been especially built and painted. Each detail presents a picturesque view of rural, martial or ecclesiastical scenes. Miss MacDonald is sympathetically emotional as the heroine. Mr. Ayres acts Capt. Paul with a sure touch of soldierly assurance. Miss Betty Barnicoat was applauded for her singing of "The Rosary." The others in the company fill out an effective cast.

Next week: "A Bachelor's Honeymoon," a lively farce by John Stapleton which is revived after several years.

Mlle. Nitta-Jo Portrays the Paris Apache

Mlle. Nitta-Jo, French character singer, is the chief attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that applauded vigorously. This is her first appearance in America.

Her specialty is that of portraying the woman of the Parisian underworld in song and in her present sketch she attempts a reproduction of a female Apache who has thrown aside her lower instincts and become a devoted and patriotic subject of her country.

The actress has a rich contralto voice and a fine dramatic sense. Her performance was one of the most interesting seen at this theatre this season. An interesting feature was the remarkable and clean-cut enunciation of the singer, a feature in which she puts to disadvantage many of her American and English sisters of the stage.

She was heard in three songs in French—"At Moonlight," "Her Las Tango" and "A Soldier's Dream." In English she sang "Kisses," "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry," "Over There" and "Jim." At the conclusion of her performance she was vigorously applauded and apologized neatly for the lack of more songs in her present repertory.

The big laugh-getter of the bill is Henry "Squidgulum" Lewis, in "The Laugh Shop." To his credit let it be said that he at least brings us fresh material on each visit. His allusions are flippant and irrelevant, but they are spontaneous and individualistic. The audience laughed uproariously.

Other acts were: Mirano brothers, acrobats; La-Bernicia, dancer; Mrs. Gene Hughes and company in a sketch; A. Rohins, in a musical act; Whitfield, Ireland and Murdock, in chatter and dance; Sue Creighton, comedienne; Beeman and Anderson, sensational roller skaters.

The closing of a dance hall on Huntington avenue recalls a sermon preached by a Negro, the pastor of a meeting-house on Barnwell street, Cleveland, as reported by Artemus Ward. The preacher, one Jones, inveighed bitterly against dancing: "Whar there's dancing there's fiddling—whar there's fiddling there's unrighteousness, and unrighteousness is wickedness, and wickedness is sin! That's me—that's Jones."

Dr. Fletcher

[illegible] Fletcher was a cheery soul, a pleasant companion, who never bit off more than he could chew. There has been little talk of late about "Fletcherism," but no doubt Dr. Fletcher for some years by his writings induced many men and women to be more careful in the matter of diet and mastication. Of course there were some that went to an extreme and made his preachment ridiculous. He himself was not a strict Fletcherite. We once had the pleasure of sitting at meat with him, and, although it is not courteous to watch a neighbor at work on his "meal of victuals," curiosity overcame us, nor were we alone in observation. It was a pleasure to learn by the sight of the eyes that Dr. Fletcher when he was among his fellow-men, ate heartily and drank copiously of everything set before him, nor was any course delayed by reason of his excessive mastication. In fact, his chewing at times was allegro ma non troppo.

Luigi Cornaro, the Venetian, who lived to be 104 years old, published in 1558 a book on the advantages of a sober life, which was translated into Latin, also into French, with the title "Conseils pour vivre longtems." Cornaro practiced what he preached and was physically and mentally as lively as a cricket to the day of his death in the ancient university town of Padua. A translation of his book into English is in the library of the Porphyry Club. The print is bold and clear. Would that the Porphyrites would heed the advice of this venerable and sound thinker!

T. Lucy in Venice

Apropos of Venice and today, it was on Jan. 15, 1635, that Mr. James Howell wrote to Mr. T. Lucy in Venice a letter concerning discreet behavior in that city, a letter that we would gladly reprint as a whole. This is a censorious age, yet this may be permitted: "T. T. drank your health yesternight and wish'd you could send him a handsome Venetian courtesan inclos'd in a Letter, he would willingly be at the charge of the Postage, which he thinks would not be much for such a light Commodity."

And in this letter we read: "My Lady Miller commends her kindly unto you, and she desires you to send her a compleat Cupboard of the best Crystal glass Murano can afford, by the next shipping, besides, she entreats you to send her a Pot of Methridate, and so much of Treacle."

Murano, we take it, is the island near Venice on which glass manufactories were established, but of what was Methridate or Mithridate composed? The dictionaries tell us that it was a mixture of many ingredients in the form of an electuary, regarded as a universal antidote or preservative against poison and infectious diseases. Any schoolboy knows why this electuary was so named, but what were the ingredients? In 1593 this precaution against the plague was described: "Take a great Onyon, make a hole in the myddle of him, then fill the place with Mithridat or Treacle, and some leaues of Rue, them," here, alas, the quotation stops in the New English Dictionary, wherein we find another incomplete and vexing quotation (1616): "Some make a souereigne mithridate against the plague. . . with two old walnuts, three figges, etc." Yes, but the "etc" is what we would like to hear about.

As for the treacle that my Lady Miller desired, it was not molasses, but a medicinal compound, originally a kind of salve, composed of many ingredients, supposed to be an alexipharmic, an antidote to poisonous bites, other poisoning, also malignant diseases. In treacle the flesh of the viper was supposed to be all important. Let us consult the elder Pliny in the brave translation of Philemon Holland. He describes the treacle favored by great Antiochus the King: "Take of wild running Thyme the weight of two deniers; of Opopanax and Meu of each the like quantitie; the seed of Dil, Fennel, Ameos, and Parsly, of each the weight of six deniers; of Ervil floure 12 deniers or drams. Let these be beaten into powder and finely searced; and when they be incorporat in the best wine that may be had, they ought to be reduced into the form of Trosches, euery one weighing a victoriat or half denier. When occasion is to vse this composition, dissolue one of these Trosches in three cyathis of wine, and drinke it." In another place Pliny mentions a treacle made of 54 "sundrie sorts of drugs and ingredients," but calls it a vain ostentation.

Juvenal in his savage satire concerning women, speaks of a wife trying to [illegible] husband by the [illegible] frog' and adds that if he taken the "Ponticum medicanem," will be ready for him with a dagger. Gifford translated the lines:

> But if the husband prescient of his fate,
> Have fortified his breast with Mithridate.

The anonymous translator of 1777 preferred "the antidote of mithridates." Dryden was content with "antidote."

If my Lady Miller always drank out of Venetian glass, after she received it, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. T. Lucy, she had no fear of a poisonous draught, for the glass would have been shattered in her lily white hand.

APOLLO CLUB IN SECOND CONCERT

The Apollo Club of Boston gave the second concert of its 48th season, last evening in Jordan Hall. Miss Irma Seydel, violinist, assisted the male chorus of 90 voices. There were several solos by Walter H. Kidder, baritone, a member of the club. Everett J. Harrington played the piano and E. Rupert Sircom, the organ. The program was, if anything, above the usual excellence of the Apollo Club entertainments; especially well done was Kipling's "Route Marchin'," with music by George Chadwick Stock. Cardinal O'Connell was in the audience.

'CROWDED HOUR'

By PHILIP HALE

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—First public performance in Boston of "The Crowded Hour," an American play in four acts by Edgar Selwyn and Channing Pollock. There was a performance for army and navy men only on Monday night. The play was produced in Chicago Oct. 14, 1918, by Selwyn & Co.

Matt Wilde	Hale Norcross
Peggy Lawrence	Wilette Kershaw
Grace Laidlaw	Lillian Albertson
Lieut. Bert Caswell	William Keighley
General Dalton	George Lessie
Billy Laidlaw	Allan Dinehart
Merrick	Nick Lucas
Nevins	Gill Mack
Davis	James Miller
Wills	Harry Webster
Grandmere Buvaise	Eugenie Nau
Capt. Rene Soulier	Emile J. De Varny
Marthe	Eugenie Geinova
A Veteran	Frederick Karr
Lieut. Bailey	Raymond Sinclair
Lieut. Epstein	C. P. Bird
Lieut. Wolcott	Jack Brown
Lieut. Williams	E. H. Gillespie
A Poilu	Andre Chotin
Dr. Beauchamps	Frederick Karr
General Dubois	Emile Chipolian

Undoubtedly the chief purpose of the dramatists in writing this play was to put on the stage an exciting melodrama. In this they succeeded. After the success was assured, it was easy for the dramatists and the critics, professional and amateur, to speak of the moral purport of the drama; to show regeneration due to active participation in the war, or to show at least careless and sensual characters purified by the sacrifices of thousands to an ideal. Mr. Arnold Bennett attempted to do this in his singular story about a "pretty lady," other women and some men in London, but his endeavor failed.

In "The Crowded Hour," a New Yorker is called to arms only because his young brother has been crucified by the Huns. Peggy, his mistress, no longer having a hold on him, is soon in France as a telephone girl. Billy's wife, who had a remarkably quiet conversation with her rival at a dance, in which the girl that once was in the front line of the Follies talked about love and marriage in a manner that would have delighted Stendhal and Balzac, also goes to France as a nurse. The dramatists show how the selfishness of Peggy was gradually eradicated, how in her simple, slangy way she proved herself a heroine by saving at the telephone under shell fire 12,000 men instead of her Billy, and at last saw that her sweetheart should be given back to his wife, whose love for him was greater even than hers.

Discussion concerning the probability or improbability may well be deferred, for the play is first of all a melodrama; nor need the moral thesis be the subject of argument. It is enough to say that the story is plausible, that it is told with considerable skill, that it is interesting and amusing with dialogue that is natural, native to those that speak it, nor does the interest of the play depend on the sensational scene in the French cottage with Peggy at the telephone.

The melodrama was well acted by all. Miss Kershaw showed marked ability in preserving the personality of the chorus girl throughout. The change in her character was not abrupt; she was the chorus girl in the last scene as in the first, so far as talk and even certain views of life were concerned. She did not suddenly become a sentimentalist; she was not changed in the twinkling of an eye to a gospel-eyed creature bewailing her past. An exhibition of remorse would have cheapened her in her own eyes and in the eyes of the audience. She still loved her man; she would probably continue to love him if she should marry [illegible] r in [illegible] comedian for the soldiers; [illegible] he realized at last that the wife's love was of a higher nature. Her performance was subtle in certain ways, refreshingly frank in other ways. She abstained from cheap attempts to excite sympathy; she did not crave it in the story. Nor in the third act did she forget the preparation of a climax.

The company is one of unusual general excellence, a strong contrast to some seen here of late.

Miss Albertson played the part of the wife with fine reserve and with true womanly feeling. Her scenes with Peggy were admirably managed; her voice and her reading of her lines were delightful. Miss Nau showed herself an experienced actress in the small part she played; pathos was genuine in her speech and action. Mr. Dinehart was melodramatic just before the curtain of the first act, but on the whole his impersonation of Billy was convincing. The Frenchmen that took part were all excellent. Especially worthy of praise was the Capt. Soulier of Mr. de Varny, and not only by reason of the spirited declamation of "The Star Spangled Banner." As in other melodramas, there is a comic character, Matt, the vaudeville player. As a rule the comic character is a bore, a lamentable figure in his straining to relieve the melodramatic stress. In this instance, he is really amusing. For once the audience was not relieved when he was off stage, nor was it impatient for the play to go on. The stage management was highly commendable.

Jan 16 1919

For an explanation of Bolshevism the street-corner orator in London heard by a reporter of the Daily Chronicle should be applauded:

"I am a circularist," he shouted; "which means, I believe, we move in circles. I'll show you how. We start ages back with the Pharaohs, a Shah in Shah, a regular All Highest each of them was; then came your oligarchies, limited monarchies, republics; then along comes your Anarchist and says, 'We'll have no government at all.' Well, the Soviets do him in and set themselves up as rulers. Back you are to your oligarchies. Out of them comes Lenine, makes himself dictator, the blooming Bolshevist; and there's the All Highest once more. There's your Bolshevist, the man who completes the circle."

Old and New Readers

As the World Wags:

Contributors to this column have remarked that the old school readers are literary curiosities worthy of being preserved and treasured. Many of your readers find them dull and uninteresting, their contents gruesome, notably those selections which treat of such subjects as "Death the Gate of Life," "The Pauper's Death-Bed," "The Graves of a Household," "The Child of Earth" ("Fainter her slow step falls from day to day, Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow"), etc., etc. Others stoutly maintain that they are superior in many respects to the school readers of today, and find it difficult to see why, in commending to the youth of our daily literary standard, we should offer them one lower than that their fathers and mothers looked up to. The readers of the 40's and 50's of the last century contained the masterpieces of the speeches of Webster, Clay, Pitt, Chatham, Brougham and other giants of what was undeniably the golden age of modern oratory.

I have before me a reader of the present day used by my daughter, a seventh grade pupil in the grammar school. To my old-fashioned mind it is immeasurably inferior in every way, shape and manner to Sargent's Standard Fourth Reader, published in New York city in 1861. Rich in prose, verse and dialogue, it likewise serves as a guide to the correct pronunciation of certain English words—words which are erroneously believed to be mispronounced in rural New England, and indigenous to New England soil. I quote from the reader: "Do not say feller for fellow, pint for point, forrerd for forward, akyount for account, meeount for mount, sperrit for spirit, doocs for dews, ast for asked, aout for out, adjine for adjoin, acrost for across, heerd for heard, Artic for Arctic, bust for burst, fceund for found, bruthren for brethren, cuss for curse," etc.

In a note preceding "Quarrel of the Authors," paraphrased from Moliere, the student is requested to say Latin instead of Lat'n, statue instead of statoo.

Where and when did the atrocious dialect of the native New Yorker have its origin? I have a friend, a college graduate and an instructor in a Massachusetts school. He was born and educated in the big village. He is also a member of the "Foist Universalist Choich" in a Greater New York environ. Sargent's Reader, although published in New York, does not instruct the pupil to say work for wolk, or Turk for Toik.

CATILINE EXPELLED.

Melrose.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] th[illegible] p[illegible] [illegible]ving gone to the [illegible] his little cap and slipper [illegible] not [illegible]nd. Neither can the remainder of the poem. Knowing the profound knowledge of the wagging world and the versatility of its discourses ranging from cabbages to—shall we say chemin des dames? I pray enlightenment as to the further peregrinations of our animated architectural animals.

LITTLE BUTTONHOOK.

Leominster.

Lower Case

As the World Wags:

Not long ago I ran across a theatrical advertisement in a Washington newspaper which looked something like this:

> beginning monday december 23
> william warren
> in
> my son

I do not remember the exact names and dates. They are unimportant. The manner of setting up the advertisement is the thing. A local department store occasionally displays a card of similar nature:

> special sale of collars
> filene's basement

There have been Liberty loan posters of the same sort. One bore the single sentence:

> a hundred more makes a hun dread more.

Why the disappearance of the capital letter? Is it because the press agents and advertisement writers of our present day theatres and stores are so profoundly ignorant of the rules of English that we used to have drummed into us in the days of the Franklin Fourth Reader? Is it because they are willing to sacrifice propriety for the sake of making their advertisements a little more conspicuous? Is it a war-time economy, based on the supposition that capitals require more ink and cover more paper? Or is it an expression of anti-Germanism, prompted by the knowledge that the German capitalizes all nouns, common, proper and improper? In which case, should I sign myself

phineas phipps walden

Jan 17 1919

An interesting case was reported recently in the journals of New York. Mrs. Jeanette Klein, a young widow, haled her mother-in-law into court, because this mother-in-law, Mrs. Bruns had gossiped in the neighborhood about Jeanette's hair and said that her mind was affected from the use of too much peroxide. Jeanette in court let down her hair, which the reporters described as a "golden glory," rippling to her waist, hair that set the judge, the hair expert, Mr. Lyman J. Smith, and other fortunate spectators a-wondering; hair that outrivaled in beauty, length and thickness the tresses of Lady Godiva and those of the justly celebrated Sutherland sisters. Her hair was at once pronounced her own, and the color natural. Mrs. Bruns, discomfited, promised to move into another district and cease her chattering.

Even if Mrs. Klein had used peroxide, she would have been in illustrious company. The Venetian blondes were, as a rule, born swarthy brunettes. Read that fascinating book, "Les Femmes blondes selon les peintres de l'ecole de Venice," by Armand Baschet and Feuillet de Conches, published at Paris in 1865. Read also E. Rodocanachi's little treatise on "Courtisanes et Bouffons," a study of Roman manners in the 16th century. Recipes are given in these improving books. We learn that many women sat on balconies in the hot sun to dry their hair after the coloring had been applied; that some even built little belvederes on the house roof for this purpose; that in winter they did not hesitate to sit for hours before a blazing fire. They did not speak of "coloring" their hair; they used the euphemistic expression, "washing the head." A noble dame had her own recipe. The Duchess of Urbino invented a marvellous tincture. Catherine Sporzo had a private drug shop. Lucrezia Borgia, returning to her ducal spouse, in spite of her haste stopped on the way several times to glorify her hair and thus make herself the more desirable. There were recipes for all shades of color. All were excellent and all infallible, according to the authors and inventors.

Yet these noble dames and insolent courtisans sometimes ran dangerous risks. Amatus Lusitanus, the learned Portuguese physician of Jewish origin, relates a sad story in his folio "Curationum Medicinalium Centuriae Septem." There was a young maiden, the daughter of Vincent, a currier—she was some 13 years of age—who, on a hot July day would wash her hair in the heat of the day and so let it dry in the sun, to make it yellow, "but, by that means tarrying too long in the [illegible] she inflamed her head and [illegible]

It may h... glorious artif...l blondes. ... women of Titian were skilled ... use of depilatories. They antic... the show girls and the ultra-fashionable who delight in immaterial shoulder straps, although there is no record of a safety razor in those centuries.

Even in the Reign of Terror there were women that were discontent with the hair that Nature had allotted them; there were men that would be blonde. There were the blonde perukes that came from the tannery at Mendon, wigs that came from the heads of guillotined women. "The locks of a duchess, in this way, may come to cover the scalp of a Cordwainer; her blonde German, Frankism his black Gaelic poll, if it be bald. Or they may be worn affectionately, as relics; rendering one suspect?"

Even the judicious Cooley in "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts," a book that is always on our desk, regretting "the rage after light auburn and reddish hair, in fashionable life," remarks, "The consideration of the subject, however, in its ethical relations, does not come within the province of the present work, and I shall confine myself to pointing out how the color of the hair may be changed in the safest and most satisfactory manner."

Intensive Farming

As the World Wags:

When our neighbor started his war garden last spring, he planted 10 beans of the "scarlet runner" variety, more for ornament than for any other reason. The vines flourished and produced a good crop. After sufficient seed for next season was laid aside, there remained over 300 large beans, which, when they were baked, made a Saturday supper for five grown persons. The vines take very little room, except perpendicularly; the blossoms look pretty, and the beans are decidedly good eating. OBSERVER.

Plymouth.

'Twas a Quotation

As the World Wags:

A letter in your column reminds me of the lady who expressed great gratitude to Mr. W. D. Howells because one of his articles had caused her to give up the use of the word "gotten." "In a week" she told him, "I had gotten completely over the habit, and have never used the word since." Your sensitive correspondent Mr. William C. Johnson, protests against ending sentences with prepositions, and closes his letter with the admonition, "Never use a preposition to end a sentence with."

Bath, Me. G. De L.

How carelessly you read Mr. Johnson's letter! He quoted this sentence from an English grammar. This was his little joke.—Ed.

"The Three Little Graves"

As the World Wags:

You speak of John Pierpont's National Reader as having a poem entitled "The Little Graves," but Mr. Pierpont blundered in giving that title to the poem. The National Reader designates the poem as "anonymous," and that is another blunder on the part of Mr. Pierpont. The poem was written by Seba Smith and the correct title of it is "The Three Little Graves." The history of Mr. Smith's native town, Buckfield, Me., says that the poem was first published in the Portland Daily Courier, and says that the burying ground which is the scene of the poem is in Buckfield. Neither of those two statements, however, will bear the test of an X-ray examination. The poem was first published in the Eastern Argus (of Portland) several years before Oct. 13, 1829, the date on which the Courier began publication, and the three little graves which are the subject of the poem are in Portland's oldest cemetery, viz., the Eastern cemetery, which is at the junction of Congress and Mountfort streets. The history of Buckfield says that the inscription on Mr. Smith's tombstone at Patchogue, Long Island, N. Y., states that he was born on Sept. 14, 1802, which is 10 years later than the correct date of his birth. The history of Buckfield says that Mr. Smith's wife, Elizabeth Oakes Smith, was of Yarmouth, Me., at the time of their marriage, but I think that she was then of Portland. Another blunder which that history of Buckfield contains in regard to Mrs. Smith is the statement that she died on Long Island, N. Y., whereas she died at Hollywood, Carteret county, N. C.

Does any one know in just what part of the Eastern cemetery the graves which are the subject of Mr. Smith's poem on "The Three Little Graves," are? OLD MORTALITY.

Brookline.

Jan 18 1919

In the Theatres

It is said that Mr. Charlie Chaplin will ...on return to the "legitimate stage." ...his is good news. For a long time ...e have looked forward to his imper...mation of Hamlet. He has a natural "make up" for the part.

Is it po...ible that there are n...t ...n...u...h ... and ... seem ... to ... Mr. Jewett in keeping Bernard Shaw's play, "The Doctor's Dilemma," on the boards for a second week? Is it not possible that Mr. Jewett underestimates the intelligence of the public? The comedy and the performance have delighted large audiences this week. Seldom if ever have the Jewett players shown so fine an understanding and so marked technical skill. Miss Newcombe has accomplished a difficult task. She has convinced the spectator that Mrs. Dubedat's love for her husband and her adoration of him were not lamentably foolish. Her defence of him is not apologetic. He had made her happy, bodily and mentally. This wife is not forced to find happiness only in Dubedat's cleverness as an artist; he has satisfied her as a woman; he has been sympathetic, companionable in spite of his weaknesses, follies—vices if one wishes to use the word. Nor is Dubedat's defence of himself wholly paradoxical and preposterous. Mr. Leslie made the artist a human being, something more than a speaking tube for Mr. Shaw. It is to be regretted that Mr. Shaw insists that Dubedat, like Charles II., should be so long in dying. The spectator wishes him to hurry up and be through with it, no matter how adroit the actor may be. The anti-vivisection talk in the last act could easily be spared. It is not necessary to Mrs. Dubedat's rejection of Sir Colenso. How well the doctors are characterized by Messrs. Wingfield, Permain, Joy, Matthews and Clive. Mr. Craske's little disquisition on Hebraic views about art and business is delightful. The booming voice of Mr. Matthews is well suited to Bloomfield Bonington and nothing could be more impressive than his bed-side manner. Mr. Permain's Sir Patrick brought to mind the old family physician we knew in the sixties, the physician that took snuff, carried a thick pocket book with little vials and papers for powders and was fond of an anecdote beginning: "When I was in London, Sir Benjamin Brodie said to me, 'My dear Dr. Thompson——' " This play should run at the Copley not a fortnight, but a month, if only for the benefit of doctors and medical students. It would not be a bad idea to appoint a matinee for "specialists only." The production of "The Doctor's Dilemma" is the third of plays and performances especially noteworthy at the Copley Theatre. First was "Hindle Wakes," then came "The Bear-Leaders." Very few visiting companies are comparable with the one now playing under Mr. Jewett's direction. Very few visiting comedians display the versatility, authority and technical skill shown by Mr. Clive.

At the present time there are fortunately other examples of histrionic ability in Boston. That admirable actress, Miss Laura Hope Crews, at the Tremont Theatre maintains gracefully the best traditions of the stage. One might say she is the "saving grace"; for the play, though amusing, is light, and Mr. Maude is inclined to be fussy and to mistake restlessness for characterization. Judicious lovers of the theatre should not miss the performance of Mr. Leo Carillo in "Lombardi, Ltd.," and the finely conceived and effectively maintained impersonation of the ex-Follies girl by Miss Wilette Kershaw in "The Crowded Hour." Then there is Mr. Fred Stone at the Colonial, a joy forever, a preeminent clown in the great and famous line, as amusing in pure clowning as was George L. Fox in the days when pantomime was not "symbolical." but furthermore an athletic clown, whose enjoyment of his own hair-raising feats is shared by young and old.

One Dufort

As the World Wags:

Can you tell me what opera is described in Tolstoi's "War and Peace," part viii., chapter 9? A dancer, Dufort, is referred to and I have not been able to find anything about him. E. S. S.

Manchester, N. H.

Some 10 years ago we lent our copy of Tolstoi's voluminous novel to Mr. Herkimer Johnson. Reminding him last summer of his borrowing it, we were informed that he had not yet finished his reading. We regret that we cannot give you the desired information. Perhaps one of our contributors will oblige. In the long list of Russian and imported French dancers, Dufort is not named in Pierre d' Alheim's "Sur les Pointes." There was Duport, who went to Petrograd with Mlle. Georges, the actress. This Duport was paid 1200 roubles a performance. He returned to France with 2,000,000 roubles, also enriched by Mlle. Georges, who was enamored of him, having broken the heart of the dancer Danilova. Should not Tolstoi's man be Duport, not Dufort, and was not the "opera" a ballet?—Ed.

11TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 11th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 5, C minor: Mozart, Recitative, "Mia Speranza Adorata" and Rondo, "Ah, ... sai qual pena sai"; Saint-Saens, "Phaeton," symphonic poem No. 2; Kelley, "A California Idyl" for coloratura soprano and orchestra; Lalo, Rhapsody in A major for orchestra. Mabel Garrison of the Metropolitan Opera Company was the soprano.

Mr. Rabaud at the head of a responsive euphonious and plastic orchestra—an orchestra that now need not fear a rival—gave a remarkably impressive interpretation of the Fifth Symphony. We do not remember one that has equalled it in dramatic intensity and in nobility. Some conductors, as Mr. Nikisch, gave a theatrical reading, giving portentous significance to the opening phrases, prolonging holds in a spectacular manner with quivering arm upraised until the hearers were tempted to cry out "Let go of it, and proceed with the music." hunting out inner voices and giving them undue importance. Others, deploring these extravagances, gave what are called "intellectual," "academic" interpretations, euphemistic terms for the word "dull." Mr. Rabaud, believing that this symphony is the "summit of music"—to quote his own words—did not have to depart from Beethoven's text or inject a foreign spirit into the symphony to gain magnificent effects. Again he revealed himself as a born and accomplished musician among conductors, as a skilful and imaginative conductor among musicians. His reverence for Beethoven was not obsequious. He did not turn the concert hall into a theatre. So-called absolute music may be more passionate and dramatic than an exciting opera, and suggests milder and higher thoughts in the breast of the hearer than any invoked by a composition that has a program or is a tonal translation of epic or lyric poem. It would not be easy to say which movement, as played yesterday, moved most the soul of the audience; yet the Scherzo had a new meaning; the wonderful transition to the tumultuous joy of the Finale was managed in masterly manner, and—O crowning triumph!—the interest in the Finale never flagged after the first glorious outburst.

"Phaeton" had not been performed at these concerts for twenty years. It did not deserve this long neglect. Here again Saint-Saens shows his sound sense, his lucid musical mind. He does not ride in the chariot by the side of the arrogant Phaeton; he sees him mount, watches him, almost with a smile, foreseeing his end. If Liszt had treated this sun myth he would have insisted on taking the reins himself. How skilfully the insolent ride is portrayed! Nor does Saint-Saens represent Jupiter as wrecking the world when he launched the bolt that saved it. What a pother a modern German composer would have made with a formidable orchestra in hurling Phaeton from his car!

Lalo's Norwegian Rhapsody was also new to the majority of hearers. It is a brilliant composition, with entertaining thematic material, richly and ingeniously orchestrated. The modern French learned much from Lalo and Chabrier. They sometimes helped themselves with both hands from the scores of these predecessors, and without the grace of acknowledgment.

Mme. Garrison was pleasantly remembered here by her singing at a symphony concert last season and by her singing the extremely difficult music of the Princess in "Coq d'Or" at the Boston Opera House in April. The Rondo of Mozart, which she sang yesterday, was written for his sister-in-law, Aloysia, in a day. It is more or less perfunctory music in the manner of the period, as if Mozart, teased for a long time by Aloyals for a new aria, had tossed it off and said to her: "There you are; don't bother me again." Mr. Kelley wrote his Idyl when he was lecturing in California. He completed it at Oxford, Ohio, where he lives. Remenyi, inspired by far western scenery, wrote a "Hymn to Mount Shasta" for the fiddle. Mr. Kelley was less ambitious: he contented himself with a lively allegro, an invitation for someone's love to come forth, when hills are green and the sky is blue and hearts of love are beating true. When Artemus Ward heard young men beneath his window singing "Come, where my love lies dreaming," he did not go. "I did not think it would be proper." But Mr. Kelley's invitation is purely lyrical, not erotic, an idyl that might be assigned to Vermont of North Carolina as well as to California. The music is appropriately cheerful in rather commonplace fashion, with an orchestral accompaniment that is at times too thick for the advantage of the singer. Mme. Garrison sang accurately and easily, and in Mozart's Recitative with a pretty show of sentiment.

Just before the concert Mr. Rabaud received news by cable of the death of his brother Maurice as the result of an operation. He surely has the sympathy of all. The wonder is that he was able to conduct so brilliantly.

The orchestra is now materially strengthened by the coming of men from the orchestra of the Paris Conservatory. The names of Messrs. Laurent, first flute; L. Speyer, oboe and English horn; Adam, trombone, appear in the program book. It was a pleasure to note the return of Mr. Jacnicke, the horn player. There are now eight horns in the list of the personnel.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Hadley, Symphonic Fantasia (first time at these concerts), Bach, Suite in D major, No. 3; Franck Symphonic Variations for piano and orchestra; d'Indy, Symphony "On a Mountain Air" for orchestra and pianoforte. Alfred Cortot will be the pianist

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"Musings and Memories of Musicians," by Sir George Henschel, Mus. Doc., is published by Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London.

Sir George, for he is no longer George, has many pleasant memories of food and drink. As a child he found the meal hours at his home in Breslau "short enough." He feasted on cherries or pears or other fruit at the cost of the third part of a farthing. He was bitterly disappointed when he ate for the first time a tomato for which he paid eight pfenniges, thinking it to be necessarily luscious. In Leipsic as a student he delighted in steaming punch and cooling May-bowl. For his supper in Berlin he usually ate rye bread and a few pennies worth of sausage or cold cooked meats. In Russia he delighted in kwart, a sort of home-brewed, very palatable, light beer; "the soup called 'borsht' made of beer-root and cream, into which you put a spoonful of mashed potatoes, which is handed round separately, an excellent concoction"; and the piece de resistance, "a large oblong cake of breadstuff, nice and brown on the outside, and containing a big fish baked whole in it with spices and kale, which proved, as the soup had before, a most savory dish; the sweet was a Russian specialty; nor was vodka missing.

With Brahms at Wegeler's house a bottle of old Rauenthaler of the year '65 was opened. "It proved indeed to be a rare drop, and we all sat in almost reverential silence over the high, light-green goblets, which we held in close proximity to our respective noses.'

At Bayreuth in 1876 three or four shillings were demanded for a glass of Munich beer and a pair of Vienna sausages. In London Sir George enjoyed the company of Whistler, the artist; and with good reason, for at the latter's breakfast table Sir George partook, "mong other good things, of 'buckwheat cakes with maple syrup.' " Knowledge of another American delicacy he owed to Whistler. "I remember meeting him one day in the Haymarket when he told me the secret of a great discovery of his: Scott's in Coventry street had just commenced importing the Blue-point oyster! 'My dear Henschel, delicious, sweeter than the natives, only a shilling the dozen.' And putting his arm in mine, he took me to Scott's then and there, where, in one of those dear old narrow boxes with wooden benches, of which I fear very few have survived in London alehouses, we had a regular feast on the seductive bivalves to the accompaniment of I will not say how many pints of stout."

On one of his journeys in Great Britain, at his hotel, he gave this order: "Bring me some oysters, please, bread and butter, and a pint of stout."

When Sir George first came to the United States—it was in 1880—he took passage on the Australia.

"Some of our London friends had sent us various delicacies on board, whilst I myself, acting on the advice of experienced ocean travelers, had a case of champagne put on board for me, as the wine list, I was told, showed only sherry, port and one sort of red and one of white wine, all the same price.." There was a revolt in the steerage on account of the food. "Now the food and cooking in the first cabin being really remarkably good, and the master of the vessel a very humane, kind-hearted man, we thought there must be a mistake, and sure enough—when the deputation of the emigrants, headed by a man carrying a dish of what to us looked like very nice, appetizing food, laid their complaints before the captain, the speaker indignantly exclaiming: 'Look here, sir, this is what they give us—sour peas,' it was found that not one of them had ever seen or tasted that excellent and savory dish known as 'boiled mutton and caper sauce.' "

Nearing New York, luncheon was announced. "Luncheon, 'champagne!' it flashed instantly through my brain. This would be the very time for it, to celebrate my first arrival in the new world. But the only champagne on board was my own, and that I had given away! To ask the steward to let me have it back was, of course, out of the question. So what could be done? I called him to me: 'I say, will you sell me tha... bottle

[illegible] gne [illegible]

[illegible] for the [illegible]. The stories [illegible]. Even adverse [illegible] as a conductor are [illegible] of his life in [illegible] interest those who were subscribers [illegible] the Symphony concerts during [illegible]. There is mention of men [illegible] he met [illegible]. He has a good [illegible] about B. J. Lang and Mr. [illegible]. 'These two men exer[illegible] and most beneficent influence [illegible] the musical life of Boston [illegible] development of its taste. . . . [illegible] if without them I should [illegible] out of the first season of the [illegible] Symphony Orchestra alive. That [illegible] assumption of so much power in the affairs of music in Boston, [illegible] as I then was—I had [illegible] 3—and a stranger into the [illegible], would be hailed with enthusiasm [illegible] universal approval, [illegible] Mr. Higginson nor I for a moment [illegible]. And particularly as regards the attitude of the press, it most [illegible] was not."

[illegible] of his trials and repu[illegible] we regret that Sir [illegible] of an evening paper as [illegible] ' Why could he not at least [illegible] ' if his fine taste rejected [illegible] ?

[illegible] are [illegible] pages about Johannes [illegible]. It looks as if Sir George had [illegible] lecture about that composer [illegible] delivered here some years ago. [illegible] of Brahms are quoted [illegible], sayings that were insolent [illegible] brutal, "witty" remarks [illegible] of others.

[illegible] Sir George, like "Tom[illegible] Moore," dearly loves a lord. At din[illegible] of Blumenthal, in London, [illegible] almost moved to tears at seeing [illegible] take down to dinner "a fascin[illegible] young actress, whilst a diamond[illegible] stately [illegible] would graciously [illegible] her [illegible] to the latest [illegible] musical stars." Lady [illegible] Lord Th[illegible] are constantly ex[illegible] their charming manners and [illegible] hospitality.

[illegible] is a thick streak of egoism run[illegible] through the book, and not because [illegible] a necessary use of the personal [illegible] "I." Sir George has had a suc[illegible] career, there is no doubt of it; [illegible] he was not a great conductor, he [illegible] conductor; he was [illegible] a composer of marked talent. As a [illegible] pleasure by his inter[illegible] by [illegible] of voice, not [illegible] vocal skill. He sums up his [illegible] the end of the volume: "I cast [illegible] glance over the past, [illegible] feelings of sadness and keen [illegible]. [illegible] how grievously [illegible] aspirations and endeavors [illegible] I have been able to ac[illegible] life. Is it perhaps that [illegible] have been too diverse [illegible] painting and often [illegible] not having chosen it as a pro[illegible] that instead of con[illegible] upon one object [illegible] beginning, I allowed them to [illegible] over too many, thus achiev[illegible] nothing [illegible] any? Two things [illegible] of which conscious[illegible] to contemplate with some [illegible] satisfaction. One is: [illegible] never betrayed the ideal of my [illegible] stooping to the un[illegible] to the commonplace. The other: [illegible] at this moment is on [illegible]. Nowhere in the world, [illegible] can there now be found or[illegible] superior to the best we have [illegible] it really could be, as generous [illegible] would have [illegible], 30 years ago, [illegible] there was no opportunity [illegible] music during the [illegible] in London proper. the [illegible] Symphony Concerts, and in the [illegible] conducting them [illegible] years, I [illegible] gave the impetus, [illegible] measure contributed, to [illegible] development of music [illegible] in this beloved [illegible] in the [illegible] lived in vain."

[illegible] opinion con[illegible] of the be[illegible] well be d[illegible] London h[illegible] to the social [illegible] wealth of many friends. [illegible] that [illegible] of gen[illegible] should [illegible]. The last [illegible] two pages, [illegible]. Sir George thinks that [illegible], "musical and social"

[illegible] enough to warrant full [illegible]

[illegible] will give its first [illegible] of the season in Boston next [illegible] night in Jordan Hall. The [illegible] will be as follows: D'Indy, [illegible] D major, op. 35, Beethoven, [illegible] B flat major, op. 18, No. 6; [illegible] Quartet (ms.). [illegible] in a letter addressed to [illegible], the viola player of the Flon[illegible] Quartet, gave the following in[illegible] about her husband, his fat[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] prize for harmony, counterpoint and fugue.

"In [illegible] the prize Lepaulle was accorded him for the first movement of the present unfinished quartet. He has written a number of songs and several pieces for the harp and for the violin.

"How many times since the mobilization had he not dreamed of finishing his beloved quartet. And how many beautiful plans had he not made for future compositions.

"I must tell you that he was unable to compete for the Prix de Rome, which is reserved exclusively for bachelors. He preferred to renounce this honor and marry. We were class chums.

"My husband reached Sedan on Aug. 5, 1914 from Holland, where at the outbreak of the war we found ourselves with the Lamoureux orchestra. He took part in the battle of the Marne and remained in the trenches near Rheims for about two years, participating in several attacks. He had been proposed for the croix de guerre.

"In June, 1916, his regiment left for Verdun. It was almost entirely massacred. Only a few men survived, my husband among them. But one night, in spite of the remonstrations of his friends, he left his trench in search of water for a dying comrade. It was his last act of charity and the last of his chivalric deeds. No one has ever seen him since."

Josef Hofmann at his recital in Symphony Hall next Sunday afternoon will play only music by Americans now living. The program is as follows: "Introduction and Fugue" (Op. 24), by Clayton Johns; "Restless" (Op. 7, No. 3), by Rubin Goldmark; a Sonata (Op. 20, still in manuscript), by Alexander McFadyen; six "Country Pictures," by Daniel Gregory Mason, Horatio W. Parker's "Valse gracile" (Op. 49, No. 8), "Birds at the Dawn" (Op. 20, No. 2), by Fannie Dillon; "Fireflies" (Op 15, No. 4), by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach; "Interlude" and "Joyance" (manuscript), by Edward Royce.

Mr. Hofmann wrote this letter to the editor of the New York Tribune in explanation of his purpose.

"Sir: In selecting the pieces for my American piano recital I tried to follow the lines of the programs of my other recitals and I succeeded in finding music which, though in most instances showing decided originality, and a physiognomy of its own, nevertheless suggests analogies with the works of older masters. In playing over the program at home exactly as if playing it before an audience, for example, I found that the 'Introduction and Fugue,' by Clayton Johns, might well stand for Mendelssohn in one of his polyphonic moods, and 'Restless,' by Rubin Goldmark, for a Schumann piece. The 'Interlude' and 'Joyance,' by Edward Royce, might be looked upon as amalgamation of Scriabin and Stravinsky—the former piece more like Scriabin, the latter more like Stravinsky.

"Daniel Gregory Mason's 'Country Pictures,' in their mysticism and melancholy, suggest the qualities of a Grieg, though they, as well as all the others, are decidedly original as a whole. The 'Valse gracile,' by Horatio W. Parker, reflects the lighter and more graceful mood of Chopin, while Miss Dillon's 'Birds at Dawn' follows the tendency of the modern, though not the ultra-modern Frenchmen. In her 'Fireflies' Mrs. Beach shows the skill and esprit of Moszkowsky. The sonata by Alexander McFadyen could very well stand a comparison with the youthful achievements of a Brahms.

"Of course, I am judging the skill and the tendencies of the composers only by the material at hand. Their tendencies, however, may represent only a present mood or a period in their development. Judging Wagner by his 'Rienzi' or "Die Feen,' one might have been inclined to predict that he would follow the lines of the Italian composers, and I may, therefore, have failed to characterize the real tendency of one or the other of the composers whose music I am going to play. I simply want now to tell of the impression which their compositions made on me and how I should be inclined to classify them if I were requested to do so.

"After the program had been published I found that some scepticism existed as to the actual merit of the compositions. Some persons were inclined to believe that patriotic reasons had been predominant in their selection. I can assure these good people that such a motive influenced only the idea that I should like to attempt to arrange such a program. Had I found that from a purely artistic point of view the music did not deserve performance, I should have felt obliged to give up the plan. If a program of the sort could not survive on its own merits, I should be rendering a poor service toward achieving recognition for the young American art of music by performing it."

Notes About the Stage, Players, Music and Musicians

Mr. Caro Buona[illegible] the [illegible] used

[illegible] Verdi [illegible] to [illegible] are [illegible] of the [illegible] to [illegible] and the film-actors. They surely are two totally different [illegible] but interfere horribly with each other's business. From my earliest years as a player and playgoer I have had it rubbed into me that the one thing inimical to the art of the theatre was photography. Faithfully." We have seen Mr. Grec in several roles—we shall never forget his Caliban on the stage of Symphony Hall—and prefer many of the film actors that are so annoying to him.

At special services held on Saturday afternoon at the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, music by Vittoria, Byrd, Purcell, Sweelinck, Parry, Bach, and instrumental music by Haydn, Dvorak, Mendelssohn, Grieg, Borodin has been performed. The singing at the regular church services is congregational.

Actors are long-lived, and an interesting chapter might be written, if it were necessary, to prove the fact. The history of the stage presents little quite so remarkable in its way as the reappearance, after an absence from the theatre of a quarter of a century, of Sir Squire Bancroft, who, born on May 14, 1841, was thus 77½ years old when he played at His Majesty's on Tuesday afternoon. Sir Squire is still full of vigor, and no one connected with the performance worked with greater energy and resource, mental and physical. Lady Bancroft will, on the 12th of next month, enter upon her 81st year. Yet she traveled from Folkestone specially for the occasion, and made her reappearance on the stage 73 years after she—at Norwich, in 1845—was first seen as an actress! As a mere infant, she did a wonderful amount of work on the theatrical boards. There is no more fascinating record of the early life of an actress than that contained in her reminiscences of childhood and girlhood in the first chapter of the Bancroft autobiography published in 1888—30 years ago! Very remarkable, too, was the first appearance in the West end of Miss Mary Anderson as Lady Macbeth. For Miss Anderson was born on July 28, 1859, went on the stage at the age of 16, played Lady Macbeth a year later, retired from the stage in 1889, and only came before the public again when the war induced her to leave her home in Warwickshire in the cause of charity.—The Stage, Dec. 19.

Monotony seems the besetting artistic sin of the sisterhood of youthful geniuses that are just now infesting the stage. Some of them are put boldly forward as stars, such as Patricia Collinge and Ruth Chatterton, while others are now by way of preparing for this greater honor. It used to be the effort of an actress to prepare herself so thoroughly for a profession that she should not become wearisome. The chief and unforgivable sin in an actor or actress was to bore the spectators. So it was indispensable that there should be no monotony. But it is this very fault that distinguishes the acting of most of the young women who find themselves in places of importance today.

It took only one part outside those written for her to show that Ruth Chatterton can be unvaryingly monotonous throughout an entire play, and Phoebe Foster can hold her own with the best of them when it comes to singing the same song throughout an evening. It is difficult to go through the list and find one of these young women who cannot successfully settle on the nerves of her listeners, provided her opportunities are enough. But there never was a popular actress in earlier days who did not try to depart from this invariable manner.—Lawrence Reamer in the N. Y. Sun.

G. W. Anson, who was 71 years old on Nov. 25, played in London on Dec. 17 the part of Smee in Peter Pan. He made his first appearance on the stage at the Royal Theatre, Edinburgh, in December, 1865. He is the father of the actor, N. E. Anson, well known in this city.

Our old and esteemed friend Vladimir de Pachmann gave a concert with Clara Butt, in London last month. The Royal Albert Hall was crowded. The Daily Telegraph found Mr. de Pachmann in his most exuberant mood. "His 'side shows' included a little pas-seul after Chopin's Mazurka in C, which we do not remember having seen before." The Daily Telegraph, by the way, in the same issue describes Jules Conus's violin concerto in E minor as "purely meretricious."

"In the Night Watch," a naval play freely adapted by Michael Morton from Farrere and Nepoty's "La Veille d'Armes," was produced at the Oxford, London, Dec. 23. "An excellent play of its kind, with a story clearly told about the conflict of love and honor and patriotic duty, with a realistic battle scene and an exciting trial, and without a single spy."

"Children's Tales," performed by the Russian ballet in London on Dec. 23, at the Coliseum, is a stringing together by Leonide Massine of three old Russian legends. "One of the merriest ballets that the present season has produced."

New war melodramas in England. "Jim Mason, Minesweeper," Sunderland, Dec. 16; "The Secret Service Girl," Canning Town, Dec. 16; also a sketch,

[illegible] Dec. [illegible] the [illegible]

It is not enough, it seems, to be [illegible] up to date these days, especially in things theatrical. A transpontine theatre is advertising "an absolutely up-to-the-moment drama."—London Daily Chronicle.

The translation of a song is, in its way, as much a work of art as the composition and performance are in theirs. Over the entrance of the outer court in the temple of fame where good translators are received is written the doom, "Let no unmusical person enter," which consigns all those who rhyme "dove—love" and "heav'n—giv'n," and who thump "ofs" and "thats" on to accents, who are content with bland nonsense, and who do not wince at bad grammar, to oblivion.—London Times.

In a discussion concerning Sir Herbert Tree's will Mr. Justice Astbury held that the profits of "Chu Chin Chow" were to be treated as income, not capital.

On Dec. 17th Sir Squire Bancroft made his reappearance on the stage after a long absence as Triplet in "Masks and Faces." The occasion was a matinee for actors' pensions. Mary Anderson gave the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth." "A Pantomime Rehearsal" was also on the bill. The King and Queen were present, and Lady Bancroft made a speech.

Benno Moiseiwitsch, pianist, playing Anglo-American pieces in London on Dec. 16, included John Powell's Variations, ending with a Double Fugue.

Edwin Adeler wrote to the Stage hoping that an anti-Leichner grease paint combination would be formed in England. "Most of us agree that the paint sold by certain American bazaar owners is the best substitute for Leichner, but there is a rumor abroad that this is an article made in America by German chemists. An authenticated statement to the contrary would, I am sure, be welcomed."

An adaptation of Tom Gallon's novel "The Call of the Road," by Mrs. George Norman and David Ellis, was produced at the Playhouse, Liverpool, on Dec. 4.

Robert Loraine, relinquishing his commission on account of ill health caused by wounds, was granted on Dec. 11 the honorary rank of major. A member of the flying corps, he was badly wounded in France in November, 1914. Last August he received a second wound.

Rostand and Coquelin, with Notes About the Former's Funeral

The Stage of Dec. 12 told about Coquelin's discovery of Rostand.

"So Rostand is dead! The actor Coquelin was really his discoverer. He met in Paris a young poet who had written a charming but undramatic play in 'Les Romanesques,' and thought that if only he were put on to plots of action the combination would be irresistible. Time proved the comedian-manager to be right. He dug out an old drama called 'L'Homme le plus laid de France' ('The Ugliest Man in France'), certainly an excellent romantic story, and guided Rostand's hand, as it were, while the latter poured out his inborn poetic nature upon the chosen subject.

"The result Coquelin himself performed as Cyrano de Bergerac. Coquelin was the stage-struck son of a Boulogne pattissier, so it is no wonder that the great pastry cook shop scene should be full of genuine bake-house humor gathered first hand. Of course, Coquelin didn't write a word of Rostand's plays, but how much he inspired the poet by leading him into the true dramatic channels can never be known. These two men of the theatre have now both passed away, each was great in his own sphere.

"When the late George Conquest of the Surrey was at school at Boulogne he used to spend his spare cash at Coquelin's 'tuck shop,' the luscious memories of whose eclairs and jam tarts made his mouth water, so he said, 50 years after."

The Paris correspondent of the Stage in a letter dated Dec. 4 gave some interesting facts about Rostand's death and funeral.

"A month ago he was recovering from influenza in his beautiful home at Cambo, when the news of a probable armistice reached him and instantly his ardent nature was aflame with enthusiasm. Nothing would satisfy him but an immediate return to Paris, and upon the famous Nov. 11 he was out all day, wandering as his fancy took him, from the boulevards to the Latin quarter, mingling his exuberant spirits with the enthusiasm of the crowd and returning home at nightfall utterly exhausted, but happy with that happiness of children that only poets know. He was to pay with his life for that glorious hour, but he would have been the last to say that it was dearly bought.

"The ceremony at St. Pierre de Gros Caillou was marked by unusual simplicity, in accordance with his final wish. There were no flowers in the church, only a myriad of candles. The wreaths sent by his friends and by [illegible] societies and theatre companies [illegible] outside. L'Abbé [illegible] [illegible]

"Mme. [illegible] Maurice [illegible] were [illegible] by the two sisters of the poet and their [illegible]s. The French Academy sent a delegation of MM. Rene Doumic, Henri [illegible]vegan, Pierre Loti, Henri de Regnier, [illegible]ibot, Barthou, Prevost, etc. President Poincare was represented by Col. Valpre, several ministers were present, and the ambassadors of Spain and Greece, while the American ambassador was represented by Mr. R. Wood Bliss. . . .

"Here in this parish church, hidden away among the narrow, tortuous streets on the left bank of the Seine, one had the impression of being far away from Paris, in some country church, and nothing could so thoroughly refute the tales of vanity and self-advertisement that the envious had spread about Rostand in a vain effort to injure his reputation. There were no speeches made.

"A few weeks ago the poet was directing the rehearsals of L'Aiglon at Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's Theatre, and cheering her in her sick room, making plans for the future, and discussing his new plays. Beside 'Don Juan' and 'Faust' he had completed several dramas, and dreamed of writing one to be called 'La Marseillaise,' which was to be the embodiment of the spirit of France, and another for Sarah Bernhardt, 'L'Etoile.'

Doubtless many unfinished manuscripts will be found among his papers, for Rostand was never satisfied with his work, like all true artists. Barely 50 years of age, what might he not have given to the world in the next few years? Of the six plays that have been produced all are masterpieces in their way, and all reflect the delicate fantasy, the human sympathy, and the infinite tenderness of the man himself.

"One is constantly discovering new and beautiful things in Rostand. In this age of realism they remain untouched by the seamy side of life, because Rostand's nature and his aim were to lift us above the ugly instincts of men to higher planes, to the nobility of generous impulse and self-sacrifice; to the love that is true and clean, that demands nothing, renouncing its own happiness for the sake of others; to the joy of nature, of sunlight and of light hearts and the simple treasures of humble souls."

The Propaganda for Italian Concert Music in This Country

The Italian Society of Modern Music, formed about a decade ago in Italy, consists of young Italian composers who do not write for the operatic stage, but have devoted their talents to orchestral, instrumental and chamber music. They aim to spread abroad a knowledge of this music of modern Italy; to show the lovers of music that all Italian music is not opera or the melodious "canzone." Under the leadership of Count Sa[illegible] Martino, president of the Conservatory of St. Cecilia, this group of modern authors has achieved success at home and abroad. Many new orchestral compositions by them have been performed in Switzerland, Sweden and Norway, conducted by Bernardino Molinari of Rome. The chamber music of this modern group has been introduced in England and France by "missionaries" led by Alfredo Casella.

The next territory to be conquered is the United States. The Italian Minister for Propaganda abroad, Mr. Calenga, has already sent copies of the most salient works of the modern school to the United States. Through the Flonzaley Quartet, many of these works have been distributed among the most celebrated directors of orchestras. The symphonic poem "Le Pause del Silenzio," written by Francesco Malipiero, is in the hands of Henri Rabaud, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who has always shown a keen interest in the young Venetian composer. Joseph Stransky of the Philharmonic is studying "Fontane di Roma" by Ottorino Respighi. The prelude to "Fedra" by Hildebrand Pizzetti has been approved by Mr. Stokowski of the Philadelphia orchestra. Walter Damrosch of the New York Symphony Society has praised highly the "Pagino di Guerra," composed by Alfredo Casella. The "Nocturnes" of Vincenza Tommasini have been entrusted to Mr. Stock of Chicago, where they are announced for performance on Jan. 24, 25.

Most of the works which are at present being considered by American directors were rendered about a year ago in Milan under the baton of Arturo Toscanini. This, in itself, is perhaps the greatest proof of their real merit.

Vocal compositions by Mario Castelnuovo and Ottorino Respighi will be sung by Alma Gluck at Carnegie Hall. Piano pieces by Casella, Malipiero and Tommasini will soon be played by Leo Ornstein.

MISS THOMPSON

Annual Performance in Jordan Hall

Miss Edith Thompson gave her annual piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: Mozart, Larghetto; Mendelssohn, Rondo Capriccioso; Chopin, Sonata op. 58; Foote, Poem (after Omar Khayyam); Hopekirk, Rigaudon; Roepper, La Tortajuda (Tango); MacDowell, From the Depths, Witch's Dance; A. Steinert, Jr., Prelude; Liszt, Ronde des Lutins, Etude (un Sospiro), Venezia e Napoli. There was an audience of fair size.

The program was varied and agreeable. American composers were well represented and due attention was paid to those living in Boston. Mr. Roepper is at present the Boston correspondent of Musical America, if we are not mistaken. Mr. Steinert, who is now in the freshman class at Harvard, showed pronounced musical instinct at an early age. Several of his compositions, which show marked interest in the ultra-modern school, have been published. Omar Khayyam has interested Mr. Foote for many years. He composed "Five Poems After Omar Khayyam" as long ago as 1898. He transcribed four of them for orchestra. They were played here at a Boston symphony concert in 1912. Then there is a series of Quatrains by him, voice and piano, also orchestra.

The program and Miss Thompson's interpretation evidently gave much pleasure to the audience.

Jan 20 1919

On the 20th of January, 1646, Mr. James Howell, one of the clerks of His Late Majesty's Most Honorable Privy-Council, wrote to the Right Honorable Edward Earl of Dorset a letter that he might have written today, except for certain details:

"And now, my Lord, to take all Nations in a lump: I think God Almighty hath a quarrel lately with all Mankind, and given the Reigns to the ill Spirit to compass the whole Earth, for within these twelve Years, there have the strangest revolutions, and horridst things hapen'd, not only in Europe, but all the World over, that have befallen Mankind; I dare boldly say, since Adam fell, in so short a revolution of time; there is a kind of popular Planet reigns everywhere, I will begin with the hottest parts, with Afric, where no Emperor of Ethiopia (with two of his Sons) was en countred and kill'd in open field, by the Groom of his camells and Dromedaries, who had levied an Army out of the dreggs of the People against him, and is like to hold that ancient Empire in Asia. The Tartar broke o'er the four hundred mil'd Wall, and rush'd into the heart of China, as far as Quinzay, and beleager'd the very Palace of the Emperor, who rather than to become Captiv to the base Tartar, burnt his Castle, and did make away himself, his thirty Wives and Children; the Great Turk hath been lately strangled in the Seraglio, his own House: the Emperor of Moscovia going in a solemn Procession upon the Sabbath day, the Rable broke in, knocked down, and cut in pieces, divers of his Chieftest Councellors, Favourites, and Officers before his face; and dragging their Bodies to the Market-place, their Heads were chop'd off, Thrown into Vessels of hot Water, and so set upon Poles to burn more bright before the Court Gate. In Naples a common Fruterer hath raised such an Insurrection, that they say above 60 Men have been slain already upon the Streets of that City alone: Catalonia and Portugal have quite revolted from Spain. Your Lordship Knows what knocks have been 'twixt the Pope and Parma: the Pole and the Cosacks are hard at it, Venice wrastleth with the Turk * * * and touching these three Kingdoms, there's none more capable than your Lordship, to judge what montsrous things have hapen'd; so that it seems the whole Earth is off the Hinges."

Yet some might say, looking over the earth in 1919, "The World went very well then."

Siam at Paris

As the World Wags:

"Siam may have two delegates" to the peace conference at Paris. What a lost opportunity for the late Siamese Twins! Could the great and good Mr. Herkimer Johnson, D. U. (doctor universalis), tell us whether Eng and Chang left descendants in North Carolina? I take it the present ruler of Siam is himself a descendant of that "great King," whose morals were deplorable, but who had a pretty gift in verse. An old naval friend of mine, a very young officer and also a very cool and presumptuous person, being at [illegible] perhaps the celebrated limerick maker himself, and not having the fear of monarchs before his eyes, pulled out a cigarette, struck a match and lit up. He thus loosened an uncomfortable tension, and everybody, up to the captain himself, followed the youngster's example. Some years ago at a reception in honor of the crowning of the present Mikado of Japan, I was introduced as "adviser to the King of Siam," and conjecturing at breakfast how such a mistake could have been made, I was helped out by one near and dear, who said: "Why, when the sweet little Jap usher asked whether father was one of the advisers, he carelessly answered, 'Yes, I am.'"

Chestnut Hill. IDLE SUBURBAN.

A Great "Anon."

As the World Wags:

I doubt whether anybody can with certainty answer your question as to who wrote the couplet—

Niagara, Niagara,
You are a staggerer.

Upon reading the couplet I at first thought that perhaps it might be from Shakespeare. A famous literary work known as "Kent's Commentaries" was written by a resident of New York, and that fact, taken in connection with the facts that Kent, in the commentaries, is mentioned by Shakespeare, and that Niagara is in New York, seemed to me to logically suggest that perhaps Shakespeare was the author of the couplet. No clue to the couplet, however, can be found in any concordance to the works of Shakespeare, so I suppose that he must be dismissed as possibly the author of the couplet. Perhaps Browning was the author of the couplet, but I doubt it, for I cannot find that Browning ever visited Niagara and, moreover, the couplet, though it bears a close resemblance to some of the more ethereal of Browning's poems, yet falls just a little short of being up to the Browning standard in its abstruseness and mysticism. In the absence of any trustworthy clue to the authorship of the couplet, perhaps a plausible guess would be that it was written by the author of the following stanza upon the Mammoth Cave:

The Mammoth Cave, oh, what a spot—
In summer cold, in winter hot!
The Mammoth Cave, oh, what a wonder—
Andrew Jackson, hell and thunder!

Brookline. OBSERVER.

Captured "Dixie"

As the World Wags:

In this morning's Herald J. B. Murdock accredits to Gen. W. T. Sherman the distinction, or honor, of being the author of the saying that the tune of "Dixie" belongs to the North by right of capture. It is to Abraham Lincoln, however, not to Gen. Sherman that the distinction of being the author of that saying belongs. Lincoln gave utterance to the saying in a brief speech which he made to a crowd of people who, in the forenoon of April 10, 1865, gathered in front of the White House to celebrate the surrender of Lee's army on the preceding day. The speech is given on pages 177-178 of Oliver H. Oldroyd's volume entitled "Words of Lincoln," where it is headed "'Dixie' Our Lawful Prize." The closing part of the speech, in which Lincoln gave utterance to the saying, was as follows: "I see you have a band. I propose now closing up by requesting you to play a certain air, or tune. I have always thought 'Dixie' one of the best tunes I ever heard. I have heard that our adversaries over the way have attempted to appropriate it as a national air. I insisted yesterday that we had fairly captured it. I presented the question to the attorney-general, and he gave his opinion that it is our lawful prize. I ask the band to give us a good turn upon it." Frank Crosby's "Life of Lincoln" says that at the close of the speech: "The band accordingly played 'Dixie' with extraordinary vigor, when 'three cheers and a tiger' were given, followed by the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.'" SPECTATOR.

Dec. 30.

GALLI-CURCI IN

When Mme. Galli-Curci stepped briskly forward to sing at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, wearing a short, chic Watteau gown that was both beautiful and becoming, she was greeted stormily by an audience that filled every place to sit or stand. The great throng was eager and expectant; the singer was in buoyant spirits, and neither she nor her hearers had reason to be dissatisfied by what followed.

The songs she sang were varied enough to suit many tastes, two opera arias that gave her a chance to exhibit the wonderful beauty and flute-like clarity of her coloratura in lofty and showy display, simple Italian and old English ballads for the compelling loveliness of her tones, miscellaneous pieces for those whose emotions are many-sided, a group of French pastorals of the old time and added familiar favorites like "Drink to Me Only" and "Home, Sweet Home."

Possibly those who are deeply moved only like a crowd that watches a "steeple-jack" go up, up, up a lofty spire, wondering every second "Will he slip?" and, when he stands on the little brass ball at the top, thrills with the thought "He didn't slip!" and breaks out in "ahs" and cheers, would have preferred more vocal steeple climbing than Mme. Galli-Curci gave them, but that would have been unreasonable, for in the two opera selections and in several other pieces she soared to almost unbelievable heights without a tremor or a flaw, furnishing enough chances for the awe-struck to sigh excitedly, "She didn't slip!" and relieve their tension in prodigious applause.

Throughout the concert the audience gave abundant evidence of most hearty approval of the singer's differing songs, called forcefully for extra numbers, which were generously given, and at the end a throng pressed forward for more in numbers and clamor reminiscent of former days, when Paderewski used to play the piano long before he went across to govern Poland.

Mme. Galli-Curci's set program included: "Nina," Pergolesi; "Shepherd! Thy Demeanor Vary," Brown; "Solve opaca," from "William Tell," Rossini; "Carnivale di Venezia," Benedict; "Habanera," Aubert; "La Lettre," Aubert; "The Brownies," Leoni; "When Chloris Sleeps," Samuels; echo song (old Norwegian); Pastourelles of the 18th century; "Sempre Libera," from "La Traviata," Verdi.

Jan 21 1919

SUTRO PLAY AT THE COPLEY

By PHILIP HALE

Copley Theatre: "The Walls of Jericho," a play in four acts by Alfred Sutro, performed by the Henry Jewett Players. Produced at the Garrick Theatre, London, Oct. 31, 1904, with Arthur Bourchier and Violet Vanbrugh the leading comedians. Produced in Washington, D. C., Sept. 18, 1905, with James K. Hackett, Mary Mannering, David Glassford, W. J. Ferguson, William Harcourt, May Blayney in the company. Produced at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, April 9, 1906, with Mr. Hackett, Miss Mannering, Miss Blayney and Messrs. Glassford, Ferguson and Lundall.

Bertram Hannaford	Nicholas Joy
Miss Mornington	Jessamine Newcombe
Lord Marchmont	Fred W. Permain
Miss Wyatt	Catherine Lexow
Lady Parchester	Leila Repton
Jack Frobisher	Cameron Matthews
Lady Lucy Dereham	Viola Roach
The Marquis of Steyenton	H. Conway Wingfield
Harry Dallas	Noel Leslie
Lady Alethea Frobisher	Phyllis Rolph
Lady Westerby	Mary Hamilton
Hankey Bannister	E. E. Clive
Hon. Wilfred Renton	Leonard Craske
Lord Drayton	Owen T. Hewitt
Lady Daintree	Dibra Goodell
The Duchess of Skye	Gladys Briggs
Simpson	William Podmore
Peters	Leonard Craske
Mary	Doris Lake

This play made a sensation when it was first performed, in this country as in London. It was described as "the most startling arraignment of modern society ever put upon the stage." Even the cool critic of the New York Evening Post found that the play "glowed with the heat of honest indignation." Mentioning defects of structure and admitting that there was "a good deal of crude imagination and juvenile extravagance" in the story, he praised the underlying "essential veracity and the bracing, wholesome spirit which pervades it."

The attitude of many in the audiences of those days reminds one of the remark made by Rullock, the bargeman in Thackeray's burlesque of Disraeli's novel. This huge brute, in a Town and Gown row at Cambridge, was fighting with Godfrey de Bouillon, Marquis of Codlingsby. The match was most unequal. Rullock shouted, to the joy of the mob: "Down he goes again; I likes wapping a lord!" And so these audiences rejoiced at seeing the vices of the aristocracy and the moral corruption of "smart society" lashed by the satirist. It was said of others in London that they went in flocks to the theatre to see how wicked they were supposed to be. Some were in doubt about the significance of the title. One critic spoke of Frobisher, the ex-squatter and sheep-raiser, as eager to shake the dust of Jericho from his feet. Another said that Mr. Sutro's purpose was evidently to blow the ram's horn round the walls of Jericho.

For Jack, sick of the foul atmosphere which, as the husband of Lady Alethea, he is compelled to breathe; disgusted at his father-in-law, the son and his wife's sister; suspecting that Lady Alethea may go too far in a flirtation, sound

[illegible] her, and [illegible] ces [illegible] tention of taking her [illegible] their boy to Queensland, where it would seem that even Nature herself is virtuous. Refusing at first she at last consents. Whether she will be happy there is a question not considered by Mr. Sutro.

In 1919 Mr. Sutro's diatribe does not seem ferocious: his satire does not put one in mind of Juvenal and his sixth satire. During the last 15 years bitterer things about the swell set of London, also of New York, have been said on the stage and in the pulpit. Mr. Sutro's play is still, for the most part, interesting. The first act drags a little, not through the fault of the players. The last act is a little tedious while one waits for the expected reconciliation, and Bertram with his batch of sparkling epigrams is hardly a compensation. Nor does the "scene a faire," the one in which Frobisher tells his wife exactly what he thinks of her, awaken emotion. There is only the curiosity to learn how she will take it. After all, Frobisher is a bit of a prig. No doubt when he got back to Queensland, after a month or two, he found life rather dull. Probably his only amusement was to nag his wife for, ten to one, a woman brought up as she was did not find happiness in consorting with the people in Queensland, even if they were "the best people." One, however, likes to see lords and ladies on the stage, if only to know how honest comedians think they speak and move and have their being. And so this play of Mr. Sutro's provides a pleasant entertainment; but the spectator is not convinced that London in 1904 was a Sodom and Gomorrah, nor does he believe that its walls fell when Mr. Frobisher shouted at his wife in the library and then announced his immediate departure for Queensland. We see Alethea there now—if she is not back in London—playing bridge. Perhaps she has persuaded her Jack to take a hand.

The performance for a first night was reasonably smooth. The voice of the prompter in the fireplace was not heard to a distressing extent. The members of the company played intelligently. Mr. Wingfield's Marquis of Steventon was a real person. Messrs. Leslie and Clive were excellent. Each in his way. Miss Hamilton's Lady Westerley was a lady of fine breeding, also a womanly creature. Her slip in her young years was easily forgiven by the spectator, for she did not bore him by belated remorse. Miss Newcombe gave a capital performance of a sporting, frank, reckless [illegible], and Miss Roach was natural and amusing as the sophisticated young woman eager to sell herself. Miss Relph and Mr. Matthews did not have an easy task; neither was wholly convincing; neither one aroused anxiety about the upshot of their mutual misunderstanding.

Mr. Clive read a statement about the proposed legislation whereby the tax on admission to theatres will be increased, and the audience signed slips of protest.

The play next week, "by insistent demand," will be "The Doctor's Dilemma." There will be matinees on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Did Mr. Ezra Pound invent the epigram of "Nicharcus upon Phidon his doctor"?

"Phidon neither purged me nor touched me,
But I remembered the name of his fever medicine and died."

Mr. Cortot

Mr. Alfred Cortot will play the piano at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week. Miss Margaret Anderson, the editor of The Little Review, a magazine that, pruning itself on its motto, "Making no compromise with the public taste," is now sane and interesting and now flippantly irritating and boresome, has this to say about him:

"Cortot is one of the people who matters (sic). He plays the piano better than almost any one. He plays like a poet, like a religieuse. He is a master of all the nuances of the piano, and he uses his mastery as an act of worship. His first recital in New York was the kind of thing you are willing to wait years to hear. I could easily fall into superlatives, so I will merely say: do not miss this man.'

If Miss Anderson had "fallen into superlatives" what would she have said? Would she have written on asbestos paper?

A Toby or Two

So the proprietor of Browne's Chop House in New York, Mr. Jonas M. Farrington, is now in the great inn of all nations. We knew this chop house in its first estate on the east side of Fourth avenue near the stage door of the old Wallack's Theatre, when with boyish curiosity and awe we watched the elder Sothern and W. J. Florence at a table talking quietly together over Tobies of ale, for ale was then served in Tobies, [illegible] was the cheese for the Welsh rabbit [illegible] out of a bottle. It was a rest[illegible] frequented chiefly by actors [illegible] its "native" [illegible] The [illegible] After July 1 ale would be [illegible] a tin dipper or a [illegible] vase, [illegible] were like that once [illegible] Tom and Jerry was none the worse for being served in a shaving mug.

Toby is the familiar form of Tobias, but why should the word be applied to a poor sort of cigar, a color printing machine for textiles, the trained dog in the Punch and Judy show as well as to the jug or mug showing a stout old man wearing a full-skirted coat and three-cornered hat?

"Toby," in thieves' slang, meaning the highway for robbery, came from "Tobar," meaning "road," in Shelta, the cant or secret language of Irish tinkers. The "high toby" was highway robbery by a thief on horseback; the "low toby" was robbery by a footpad. The latter was also called "spice."

The late Albert Thomas Sinclair of Allston, counsellor-at-law, contributed to the Journal of American Folk-Lore in 1909 an interesting article about the secret language of masons and tinkers. He includes the word "tobar" in his words of mason's talk common to Shelta, but employing the phonetic system of pronunciation, he spells it "thober." "The men here who speak this mason's talk best are old men. A few of middle age know some of it. But all are stone-masons who learned their trade in Ireland. Irish stone-masons who learned the craft in America never speak it, and many never heard there is such a talk. Many people do not notice such things. Within a year I have been told of several small gangs who talked the Bearla lagair every day among themselves on large jobs—one in Bangor, Me.; also others in Belmont, Auburndale, Providence, etc." There is curious folk-lore among these Irish masons, "an intelligent class of men, agreeable to meet when not busy." Ruins of old round towers and other buildings are found in which the mortar is so hard that it cannot be picked. "The secret is now lost; but the tradition is, the mortar was left in clay pits for a year or more, and was mixed with blood."

Mr. Sinclair mentions a "well known Boston prize-fighter" who was a tinker. What was his name? Mr. Sinclair first noticed the tinker's jargon during a summer spent at Scituate, where he learned to speak Irish from an Irish colony of some 600 "mossers," who gathered the Irish moss on the rocky sea-bottom at low tide.

It is a pity that before his death he did not collect in a volume his essays on "Tattooing—Oriental and Gypsy," the word "Rom," etc. He had traveled widely and was a close observer. Some of his letters about folk music have been published in the Herald. In his private letters the anthropological notes would have delighted Sir Richard F. Burton.

But to go back to Browne's. We are surprised at finding in the obituary notice of Mr. Farrington published in the New York Evening Post the word "rabbit" spelled "rarebit." What would its former editor, William Cullen Bryant, so fussy about the English of his newspaper, say to this if he were now alive?

A Summer Resort

Now that ocean travel is comparatively safe, we should like to see Auchmithie, on the east coast of Scotland, if only for its social customs.

"No cast-off trousers can be bought in the fishing village. The new pair is clapped on over the old, and thus, like the oak, the fishermen grow in bulk year by year. And in this village intermarriage has long been the custom, with the result that "everybody is related to everybody else." To take a wife from outside the village is considered gross immorality.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"A Bachelor's Honeymoon." Farce in three acts by John Stapleton. The cast:

Benjamin Bachelor .... Dudley Ayres
Minerva .... Betty Barnicoat
Cheryllis .... Olive Bozart
Amaryllis .... Marion Frances Coogan
Joe .... Charles Stevens
Marianna .... Dorothy Tierney
Stephen Howson .... Aubrey Bosworth
Dr. Ludwig Schwartz .... Edward LeDue
Anthony Gumbug .... Joseph Sweeney
Miss Arbuckle .... Ann MacDonald

As an entertainment that keeps an audience laughing from scene to scene and from act to act, "A Bachelor's Honeymoon" is unexceptional. It was revived at the Castle Square yesterday afternoon and evening, and it proved itself to be a continuous succession of scenes and incidents involving a group of jolly personages.

The hilarity of "A Bachelor's Honeymoon" centres about the personality of Benjamin Bachelor. He happens to be a widower with two charming daughters, and he has been secretly married to a charming young actress while the daughters and their aunt are away in the country. This aunt is something of a tartar, and it behooves Benjamin Bachelor to move circumspectly before he divulges the news of his marriage to her. For she has control of his purse-strings.

The acting and the play go hand in hand. Mr. Ayres creates incessant laughter by his vivacious interpretation of the character and through his [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] Miss M[illegible] as Miss Arbuckle and Miss [illegible] amusing as Marianne [illegible]

The play at the Castle Square next week, will be "Madame X," with Miss Leah Winslow engaged for the title character.

NAN HALPERIN

Nan Halperin, in a song cycle by W. B. Friedlander, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was deeply interested.

Miss Halperin's act is entirely new. She uses the entire recesses of the stage and a daintily equipped boudoir helps the illusion. She essays several stages in the life of a girl, from early childhood to the married state. Each type is clearly and cleverly presented. The actress's art is well known. She again made a deep impression with telling subtleties of speech, poise and manner.

One of the big laugh-provokers of the bill is Herbert Williams and Hilda Wolfus in their comedy sketch "Hark, Hark, Hark." This act has been seen at this theatre several times, and it is none the less enjoyable on each recurring visit. Mr. Williams, who affects the "nut" style of comedy, is also a musician. The act bears the stamp of individualism and there is much delightful burlesque.

One of the best dancing acts of the season is that of the Marmein Sisters, assisted by David Schooler at the piano. The Misses Marmein offer a varied program, and their several numbers are characterized by a lightness of touch and a fleetness of foot that is enchanting. Their act has a certain elegance that quickly finds its appeal. Mr. Schooler excelled in technical skill and dexterity at the piano.

Other acts were Frank Gaby, in a ventriloquial act far removed from the commonplace; the Four Haley Sisters, in popular songs; Lillian Berse and company, in "Sweetics," a well-acted sketch that is one of the best with a war motif seen at this theatre and sounded a new idea; Espe and Dutton, in an acrobatic act; Le Rue and Dupree, sand painters, and Karleton Emmy and his pets, in a bird act.

Jan 22 '19

George Steevens, Esq., F. R. S. F. A. S., died on Jan. 22, 1800. We mention this fact not because he edited Shakespeare; not because from all accounts he was an intensely disagreeable person—Dr. Parr used to say that Steevens had only three friends in the world and one of them was Steevens; not because there is good reading about him in Boswell's Johnson and Mme. D'Arblay's Diary; but on account of will power shown by him. He had taken snuff until he lost his box in St. Paul's churchyard. Thereafter he took not a pinch. His biographer in the Gentleman's Magazine moralized: "Had he taken one he might have taken one more, and then only another, and afterwards only a little bit in a paper, and then he would have died as he lived—a snuff-taker. No; Steevens appears to have discovered the grand secret, that a man's self is the great enemy of himself, and hence his intolerance of self-indulgence even in degree." Why should not Mr. Golightly this very day refuse a cocktail at the Porphyry, and thus prepare himself for July 1 and the ensuing drought? He may argue that now is the time for drinking many cocktails. O vain and foolish babbling! Stop now, wretched man, and by July 1 you will be strong enough to survive the shock. We may here remark that there is little pleasure in drinking the weak ale served at the Porphyry and elsewhere. Even three or four pots no longer search out the centres of life and produce pleasant tingling and a kindly view of the universe with its stationary, crawling and whizzing things.

On Jan. 22, 1885, Edmond de Goncourt dined at the house of Charpentier the publisher and heard Scholl tell about an American, who, as soon as he arrived in a foreign country, went to the circus, gave a dinner to the troop, and thus secured the services of a guide, an Elephanteer so to speak, who showed him about the town so that he saw everything that was curious and worth seeing. Old writers about the advantages and disadvantages of travel advised a man on entering a city to climb up the highest tower, dome, monument, steeple, to survey the town and see whether a long sojourn would be profitable. The American conducted by his circus friend undoubtedly saw more in a day and night than others in a week, even when guided by voluble agents of the justly celebrated Cook.

In Memoriam

On Jan. 22, 1876, the Ahkoond of Swat departed this sorry life. Would that he [illegible]

What, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf the Red
Sea and the Med—
Iterranean—he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn—
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Ahkoodn't.

"As She Is Spoke"

The French members of "The Crowded Hour" company, from the distinguished actress, Mme. Eugenie Nau, to M. Chotin, speak with delightful clearness their native language, and M. de Varny's English should be an object lesson to some of the Americans in the play. Why is it that so many American actors and actresses are allowed to jump on the stage, even if they should bubble over with "personality," before they have learned to pronounce English correctly and enunciate distinctly?

Hus-s-s-h!

As the World Wags:

Apropos secret sessions and publicity, please record this historical incident affecting an unnamed treaty and the United States Senate:

The Senate reporter for a certain news association, having, as is the privilege of such, the right of access to the floor of that holy chamber, wandered in one afternoon and sat down at his customary table in the front row. "I thought something was funny," he told me, narrating the story. "I couldn't make out what, though. The galleries were empty, which was unusual, because the debate was unusually dull. No one stood guard in the press gallery. I couldn't make out what the members were talking about—seemed to be something concerning a treaty. All of a sudden there was a whispered conference at the Vice-President's desk, and officials looked at me oddly. It was like dreaming that you haven't your collar on at a party. Then a clerk came up and announced to me that the Senate was in executive session, discussing a treaty. Would I please move on?"

Of course he moved on, first having been sworn to secrecy regarding what he had heard. The ultimate blame was fixed on a doorkeeper who had run out of chewing tobacco or something. The point my friend makes is applicable to the Paris situation today: the debate was so dull that there was no news in it, not even an exclusive story.

WM. LEAVITT STODDARD.

Cambridge.

A few days ago we read the praise of the mule by Americans in Italy. The animal was extolled to the skies. In January, 1645, Mr. John Evelyn made this note in his diary: "We reposed this night at Piperno, in the post-house without the town; and here I was extremely troubled with a sore hand, from a mischance at Rome, which now began to fester, upon my base, unlucky, stiff-necked, trotting, carrion mule; which are the most wretched beasts in the world."

Jan 23, '19

Newbury in Essex county is a pleasant village where one might spend his last years peacefully, visiting occasionally the burying ground in which lie the bones of his ancestors, men and women of the 17th century. There are some fine old houses in Newbury breathing respectability and comfort.

Yet on Jan. 23, 1680 the house of William Morse in Newbury was strangely disquieted by a demon. The disturbances, annoying and mortifying, began on Dec. 3 of the previous year, but those of Jan. 23 were curiously personal. We quote from Mr. Morse's narrative as it appeared in Increase Mather's "Remarkable Providences."

"The man had an iron pin twice thrown at him, and his inkhorn was taken away from him while he was writing; and when by all his seeking it he could not find it, at last he saw it drop out of the air, down by the fire. A piece of leather was twice thrown at him; and a shoe was laid upon his shoulder, which, he catching at, was suddenly rapt from him. An handful of ashes was thrown at his face, and upon his clothes; and the shoe was then clapt upon his head, and upon it he clapt his hand, holding it so fast that something unseen pulled him with it backward on the floor." This was only one tumultuous day out of many. It is to be noted that the demon did not come in visible shape. Mather sums up the story as follows: "The true reason of these strange disturbances is as yet not certainly known: some (it has been hinted) did suspect Morse's wife to be guilty of witchcraft. A [illegible]

[illegible] the cave of her ill-favored [illegible] in the chorus. Mr. Porter E. Sargent in his readable and valuable "Handbook of New England" informs us that the manufactures of Newbury are snuff and woollens. He speaks of Nicholas Noyes as active in the witchcraft delusion, and describes certain old houses, but there is not a word about Mr. William Morse, Mrs. Morse, their house, or the demon. Possibly Mrs. Morse had checked amorous advances made by Mr. Noyes, or cooled his ardor by a witty speech.

Dangerous Misnomers

As the World Wags:

"What's in a name?" is one of those thread-bare aphorisms such as folks parrot with no meaning at all, mere idle "chin-wagging," if not perversely used in conditions quite different from those to which their authors applied them, as "special pleadings" only. The canine race could have no dubitation about this one's value as assuming a foregone reply to be made to the question, since it might concern a hanging matter for it, far from being unimportant ("Give a dog a bad name," etc.).

Two misnamed things in the Russian chaos would appear to have lost their real quality because disguised (no French slang of the day is needed for the good old Gallicanism) in common usage. There may be delay or hesitation in a knock down fight with anarchy because we allow ourselves to call it "bolshevicki" and of quality as a national policy while it is no "policy," a mere evil hallucination!

Likewise because the madmen choose to denounce "bourgeois" as a foe of freedom, lodgement is allowed. It unconsciously finds itself made in our thoughts for a conception wholly of their own vicious spawning and the "bourgeois" is an enemy to any thing: The man with a daily wage, a trifle put by for a rainy day, beginning to own his farm or his home by co-operation, is the bone and sinew of democracy.

Let us say clearly to the enemy and to their apologists in "New Republic" "Dial," "Nation et al," wholly "weakly" or bi-weekly that with "the regenerative power of democracy" we hope to win out and, far from following the example of the proletariat, finish the great war to destroy militarism, by a victory over Anarchy and the man in the gutter.

THE OLD 'UN

New Haven, Ct.

Punk Patriots

As the World Wags:

I am establishing the Society of Punk Patriots—those modest souls who work, unheralded and unknown to the public, along patriotic lines of their own conception. This is a reconstruction measure, and I hope to interest others among your readers who will add nominations to the following:

The New England manufacturer with a large plant who personally asked one of his factory girls to get the signed subscriptions for the Third Liberty Loan. She did the work in three hours. The next Saturday she found three hours docked from her pay. The manufacturer, who is the chairman of his town's war service committee, asked the same girl to get the subscriptions for the Fourth loan, but she had the nerve to answer, "I'm sorry, but I can't afford to."

I also nominate the slick-haired couch cootie in the Grand Central station, New York, who refused to sell a ticket to a Massachusetts boy in khaki who landed in that hospitable town with his right hand half shot away by machine gun fire and just enough money for a ticket to Boston, lacking two cents. The c. c. ticket agent refused the soldier a ticket, and he had to pan-handle the two cents to get home.

My third nominee runs no chance of election, but he ought to get in somewhere. He is a French business man who wrote to the boss the other day asking for information. He is a perfect stranger to the chief and the latter was strictly one of business, but after he had signed his name with a flourish, he added:

"Blesse de guerre"
3 citations
Medaille militaire."

Looks as if "Yankee brag" must have infected the poilus. Yours sincerely,

SEC. OF S. OF P. P.

Boston.

A Water-Cart Ditty

As the World Wags:

Let us forget we loved our cocktails much,
Let us forget that from them we must part,
Let us not look for fear that we may touch
Those cooling drinks which warm the human heart.

Only we'll sit upon the water cart;
Watch the mad whirl as from a world apart.
Though time alone can tell how long we'll stay,
Be firm tomorrow though we fail today.

The lines appearing above were originally written to commemorate a temporary amendment for the constitutional welfare of certain individuals. The extension of the natural aridity of Nebraska to the farthest confines of the nation and its islands in the sea give them a wider scope.

They may be chanted, by those sufficiently moved to imitation of the prophets in their lamentations, to the music of a song by Valerie White with which you are doubtless familiar.

May I not suggest their possible use as a national anthem?

RICHARD D. WARE.

Amherst, N. H.

Jan 24 1919

Flonzaley Artists Open Their 12th Season at Jordan Hall

By PHILIP HALE

The Flonzaley Quartet—Messrs. Betti, Pochon, Bailly, d'Archambeau—gave the first concert of its 12th season in Boston last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: d'Indy, Quartet in D major, op. 35; Beethoven, Quartet in B flat major, op. 18, No. 6; Paul Roussel, Unfinished Quartet (MS.). There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

Much has been said about the structure of d'Indy's quartet; whether it belongs in this respect to a comparatively early period before he was enamoured of the "cyclical" form dear to Cesar Franck—or one might say that the later d'Indy is obsessed by it. On the program was in notation the main theme on which the quartet is based. The nature of a quartet's structure is interesting to professional musicians. The emotional contents are much more to the general hearer. He asks if the music is contemplative, emotional, piquant, exciting; if it sets him a-dreaming, or takes him into another world so that he forgets the presence of the audience and even the players on the platform.

Vincent d'Indy's music has been dismissed by some as carefully wrought, ingeniously contrived, but unemotional; "cerebral" is their favorite word of dismissal. They admit the loftiness of his purpose, his respect for his art, but they find him too "intellectual," too abstruse. It is true that he does not wear his heart on his sleeve; that he shuns the obvious and does not deliberately endeavor to please the public. He is an aristocrat in art, but an aristocrat with deep feeling and a genuine love for humanity. In some of his compositions there is a certain aloofness that is easily misunderstood for austerity and at a first hearing is almost forbidding; but closer acquaintance with these compositions reveals a man to whom the sorrows and joys of his fellows are not foreign; reveals him as one not merely a most accomplished musician interested in musical problems as in a game of chess.

Take this quartet, for example: After the impressive introduction, there is a movement of stress and passion, a restlessness that is eloquent to a perturbed soul. Then follows a movement of rare beauty, music that is frankly beautiful without the taint of sentimentality; melodic, too, in a manner that makes its appeal at once. The first measures of the concluding pages show the influence of folk-song on d'Indy. The melody might well be one that he had heard in his beloved Cevennes, sung on a mountain side or in some lonely hamlet. This is used with consummate art in the following pages. But in these last pages there are stretches that do not seem important or essential, repetitions of declamatory passages that are not impressive.

Beethoven's easily understood, melodious quartet, with its first movement as tripping as if Haydn had signed it, its succeeding contrasts between calm amiability—even the section "La Malinconia" is not of indigo blueness—and unrestrained jollity, was wisely placed between the two compositions of the French school.

There was a melancholy interest in Roussel's music. He was only one of many French artists, men of promise and performance, that died chivalrously, gloriously for their country. From the two movements of this quartet one might infer that Roussel had not yet fully found himself. The first movement, "Modere," is rather experimental, nor does it show marked spontaneity of invention. The other movement, "Vif," is more fanciful, more original in its structure, in thematic material and in expressiveness.

The Flonzaleys displayed again their long acknowledged perfection of performance. There are some things, even in matters of art, that are taken for granted. The quartet is indisputably without a rival. Their visits, too few, too far apart, remind one that technical perfection and entrancing euphony may sometimes be associated with musical intelligence and poetic spirit. It is to be hoped that these men will be as warmly appreciated this season as when it was the fashion to attend the concerts; when even those secretly indifferent towards music felt it a social duty to be seen at them applauding.

Miss Grace Butterfield, writing to the Herald, mentioned the ability of public school pupils to perform "mental stunts rivaling Z. Colburn's worst." She also exclaimed, "Oh, Hilliard!" "Old School" of Brookline, on Jan. 13, asked whether Miss Butterfield's reference was not to Warren Colburn's mental arithmetic, not to Zerah Colburn, the mathematical prodigy of Cabot, Vt. (1804-1840). He also asked if the Hilliard was "the author or publisher of some spelling book."

Miss Butterfield writes that Warren Colburn's "Lessons in Intellectual Arithmetic," with its sequel, "ought to make the average child do what Zerah could do without any compulsion, and they were in use for over 60 years." She adds: "Hilliard's readers were as beloved as Colburn was hated by most of my classmates. Worcester of the spelling book and Hilliard of the readers seemed to me a pleasant change from the tempora and mores, so often appealed to by would be reformers, so I invoked them."

At the same time came a letter from our valued contributor "Baize" of Dorchester. He writes:

"Pierpont's First Class Reader, which was used in the Boston grammar schools 70 years and more ago, is a book that I always recall with pleasure, even if Master Samuel Barrett, of the old Adams school on Mason street, did set us some hard lessons in parsing from its pages. Of course it would be out of date now in the flood of literature that has descended upon us since its selections were made by its reverend compiler. Still, for its day, it gave us a good deal of the cream of the work of the writers who distinguished themselves in the reign of George IV. and the earlier Victorian period. Now and then I come across a veteran who can quote passages from this old reader, among other things.

'Was Pompey's pillar really a misnomer;
Had Thebes a hundred gates as sung by Homer?'

"Pierpont was something of a verse writer himself, as well as a strong temperance advocate. How happy he would be in these days of prohibition! He preached in the Hollis Street Church and was obliged to leave because of his objection to the storage of intoxicating liquors in its basement after a custom sanctioned by many dollar-wise, well-to-do church goers. The irate pastor dropped into poetry somewhat after this fashion:

'Spirits above and spirits below,
Spirits of joy and spirits of woe;
The spirits above are spirits divine,
But the spirits below are spirits of wine.'

"The old church is gone and the Hollis Street Theatre stands in its place, where the fermented spirit of the grape intrudes not. I once heard Mr. Pierpont speak on the Common at a temperance gathering and he alluded sarcastically to his differences with his former pastoral flock. He did not probably think then that some of his descendants would be financial magnates and that Pierpont Morgan would help to perpetuate his surname.

"I know little of George S. Hilliard's Reader which succeeded Pierpont's. It was after my time, though I came to know pretty well its compiler as a lawyer, literary man and politician, although it always seemed to me he was out of place in the last mentioned capacity. I once heard him deliver a speech in Faneuil Hall, and it was so full of literary allusions as to be quite above the heads of most of his hearers. Of his ability in the 'dry and dusty purlieus of the law' I knew little or nothing. His 'Six Months in Italy' was once a popular book, and he wrote a graceful tribute in verse to Tennyson's poems when they were issued in the so-called Blue and Gold Edition by Ticknor and Fields. This was a pocket volume that was a delightful companion in vacation hours, before 'The Idyls of the King' were elaborated from the fragmentary 'Morte d'Arthur.'

"Well, the old grammar schools certainly furnished good training for those who could not seek a higher education. Are the present ones as efficient?"

Music in the Home

To meet the exigencies of the times, we intend shortly to release the following records:

"I Miss What I Want When I Want It."

"Oh, Landlord, Spill the Flowing Bowl."

"A Stein on the Bargain Table."

"Oh, What a Sameness in the Morning."—New York Evening Post.

"Gotten"

As the World Wags:

The lady who, according to "G. De L.," had the habit of using the word "gotten," and who expressed gratitude to Mr. W. D. Howells because as the result of reading one of his articles she "had gotten completely over the habit," reminds me of a certain lady's denial that she repeated her words—"Some folks say I say I say my words my words over twice over twice, but I don't but I don't." Which of Mr. Howells's articles was it that was so effective in curing a lady of the habit of using the word "gotten"? Does Mr. Howells narrate the incident of the cure in any of his writing? Those who have the habit of using the word "gotten" and wish to rid themselves of the habit should read, on pages 731-738 of Harper's Monthly Magazine for October, 1902, Margaret Cameron's story entitled "The Price of the Past Participle," in which are narrated the troubles and tribulations to which a man was subjected in consequence of sending to his wife a telegram which contained the word "gotten," but in which, when the telegram was delivered to his wife, "gotten" had been transformed into the two words "got ten." OCCASIONAL.

Brookline.

Mar 25 1919

Players Share Honors with Alfred Cortot, Who Is at the Piano

By PHILIP HALE

The 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Hadley, Symphonic Fantasia op. 46; Bach, Suite in D major, No. 3; Franck, Symphonic Variations for piano and orchestra; d'Indy, Symphony for orchestra and piano on a French Mountain Song. Alfred Cortot was the pinaist. He played with this orchestra for the first time.

Mr. Hadley has such facility in composition and is so prolific that one imagines him seated at his desk, writing with both hands. Now it is a symphonic poem and now it is an opera; a cantata or a Symphony; some translation of a poem into orchestral music; chamber music, a song. Is it not possible that he thus does himself injustice? At present he reminds one of the man that fell into the deplorable habit of taking a drink between drinks. Mr. Hadley writes music between compositions. This symphonic fantasia, at least a dozen years old, played here yesterday for the first time, is a less ambitious work than his symphonic poems and symphonies that have been performed here. The orchestral music by him that we have heard was agreeable at the time. One recognized a certain technical skill, the ability to produce euphonious sounds by combinations and contrasts of instruments, but one failed to find individual invention. There was little or nothing that was remembered the next week. The music had not such decided flavor that one might have at once said: "This is by Hadley." Fluent music, but without marked characteristics. And so it is with this fantasia. Here and there the influence of Wagner is clearly shown, as in the fortissimo pages that open the main body of the composition: the Wagner of the earlier years. It is not surprising that Mr. Hadley, having studied, dwelt and conducted in Austria and Germany should have submitted to this influence. Few Americans, Germans, Frenchmen or Italians escaped it. There are some pleasant pages in this fantasia, but it is to be regretted that Mr. Hadley writes [illegible]asily and so much; that he seems to be contented with whatever comes into his head and rushes at once to his desk.

Bach's Suite gave pleasure, especially the famous Air, and the Gavottes; yet the Air, sung beautifully by the violins, was not so fully appreciated as on certain other occasions; or perhaps the pleasure of the audience was too deep for barbarous recognition by hand-clapping.

Mr. Cortot's eminence as a virtuoso-musician was at once appreciated here when he played Saint-Saens's fourth concerto with the orchestra of the Paris Conservatory three months ago. Yesterday instead of choosing some flamboyant piece to win plaudits easily by an individual tour de force, he selected two works in which the piano is one instrument of many; this is especially true of d'Indy's symphony. Nevertheless he excited not only the unbounded admiration of musicians, but engrossed the attention of the others in the audience and awakened the enthusiasm of even those whose first question in regard to a symphony concert is this: "Who is the 'soloist?'" He displayed the finest musical intelligence served by a technical proficiency so pronounced that no one thought of it but took it as a matter of course. What an infinite variety of tonal beauty! One had hardly realized before this how musical an instrument the piano could be. The music itself was, indeed, worthy of his fingers, brain and soul. For in these compositions the mystical Franck and the "cerebral" Vincent d'Indy are romanticists in the modern significance of the word, without too great respect for formalism, worshippers, and at the same time priests, at the shrine of beauty. Performances like those of the Variations and the Symphony have been rare in the whole history of the orchestra. Mr. Cortot, whose unassumed modesty is ingratiating, was only just when he insisted that Mr. Rabaud should share with him in the applause, yet there were more than two artists on the stage; there was the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Bruneau, Entr'acte from "Messidor"; Rachmaninoff, Concerto No. 2, C minor; Brahms, Symphony No. 2. Mr. Rachmaninoff will be the pianist.

... William Hohenzollern ... Holland, ... German Lieder ... to return to this country and ... Americans. Mme. ... Culp is the first to be announced. ... she, a woman of Holland, ... charged with being more than ... to Germany at the expense of ... We may now expect to see ... Gerhardt, who raged violently against the United States when ... accepting American's tainted ... singing, coming back, all ... the United States is still Tom ... for foreign singers, ... they secretly loathe us; ... is not so far behind us that ... in the German language would ... in our concert halls, and we ... not forget that German propaganda, if it is often clumsy, is sometimes ... In New York some persons ... made a fuss because Mr. ... music by Wagner on the ... Philharmonic concert. Mr. ... is not conspicuous for fine ... fervent Wagnerites might well ... to his interpretation, but ... probably caught up to the ... even. There is no pressing ... restoring Wagner's music to programs in Boston. He can wait a while. ... he was used to waiting.

Lives of Actors

... Wags:

The high cost of book manufacture ... by increases in the price ... contributory labor and raw materials ... due to the war have made many ... necessary. Now that sheer ... has brought them about it ... is deed that one or more ... have not suggested themselves ... to ... manufacturers. An ... example of practical thrift is ... in the treatment of theatrical ... semi-journalistic product ... growing abundance by the ... American press. It was ... deemed necessary to set the ... of these works specially for each ... and costly process. It ... however, that they were ... alike, the same incidents, ... vicissitudes reappearing in the ... of all actors and actresses, ... anecdotes of other actors ... with corroborative monotony. Dates varied necessarily more ... and the names of theatres, ... and what not, but subject to ... trifling variations the careers of the various gentlemen and ... celebrated were identical. It is ... to keep this matter standing ... and merely to insert for each ... new biography the few trifling changes that are necessary. In the ... sumptuous volumes these changes ... thus greatly enhancing ... of the work for convenient ... The portraits in and out of ... and other photographic reproductions are changed to suit each case, ... this is not absolutely necessary, ... being as good as another ... inscribed, and one Svengali ...

... strong probability that such ... would not be found readable by ... of average powers of memory ... long been in the minds of publishers ... their consciousness of this ... has expressed itself in apologetic ... over-illustration and in the practice ... of invariably issuing such books ... two bulky volumes. In this form, in ... the work fails to prove helpful to ... mind of the buyer, it may be at any ... conveniently as dumb-bells ... discipline of the body.

GAYLORD QUEX.

A Correction

... World Wags:

... vindicating honest "Bourgeois" from the dishonest aspersions of ... anarchist (Bolshevikl) meant to ... they were, as a class, "an enemy ... nothing" but the type said "an enemy to anything."

THE OLD 'UN.

New Haven, Ct.

Boston Culture

... calls attention to a sign in ... square telling the passer-by that ... street cars can be taken "Opposite" ... she also invites attention ... in the "oppisite" lunch room ... that it is the "temporary" headquarters. "There is still ... left in life, in spite of labor ... and molasses outbursts."

In Old New York

... of Concord, N. H., writes: "... Browne's Chop House in its early ... on the west side of Fourth ... The New York newspapers ... the death of the last ... proprietor, said the chop house was on ... east side. The chops and ale were ... without respect to cast or west. ... quote from a speech of Counsellor ... "At a dinner in Ireland, on his ... being given, together with that ... Mr. Payne, a young American, 1817"— ... extract is from the justly celebrated ... Reader, compiled by John Pierpont, 183-. "So it matters very little ... J. M ... Do ... Fulton ... in Thames street." Also ... east ... of Sixth avenue ... Nineteenth and Twentieth or Twentieth and Twenty-first streets? I think the landlord's name was Ingram. All were contemporaneous (about '72)." Ah, the years' the gliding years! All, all are gone; the old, familiar places.

Alexander Pope

"Orion" of Boston wishes biographical information about Mr. Alexander Pope, the artist. We quote from "Who's Who in America" of 1918-19:

Pope, Alexander, artist; born at Dorchester, Mass., March 25, 1849 . . . self-taught in art. "Devoted spare time to art and originated painted game birds carved out of pine wood, two or them being purchased by Emperor of Russia; ... annual and also still life painting; recently devoted part time to portraits. Unitarian. Republican. Member of S. A. R., etc. Published series of game-bird plates entitled 'Upland Game Birds and Water Fowl of the United States,' 1880; 'Celebrated Dogs of America,' 1882. Home, Brookline, Mass.; studio, 120 Tremont street, Boston, Mass."

Jan 26 1919

"Glorianna," a musical comedy in three acts, book and lyrics by Catherine C. Cushing, music by Rudolf Friml, will be produced at the Tremont Theatre tomorrow night. It was brought out at Atlantic City Sept. 13, 1918, arrived at the Liberty Theatre, New York, on Oct. 28, when the leading parts were taken by Eleanor Painter and Joseph Lertora. The dancers, Emily Lea, Gilbert Wells and C. Balfour Floyd, then attracted attention.

This musical comedy is based on a comedy by Miss Cushing, "Widow by Proxy," which has been seen in Boston more than once. It was produced at Dover, New Jersey, on Dec. 26, 1912; it arrived in New York at the George M. Cohan Theatre on Feb. 24, 1913. The cast was as follows:

Gloria Grey	May Irwin
Dolores Pennington	Clara Blandick
Gilligan	Alice Johnson
Saphronia Pennington	Frances Gaunt
Angelica Pennington	Helen Weathersby
Capt. Pennington, U. S. N.	Orlando Daly
Jonathan Pennington	Lynn Pratt
Alex. Galloway	Joseph Woodburn
Robbins	Arthur Bowyer

New York welcomed Miss Irwin back. Even the staid Evening Post unbent. Mentioning the "uproarious greeting," it said: "She is unchanged in form or method, has lost none of her ancient spirit or her variety of comic resource. To see her once is to ... her always, but she is among the best of her class of entertainers. And on the present occasion she has been fitted admirably by her librettist." She introduced some songs and did a sailor's hornpipe. When her dressmaker in the play was dunning her for money she said: "I wish I did not have to wear clothes, as in the Eden days. I'd be the happiest little Eve in that apple orchard—that is, if Adam had an eye for curves."

This comedy, which has mistaken identity for its motif, was so successful in New York that it did not come to Boston until Aug. 30, 1913, when it was seen at the Plymouth Theatre, "produced in the May Irwin manner." There were these changes in the cast.

Saphronia Pennington	Helen Orr Daly
Jonathan Pennington	Pell Trenton

The comedy was seen again at the Castle Square Theatre Oct. 6, 1914, when there were some changes in the names of the characters. The cast was as follows:

Gloria Grey	Mary Young
Dolores Pennington	Marion Tanner
Spilkins	Mabel Colcord
Saphronia Pennington	Barbara Milner
Angelica Pennington	Marcia Williams
Capt. Pennington, U. S. N.	Wm. P. Carleton
Jonathan Pennington	Irving Pichel
Alex. Galloway	J. Morris Morrison
Hyte	Dudley Hawley

This Hyte was a German delicatessen dealer.

In "Glorianna" Miss Fritzi Scheff will take the leading part. She was last seen here at Keith's July 9, 1918, when she sang songs from operettas and musical comedies with which she was associated. She made her first appearance in Boston, a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, as Nedda in "Pagliacci," April 3, 1901. She was also seen that season as Musetta and Eva. In 1903 she was seen as Zerlina and Papagena. It was on April 3, 1903, that she ventured to take the part of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust." On March 17, 1902, she had a part in Paderewski's "Manru." In 1903 she left the grand opera stage and began a career in light opera, appearing here as Babette in Victor Herbert's operetta of the same name Jan. 11, 1904. According to biographical dictionaries, she was born at Vienna in 1880, but biographical dictionaries are not always accurate. They sometimes make a singer older than she is, sometimes younger. A singer's birthday is a movable feast.

To the great pleasure of many "The Doctor's Dilemma" will be played again this week at the Copley Theatre. A ... Shaw's ...

... necessary to ... Theatre ... Jewett ... version, for in 1919 it is not easy to take seriously Mr. Sutro's attack on London ... the war has shown that London ... is not yet was not empty ... frivolous. The good man from Queensland in the play is more or ... of a prig. It was not ... of him to listen behind a door, or to insist on ... viewing the contents of a letter written to his wife by a philanderer. Nor was it nice for the good man's friend to look over the philanderer's shoulder while he was reading or pretending to read the letter.

Eugene Gruenberg's "Violin Teaching and Violin Study for Young Teachers and Advanced Students" is published by Carl Fischer, New York. Mr. Gruenberg, a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra when Mr. Nikisch ruled, has been the superintendent of the violin normal department of the New England Conservatory of Music for more than 20 years. The book is largely derived from his lectures at that institution on the art of teaching the violin. Those who know Mr. Gruenberg's artistic intelligence and power of imparting his knowledge will need no recommendation for this valuable book. ... Mr. Fritz Kreisler in a ... states his "sincere belief that ... merit his book will succeed ... he feels responsibility for the ... since he urged its publication ... author and the publishing house." It is not so much an exploration ... and hypothetical pedagogic ground ... an elaboration of the ... and ... principles that were instrumental in producing the gigantic violinists of a bygone generation." Mr. Gruenberg states one interesting fact that is not generally known. Having said that Tartini, Corelli, Viotti, Paganini, Vieuxtemps, Ernst, Laub left no "Method," he adds: "Pablo de Sarasate, after having completed such a work, eagerly hoped for by the entire world, threw it into the fire." He also adds that as a matter of fact, the so-called "Method" of Joachim, who never had the opportunity to teach beginners, was written by Moser "while Joachim's work consisted only of the editing of several masterpieces of the Classical school." Mr. Gruenberg at times lets his lively sense of humor have play. Here is an example: "The violin, so to speak, is a susceptible, nervous, capricious, little object which, unless tamed with mastery, literally conquered, will provide the listener with anything but pleasure." There are many helpful illustrations.

A Futurist Play in Six Acts and in Six Words

I see it is announced that a new play-producing club was to give a special performance of three Futurist plays, "one of which, although in three acts, only occupied five minutes in action." Inspired by this, the accomplished light-ning dramatist, Walter Barrie, was called in, and he dashed off a six-act drama in six words before one could say A.E.I.O.U. Here is the manuscript:

The Shortest Drama on Earth
THE VOWELS.
A Phonetic Fantasy in Six Words.
by Walter Barrieshaw.

Act 1.—Scene: The lawn at ... Music andante. (Enter the villain, villainously dressed. He meets the hero, attended by a tame limelight. The villain beckons mysteriously and hisses a few venomous words into hero's ear.) Hero: Eh?

Act 2.—Scene: Top of the monument. Music pizzicato. (The villain leads the hero to this secluded spot, then points out the hero's hated rival making love to the heroine below.) Hero (handsome, but with no aspirations): Eh?

Act 3.—Scene: Inside a submarine. Music rallentando. (After the villain in evening dress and gas mask on, who in pantomime accuses hero of torpedoing a seaplane.) Hero: I?

Act 4.—Scene: Piccadilly Circus on peace night. Music, mouth organ, etc. (Ten thousand supers dance, yell and maffick. Heroine climbs down rope-ladder from waiting room of the A. A. in order to keep an appointment outside pavilion with C. B. Cochran. Villain (who has just voted against the A. A. being made into a union) cuts the rope-ladder. Heroine falls, screaming. Heroine: Oh!

Act 5.—Scene: Gilded saloon at the club. Music, hankipanki. (It is lunch time, the atmosphere is thick with the odor of fried onions and steaks to match. Hero rushes in clad in rags (By Nathan) and starving. He kneels, begging for food. All members rise and as with one voice, yell—Members: You!

Act 6.—Scene, Covent Garden at dawn of a perfect day. Music, forte. Hero rushes on pursued by bloodhounds. As he climbs up a heap of pineapples, the dogs drag him down. Hero (piteously): Why? (Upon this ... of ... the play ... lapses.)

The End.
—The Stage (London).

... Concerts for ... the ...

... orchestral ... fascinating ... orchestra ... too late, but ... in time ...

Now ... this orchestral ... has proved ... When asked for one's opinion ... it would hardly do to reply that the drummer was gone three minutes, or that he was not ... It is for this reason I jettisoned one day to a long haired man who was following the score. I heard him remark that it was weak in the woodwind. I immediately adopted that alliterative little open sesame and by it have purchased golden opinions of all sorts of people. The first time I ventured this glittering bit of criticism I was slightly tentative. But finally got to say it with such assurance that I have even been asked if I were on a paper. Only once did a man contradict me by remarking that it was altogether too strong in the woodwind. But I stood by my guns and reaffirmed. However, after that the orchestra suffered alternatively from weakness and strength of woodwind.

F. W.

An Ultra-Fashionable and Historic Playhouse for Sale

We quote from the Montreal Star:

"The old Theatre Royal, in Cote street, Montreal's one time leading playhouse, is to be sold. The building, which contains memories and ghosts grim and gray of famous men and beautiful women, is advertised for sale.

"There the voice of Mme. Adelina Patti, which thrilled the world, was heard and her not less illustrious follower, Mme. Albani. For a decade the doors of the old theatre have been closed against the grease paint and the rouge of stardom and the footlights have not been illumined. As a matter of fact the empty sockets stand and stare off into the wings like sightless eyes, long since abandoning the hope that a magic touch would restore their sight.

"Sparrow and Jacobs owned the theatre for many years. In hey-day of its fame it was the most exclusive playhouse in the city when Montreal did then, as she does now, lead the way in Canadian drama. The last few years of the history of the Theatre Royal is punctuated by the introduction of shows that were sometimes frowned upon by the authorities and withdrawn from the boards. One of the most famous of these shows of the latter period, the career of which was spicy and short lived, was 'The Girl in Blue.' The police decided that the chorus girls in this production were not sufficiently garbed for so rigorous a climate as Montreal afforded, nor so delicate a taste as Montreal displayed, hence the show was shooed. This was not an isolated instance.

"During its period of service in the theatre whirl of the city the Royal presented some of the most exclusive productions of the age in which it flourished and again in later years some of the biggest burlesque offerings of the day.

"In the palmy days of the Theatre Royal, about the time Queen Victoria ascended the throne, such famous actors as Mr. and Mrs. Florence, Mr. Buckland, Kean and Mansfield, who had not yet come to such fame and fortune as he did in later life, appeared. Contrary to common opinion, Charles Dickens did not play at the Cote street house, but at its predecessor of the same name on St. Paul street."

Notes About the Stage, Players, Music and Musicians

David Warfield has begun the first tour of the southern states which he has made in five years. He is playing in a revival of "The Auctioneer."

Marjorie Rambeau will leave for London after a short engagement in "The Eyes of Youth" at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, which began last night. In London she will be seen in "Common Clay," "Three Faces East," "Innocent," "House of Glass" and "The Song of Songs."

Louis N. Parker, acting in London as judge in the elocution competition of the British Empire Shakespeare Society—"of which there was no 'turn-stealing,' which is ... to the general credit and the public happiness"—remarked "... fully" as he walked about the ... "There's a ... Shakespeare and ... Now, I am ...

[illegible] tls, or [illegible] a very high tower, and always go so (sawing the air horizontally) with your hands. I daresay his people did [illegible] at any rate I'm not saying that they didn't. But I don't see why we, in [illegible] day, shouldn't vary the gesture [illegible] and go so (sawing the air vertically)."

"Peter Pan" was revived in London Dec. 19. Faith Celli took the part of Peter for the first time and played it as an impulsive school boy out for a jollification. "Unfortunately, she misses, to a large extent, the elfishness, the spirituality and the imaginativeness of the character. Her conception is good enough as far as it goes; the trouble is that it does not go far enough."

Sir J. Forbes-Robertson will appear at the victory matinee at the London Coliseum Feb. 2, in aid of dependents of British sailor and soldier journalists. "It is expected that, in addition to the recital of a selection from his former repertoire, Sir Johnston will read a few war tales in miniature, written specially for this matinee by the leading war correspondents with the British, French and overseas armies."

J. and W. Chester of London have published a "new, cheap and excellent edition" of Moussorgsky's songs with words in English and French. They publish also "Petites Chansons du Bord de l'Eau," by Eugene Reymard — "delightful things—reflective, atmospheric, and, in a quiet way, extraordinarily vivid. The words are admirable, and the music thoroughly suits them." Of Bantock's "Five Songs from the Chinese Poets," published by the same house, the reviewer says: "It is scarcely necessary to say that they are the real thing, and contain no cheap attempts at sham eastern effects. The color and atmosphere are invariably legitimate and the feeling of the ancient lyrics is always reproduced with uncanny skill. It would be hard to find a more haunting song than 'The Ghost Road,' or one more bright and joyous than 'Return of Spring.'"

Frederic Lamond, the pianist, is remembered here. He played here at a Symphony concert on Nov. 1, 1902, also at a Kneisel Quartet concert, and at a recital he inflicted on the audience four of Beethoven's sonatas. His return to the concert stage in London the 2th of this month gave rise to the rumor that early in the war he sought to become a German subject. (Any man that will play four sonatas in one recital is capable of anything and would sympathize with German cruelty.) "This rumor having reached Mr. Lamond, who is still more or less a prisoner in Holland, he has written to friends in London denying with a perfectly justifiable and understandable vigor and indignation that there is even a vestige of truth in the rumor. In the beginning of the war Mr. Lamond was interned in Ruhleben, whence he was removed to a restricted area elsewhere. Thence, after nearly a year of fruitless effort to obtain permission of the authorities to leave Germany, he was allowed some 18 months ago to travel to Holland, where he has since lived, a kind of prisoner. In a communication recently received from Holland, Mr. Lamond writes: 'When I approached Herr Braumuller, the head of the English section at the Kommandantur in Berlin, and sent in a petition in 1915 to get out of Germany, he answered, "If you were one of the English jockeys who before the war were trainers at Hoppegarten or Ruhleben (which then was a race course), the kommandantur would have given you permission to leave Germany long ago; but you are Lamond, and too well known, and consequently far too important a personage for us to let you out at all."'"

Clara Butt has been singing music by Debussy in London. The Daily Telegraph said: "Hitherto we have not been accustomed to associate her with Debussy's music, and that she should so far have fallen under its spell as to include 'Les Cloches' and the 'Air de Lia' in such a program as that of Saturday is all to the good, for it means, surely, that she will act as a prophet on its behalf with an immense popular audience. Her interpretations may not have been in the accepted Debussy mood of highly attenuated mysticism. They were, in fact, extremely characteristic of her own very individual manner, and in their way they were certainly very telling." It will be observed that her selections were from the earlier Debussy, music that is not in the mood of highly attenuated mysticism." And think of Debussy in the Royal Albert Hall!

Harry Field played the piano in London Dec. 19. The Daily Telegraph, speaking of his tone as "uncompromising," said: "Mr. Field gave his hearers very full measure, and perhaps they could have spared the very 'pianistic' sonata—labelled 'Heroic'—by Campbell Tipton, an American composer we fancy, with which he began his program. But possibly he wished to show how 'heroically' he had mastered its forbidding difficulties."

J. Varley Roberts, whose church music is often used in this country, has retired from the post of organist at Magdalen College, Oxford, which he has [illegible]

[illegible] to his [illegible] he was born [illegible]

"Elijah" was performed in its stage version at the Old Vic, London, Jan. 4.

The Sunday concerts at Victoria Palace were discontinued Dec. 29. Ninety-two concerts were given there to 80,000 soldiers, sailors and nurses. The orchestra and staff of the Victoria Palace and over 900 artists gave their services free.

Hilda Wilson, a distinguished English contralto, is dead. She was born in 1860, and began to sing in public when she was 15 years old. Her family was musical. The father was a bandmaster; her sister, Agnes, was known as a contralto, and is now a teacher; her brother, H. J. Lane Wilson, pianist, organist, composer, toured in this country with Mme. Albani in 1895-6, another brother, W. Stroud Wilson, violinist and baritone singer, has visited this country.

In the week before Christmas, 1817, there arrived at Portsmouth Mr. Hunt, plenipotentiary of the United States, whose duty it was to settle up all outstanding matters connected with the Anglo-American war of 1812. He was made to subscribe to the Portsmouth Bellringers, to the Royal Buckingham Palace Waits and Music, and to the "Royal Marrow Bones and Cleavers." The last time that this writer heard a marrow bone and cleaver "concert" was at Epsom at the marriage of a butcher in 1887. Marrow bones were knocked against steel cleavers in cadence not unlike that of boy scouts drumming with no fifes. The result was quite pleasing. —London Daily Chronicle.

The London Times, speaking of music in London during the war, reminds its readers that two English operas were heard for the first time, Stanford's "The Critic" and Ethel Smyth's "The Boatswain's Mate." It gives a list of composer's activities. "The following are representative: Elgar's 'Carillon,' 'Polonia,' 'Starlight Express,' 'Spirit of England'; Stanford's Fifth Irish Rhapsody, 'Verdun,' and sheaves of songs; Parry's 10th book of lyrics and two magnificent motets, 'At the Round World's' and 'There Is an Old Belief'; Bridge's Quartet in G minor, Delius's Quartet in G and 'North Country Sketches'; Grainger's 'Handel in the Strand' and 'Molly on the Shore'; Bantock's 'Hebrides' Symphony, Ireland's 'Forgotten Rite,' Second Violin Sonata, and Piano Trio; R. Boughton's 'Immortal Hour' and 'Round Table'; Howell's Lady Audrey's Suite, Elegy and Piano Quartet; Holbrooke's 'Pickwick' Quartet. Vaughan Williams, like Ravel, has beaten his plowshare into a sword; Dale has been sitting, not idly, behind prison bars; George Butterworth will write us no more. We have not been denied our laugh; the quip on the spur of the moment, when the Royal College was assembled one morning to sing the Hymn of Hate: the quip on reflection, as we look back on 'Dove Sono' and the Love Duet in 'Tristan' sung during aerial visits from the nation of their respective composers; the quip deliberate, when musical magnates gathered in the Queen's Hall to make merry; and the quip unconscious of Mr. V. Dieren's 70 minutes of diaphony. We miss some faces: Carreno, who kept alive a great tradition; Liza Lehmann, who quietly and determinedly made good singers; Henry Bird, whom every one loved, and William McNaught, who never tired of doing little kindnesses. All these are overshadowed by the death of Hubert Parry, within four days of the signing of the armistice, after four years of the best kind of war work."

An orchestral suite, "Rustic Revels," by Percy Fletcher, "a composer who has the commanding merit of being never dull," was produced in London Jan. 4. "The first and third numbers of the suite are almost boisterous in their jollity, but, after all, one expects something riotous in music that illustrates 'Dancing on the Green' and 'All the Fun of the Fair.' The middle section—'At Quality Court'—was more sedate and altogether more gracious. In itself it was enough to ensure the success of a work which cannot be blamed for anything worse than savoring rather more of the theatre than of the concert room. Though much slighter in scale, the second new work under reference proved even more acceptable. It was a solid, stirring setting by Frederick Keel of John Masefield's 'Tomorrow,' and was sung with admirable fervor and force by Fraser Gage."

Can it be that opera bouffe, or its modern equivalent, at any rate, has ceased to flourish on the other side of the channel? One asks the question because France, in recent years, has sent us so very few words in that delightful category. Before the war we were getting most of our musical plays from Berlin or Vienna. But what has Paris given us in a similar line worth mentioning since Messager's exquisite "Little Michus," a piece that was never appreciated at its worth, musically considered, in London, despite the fact that George Edwardes gave it a beautiful stage setting? The best light music we have imported—though indirectly—from Paris since then is to be heard in "The Lilac Domino," now successfully running at the Empire, and it is pleasant news that a recent score from the same very melodious pen—that of Charles Cuvillier, a young Frenchman who has done his bit in the trenches —has been acquired for the English market. "Nom d'une Pipe" is the title of the operetta in question, which has won much favor in Paris. Its music is described [illegible] can readily [illegible] London Daily Telegraph.

It is the fault [illegible] that they are not welcome now as they were in the old days. Indeed, one need not be very old to remember Christmastide music which brought the right kind of thrill to kindly hearts. But for the last dozen years or so the waits have degenerated. We are now irritated by little groups of small boys, with occasional small girls, who are careless of tune, regardless of time, and whose knowledge of the words is inaccurate and incomplete. They generally rattle out a couple of verses, and then come knocking at the door for reward.—London Daily Chronicle.

Has a new star risen in the firmament of opera composers in Italy? The question is prompted by the production, not in that country, but at Buenos Ayres, of an opera composed by one Gino Marinuzzi, a native of Palermo. This composer—who is in the middle thirties—it was who, on the assassination of the King of Italy in 1900, penned a Requiem Mass which was said to give promise of a distinguished career. Thereafter he brought forth an opera called "Barbarina," which saw the light in his native town, where he subsequently became conductor at the Opera, afterward continuing his career in that capacity at the Reale in Madrid, and for three seasons at the Paris Opera Comique. He has also fulfilled similar engagements at La Scala and Bologna, where he holds the position of director at the Conservatory. The opera, staged with such brilliant success at Buenos Ayres, bears the title, "Jacquerie," and was inspired by a libretto which runs, seemingly, on somewhat melodramatic lines. One gathers that the score illustrates methods and principles of the more advanced type; the composer, however, while conforming to modern devices in orchestration, and asserting complete freedom of rhythm—he states that he did not put in the bar lines until his work was finished—adhering in a measure to melodic expression of the old Italian type. It is of interest to recall that a "Sicilian Suite," composed by Marinuzzi, was introduced not many months since at one of the concerts of Italian music given by Mr. Isidore de Lara at Queen's Hall. —London Daily Telegraph.

A series of concerts began in London on Jan. 4 with these purposes: (1) "The public will be offered performances of songs of real value, musically speaking, as well as regards the 'words,' a fact upon which great stress is laid; (2) the artists have been chosen for their artistic merit, even when some of the artists are not yet well known to the public; (3) each artist will appear but once; (4) the composers in as many cases as possible will accompany their own songs. As the writers of cycles and single songs to be performed include Elgar, Stanford, Cowen, Easthope Martin, Landon Ronald, and Julius Harrison, this is significant. A further point is that a great effort is to be made to bring forward any young artist of real promise, and to help such as seem genuinely to have a career before them."

Jan 27 1919

It has been said with regard to the birthday of Robert Burns that he is the only poet after whom a "popular cigar" has been named. At least one other poet has been associated with a cigar. We remember one called "The Poet's." On the box was a picture of William Cullen Bryant, venerable, with flowing white locks and rhapsodic whiskerage and with a wild expression in his eye. Was Burns a passionate smoker of cigars? If any poet should thus be made "popular," his name is Byron.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tars' labor or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!

Possibly the younger generation does not know Byron except by stock and shop-worn quotations; yet "Beppo," "Don Juan" and "The Vision of Judgment" are a joy forever. In the shabby edition now on our desk there is a solemn footnote to the lines quoted above, a footnote borrowed from Croker's notes to Boswell's Johnson. It is dated 1830.

"As an item in the history of manners, it may be observed, that drinking to excess has diminished greatly in the memory even of those who can remember 40 or 50 years. The taste for smoking, however, has revived, probably from the military habits of Europe during the French wars; but instead of the sober sedentary pipe, the ambulatory cigar is now chiefly used." Ambulatory cigar!

Is Maginn's maxim true? "There are only three liquors that harmonize with smoking—beer—coffee—and hock."

Maginn, by the way, had much to say about tobacco. His "Maxims of Odoherty should be reprinted in an attractive pocket volume. He found the heaven of heavens in a hookah. We quote his diatribe against pipes, though we [illegible] way approve. If he could not have a hookah, he wished a cigar. "With which whoso is not contented deserves to inhale [illegible] pipes of assafoetida per diem in secula seculorum. What I set my face against is the vile mediocrity of a pipe, properly so called. No pipe is cleanly but the common Dutch clay, and that is a great recommendation, I admit; but there is something so hideously absurd in the appearance of a man with a clay pipe in his mouth, that I rather wonder anybody can have courage to present himself in such a position. The only way in which you can have a pipe at once gay-looking and cleanly, is to have a glass tube within it, which can be washed with water immediately after use; but then the glass gets infernally hot. On the whole, unless you be a grandee, and can afford to have a servant expressly devoted to the management of your smoking concerns, in which case a hookah is due to yourself, the best way is to have nothing but cigars."

He put the Havana cigar at the head, next in order the Chinese cheroots, hard to get and dry beyond redemption. "Manilla cigars occupy the third station in my esteem, but their enormous size renders them inconvenient. One hates being seen sucking away at a thing like a walking cane."

These maxims appeared in Blackwood's Magazine of 1824 when the English duty on tobacco was 18 shillings a pound, so that Maginn insisted that every gentleman who smoked, smuggled.

All delightful writers are inconsistent. In 1818, five years before Byron's lines about tobacco were published, Maginn expressed himself about cigars as follows:

I've no objection to a good segar,
A true Havana, smooth, and moist, and brown;
But then the smoke's too near the eye by far,
And out of doors 'tis in a twinkling flown;
And somehow it sets all my teeth ajar,
When to an inch or so we've smoked him down
And if your leaf have got a straw within it,
You know 'tis like a cinder in a minute.

I have no doubt a long excursive hooker
Suits well some lordly lounger of Bengal,
Who never writes, or looks into a book, or
Does anything with earnestness at all;
He sits, and his tobacco's in the nook, or
Tended by some black heathen in the hall,
Lays up his legs, and thinks he does great things
If once in the half-hour a puff he brings.

I rather follow in my smoking trim
The example of Scots cottars and their wives
Who, while the evening air is warm and dim,
In July sit beside their garden hives;
And, gazing all the while with wrinkles grim
To see how the concern of honey thrives,
Empty before they've done a four-ounce bag
Of sailors' twist, or, what's less common —shag.

And so we're back to Robert Burns. Note Maginn's inconsistency again as reported in July 1823. Christopher North, Tickler, Dr. Mullion, and Odoherty were discussing Byron's "Island." Odoherty spouted the panegyric on tobacco, after which he at once said, "An[illegible]re talking of it, do hand us [illegible] that paper of Cotton's best, until I blow a cloud."

Cigarettes have strange names thought to be alluring—We do not publish them, not wishing to be thought guilty of foisting an advertisement into the column that is intended to raise the moral tone of the community. Has any manufacturer of cigarettes thought of naming his brand after Dr. Pease?

His Little Joke

As the World Wags:

Why don't they let the Russians go to Paris if they please? Their Bolshi delegates would vote for Freedom of the Seize! A. BEAL.

Sharon.

"Got"—"Gotten"

As the World Wags:

Have you any suspicion that the lady who wrote to Mr. Howells concerning "gotten" had her own little joke in mind, and—anyway, standing as it does in that sentence—isn't it rhythmical and has it not got "got" beat—not "beaten"—by a mile? NEUTRAL.

Boston.

HOFMANN IN SYMPHONY HALL

Joseph Hofmann, pianist, gave a recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, playing only pieces by living Americans, some of them composers who have won considerable reputations (Mrs. Beach, Horatio W. Parker and Reginald de Koven), and others little known to fame.

Three of the works have not been published; they are still in manuscript. The program: Introduction and Fugue

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in E minor, Clayton Johns; "Restless," Rubin Goldmark; Interlude (manuscript), Joyance (manuscript), Edward Royce. Country Pictures, Cloud Pageant, Chimney Swallows, At Sunset, Night Wind, Daniel Gregory Mason; Romance in D-flat major, Reginald de K... ... W. Parker, "Birds at Dawn," Fannie Dillon ... H. A. Beach; Sonata, Op. 20 (manuscript), Alexander McFadyen.

A fair sized audience was present and gave warm approval to several of the pieces. The applause frequently was sufficient to bring Mr. Hofmann out repeatedly to acknowledge it, but he did not seem to care about playing more than was absolutely necessary, and added no extra numbers until the end. Then he gave two. He repeated Parker's waltz which, with its graceful and swiftly running movement, caught the fancy of his hearers more than any of the other selections.

Why the program and the composers were chosen is a mystery that would puzzle Sherlock Holmes. If its object was to give an adequate presentation of contemporary American musical production, it would seem that the choice of pieces and composers would have been different. Possibly an excess of patriotism was the impelling motive of the pianist.

A clue in that direction was given by his playing "The Star Spangled Banner" at the beginning. The audience applauded it. If patriotism inspired him, however, he missed a chance for further display of it; he might have draped the Flag on the front of the piano, but he didn't. He played with his accustomed brilliance and power, though his pieces gave few opportunities for either. None of them rose above the plane of the ordinary or the tuneful. Mr. Royce's unpublished "Interlude" and "Joyance" would indicate that he is a student of the extreme modern French school and in the manner of Debussy in particular appeals to him.

Mr. Mason's "Country Pictures" are melodious and suggestive of the titles to a certain extent, but, music being less certain than photography for pictures, one is left in some doubt in the "Swallow" piece as to whether the birds are really the chimney kind or the barn variety. Two pictures that were on the program to be shown, "The Whippoorwill" and "The Quiet Hour," were left out.

One merit of the recital was its brevity. It lasted one hour and a half.

Jan 28 1919

FOR 'GLORIANNA'

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Glorianna," a musical comedy in three acts; book and lyrics by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, music by Rudolf Friml. Produced at Atlantic City Sept. 13, 1918, by John Cort with Eleanor Painter as Glorianna. Based on a comedy by Mrs. Cushing, "A Widow by Proxy," produced at Dover, N. J., Dec. 20, 1912; Plymouth Theatre, Boston, Aug. 30, 1913, with May Irwin. Castle Square, Boston, Oct. 5, 1914, with Mary Young.

Glorianna Grey	Fritzi Scheff
Dolores Pennington	Dorothy Maynard
Therese, Ltd.	Josephine Whittell
[illegible]	Walter Armin
Mrs. Saphronia Pennington	Ursula Ellsworth
Miss Angelica Pennington	Blanche Bellaire
Lt. "Dick" Pennington	Bradford Kirkbride
Jonathan Pennington	Louis F. Spaulding
Alexander Galloway	Herbert Corthell
Robbins	James Joseph Dunn
Rintentin and Nenette	Ergotti Twins
Jessica	Emilie Lea
Porter	Robert C. Adams
Porter	James Mack
Maid	Marguerite St. Claire
Maid	Elsie Lawson
Ring Bearer	Vera Dunn

The success of "A Widow by Proxy" was due to Miss May Irwin rather than to the story, the dialogue or the performance of those associated with her. Her breezy, almost aggressive self-assurance, her unflagging bubbling good humor, her inimitable singing of certain songs, even her few "steps" drew the crowd of faithful admirers, whatever was the title of the play.

There are many features of the musical comedy based on this play that should insure success although the story of mistaken identity is still weaker and the dialogue, with the exception of lines given to Mr. Corthell, or invented by him, are tame and flat. "Gloryanna" is first of all, beautifully mounted.

The two scenes designed and painted by Mr. Urban—whose name on the bill for some strange reason appeared in quotation marks, as though his real name were Schmidt or Mueller—are marvels of taste, effective by the charming simplicity and the contacts of delicate tints, not by the wild and incongruous extravagance that dazzles the eye and perturbs the brain. The costumes are exquisite in design and in color scheme. No chorus in musical comedy has appeared here so artistically dressed in recent years. The lighting of the stage, adroitly managed, adds to the charm of Mr. Urban's handiwork.

Miss Emilie Lea, who ... was graceful and agile ... won ... seeming limbless ... athletic ... feeling that there is no ... strain or endeavor. The two young women that danced with her in the last act were pleasing, and the costumes of the three were a true symphony, costumes that were as music by a Frenchman of the ultra-modern school

Messrs. Adams and Mack with Mr. Dunn danced agreeably. The Ergotti Twins should not be forgotten. Their gymnastic feats as Rintenten and Nenette in the first act, their lightness and their strength aroused the large audience to enthusiasm.

Mr. Corthell was very amusing, now in a quiet, dry manner; now by suggestions of burlesque; now by his choice of words, similes and comparisons; by his asides and apostrophes; now by his arioso recitatives, as in the song that is so pertinent, so significant, the song that goes straight to the heart—"Every Day Will Be Sunday When the Town Goes Dry."

Miss Scheff mocks the years. She is still the Fritzi Scheff, so far as face, figure and speaking voice are concerned, that fascinated audiences in "The Magic Flute," and when she shone in Mr. Herbert's operettas. The librettist was not over kind to her, but she was sufficiently arch, piquant, spirited. Miss Maynard and Miss Whittel were wholly adequate, and the others were active in the ensemble.

Mr. Friml's music has a tripping rhythm. It is pleasant music, discreetly scored, but without salient features. Mr. Roder, the conductor, and the orchestra did it full justice. There were many repetitions of songs and dances. After the second act Miss Scheff thanked the audience and asked God to bless it.

We described a few days ago the trials and tribulations of Mr. William Morse and family of Newbury, who, in 1679 and 1680, were sorely vexed by a demon. On Jan. 28, 1681, Mrs. Morse was subjected to foul abuse while she was seated "at her milking work." She received a blow on her head and the milk was "only made fit for hogs." Worse was to come.

"On that night ashes were thrown into the porridge which they had made ready for their supper, so as that they could not eat it; ashes were likewise often thrown into the man's eyes as he sat by the fire; and an iron hammer flying at him gave him a great blow on his back. The man's wife going into the cellar for beer, a great iron peel (shovel) flew and fell after her through the trapdoor of the cellar; and going afterwards on the same errand to the same place, the door shut down upon her, and the table came and lay upon the door, and the man was forced to remove it e'er his wife could be released from where she was. On the following day, while he was writing, a dish went out of its place, leapt into the pale, and cast water upon the man, his paper, his table, and disappointed his procedure in what he was about; his cap jumpt off from his head, and on again, and the pot-lid leapt off from the pot into the kettle on the fire."

Hillard and Pitt

As the World Wags:

I am much shocked, not to say scandalized, at the mention in your columns of "Hilliard's" readers. Hillard, if you please, or I am a Dutchman (not a boche or hun—I spell them with a small letter). I went through them all, from the "primer" to the sixth reader and enjoyed them. The latter I have in my library, which I have just ransacked to find it, but the book is conveniently absent. I know just where it is, but it is not there. I regret that I have not the encyclopaedic cataloguing instinct possessed by you, Sir, and that I cannot find every one of my books in the dark, like many bibliophiles. The war has produced in my mind something akin to shell shock, which is, I may say, mirrored in the arrangement of my books, where I find Irving's Alhambra sandwiched between two volumes of Ida Tarbell's biography of Lincoln and Green's History of the English people, standing on its head between a stray volume of the National Geographic magazine and Hudson Maxim's Science of Poetry. Even as I strike these keys I perform metatheses of letters baffling to the proofreader.

I remember in the "sixth reader" Derzhavin's Ode to God. Would Derzhavin have been a Bolshevik or a Kolchakist? Ah, me, I know not. I also remember Pitt's reply to Grattan, on being taunted with youth. "Sir, the audacious crime of being a young man, I shall attempt neither to palliate nor deny." I believe the speech was written by Dr. (not Senator) Johnson, but I did not know it at the time. It was generally declaimed by a youth whose voice was just changing, in a cracked soprano tenor voice, and the effect was very impressive. If I could only lay my hands on that book! I have it, and yet I have it not!

Some of your more hoary readers may remember Greenleaf's arithmetics, which I thought very wonderful, as they were published by my grandfather, the late Robert S. Davis, who from them extracted a tidy sum of money. Would ... I had some of it now! Candor ... recorded ... French standard ... I ... always ... of civilization. I see the spirit ... of schools complains that ... demand too much for entrance and that the Boston schools ... not prepare pupils for Harvard or even Dartmouth. Heaven help us! Boys are admitted to college now who cannot spell. I saw one, a candidate for the position of typist, who wrote "presidentcy" with a number of other original orthographies, and had already been admitted. Oh, for an hour of George S. Hillard, if that was his name. The onset of senility prevents my swearing to it. ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Worcester, Jan. 26.

The speech beginning "The atrocious"—not "audacious"—"crime of being a young man" was supposed to be the reply of Pitt to Sir Robert Walpole in 1741. The speech was written by Dr. Johnson, as Mr. Webster says; it may have been based on what Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, actually said. Grattan was not born until 1746. Yes, it should have been Hillard, not Hilliard. He was born at Machias, Me., in 1808; he died in Boston in 1879. Does any one read his life of Gen. George B. McClellan today? Born at Machias. For the impressive pronunciation of the word the teeth should be full of cold corned beef.—Ed.

A False Forerunner

As the World Wags:

I have a secret of such joyous nature that I must impart it to others. I think no less a message of cheer could enable me to overcome the great trepidation that assails me when I recall that I am addressing myself to the persons of weighty mind and ponderous learning who contribute to and peruse your column; but armed with the assurance that my secret must bring a moment of delight and cheer even to such as they (for I feel that none but dyspeptics or Bolshevlki would fail to be moved by it), I am bravely trusting that the facts of my heing so far from a scholar and probably so far below them in point of years (I am really 29, only), and lastly of the sex "more deadly than the male"—these facts may be by great charity overlooked.

And the secret: Pussy willows are greeting us this week of January, 1919, in the Fenway! Perhaps some of our oldest World Waggers can recall such a happening in other years. But to me it is wholly new, and the soft, gray bodies of the "fairy kittens," as my little daughter, who discovered them yesterday, so named them, have brought to me more certainty that spring is approaching than the straw hats that have begun to greet the eyes of the passer-by. Blessed be the tiny, gray harbinger of spring!

FREDERICA TERHUNE.

Boston, Jan. 24.

KEITH SURPRISE

Clifton Crawford, the musical comedy star, is the headline attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a good sized audience that was unmistakably pleased.

Mr. Crawford's act consisted of caricature, a reading and an attempt at song. The comedian's style is already well known; there was the familiar method of attempting to occupy the whole "apron" of the stage to put over his monologue.

The act contains much of the material he used on his visit to this theatre earlier in the season, notably his caricature of the movies, decidedly the best feature of an otherwise languid act.

The surprise of this week's bill is the dancing act of Muriel Worth, assisted by her Muses of the Violin. The whole act is characterized by an elegance that at once holds the attention of the onlooker. Miss Worth's program is nicely varied. There is a dance dedicated to herself, in which there is a delightful play at coquetry; a Japanese number, in which the tragic note is sounded after the manner of the confiding Mme. Butterfly; "The Dance of the Hour," a riotous jazz number, in which the toe movement is employed in vigorous rhythm to the amazement of the audience; and a Parisian dance of much spirit and lightness of touch. The dancer has, besides unmistakable personal charm, a pertinent but not bold style of dress. The act is one of the best dancing numbers seen at this theatre this season.

Other acts on the bill were "Sports in the Alps," a scenic pantomime; Lyons and Yosco, instrumentalists; Travers and Douglas in a sketch; Kitner and Reaney in a comedy act conspicuous for "farewelling" the popular brands in song on the eve of prohibition; O'Donnell and Blair in a comedy sketch that gives Mr. O'Donnell an outlet for an unusually entertaining style of comedy; acrobatics; Lucille Chalfonto, singer, and Mlle. Nadje, acrobat.

... X ... Drama ... by Alexandre Bisson ... into English by John ...

R...	Bertha B...
De ...ene	...
Louis Floriot	Mark ...
Jacqueline	Leah Winslow
Noel	Charles Stevens
Laroque	Joseph Sweeney
Victor	Aubrey Bosworth
Perrissard	Edward LeDuc
Merival	Charles Patterson
Marie	Betty Barnicoat
Helene	Dorothy Tierney
	Dudley Ayres
Raymond Floriot	David Henwood
Clerk of the Court	William Foote
President of the Court	Samuel Godfrey
Valmorin	John Morton
An Usher of the Assize Court	Frederick Allen
Fontaine	William Harvey
Foreman of the Jury	

An excitingly dramatic play, a brilliant emotional actress and a capable all-round cast combined to bring to "Madame X" at the Castle Square Theatre yesterday its customary reception. The audience, both afternoon and evening, was large, and it was thrilled by the story told about the unfortunate wife who was cast adrift by her husband eventually to fall upon evil ways.

The plot of "Madame X" is simple enough. In the prologue Jacqueline Floriot has been driven from her home and her little boy by a harsh husband who mistakenly thinks he has cause so to treat her. For twenty years she wanders homeless. She is tried for murder, and the counsel assigned by the court for her defense happens to be her own son. The court scene of the third act is of great power.

The realism of the entire play, and the possibility of making it convincing depends in large measure upon the acting, and especially upon the art of the leading actress. Miss Leah Winslow, who joins the Castle Square Stock Company after an absence of several years, rises to the demands of the part. In the trial scene she is especially convincing. She is by turns helpless, sullen, frantic; physically and mentally the embodiment of the wronged woman. Mr. Ayres as the son made a hit, especially in the speech in defense of his mother, and other good acting was contributed by Mr. Kent, Mr. Bosworth, Mr. Sweeney, Mr. LeDuc, Miss Barnicoat and Miss Tierney.

The play at the Castle Square next week will be George Broadhurst's drama, "Bought and Paid For."

Jan 29 1919

Henri Rabaud

The question has been raised: "Who will be the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra next season?"

This question should be answered publicly as soon as possible by the trustees of the orchestra, if they wish the confidence and the financial support of those interested in music and those possessed with civic pride.

The answer is easy: that is, if Mr Rabaud will accept a second term.

Mr. Rabaud has shown himself an accomplished musician. This was expected, for he was known here as a composer before he visited Boston. He is now recognized here, in other American cities, as in those of Europe, as an admirable conductor. His sensitive, refined, poetic nature has been revealed through his interpretation of orchestral compositions; furthermore, when the music made the demand, he has shown compelling virility—virility without the taint of coarseness—dash and amazing brilliance. Catholic in the selection of programs, he is the sympathetic interpreter of the various schools, ancient and modern. No conductor in the past years of this orchestra has equalled him in his reading of Beethoven and Bach, while the modern romanticists and the members of the ultra-modern French school have found in him an appreciative, imaginative soul. Respected, admired as conductor and man by the audiences, he is held in affectionate regard by the players, who gladly obey and second him.

To make a change would be folly, the change might be disastrous. Who is there to fill his place?

Surely no one wishes a conductor that has been under the suspicion of siding with Germany, of sneering at the United States, of snarling, biting the hand that had fed him and is still feeding him. No one wishes a conductor that would attempt the Germanization of orchestra, programs, public taste. Names of eminent foreign conductors have been mentioned, but their success as leaders of a hundred concerts would be a doubtful quantity, even if after long parleying, they should condescendingly accept. Delays are dangerous. Any one asked to subscribe wishes to know what he is to receive in return for the subscription.

Mr. Rabaud was not anxious to leave Paris. No Parisian leaves that city without a sigh. He came here as a representative of French musical art, as a patriot grateful to this country ... If not urged, by his ...

[illegible] one hundred [illegible] dollars. France could not have sent a more worthy and ingratiating representative. Having received from her the highest honors she can award a musician, he is here, a celebrated composer, a conductor of the first rank, a man of pure artistic purposes, a gentleman in the old and most significant meaning of the word.

From His Diary

As the World Wags:

Jan. 22: A lady in Brookline announces that she is prepared to undertake the responsibilities of "chiropody and marcel waving" for a reasonable fee. It is not often that so good a way is found to make both ends meet.

Jan. 25: A publisher's circular letter received this morning gives an interesting bit of news regarding the late author of an advertised book. It says: "This new edition has a memorial value in that the author passed away while this edition was in process of publication, having been confined to his death bed immediately after reading the galley proofs." It is not often that the operations of remorse are so strikingly illustrated.

Jan. 26: When I am overtaken by moods of self-criticism I always find consolation in the fact that there is one thing at least with which I cannot reproach myself: I do not remember ever to have had occasion, when conversing with a fellow man or woman in public, to veil my lips with hand, newspaper, small parcel or other camouflage lest my words be revealed to curious bystanders. No more offensive manifestation of self-consciousness occurs in one's experience of theatres and public conveyances. Nobody cares a fig what the lady—it is usually a lady—across the way is saying to her friend, nobody tries to decipher her lip movements or could do so if they wanted to, until the instant that her wrist-bag, pocketbook, handkerchief or gloved hand calls attention to the fact that she is putting over something that she is ashamed of; in that instant the least curious among us becomes indecently anxious to get the message. I was reminded that I had rarely seen a man offend in this way by the fact that I saw one do that very thing this morning in conversation with a lady. He was a rather goaty-looking chap, and the implication of impropriety was so vivid that, despite a long disused technique, I instantly blushed. These are tactics that defeat their own ends. How much better the method of a now deceased acquaintance who had the regrettable habit of telling unusually saline anecdotes in public places. His habit was to relate the harmless preliminaries of the story in a cautious whisper, but as he approached the orgasmic point his pornographic enthusiasm led him to forget the proprieties and the hideous pith of his narrative was delivered in tones little less than clarion. I have suffered these anxieties many a time, but never did I become aware that anyone overheard him or paid the least attention to him. I venture to recommend his method.

Brookline. GAYLORD QUEX.

Jan 30 1919

On Nov. 18, 1918, the Herald published a letter from a Bostonian sojourning in Buenos Ayres with curious information about Capt. "Smylie," a seafaring man of New England, a historic figure on the Falkland islands "about 40 years ago." Our correspondent asked for further information about this spectacular character. On Nov. 23 Mr. G. B. Haskell of Roxbury wrote, saying that the captain's name was "Smiley," not "Smylie," and referring us to Capt. John D. Whidden's "Ocean Life in the Old Sailing Ship Days."

We have received the following letter:

"Greenport, N. Y., Jan. 20.

"Dear Sir: A clipping was sent me from Washington asking for information regarding Capt. Smyley. It gives me great pleasure to state I am his daughter, born at Port Stanley, Falkland islands, when my father was United States consul there. If you will give me your correspondent's address at Buenos Ayres, I will be greatly obliged, as I may be able to furnish the desired information he is looking for.

CATHARINE R. SMYLEY."

Capt. Smyley

The Newport (R. I.) Mercury for the week ending Jan. 25, published an interesting letter from Mr. Henry W. Clarke. Cap. William H. Smyley—his name was not "Smiley"—married Everlina (sic) Jane Chaffee, the aunt of Mr. Clarke. We wish that we could reprint the letter in full. We must be content with extracts:

"Capt. Smyley always appeared to me as a sort of mysterious person, whose real character could not be really determined. During his early career after marriage, he made several voyages to the South American countries * * * on one of these voyages he got into trouble of some kind with the authorities of Rio de Janeiro, was arrested and thrown into prison, but freed himself from confinement in the night time. A few days afterwards he was discovered in the suburbs of the city and six armed horsemen were sent to re-arrest him. When they appeared and demanded his surrender, he pulled two heavy pistols from his belt, in which he had six, saying, 'I'll make fewer of your number first!' They turned and fled." * * *

"Subsequently he made several long voyages round the Horn, and loaded his vessel with sealskins, which, it was said, he clandestinely took from the rocks where the natives had lain them to be dried. On one of his return voyages, during a visit at our house on the Prospect Hill farm, where he often found his wife, he asked my father why he did not cook the food he gave to the hogs. My father replied by saying that it would require a larger kettle than any that he had ever seen. Then my uncle said: 'I have one buried in the sand at the Sandwich islands, and on my next return I will bring it to you.' He did so and it was set up in brick and mortar in a building called the 'wash house,' where it can be seen today. It was indeed remarkable how rapidly the hogs did fatten after its use. At one time he went to Terra del Fuego to punish the natives for eating up the missionaries, but what he accomplished in this line has never come to my knowledge. During this voyage, as also on others, he landed on the coast of Patagonia to get fresh beef for his crew. His method was to single out and separate a single cow from the herd and incite it to attack him. And when the animal did lower his head to gore him, he quickly jumped aside and drove a double-edged dagger into its brains just behind its horns. In no instance of this kind did he fail. He was at one time employed by the U. S. government as consul at the Falkland Islands, and he proved faithful to his trust. On one or two of his voyages there was mutiny on board, but he was found equal to the emergencies. Of the one that I know most of the particulars, he was locked and barred in his cabin in the stern of his vessel, but he got out of the cabin window, tread water along the side of the vessel and reached the deck. He then closed and fastened down the hatches, confining the crew below. After hunger began to gnaw at their vitals, he opened one of the hatches and, holding a pistol in one hand, he let them up one at a time and made each one swear unwavering allegiance to their captain. * * *

"As it was his custom that neither himself nor any one of his crew of 16 or 18 men should shave his beard or cut his hair until the voyage was completed, after a voyage of two and three years, when all the crew were lined up on deck with their beard and hair reaching down to their waists, with several heavy cannon in view, the aspect was like that of a Corsair that it would not be worth while to trifle with. That he was in some sort a freebooter during his early career cannot reasonably be questioned."

The editor of the Newport Mercury adds: "Capt. Smyley's wife was buried in the Otis-Chaffee lot in the Island cemetery and the inscription on the tombstone is 'Eveline Jane, wife of Capt. William H. Smyley, who depated this life on the 22nd day of June, 1847, aged 35 years.'" From Miss Smyley's letter in the Herald, her mother must have accompanied the captain on at least one of his voyages.

"Mr. Anthony Stewart says the captain dined with his father frequently, and he has furs now in his possession that Capt. Smyley brought him."

On Longevity

As the World Wags:

In confirmation of the statement in this morning's Herald in the editorial On Longevity, that "the average duration of human life has risen steadily since ancient times," I find that the average age at death of my progenitors, so far as the records show, were as follows, the ages ranging from 37 to 98:

Dying in the 17th century, 32; at average age of 91.
Dying in the 18th century, 61; at average age of 72.
Dying in the 19th century, 12; at average age of 76.

As I am still in good health in my 73d year, I am hoping that the 20th century record will be still higher.

SENEX.

Roxbury, Jan. 25.

Jan 31 19

William Richardson, Baritone

By PHILIP HALE

William Richardson, baritone, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last night. He was assisted by Maud Cuney Hare and Arthur Fiedler, pianists. The program was as follows: Songs: Scarlatti, O cessate di piagarmi; Arnold, Flow thou regal purple stream; G. Faure, Apres un Reve; Annie D. Scott, Ama resciri; A. D. d'Ozanne, Song of Provence; Leoncavallo, Prologue to "Pagliacci"; Fay Foster, At Last; W. S. Smith, Faith; Lassen, My Lily; Rachmaninoff, Spring Floods. Afro-American and Creole Folk Songs: Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, and Go Down, Moses, arranged by H. T. Burleigh; Aurore Pradere, To-To-to, Yo Soy una Chinaquita, arranged by Mrs. Hare; T'Chombo li, W. T. Frances. Piano pieces, Coleridge-Taylor, Bamboula, C. Scott, Danse Negre; Chabrier, Habanera.

Some would undoubtedly have enjoyed the concert still more if there had been a greater number of Negro spirituals and Creole folk songs. Mrs. Hare spoke agreeably and to the point about the four Creole songs: "To-To-To," a West Indian love ditty; "Yo Soy una Chinaquita," an ironical political Mexican song with reference to a new constitution and the French invasion under Maximilian; "Aurore Pradere," a charming Louisianian love song, and "T' Chombo li," with words by a gallant Creole poet of New Orleans, extolling the beauty of Creole women. Lafcadio Hearn in his book of Creole proverbs refers at times to the songs of Creoles and excites curiosity by hinting at the flagrantly erotic or Rabelaisian character of some of them. It is needless to say that those sung last night would not have brought a blush to the cheek of even prudish Aunt Minerva.

Mr. Richardson sang the Spirituals and the Creole songs sympathetically and without attempting to give them undue importance. He has a rich, sonorous voice, one that is suited also to the expression of gentle sentiment. Too often last night he sang in a straightforward manner, without the nuances that give vitality and significance. Thus, for example, his interpretation of "Apres un Reve" was decidedly matter-of-fact, and there is more in the songs by Annie D. Scott and d'Ozanne than he brought out. He was more effective in the beautiful air of Alessandro Scarlatti. Samuel Arnold's sturdy old English song gave him opportunity to sing smooth and flowing roulades with commendable management of breath.

Mrs., or Miss Hare—the program left one in doubt as to her wifely state or spinsterhood—made little out of Chabrier's "Habanera," and was more at home with the Danse Negre, which, although composed by a white man, has a more pronounced exotic flavor than the Bamboula of Coleridge-Taylor, the mulatto. If a Bamboula is to be played, we prefer Gottschalk's, whose Negro and Creole music is singularly neglected in these days when there is so much chatter about the importance of folk-song.

An audience of fair size applauded heartily.

These lines from "The Splendid Shilling" of John Philips will have peculiar, pathetic significance after July 1:

Meanwhile I labor with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave, my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Ars Spuendi

Sainte-Beuve said that he had known in Boulogne an old librarian named Isnard, who had been a teacher of rhetoric at Arras for the Oratorians. One of the pupils was Robespierre. Isnard said that when Robespierre became a lawyer, he was little busied, and had time to write a poem entitled, "The Art of Spitting and Blowing Ones' Nose." His sister, fearing that if this book should be published he would lose the clients he had, visited Isnard and begged him to prevent the publication. He read the poem and said to Robespierre: "It's good, very good; but it needs retouching here and there." The Revolution surprised Robespierre at work on the revision; the poem was never published. This is a pity, for it might be of practical use in these distressful days when policemen are on the watch for the unwary bronchial and catarrhal, and the blowing of the nose in a crowded car strikes consternation to the souls of the strap-hangers and the seated.

It is a wonder that Carlyle did not know this story of Isnard and Robespierre. He would possibly have twisted it, as he coined his adjective "seagresn" which he fastened on Robespierre from a phrase in Mme. de Stael's malignant description: "With ignoble features and a pale complexion with veins of a greenish hue"; that is to say, Robespierre's forehead "showed greenish blue against his fair and somewhat pale skin," as Mr. Belloc puts it. As a matter of fact, Robespierre's complexion was healthy, his expression was winning, and before the Revolution women, young and old, were drawn towards him. See the charming essay, "Jeunesse sentimentale de Maximilien Robespierre" by Edmond Pilon. This graceful writer quotes verses about roses written and spoken by Robespierre at Arras, but says nothing about the more important poem or the loving sister Charlotte's visit to Isnard.

Cigars and Readers

As the World Wags:

In the matter of cigars named for poets, besides the "Robert Burns" and the "Poet," with the picture of Bryant on the box, there has, within the last 20 years, been a "Tom Moore" cigar on the market, also—I think—a "John Greenleaf Whittier." I have always fo[illegible]d that Mr. Whittier didn't smoke, and my recollected feeling that the choice of his name and likeness for a cigar-box label was incongruous makes me almost certain of the fact. Can anyone confirm my impression?

As for the novelists, there were—perhaps, still are—"Fenimore Cooper" and "Captain Marryat" cigars, as well as the "Tolstoi" cigarette—another incongruity. One recalls the verses in "Punch":

"Good Count Tolstoi, in a pet,
Raves against the cigarette,
Says it's bad at any time,
Leads to every kind of crime," etc.

"Hilliard" or Hillard? Your correspondents, Miss Butterfield and "Balze" call the compiler of reading books "Hilliard"; but before me is "The Franklin Fifth Reader, by G. S. Hillard," published in New York and Boston, and copyrighted, also, in 1871, by George S. Hillard. About 1880 this really entertaining volume, with the preceding Franklin First, Second, Third and Fourth Readers, was used in the Still River district school, in Harvard, Mass., where as a child of eight or nine I became acquainted likewise with Colburn's Mental Arithmetic. A mere passing acquaintance, so to speak.

In 1881, when we removed to another town, which has since been my home, Colburn and the Franklin Readers passed out of my life. I am not sure what reading books were prescribed in my new school, but fancy they were Monroe's. At all events they were superseded in a year or so by a new series edited by the widow of Prof. Monroe.

In one or another of these old textbooks (not the "Franklin") occurred a short exercise, selected from Charles Reade, intended to cultivate animation, or some similar quality in elocution. "He galloped on. His hat flew off. He came unto the coiner's house and yelled a warning. A window was opened and a man looked out. 'The flood! the flood! Get on high ground for your lives!'" That, at least, is the passage as I remember it. As a member of "that rather young old reading-class" I made no effort to understand the sinister meaning of "the coiner's house"; but later perusal of that delightful story, "Put Yourself in His Place," made it all clear.

Lancaster. J. C. L. CLARK.

This last named reader could not be very old as "old readers" go. "Put Yourself in His Place" was published as a serial in 1869-70, and in book form in 1870.—Ed.

Blake's Reader

As the World Wags:

I have been much interested in reading about old readers, as I have one which belonged to my grandfather that was printed in 1827. It is called "The Historical Reader," and was by the Rev. J. L. Blake, A. M., minister of St. Matthew's Church and principal of a literary seminary, Boston. The frontispiece is a wood cut of the capitol of the United States. The preface begins: "The object of this volume is to enable young persons, when learning to read at school, to acquire a knowledge of some of the most interesting and useful portions of history." It is illustrated, and some of the contents may be judged by the following list of illustrations: The Tower of Babel, Ancient Pyramids, Socrates, Solomon's Temple, William Tell, Boston Tea Party, Landing of Pilgrims, and others. Some of the prose pieces are: The Battle of Pharsalia, Death of Antony, Fall of Rome, Empire of China, Capture of Montezuma, Martyrs of Armorlan. The poetry: Peter the Great, Disappointed Ambition, Uncertainty of the World, The Dungeon, The World a Fleeting Show, etc. ESPERO.

Framingham.

Greta Torpadie, soprano, and Salvatore De Stefano, harpist, gave a concert in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The net proceeds were for the American Women's Hospitals. The program as announced was as follows: Songs—Kjerulf, Aftenstemning; Stenhammar, Sibelius, Jubal, Den Stilla Staden; Grieg, Bort; Kjerulf, Ingrid's Vise; Ornstein, Aimless I Wander, The Mother's Croon; Debussy, Les Cloches, La Chevelure, Fantoches, Ballade; with harp—Horn, I've Been Roaming; Young, Phyllis has Such Charming Graces; Purcell, Dido's Lament, Nymphs and Shepherds. Harp pieces—Bach, Bourree; Scarlatti, Aria, Minuetto; Corelli, Giga; Grandjany, French Folksong; Longo, Notturno; Sgambati-De Stefano, Gavotta; Tournier, Prelude and Dance.

The two are not strangers here. Miss Torpadie, a daughter of Theodor Bjorksten of New York, has sung here three or four times in the course of the last three years. Mr. De Stefano, an accomplished harpist, played here for the first time a year ago this month at a Symphony Hall Sunday afternoon concert when Alma Gluck was the singer. Miss Torpedie's selections were interesting, as they were at her recital a little over a year ago. Her light voice is skilfully used and she phrases intelligently; furthermore, her interpretative faculty is well developed. There was an audience of fair size.

Feb 1919

13TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Bruneau, Entr'acte Symphonique from "Messidor"; Rachmaninoff, Concerto No. 2 for piano; Brahms, Symphony No. 2, D major.

The opera "Messidor" was produced in Paris in 1897. Did Charpentier and [illegible] ever study the score? During the first measures of the Entr'acte played yesterday we expected to see the mother bringing in the plates of onion soup, the father declaiming about parental rights and the wrongs of the working man; Louise, sulky, longing to be with her lover. Later we were reminded of "The Girl of the Golden West," the dashing and amorous Mr. Johnson, the sheriff with his elaborate chain and remarkable plug hat; the frenzied girl that cheated at cards. The moods in each instance, even tricks of instrumentation, were singularly alike. The ingenious Etienne Destranges is almost as fortunate in bagging typical themes as was that perfervid Wagnerite, Hans von Wolzogen. Destranges has identified 26 in "Messidor." No doubt he can tell them even in the dark. He finds five of them in the Entr'acte. When it is played in a concert hall, these themes are interesting only as musical sentences. The hearer, not knowing the plot of the opera, indifferent to it, listens to the music, nor does he label one theme "Toil," another "Water," a third "Spring." He likes the music, thinks it melodious and euphonious, with the pleasing thematic material not over-developed. He is stirred by the crescendo that leads to the imposing climax, and is gently let down to a normal state of nerves by the soothing final measures.

Mr. Rachmaninoff played his second concerto with this orchestra when he visited Boston late in 1909. The concerto was played here a little over two years ago by Mr. Gabrilowitsch. No one but a Russian need apply. For although the concerto is not free from Germanisms, and the influence of Chopin is noticeable here and there, there are pages that are demonically Russian, certain themes that have Russian folk-song character. Perhaps the first movement is too carefully constructed. Surely in 1919 the Adagio and the Finale sound fresher and have a more decided physiognomy. There are touches of orchestration in the Finale that are delightfully exotic, verging on the fascinatingly barbaric. One welcomes these pages more than those that were purely scholastic. The concerto is an interesting work, especially when it is played by the composer with a freedom in phrasing and rythm that was the skill of the conductor and the orchestra. Mr. Rachmaninoff has played here with more technical brilliance, with a greater variety of tonal color, but there were moments yesterday when he carried all before him. He was enthusiastically applauded.

The name of Brahms appeared for the first time on the program this season. Mr. Rabaud chose the second symphony, the most lyrical of the four. The performance was conspicuous for its clearness, its fine balance, its vitality, yet even Mr. Rabaud could not make the second movement endurable, for the themes are commonplace and the development is complex and dry. We have never heard so beautiful a performance of the charming Scherzo as that of yesterday. This movement and the first repay one for the boredom induced by the second and the fourth. In this symphony, as in the other three, there are pages in which Brahms is seen as one treading water, sparring for wind, writing in orthodox fashion respectable and dull measures, filling an allotted space, until a fresh idea comes to him.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra will be away on its fourth trip.

The program for Feb. 14 and 15 is one of unusual interest: Franck, Orchestral Suite from the Symphonic poem "Psyche"; Mendelssohn, Concerto for violin (Mr. Fradkin, violinist); Chabrier, Prelude to Act II. of "Gwendoline"; G. Faure, Suite from the stage music to Haraucourt's "Shylock" (after Shakespeare), including two songs to be sung by Arthur Hackett, tenor; Berlioz, overture, "The Roman Carnival."

The death of Ernesto Novelli is reported. Those who became acquainted with him when he was in Boston remember him not only as a well-trained actor but as a man of culture [illegible] He [illegible] he would see to it [illegible] that there should be nothing incongruous, nothing anachronistic. Opinions, even in Italy, differed concerning his precise rank as an actor: some preferred him as a comedian, finding him in tragedy only carefully trained and respectable. There was no doubt about his ability as a comedian or as an actor of character. Amusing, now polished and now eccentric in roles widely apart, he could excite the feelings of sympathy and compassion and touch the heart by the portrayal of domestic woe. His Shylock seemed to us an admirable performance, although some found it "too natural." Excellent also was his performance of Kean in the elder Dumas's drama. We have heard it said that in Italy he was not popular because he was supposed to have the evil eye. In Boston he drew small audiences, partly because few theatregoers understood Italian, but his own countrymen here neglected him. In 1881 Ernesto Rossi, the tragedian, shared the same fate in Boston, and in other cities; yet his Hamlet would have rewarded a long journey. The duel in the last act and the slaying of the King were only striking incidents in a memorable performance: a Hamlet that was a cross between the Prince as portrayed by Charles Fechter and the Prince of E. L. Davenport.

Green, O Sassenach!

Why this hot dispute about the color of Ireland's flag? Is Jennie Engle so soon forgotten? We see her now as she sang the "Song of All Nations" in Tony Pastor's show. When she came to "And here's to the flag of Ireland," and waved a bright green flag, the shouts of the "loyal and unterrified" shook the walls, the scenery, the ceiling and the floor.

In School

"What is a skeleton?" a schoolmaster asked a class of small boys, one of whom replied: "A thing with its inside out, and its outside off."—London Daily Chronicle.

His Grand Niece

As the World Wags:

Will you kindly print this in answer to Arthur Gordon Webster, whose letter appeared in your column Jan. 28th, and in appreciation of his correct spelling. Having been fed orthographically on Hillard's reader, as it were, he spells even that name properly. Let him disclaim the "onset of senility" and swear to his spelling, for we will back him up. The "Hillards" will not be lost among the many with two "i's."

I, myself, being one of the third generation this side of Hillard's readers know them only as one of the roots of our family tree, and realize that the knowledge of English upon which these books were constructed is English "as she was spoke" and should be now. It is the English of the old school gentleman with the classics at his tongue's end, English that today is sadly lacking.

With the decline of the classics in our schools will not the English of the people today slip more and more from the standard of my father's revered uncle, George S. Hillard, and become the English of the streets, may I say the English one hears among the majority of children in our schools? Without proper standards how can our schools prepare for college, and again how can the colleges graduate people so ungrounded without having to lower their own standards?

With Mr. Webster let me say, "Oh, for hours of George S. Hillard and men of his learning!" I say it earnestly and with pride of inheritance, and also with experience as a teacher among the young people of today.

ALICE HILLARD SMITH.

Auburndale.

Some Hard Questions

As the World Wags:

In one of the most famous matches in the annals of English county cricket, Lancashire playing against Somerset made more than 800 runs in one innings, the principal contenders having been A. C. McLaren with the bat, and S. M. [illegible] of them [illegible] was [illegible] old they d[illegible] the Woods because [illegible] sturdy [illegible]

The other day the Canada, historic troopship, returned to Boston after many years, and yet we have looked in vain in the Boston press to read that she carried Roberts and Kitchener to the Boers. But what are such trifles in these the spacious days of the profiteer!

Now that we are on the subject of imagination and Thomas Gray will you, wizard of letters, tell us of the line, "And all the air a solemn stillness holds," whether the air or the stillness holds the other.

Another something that haunts and eludes like a fourth dimension is whether a man in Boston can own property in, say, Chicago. Can a man own a thing in a place other than that in which he owns himself? If in the body he is in Boston can his ownership, not the fact and circumstance thereof which all pervade the non-Bolshevik universe, but the very ownership itself, can that ownership exist in Chicago or other spot than where he frets his mortal coil? True, from the distance of Boston he may seek to enforce the euphemism of ownership in Chicago, but if he should, what were his quest but the fiat that his ownership exists—exists in him in Boston. If in proper person in Chicago this our Brahmin sets up his ownership he owns the property in Chicago while he there remains, but not a moment save from his entry to his exit; that is, wherever the locus of the property may be he owns not there, but wherever he himself may be—being in Chicago he owns in Chicago, but being in Boston he owns the property in Chicago in Boston and not in Chicago. Here and not there he owns the property if there or wherever else but here it is, if here and not there is he.

Boston. LUX.

Feb 2 1919

The part of Grandmere Bu[illegible]se in "The Crowded Hour" is taken by Mme. Eugenie Nau. It is a small part, but by her native talent, by the artistic simplicity of the portrayal and by the genuine touch of pathos, it assumes prominence so that the impersonation is one of the chief features of the production. And no wonder; for Mme. Nau has been famous in Paris and in other cities of Europe since, a young girl, almost unknown to theatregoers, she amazed Parisians by her portrayal of Elisa in Ajalbert's play derived from "La Fille Elisa," the realistic romance of Edmond de Goncourt.

Mme. Nau was not the product of the Paris Conservatory or of any dramatic school. As a child and at the convent where she was educated she delighted in taking part in plays, and she would invent and act in pantomimes. With only a few rehearsals she played Pierrot the younger in "L'Enfant Prodigue" after the part was "created" by Felicia Mallet at the Bouffes Parisiens in Paris, 189[?]. As Pierrot she has been applauded in Paris and other cities, and it would appear from an allusion to her in Paul Hugounet's "La Musique et la Pantomime" that she had acted successfully in "Illusions Perdues" with music by Gaston Paulin, if not in "L'Heure du Berger" with music by the same composer. Her portrait is on the first of the pages devoted by Hugounet to Paulin.

"La Fille Elisa" was produced at the Theatre Libre on Dec. 26, 1890. Antoine took the part of the girl's defender in court. Jean Ajalbert did not follow literally the [illegible] story told by De Goncourt. In the first act Elisa, desperately in love with her little soldier, stabs him. The second act introduces a criminal court room. The third act shows the prison where Elisa, whose sentence has been commuted, must pass the rest of her life. In January, 1891, there was a [illegible] discussion in the Chamber of Deputies, Paris, concerning the right of the censor to forbid the performance of the play. The debate is published in Adolphe Thalasso's 'Le Theatre Libre,' and to it Horace Greeley's [illegible] "might interesting reading." The first act was the one that shocked the censor, for the conversation of the girls from a house of a "gros numero" as they walked on a Sunday in an abandoned cemetery of Boulogne was displeasing to him, nor did the extravagant, violent courting of the soldier tend to [illegible] in his eyes. Mme. Nau, without the [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] of his family [illegible] Nau gained a [illegible] of Deputies [illegible] described 'La Fille Elisa,' [illegible] Mme. Nau shone at the Theatre [illegible] in other emotional, passionate or tragic roles. In 1891 she took the part of [illegible] Horn a drama constructed by [illegible] Rosny Brothers from their [illegible] the Salvation Army in London. She was seen as Louise in [illegible] "Coeurs Simples"; in 1892 as [illegible] Pocquelon's play of the same name based on a novel by Jean Reibrach; in 1893 as Julie in the terrible play of Strindberg and as Louise in Hauptmann's "Weavers."

Antoine left the Theatre Libre in May 1896, and went touring with his company. We find Mme. Nau in [illegible] taking the part of Lisystrata in Robert de la Villeherve's translation of the comedy by Aristophanes, a comedy that would now be especially enjoyed by "pacifists," male and female, and possibly by "suffragettes." This was at the Theatre des Poetes in Paris. In 1896 at the same theatre she took the part of Pa-Hos in 'Pa-Hos et Zu-[illegible],' a legend by Gabriel Martin for which Widor, Thome and Michel [illegible] music, also, the part of Hou[illegible] in Albert Fua's "Jeunesse de [illegible]" in which not only Martin L[illegible] but Tetzel was introduced.

It is not necessary to follow her career in detail. It suffices to mention a few of the plays in which she took part: "La Robe Rouge" of Brieux, "La Bouilleuse" (known here in a [illegible] changed version as "The Honor of the Family"), "La Femme" of B[illegible]n, Tolstoi's "Power of Darkness," "[illegible] Redemption," "La Clairiere" of [illegible] and Descaves, "La dame aux Camelias," "Poil Carotte," in which she has played over 500 times in various cities, "[illegible]chette," "Les Miserables," in which she took the part of Eponine at the Porte-St. Martin Theatre, "Ghosts" (Ibsen).

She has played in many [illegible] many of her most prominent roles were taken under the management of Antoine, at the Theatre Libre, at the Theatre Antoine, and at the [illegible]. In the last named theatre she took the part of Kripa[?], in "[illegible]," for which Saint-Saens wrote the incidental music.

But the role to which she refers apparently with the greatest pleasure is that of La Fille Elisa, "who was what she was through force of the social circumstances in which she was born and reared," we quote Mme. Nau's own words, "but by the drama [illegible] she became a sort of Mary Mag[illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of Elisa [illegible] mystic [illegible] and the [illegible] Nau became those of a [illegible] martyr of society. No actress could ever play the part after her."

Mme. Nau joined the French Theatre, the Vieux Colombier, in New York in 1917. She spent last summer at N[illegible] where she taught French. She is thoroughly educated, widely read, original thinker, witty, and [illegible] all this an officer [illegible] life.

She is now playing [illegible] "Crowded Hour," [illegible] that very line of [illegible] patriotic and noble. [illegible] home to her [illegible] thousands of [illegible] brave French [illegible] Her only son, an aviator [illegible] in Paris. She [illegible] studying English that she may appear in this country in some of her best roles. [illegible] to Paris after the end of her present engagement she purposes to [illegible] her [illegible] full.

Notes About the Stage, Actors, Music and Musicians

Equity, the official organ of the Actors' Equity Association, publishes an interesting letter about fierce fighting in the Argonne Forest and the rescue of the lost battalion. The letter was written by Acting Major William Harrigan, son of that excellent and beloved comedian, "Ned" Harrigan.

Many in Boston remember pleasantly Mr. Wilfred Draycott, who was allowed only one cocktail in 'Under Cover.' He writes—we quote from Equity: "I have been in France all this year working in the church army recreation huts. I have been home on a short leave, and am returning to France in a few days and expect to remain there as long as we have an army of occupation in Germany. I hope after the winter to take our troupe up to the Rhine."

The Daily T[illegible] [illegible]

Mme. Eugenie Nau, Famous Parisian Actress Now Playing in "The Crowded Hour" at the Park Square Theatre.

first produced by the Boston Orchestra some 10 years ago, that Paderewski's passionate love of country found its most characteristic and striking expression. The score, in fact, was designed as a patriotic tribute to his unhappy fatherland, the history and temperament of the Polish people providing its subject-matter. The Polish revolution of 1862 furnishes the poetic basis of one movement, and there is a passage wherein heavy scoring—emphasized by the use of sarrusophones—illustrate the overwhelming enemy forces. Possibly, let us hope probably, the Finale, the Song of Triumph, which Paderewski hitherto has refrained from writing from patriotic motives, will now be composed, and so crown the work. It was for this symphony, by the way, that the composer invented an instrument of percussion which he called a tonitruone, producing effects somewhat akin to the familiar "thunder-sheet" of the theatre. The work was played at Queen's Hall by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Richter, in November, 1909."—London Daily Telegraph.

The Carl Rosa Company had a successful season in Ireland, "in spite of flu, riots and politics." Double prices were charged in Cork. The favorite operas were the early ones of Verdi, "Carmen" and "Mignon." "The Lily of Killarney" had to be given four times. The gallery gods sang rebel songs during the waits. In Dublin they insisted on the lowering of the curtain in a performance of "Pagliacci" because a Union Jack was one of the many flags on the donkey cart. They also cheered the ex-Kaiser.

In Miss Nellie Simpson's "English!" on the other hand, the music is far ahead of the words, which deal rhapsodically with the beauties of a damsel called Josephine. At first sight one wonders why, with such a title, a more characteristically English name was not chosen, but a little investigation shows that Josephine will conveniently rhyme with "beauteous queen," a fact so helpful that the discoverer, Mr. John Lancing, makes use of it twice. But the lyrist should realize that many purists object to "dawn" as a rhyme for "born," while even the unsophisticated will not accept "dreams" as a rhyme for "queens," not though it is only so used in an optional verse.—London Daily Telegraph.

The Dramatic Year in London Judged by the Stage

The Stage began its review of the London theatre in 1918 as follows:

"As they did particularly in the first year of the war, so in the last the dramatists have been holding their hands. The stage has largely been given up to the playwrights, to the makers of pieces of frank entertainment. Partly, no doubt, our dramatists were uncertain exactly what to write. It was difficult to write directly and seriously about the war, which was too near and too terrible for that. It was, perhaps, not less difficult to write without reference to the war. In a play of these tremendous times the war, if very hard to envisage, was impossible to ignore. And the whole of the dilemma was not there. Assuming that serious plays could be written, the public had enough to think over, enough to move them, without any need of stimulus from an aesthetic source. For them, rather, relief from sharp actuality; for them a momentary forgetting. The line of least resistance for dramatists, then, was to write little or not at all upon the vital things. Yet upon what else to write? because the war has left nothing of our social system untouched. Sir Arthur Pinero tried an experiment in 'The Freaks,' but without much success. He labelled this very whimsical and even extravagant piece frankly as a pre-war play, but this device did not alter the existing conditions, under which his supposed normal characters almost as much as his avowed freaks—the latter the physical oddities of a circus troupe—bore a very pinchbeck look."

Alfred Sutro's "Uncle Anyhow" showed a "continued development of his later artificial manner." Mr. Maugham's "Love in a Cottage" had "an old theme rather pretentiously treated and certainly artificial in sentiment." Cosmo Hamilton in "Scandal" sought to give piquancy to "demode society drama by a suggestive bedroom scene."

"'Too Much Money,' by Israel Zangwill, a piece farcical in action but comedic in underlying idea, and therefore of no great artistic integrity, and a piece moreover in which the humor, plentiful as it was, suffered from a certain intellectual calculation out of place in relation to a free and irresponsible movement; 'St. George and the Dragon,' another of Eden Phillpotts's faithfully observed but yet somewhat unconvincing Dartmoor studies, 'Miss Robinson,' in which Miss Elizabeth Baker, casting off her usual mood of rather drab realistic comedy, made a fairly successful attempt at emotional drama; 'Press the Button,' marked by mechanical devices and almost pantomimic absurdities scarcely worthy of so accomplished a man of letters as R. S. Hichens."

Of the war plays, one of the boldest was Barrie's "A Well Remembered Voice." "The voice of a fallen soldier-son speaks out of space to a father who has suffered with an inarticulate grief—speaks in the old boyish, familiar, often trivial way, and comforts. Metaphysically the piece made no attempt at anything new; technically the voice of an unseen presence moving about the room had on the stage an inevitable sense of incompleteness; and it was in the nature of a convention that only the father should be able to hear the voice; but the piece, if open to criticism in such respects, had that odd wayward tenderness peculiar to the author. Out of the supernatural it was human. Out of sadness it sounded the note of faith and cheerful courage. It had an intimacy and a beauty that none of the other pieces achieved. Most of these latter aimed at mere excitements of incident and situation, as in Austin Page's ingenious and effective 'By Pigeon Post.'" Hall Caine's "The Prime Minister" was "a farrago of melodramatic clap-trap." "The higher type of war play may be discerned in Maurice Maeterlincks 'The Burgomaster of Stilemonde,' of which Martin Harvey produced an English version. Here is true drama, even fine tragedy, evolved from a simple, readily conceivable incident and treated with reticence and truth. The supposition that the war will, with the coming of peace, disappear from plays is of course not tenable. The war has gone to the roots of our modern life too deeply for anything of the kind. But the treatment will be different. It will be neither violent nor superficial. Time will give its perspective. The dramatist will not be too close to the great conflict, as he is now, nor the public too close. There will be knowledge, understanding, breadth and clearness of vision and an artistic liberty of expression that the reality, now stark and raw, does not make tolerable."

The American contribution was considerable. Among these plays on which the Stage comments are "Fair and Warmer," a farce of "lively and slightly risque entertainment.

"'Roxana,'" a study in female caprice "in surroundings not less artificial than those of 'Romance.' 'Eyes of Youth,' a play of quasi-mystical design and florid sentiment."

"Eugene Walter [illegible] extra [illegible] atic for him, and incidentally [illegible] tiously moralizing in 'The Kni[illegible]' piece rather repellent in incident [illegible] lurid in color, but thrilling enough in its own way. Plays very different in texture, light and irresponsible, may be mentioned in James Montgomery's novel-derived 'Nothing but the Truth,' a sprightly bit of nonsense, which has scored one of the popular successes of the year; Salisbury Field and Miss [illegible] was as mild as in 'Be Careful, Baby'; also from a novel—the original title of which, 'Twin Beds,' perhaps did something to indicate a style of humor the reverse of edifying; and Rida Johnson Young's 'Lot 79,' of which the fun was as mild as in 'Be Careful,ll Baby,' it was forced and noisy. William Hurlbut's 'Trimmed in Scarlet' was a comedy-drama of some ambitions, which did not altogether materialize. Edward Locke's 'The Bubble' was in the 'Potash and Perlmutter' manner, with quaint Jewish characterization shot with the intriguing quality of la basse finance. 'Very Good Eddie' proved a musical play of not remarkable merit; but 'Going Up' has maintained and possibly accentuated the highly amusing qualities of 'The Aviator.' This piece, and 'Nothing but the Truth,' both still running, show the author of one of the best of the crook dramas, 'Ready Money,' as a versatile playwright, who knows how to get on good terms with his audience in spite of the perplexities of the times."

See p. 84. col. 4

tion among composers, so France in Claude Debussy was robbed of the foremost of her composers who stood for the modern school." Boito: "A distinguished figure both in the world of art and letters, the former was admired as much, perhaps, for his achievements as opera-librettist, notably in association with Verdi, as for his gifts as a composer; but the stage was yet to hear what by many has been spoken of as his masterpiece, namely, 'Nerone.'" "As for Cui, although he occupied a very prominent position as one of the leaders of modern Russian musical thought, very few of his works have become known in our country. On the other hand, the death of his eminent compatriot, Wassili Savonoff, a great conductor as well as a very fine pianist and all-round gifted musician, was felt by many here as a personal loss, so familiar had he become in recent years to our concert-goers." Others in the Daily Telegraph's list are Liza Lehmann, Ffrangcon-Davies, Hilda Wilson, Sophie Menter, Theodore Ysaye, Pini-Corsi—"one of the finest buffos—if not actually the finest—of his day"—Charles Lecocq, Emil Sjoegren.

Who was Lew's Granom, whose sonata was played in London last month? Felix does not give his first name, but says he was born in England. A book of 12 sonatas for the flute was published in London in 1751; six trios in 1755. Brown and Stratton's "British Musical Biography" (1897) does not mention him.

Cesar Franck's widow died in Paris Dec. 1 at the age of 94. Franck married her in 1848, the year of the Revolution. D'Indy says that the wedding party, to reach the church, was obliged to climb a barricade: the bride and bridegroom were helped by the insurgents who were massed behind the improvised fortification. She was a young actress, the daughter of a more celebrated one, Mme. Desmousseaux of the Comedie Francaise (1790-1857), excelling in "duenna" parts. It is said that Mme. Franck at times wondered why her husband could not write more popular, salable music.

Mr. Converse's "Mystic Trumpeter" was played at St. Louis by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra on Jan. 17-18. Mr. Loeffler's "Villanelle du Diable" was played in New York at a concert of the New York Symphony Society on Jan. 26.

"Now that Paderewski appears to be on the point of renouncing his art for the cares of state, it is not without interest to recall to how considerable an extent his work as a creative musician has been inspired by his fervent patriotism and how strongly his more important compositions have been tinged with the national spirit and sentiment. One remembers more particularly in this connection his "Polish Fantasia," which came to its first hearing at the Norwich Festival of 1893, and the themes of which, although not actually derived from national sources, are unmistakably Polish in feeling. It was the Philharmonic Society that introduced the work in London. So, too, is the Polish note clearly reflected in the score of Paderewski's opera, "Manru"—of which only fragments have been heard in this country, although negotiations were once opened up by Augustus Harris for its production at Covent Garden. But in "Manru," the libretto of which was founded on a Polish romance by Kraszewski, the influence of Wagner is clearly discernible in the style of writing often adopted.

"It was in his Symphony in B minor,

Shorter Concerts: A Plea for Quality and Congruity

The London Times of Dec. [illegible] published this plea for 'shorter [illegible]' "Quality and congruity."

"Be brief, Jane, be brief," Mr. Carlyle used to say when his wife, excellent woman, began a story, and he would repeat the admonition during the course of the tale. One of the few survivors of the evenings in Cheyne row remembers the irritation caused by these interruptions. For Mrs. Carlyle could tell a story as well as she could write one in a letter. But the principle, of course, was worthy of the sage, had it been emphasized at the right moment. How well would it be, how very well, were some prophet always at hand to cry "Be brief" to the tellers of musical stories, for instance, that is, to the makers of programs of music!

It is not only the lady who is dying for her tea who dislikes long concerts in the afternoon, nor the Wagnerite who fears that the last omnibus will be gone if he stays to hear Isolde die at Queen's Hall in the evening, who would be thankful for that "Be brief." The Pilgrim who listens with heart and head to some movement which is as restoring to his soul as is the tonic to an influenza patient's body, he rebels, also, at your long programs. For sure he is that though he may hear words of comfort from old Bach at the beginning of the journey, there will probably be a dreary, not impossibly a dangerous, waste to be traversed before Mozart comes at the end to show him the House Beautiful. Dreary, yes, are those duets by Jones, those trios by Trotter-Walker, those unending "groups" of songs by Breadbasket, and the baker's dough school, with their artificial currants and their "ersatz" raisins. And dangerous. For they may generate a prejudice in the Pilgrim's heart against concerts of the "All-British" school, and he, fearing to be fed on chaff, may lose an opportunity of learning that even among British tares there is good corn to be found.

Even if the program is not blameworthy because Mediocrity disguised in the clothes of Cleverness has been allowed to intrude among the real Simon Pures—if the centrepieces of the scheme are, in truth, works of art made by the immortals, it is still very possible that there may be too many. So, be brief, Sir (or Madame) Concertgiver. Cut them out, even though to you they are as apples of gold set in pictures of silver. Everybody who goes to admire Chinese faience at South Kensington, or autographs, when the Morrison collection is exposed at Sotheby's, knows the weariness which masterpieces can inflict. They can and do induce that state when, as Sir Henry Taylor used to say, "It is impossible to enjoy joy." And so it is at the concert. What, said Edward FitzGerald, can equal the weariness of two oratorios? Now any concert of modern music is surely as great a tax upon the brain as any two of the old oratorios. Yet FitzGerald could pound through old Handel by himself, and preferred "Champagne Charlie" to Mendelssohn, so that he was a real musician, and must be believed.

Away with the pretence that programs should be long in order that "people may have their money's worth." Is the commercial principle ever to plant her ugly foot in our beauteous concert rooms? Would not the wise Pilgrim prefer to give his guinea for one hour's entire felicity rather than half that sum for two hours of mixum-gatherum? Will not Mr. Fisher see to it that the doctrine of quality, not quantity, is taught in the schools rather than "I want more, and as much as I can get"?

Away with the argument that some of the performers at the chamber concert must have solos to play, or else "they won't play." The unheard melodies made by such artists will certainly sound sweeter to the true Pilgrim than those which are heard because Pride or Vanity say they must, and which tend to d[illegible] his enjoyment of the quintet which [illegible] coming.

Away with the false notion that Variety (blessed maiden that she is in her right place) is the one sovereign virtue of a program. She has her kingdoms over which she is sovereign. But Congruity is the grace which should preside over programs—dear modest, moderate Congruity. Let the program be fashioned like the paragraph of fine prose, each sentence born from the last, and carrying on the hereditary quality till the full stop comes. Let the salutary knife be used to prune away what is redundant or "not in character." Be brief. Let our entrepreneurs learn this golden rule, and they will get larger audiences. The impatient ones will not tread upon our toes in their efforts to escape before the end. We shall all get to our tea, and catch our omnibus, all go home uplifted and not wearied.

… to Mr. William Bella… for the following lines. … al to tens of thousands.

… enough my way of life … sere, the yellow leaf;
… should accompany old age,
… us stimulants, cordials, ale,
… look to have, but in their stead
… all-but beers, mouth-washes,
…
… weak heart would fain throw up,
… cannot.

39 Years Ago

As the World Wags:

Can any of the readers recall the distribution of a circular that contained "Warnings of Russia's Domination of the World"? Such a document was distributed in the early '80's and a woman at the entrance of the old Boston & Lowell station on Causeway street handed one to the writer, which is probably stored away in some forgotten place. These pamphlets which were quite lengthy, must have been largely distributed as there were different ones employed in doing it at different …

From recollection it would seem as though at the present time it might be interesting or striking reading.

Medford. N J. L. R.

The Good Old Days

As the World Wags:

Old Tom's, on the slope of narrow Thames street in old New York, I remember well. The cobwebs were never removed from its walls or ceiling, but hung over the patron like a dusky canopy. An appetizing and substantial meal could be obtained there nevertheless, and at a reasonable price. About 20 years ago I revisited the old spot, but the place had been modernized and the … had been relentlessly turned upside. It had changed with myself. The night before I had dined by invitation at the Manhattan Club, with a bottle of champagne before me instead of a … of ale, a thing I did not dream of … when my heart was as light as my pocket in the unsaintly days of yore.

Browne had not then left the stage and established his chop house. His wife was a sister of Mrs. Barney Williams and Mrs W. J. Florence, and quite naturally his public house was the resort of many players. I recall that Richard Mansfield was there one day after he had made his great hit as the Baron in the "Parisian Romance," a part that came to him unexpectedly at the Union Square Theatre, through J. H. Stoddart's refusal to assume the character of the old rake. A gentleman of no mean importance who was also one of Mr. Browne's guests wished to be introduced to the young actor in order to congratulate him on his success. The genial landlord intimated this fact to Mr. Mansfield, who replied curtly: "Oh, I cannot know all of these people"; so it seems even in those far-off days before he became a star he had rather an inflated opinion of himself. Well, he became a dramatic magnate, though modesty was not one of his prevailing virtues. Probably he snubbed many others besides Mr. Browne and his well-meaning guest. J. W. R.

Dorchester.

A Dangerous Influence

We have received an extraordinary communication which should be thoughtfully considered by the mayor and the police commissioner.

As the World Wags:

Some influence akin to the old and long forgotten witchcraft or hypnotism is affecting the nerves of women old and young in this city and surrounding towns or cities. This mysterious influence invades the homes of rich and poor. It affects mind and body. It is an … that vibrates through the atmosphere, spreading consternation and … in sleeplessness. Is this really the thing mentioned in the Atlantic Monthly of last February? (a thought transference) and used by persons of a strong will power, also capable of reading one's inmost thoughts? Is there no redress? Will not the ministers of the churches in Boston take up this terrible evil influence and search out the offenders? I have known some cases and earnestly beg that this subject should be investigated. A SYMPATHIZER.

Great Hevings! Must Aunt Clarissa, Cousin Eustacia and Sister Sue wear gas masks when they take their daily walk abroad or sit close to the radiator while they knit, crochet, indulge in … work or read some improving …? Is this malignant influence a new form of German propaganda?

Of the Old School

As the World Wags:

Seeing your reference to the old American first-class book brought precious memories. Seventy-three years … I … from the Johnson school … called the … lessons were taken from … book I committed to memory … selections.

Your correspondent quotes one, beginning: "So goes the world! If wealthy, you may call, this friend, that brother, friends and brothers all. But if you are poor, heaven help you! Though your sire had royal blood within him and though you possess the intellect of angels, too."

"The contents of the reader would compare favorably with any modern publication, indeed, I think for literary excellence and high moral force it did honor to the compiler, the revered Dr. Pierpont. Richard Green Parker was head of the grammar department in those years. I can see him now as he strode up the central aisle of the one long recitation room, a tall commanding figure. Seated at his desk, his first daily movement was to remove his spectacles and rub his eyes vigorously. Next followed reading of a short Bible exercise (that good old time!), a prayer from the English prayer book, to which the pupils respectfully listened. Recitations came in regular order. Mr. Parker was a man of great dignity, a strict grammarian, often regarded with awe and real fear by some of the timid ones. We didn't love him as we did Mr. Joseph Hale of the mathematical department. Both were faithful to their charge.

Mrs. LUCRETIA A. CULLIS.

Roxbury.

JASCHA HEIFETZ GIVES RECITAL

Joscha Heifetz, violinist, assisted by Andre Benoist, pianist, gave a recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. His program: First sonata, Saint-Saens; Poeme, Chausson; Aria, Bach; Rondo, Mozart; Serenade Melancholique, Tschaikowsky; waltz, Tschaikowsky-Auer; Berceuse, Tor Aulin; La Campanella (Rondo), Paganini.

The hall was crowded as it is only twice or thrice in a season, when artists of the utmost popularity and drawing power appear, and the expectations of the throng were not disappointed. Mr. Heifetz played with the searching beauty of tone, the emotional fire held always in refined restraint and with the remarkable skill that justify many of the extravagant things that have been said about him.

Elements in his popularity are his evident sincerity and utter lack of posing or striving for sensational effects by mere fiddling pyrotechnics. His hearers, whether deeply versed in the technicalities of the violin or just music lovers, are made to feel not only in his playing of pure melody unadorned but in the most intricate and difficult passages that the composer had an emotional intent beyond mere display, that the performer is in complete sympathy with the composer and can interpret it with illuminating power.

Approval of the artist's work was spontaneous and clamorous. Mr. Heifetz was conservative in adding extra numbers, but did so once during the course of the program. At the end when half of the audience crowded forward he was more liberal.

Mr. Benoist added much to the success of the recital both by his playing in the Saint-Saens Sonata, and in his accompaniments.

2-4 1919

McIntrye & Heath Appear in Musical Extravaganza, "Hello, Alexander"

By PHILIP HALE

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First appearance in Boston of "Hello, Alexander," a musical extravaganza in two acts and nine scenes, book by Edgar Smith and Emily M. Young; lyrics by Alfred Bryan; music by Jean Schwartz. Produced by Lee and J. J. Shubert. Samuel Lehman, musical director.

The theatre was filled with the admirers of Messrs. McIntyre and Heath, eager to see them in their new show, which is now about a month old. It is not necessary to speak of the thin story, the framework for these comedians, vaudeville performers, evolutions of chorus girls, comic and sentimental songs and a Negro minstrel scene, which was short and of a character to make one long for the old minstrel shows, after the magic words, "Gentlemen, be seated," were spoken in the traditional dignified manner by the middle man, who, alas, was not in burnt cork.

There were pleasant features. First of all, of course, were the two minstrels that have been associated for many years. Their rivalry with the middleman, Mr. Quinlan, in boasting of large farms, … the audience greatly, but far fresher and more amusing was the description given by Mr. Heath of the life that he and his partner would lead when they should arrive at Hawaii by way of the Mi… river. Here Mr. … [illegible] … of the … of Hawaii. This whole scene, the Levee, New Orleans, was capital in every way. The music, here, had character. Misses Holt and Rosedale sang simply and sweetly a duet with agreeable voices that blended and the tune itself had a pleasing lilt. Good, too, was "the Ghost of Old Black Joe": good in itself, and bringing to mind Milt G. Barlow "in his great impersonation of the aged contraband," as he was announced on the bills in the days when Negro minstrelsy was in fashion.

The most amusing feature of the first act was the pantomime baseball scene, deftly performed by Messrs. Welch, Mealy and Montrose with the running of the bases and the surprising somersaults. Yet it should be said in justice to others that took part in the show, Miss Walker in her vaudeville acts and with her vaudeville voice, Miss Puck, Miss Hadden, Messrs. Clayton and White, Johnny Burke as a ragtime soldier, McCullough, Squires, that they evidently pleased the audience. There was little dancing, graceful or acrobatic, that was noteworthy, but there were some pretty and straight-legged girls in the chorus, and Miss Walker's costumes were conspicuous for tasteful colors. Messrs. McIntyre and Heath were sorely missed by some when they were not on the stage.

There will be matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The newspapers inform us that many young gentlemen in Boston and its neighborhood are purposing to enter into the holy state of matrimony. We beg them to read thoughtfully the letter written by Mr. James Howells on Feb. 4, 1635, to his well-beloved cousin, Mr. T. V. Note the solemnity of the introductory matter:

"You have a great work in hand, for you write unto me that you are upon a treaty of marriage; a great work indeed, and a work of such consequence that it may make you or mar you; it may make the whole remainder of your life uncouth, or comfortable to you, for of all civil Actions that are incident to man, there's not any that tends more to his infelicity or happiness; therefore it concerns you not to be over-hasty herein, not to take the Ball before the Bound; you must be cautious how you thrust your Neck into such a Yoke, whence you will never have power to withdraw it again; for the Tongue useth to tye so hard a knot that the Teeth can never untye, no nor Alexander's Sword can cut asunder among us Christians. If you are resolved to Marry, choose where you love, and resolve to love your Choice; let Love rather than Lucre be your Guide in this Election, though a concurrence of both be good, yet for my part I had rather the latter should be wanting that the first, the one is the Pilate, but the other the Ballast of the Ship which should carry us to the Harbour of a happy Life."

Mr. James Howells then told the sad story of Xanthippe's coarse treatment of the justly esteemed Socrates on a memorable occasion. Mr. Howells tells another story which is worth repeating it only for the quaint telling: "I pray that God may deliver you from a Wife of such a generation that Strowd our Cook here at Westminster said his wife was of, who, when (out of a mislike of the Preacher) he had on a Sunday in the afternoon gone out of the church to a Tavern, and returning toward the evening pretty well heated with Canary, to look to his Roast, and his Wife falling to read him a loud Lesson in so furious a manner, as if she would have basted him instead of the mutton, and amongst other Revellings, telling him often that the Devil, the Devil would fetch him: At last he broke out of a long silence, and told her, 'I prithee good Wife hold thy self content; for I know the Devil will do me no hurt, for I have married his Kinswoman.' If you light upon such a Wife (a Wife that hath more bone than flesh) I wish you may have the same measure of patience that Socrates and Strowd had to suffer the Gray Mare sometimes to be the better Horse. I remember a French Proverb:

"That Horse doth every Day more wretched grow,
Where the Hen louder than the Cock doth Crow"

"Yet we have another English Proverb almost counter to this, 'That it is better to marry a Shrew than a Sheep, for though silence be the dumb Orator of Beauty, and the best ornament of a Woman, yet a Phlegmatic dull Wife is fulsome and fastidious.'"

Sound advice, that should be written in letters of gold; or as the teller of oriental tales put it, graven with gravers on the eye-corners. But what is the meaning of "uncouch"?

"Gotten" and "Ill"

As the World Wags:

"May I not" add a word to the recent discussion in your column … Mr … [illegible] … of Mr. Howells … Helps's … appeared several months … on the constant wrong use … ple English words, and was very interesting and illuminating. I think … said that the word "gotten" should never be used.

He also condemned the fashion of saying a person was "ill" when he was sick, and made it very clear why the word "ill" should not be used in that connection, as its meaning is quite different. And as we think of it, do we ever hear a doctor use the word in speaking of a sick patient?

I hope my own English will get by!

Boston. EMILY M. MORSE.

If Mr. Howells said the word "gotten" should never be used, he was lamentably wrong; nor is "gotten," when properly used, a "hideous" word. "Get" means "the attainment of possession by voluntary exertion." When it expresses the ideas of possessing, of receiving, of suffering, and even of doing, it is misused. Now let us quote from Richard Grant White: "There is among some persons not uneducated or without intelligence a doubt about the past participle of 'got'—"gotten," which produces a disinclination to its use. I am asked, for instance whether 'gotten,' like 'proven,' belongs to the list of 'words that are not words.' Certainly not. 'Prove' is what the grammars call a regular verb; that is, it forms its tenses upon the prevailing system of English verbal conjugation which makes the perfect tense in 'ed.' It is in this respect like 'love,' the example of regular verbal conjugations given in the grammars; and we may as well say that Mary has 'loven' John as that John's love for Mary was not 'proven.' But 'get' is of the irregular conjugation in which the preterite tense is formed by an internal vowel change, and the past participle in 'n,' with or without such vowel change; thus—'get, gat, gotten.' The number of these irregular verbs having what is well called a strong preterite, is large in our language, of which they are a very fine and interesting feature and one that we should strive to preserve with their original native traits unchanged." White named do, begin, spin, slay, fly, grow, eat, thrive, shake, speak, drink as examples. The would-be "genteel" say "ill" for "sick," th… that they thus are English in their speech. They would rewrite the Bible, have Dorcas, Lazarus, Hezekiah, Elisha Benhadad, the father of Publius, and other worthies "ill", they would change the divine instruction to "heal the ill, cleanse the lepers." The best English writers were not and are not so absurd. British officers still have "sick leave." Why not change Matthew Arnold's poem to "The Ill King in Bakara"?—Ed.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Bought and Paid For." Drama in four acts, by George Broadhust. The cast:

Robert Stafford	Dudley Ayres
James Gilly	Aubrey Bosworth
Oku	Edward LeDu…
Virginia Blaine	Leah Winslow
Fanny Blaine	Betty Barnicoat
Josephine	Dorothy Tierney
Louis	Samuel Godfrey

"Bought and Paid For" is a play that deals with a big theme. Its plot revolves around a gentle girl who marries a brute, and for four acts is developed an absorbing story of their life together. Other members of the family enter the story, which in many ways is a faithful and realistic portrayal, its serious side relieved by many scenes of comedy, of certain aspects of American life of today.

RUTH ST. DENIS

Ruth St. Denis, assisted by Doris Humphrey, Betty Horst, Edna Malone and Pearl Wheeler, in a program of mediaeval, symbolic and dramatic dances, is the headline feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was deeply impressed.

Miss St. Denis's act is entirely new. Last evening there was no team work in the stage management and the getaway of many of the dances left the impression of artificiality. The program is even more varied than on previous occasions and the principal and her associates appeared barelegged and barefooted.

The program included an Egyptian dance, a Greek dance, Dance of the Royal Ballet of Siam, Serenata Morisca, Dance of Beroe, Palace Dance, Dance of the Devidassis, and the Spirit of Democracy.

The act has the advantage of special and pertinent stage settings, there is much taste in dress, and the various numbers are interesting in the manner of dramatic interpretation and the lucidity of the idea conveyed by dance. Miss St. Denis was unflagging in her zeal. She had much to do, and there was no suggestion of laboriousness even at the conclusion of her unusually long program. She did not slight her work … societies in the … work … to them …

... most interesting number ... was the concluding dance, the Spirit of ... o ... ery, interesting in all its ph... as well as arousing the enthusia... the audience.

Other acts were Joe Laurie and Aleen Bronson, in chatter and song; Ara Sisters, in a dancing act; France Kennedy, in monologue; Joveddah, assisted ...

Princess Olga and Costa Valata, in mental telepathy; Harry and Anna Seymour, in song and dance; Yip Yip Yaphankers, a riotous acrobatic act; Olga, fiddler, and Orville Stamm, in an act of physical prowess.

Febr 1919

PLAYS MUSIC FROM RAMEAU

There has been much interested comment in musical circles concerning the old music which Georges Longy, the conductor of the orchestra and chorus of the MacDowell Club of this city revived at the concert given by the club last Wednesday afternoon in Jordan Hall. It was then realized by an unusually large percentage of concert-goers of Boston that there lived in the 18th century a man named Rameau, who wrote really charming music. A suite of pieces taken from Rameau's "Castor and Pollux" was played by the string orchestra of the club and a choir of woodwind, of which the new membership was completed by a few professionals of the Boston Symphony. The wit and sentiment of the music and the adorable art with which it was written made then a lasting impression on the hearers, and in certain movements the strings distinguished themselves by musicianly phrasing, clearness of attack, precise but elastic rhythm. Such music is the best possible training not only for young players in an orchestra, but also for audiences who have too little opportunity to exercise their ears with

Feb 5 1919

Agreeable Concert Given by Berkshires at Jordan Hall

EICHHEIM'S MUSIC IS WELL PLAYED

By PHILIP HALE

The Berkshire String Quartet—Hugo Kortschak, Jacques Gordon, Clarence Evans and Emmeran Stoeber—gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Henry Eichheim, quartet in A minor; Wolf, serenade; Beethoven, quartet in F major, op. 59, No. 1. There was an audience of good size.

Mr. Eichheim wrote his quartet in 1895. There was a private performance of it some years ago when he was a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He and fellow members then played it. In those days Mr. Eichheim belonged to the radical wing of the orchestra. There were the ultra-conservatives, who saw nothing good out of Germany; there were the Laodecians, who went so far as to admit that they were not afraid of French music, but they thought that the modern French composers showed dangerous tendencies, and were inclined to be immoral in musical expression; there were the radicals, few in number, but fervent in their admiration for Cesar Franck, Gabriel Faure, Vincent d'Indy and the still more modern. Mr. Eichheim was not unduly influenced by the men he admired. He had something to say for himself, as is shown by his quartet and by some songs that are published.

As he is a musician of fine taste, a taste that is conspicuous in his work as a photographer and in his views of art and life, it was to be expected that he would not endure the commonplace when he girded up his loins to write a quartet. Fortunately he did not fall into the extreme: shunning the obvious, he did not labor in doing it; he was not deliberately eccentric, nor did he endeavor to outvie the French in modernism. His taste was sane; his love of the beautiful was not painfully acquired or an affectation. And so the result was music that has pleasing thematic material developed in an interesting manner, without episodes that might be disturbing through a too evident desire to attract attention; without padding, merely for the purpose of filling an allotted number of measures according to an orthodox formula. This music has beauty and vitality; it is free from sentimentalism. Written by a violinist who respects his instrument, the music does not show a wild yearning to be orchestral, to go beyond the natural expression of four-stringed instruments. It was enjoyed by the audience, and the players evidently shared in the enjoyment by the manner of their performance.

It was a ... to hear again Wolf's Italian Serenade. It wears well for it should be remembered that it was composed in '88, and the Kneisels brought it ... here in the fall of '90. There was for ... a Wolf cult in Boston. The Serenade was heard in its orchestral form. The songs were more and more sung. There was even an attempt to excite interest in "Penthesilea," which is pretty poor stuff. Wolf was first of all lyrical in thought and expression, and this charming little Serenade far outweighs his ambitious attempt to be dramatic, tragic, in his symphonic poem.

This quartet gave a concert here about a year ago, with another second violinist than Mr. Gordon. The performance last night made an agreeable impression. There was adequate technic, a fine sense of proportion, euphony; added to these, there was marked musical intelligence, also musical feeling.

We referred yesterday to Matthew Arnold's poem, "The Sick King in Bokhara." Lo and behold, the linotype discovered "Bakara," which had been hitherto unknown to geographers, poets, travelers and the admirers of Matthew Arnold.

No Return Ticket

Let us now praise famous men. On Feb. 5, 1751, the coffin containing the body of a farmer who had died 30 years before was buried with becoming rites at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, England. In the meantime the body had not been enclosed in a glass case and shown to visitors in the best room or the kitchen, after it had been properly stuffed with straw. Jeremy Bentham had not then set an illustrious example. No, this farmer, who died on Feb. 1, 1721, bequeathed his estate worth £400 a year to his two brothers, and, if they should die to his nephew, "to be enjoyed by them for 30 years, at the expiration of which time he expected to return to life, when the estate was to return to him." In order that he might make a spectacular reappearance he ordered that his coffin should be "affixed on a beam in his barn, locked, and the key enclosed, that he might let himself out." The brothers were more than scrupulous in obeying his injunction: they gave him four days' grace. He made no sign; he did not even wiggle; and so they bore him to the churchyard.

A French Egoist

Certain writers of their own lives have been pilloried as shameless egoists. There is an egoism that is delightful, as that of Montaigne, Pepys, Cellini, Herbert of Cherbury, Blangini, Borrow, Casanova, Charles Godfrey Leland. Edmond de Goncourt belongs to the other class. Note the nightmare that he described in his journal on Feb. 5, 1889. He dreamed that he had been condemned to death for some crime committed in a play that he had written. Porel, the director of the Odeon, and for some years the husband of Mme. Rejane, was commander at the prison of the dream. He announced that the execution would take place the next morning, but gave de Goncourt the choice of 7 o'clock instead of the traditional 5 o'clock. De Goncourt said that his only fear was that by showing momentary weakness on mounting the scaffold he might do harm to his literary reputation. An egoist even in a nightmare!

Old Readers

We have received several letters about old readers. "Baize" writes that he is sure he did not spell "Hillard" "Hilliard," for he knew that Hillard was particular about the spelling of his cognomen when he was a brilliant editorial writer for the Boston Daily Courier, "an organ of the Bell and Everett party during the presidential campaign that elected Abraham Lincoln for the first time." "Baize" adds: "Mr. Hillard was a charming, modest, good-natured gentleman, but he nearly lost his temper when he was double 'lid' in print."

Another correspondent writes that Hillard, who was born in Machias, Me., was named for his grandfather, Maj. George Stillman, who took a prominent part in the decisive and stirring events succeeding the first naval battle of the Revolution. "This battle took place in Machias in June, 1775, following hard upon Lexington and Concord." Yes—and the story has been told as follows: "After Bunker Hill in 1775, the captain of an armed British ship, Margaretta, saw a liberty pole on shore which he ordered cut down, but the Machias patriots replied 'Never!' A band of fishermen soon seized the schooner and killed the captain. This was the first British vessel captured by the Americans." The wounded after the capture of the British schooner were taken to the Burnham tavern, which was still standing in 1916.

Mr. E. I. Nye of Wellfleet gives a list of readers now in his possession:

American Selections, by Noah Webster, Boston, 1800. Columbian Orator, by Caleb Bingham, Boston, 1814. American Orator, Increase Cook, New Haven, 1818. Introduction to National Reader, by John Pierpont, Boston, 1833. (The same, advertising Noah Webster's Spelling Book, with illustrative cuts, 1828). The Rhetorical Reader, Ebenezer Porter, Andover, 18.. 1841. New York edition, ... the Historical Reader, ... J... Concord, N. H. 1825. National Reader, Boston, 1841. American First Class Book. Town's 4th and 5th Reader. "The English Reader, by Lindley Murray, seems to have been the most used in New England as editions printed in 1819-1824, in Burlington, 1817, Hallowell, 1827, are in evidence. In 1815 there was printed at Worcester for Isaiah Thomas, Jr., 'The Only Sure Guide to the English Tongue, or the New Pronouncing Spelling Book,' by William Perry, lecturer in the Academy of Edinburgh. It contains some illustrated fables, a little geography and much moral and improving discourse. The Historical Reader mentioned is a very good copy of an earlier edition than the one mentioned by 'Espero' in the Herald of Jan. 31."

Mr. Nye does not mention a reader entitled "The Brief Remarker on the Ways of Man." "J. M. F." of Concord, N. H., has written entertainingly about it. His letter will soon be published. We shall also hear from Miss Penelope Webster.

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Fancies of the strange things which may very well happen, even in broad daylight, to men shut up alone in ships far off on the sea, seem to have occurred to the human mind in all ages with a peculiar readiness, and often have about them, from the story of the stealing of Dionysus downwards, the fascination of a certain dreamy grace, which distinguishes them from other kinds of marvelous inventions.

The Witch's Doughnuts

As the World Wags:

Your description of the many tribulations of Mr. William Morse and family of Newbury in 1681 brings to my mind some singular occurrences about the year 1780. This is the story told me about 1846.

My grandfather was captain of a schooner that went to Grand Banks fishing. They had a man aboard that was tormented, so they said, by a witch. He would lay in his berth hours at a time insensible. When he recovered he told them the witch had turned him into a horse and rode him around on the Sable Island. His arms were black and blue where she had kicked him when he attempted to bite her. When he was told to pump a pail of water from the cask it would be salt and rough. The next one pumped by another of the crew would be all right. While stirring up dough in the galley the bowl of the spoon would drop off and a twin would appear in the handle. He was annoyed so much that his health failed and he was sent to the galley to do what he could.

It has been said that you could only shoot a witch with silver, so my grandfather took his silver sleeve buttons and loaded the gun and told the man to shoot the witch when she appeared again. One day they heard the report of the gun and rushed to the cabin to find out the cause. The man lay insensible on the floor, and there was a spot of warm blood on the shins. He was never troubled after that.

He was asked the reason of his being troubled, but he did not know. He said he lived on Cape Cod and one day he was travelling along the road and he called in a house. There was no one in but a goat was lying on the hearth. There was a pan of doughnuts in a pan. He took a few and passed on. He said when she took him and rode him around Sable Island she twitted him of stealing the doughnuts. That was as near as he could see about it.

From about 1800 for a long time my grandfather was pilot in Boston Harbor and a man of intelligence and although I was small I fully believed that he believed the story he told me. He gave me the gun that the Witch was shot with. His name and address of his office is in Boston Directory of 1806.

S. P. RIDLEY,

Roslindale.

Foreseen

On the 6th of February, 1888, a Frenchman, lunching with our old friend, Edmond de Goncourt, in Paris, told him that he had returned on a mission he had solicited: to observe what the "disturbing" Bismarck was plotting against the French. "This man," F., wrote Goncourt, "returns terrified. Not only by the military power, but also by the commercial and industrial power of this Prussian."

Has anyone quoted at the peace table a saying in Disraeli's "Contarini Fleming"? "I wish that the World consisted of a cluster of small states."

ONE MICHELHAM

How little we really know about our fellow-men! No one at the Porphry had ever heard of Lord Michelham when his name was mentioned by old Auger, yet Michelham, who died in London on Jan. 7, was supposed to be worth over £20,000,000, and when his son was married he gave the bride a check for a million pounds, without any flourish of trumpets or beating of drums. Indeed, the marriage was a "very quiet" ceremony. This man with a trimmed white beard and shining silker, who rode on busses, gave the Astoria in Paris as a hospital, fitted out a complete Queen Mary ambulance train, offered ten £1000 prizes for those destroying Zeppelins, subscribed large sums to ... war loans. Nearly 70 years old, he ... could not do trench service or fight in the air. Fond of pictures, he bought Raeburn's portrait of Mrs. Robertson Williamson for 22,300 guineas and paid 39,400 guineas for Romney's portrait of Anne, Lady de la Pole. Rich and rare are the jewels of Lady Michelham, pearls and emeralds that once belonged to an empress of Russia. (By the way, the Crown Jewels are again in the Tower of London. It is said that when they were removed for safety, owing to air raids, they were conveyed in a hat-box.) When Lord Michelham was once asked by a man that thought himself a connoisseur if a certain specimen were not of considerable value, he replied by telling a story about the late Lord Rothschild. A young man showed him a ring, thinking that it contained a very precious stone. "Yes," said Rothschild, "it is quite good. I have a whole mantelpiece of the same stuff in the next room." Artemus Ward saw the "rich and sparklin'" Crown Jewels in the Tower when he was writing for Punch. "I was so pleased with the Queen's crown that it occurred to me what a agree'ble surprise it would be to send a sim'lar one home to my wife; and I asked the Warder what was the vally of a good, well-constructed crown like that. He told me, but on cypherin up with a pencil the amount of funs I have in the Jint Stock bank, I conclooded I'd send her a genteel silver watch instid."

For "E. S. S."

"E. S. S." of Manchester, N. H., asked last month what opera is described in Tolstoi's "War and Peace," part 8, chapter 9, and wished information about Dufort (sic), a dancer to whom Tolstoi referred. This subject will be discussed in the Herald next Sunday.

Copy Was Followed

As the World Wags:

In the writer's inquiry as to whether or no anyone had seen the circular that contained an article "Warnings of Russia's Domination of the World" it should have read. In your article today it reads "Warnings of Russia's Domination of the War."

Medford. N. J. L. R.

At a dinner of politicians and others at the house of Charpentier, the publisher, in Paris, on Feb. 7, 1886, Col. Yung said that the mental ability of Mac-Mahon, which was regarded by all as mediocre, was flogged into activity by shell fire; it became clearer, broader, and at last surprising, while that of Gen. Bourbake, who was heroically valiant, faded away and fell into childishness. Is there not the paradox of the hero, as there is the paradox of the comedian? Is not the man constitutionally cowardly often recklessly brave on the battle field?

Ezra Sampson's Reader

As the World Wags:

I have an American reader printed in 1820. It is called "The Brief Remarker on the Ways of Man." The author is Ezra Sampson. On the title page he quotes from Johnson: "Those authors are to be read at school that supply most axioms for prudence, most principles of moral truth and most materials for conversation." Here are a few extracts from the "Preface to the School Edition":

"I know full well the low estimation in which American literature is held, not only by certain Europeans, but even among ourselves. With many, the book must lie under a heavy disadvantage from the unfortunate circumstance of its being of domestic fabric; that those American readers who read only for fashion, would scorn to introduce to their families and toilets a home-made book on the same principle that they would scorn to attire their persons and their families with the product of domestic looms."

"For the double purpose of rendering the book more appropriate and reducing its price, I have made a pretty free use not only of the pruning-hook, but the exterminator; not merely paring away excrescencies, but eradicating some parts, which, in the doting eyes of their author, seemed to claim a gentler usage."

The author gives his "unfeigned thanks" to those "respectable individuals in various places, females in part, who have taken an active interest in its success."

"The Resolve of the Regents of the University to purchase of me 200 copies . . . thereby aiding my means, as well as animating my hopes."

Speaking of a communion of ideas between the reader and the author, he says, "In one particular, their sympathies are seldom in unison, to the former the preface is the most uninteresting part, and is accordingly passed over unread, or perhaps is read with a sneer; while to the latter, it is of peculiar interests, as it gives him a pre-

[illegible] copiously the [illegible] first person."

A [illegible] of the 85 essays which com- [illegible] book are "of the tyranny of [illegible] levying enormous taxes upon [illegible] ality, and grinding the faces [illegible] poor.' "Of the wide difference [illegible] Wisdom and Cunning," "truths [illegible] boys, which boys will ne'er be- [illegible] of adapting female education [illegible] peculiar habitudes of the sex," [illegible] desire to know what [illegible] of us." He dedicates the [illegible] volume" to the "American youth [illegible] both sexes." J. M. F.
Concord, N. H.

This Ezra Sampson was a man of large parts and active life. Going from Middleboro to Yale, where he was graduated in 1773, he served as chaplain in the Revolutionary War. We find him later at Plympton. Alas, he fell from grace, for moving away he became a newspaper man. The first edition of the book described above was published in 1817. Born in 1749, Sampson died in 1823.—Ed.

School Readers Again

As the World Wags:

A long time ago, in another sphere of existence, I was teaching in a state school for the blind. If my opinion is worth anything the raised print-readers, so-called, in that school were the dreariest collection of words that I ever expect to see. It was impossible to get the children interested in them. As a celebrated American author says of the stories of another A. A. of by-gone day, "they began in the air and ended nowhere." They were of a some-one's "series," too, but I've entirely forgotten whose they were. Among the drivelling inanities of those books I cannot remember anything that would identify the person who compiled them. Later I taught a grade in a public school in which the average age of the children was seven. They had a reader that for dreary commonplaces and barren inanities, almost equalled the blind school volumes aforesaid. There was just one lesson in the whole book that the children seemed to like, about a little girl whose mother gave her permission to do exactly as she wanted to do for one whole day, and who, it is hardly necessary to state, met with a variety of misadventures in consequence. I found that this particular story was an adaptation from an English educator, Mrs. Barbauld, and I suppose the children were amused because it was. I think, the only story in the book in which anything happened. The children I taught in the blind school were from rather poor and uneducated people as a whole, yet they were so deeply interested and amused by the stories I read to them out of the once celebrated, "Parents' Assistant," that I had to read over some of the stories twice. I have seen few school readers since I gave up the [illegible] task of rearing the tender [illegible], but I cannot help wondering if any of them could be more weary, [illegible] stale and unprofitable, even for seven-year-olds, than those that I was obliged to use. I earnestly hope that present-day readers in the schools are an improvement. They would not have to go very far to achieve that distinction. PENELOPE WEBSTER.
Boston.

Feb 8 1919

MISS CHRISTIE

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Winifred Christie, pianist, gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: MacDowell, Sonata Tragica; Couperin, Soeur Monique, Les Barricades Mysterieuses; Rameau, Le Tambourin; Debussy, Hommage a Rameau, Golliwog's Cake Walk, Jardins Sous la Pluie; Debussy-Borwick, L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune; Griffes, Fountain of the Acqua Paola, Nightfall; MacDowell, Concert Study.

What would have happened if Edward MacDowell had not gone to Columbia University as an instructor and lecturer? If he had stayed in Boston, lived quietly, and had time for composition? Would he have been influenced by modern tendencies? When he first heard some of Richard Strauss's tone-poems, not the later ones, he said: "This is not music to me; this is a new art." He was not well acquainted with the modern music of French masters when he was compelled to stop work. He deliberately abstained from hearing the music of his contemporaries, for he feared he might lose his individuality. When he was in Paris he was with Debussy in Marmontel's piano class. Suppose he had stayed in Paris and not gone to Germany for study with Raff. What if he had become a pupil of Cesar Franck? He was influenced, and influenced greatly, in his composition, first by Raff, then by Grieg. There was in him a streak of mysticism, a vein even of [illegible] due to his Gaelic speech, traits that [illegible] cilable with his sturdy phy[illegible] these traits are observable in [illegible] his compositions. Nor was he always under the influence of Grieg. His D[illegible] in the "Indian" suite—probably the noblest expression in the musical literature of America—is his own.

The sonata played last night by Miss Christie, played in a masterly manner suggested these thoughts and questions for this work and many of MacDowell's compositions for the piano do not now seem so modern, so in keeping with the present musical feeling, as the little pieces by Couperin, who died nearly 200 years ago. The very titles of the two and the countless other little pieces of this Couperin, "le Grand," might be used by the symbolists in music. Who was this Soeur Monica? Surely not the converting mother of St. Augustine. Was she some noble dame, seeking peace in a convent, or sent there by royal order for an escapade that Tallemant des Reaux would have rejoiced to tell in his "Histoirettes"? And these barricades? Why were they mysterious? They were in Couperin's mind, not to be described epically after the manner of Victor Hugo, but put into musical notation for the suggestion of a mood. The transition from Couperin and Rameau to Debussy was much less abrupt than that from MacDowell to Debussy would have been.

Miss Christie should not have played Borwick's transcription of the Prelude to Mallarme's poem, for any transcription of this music, even Mr. Copeland's, must be denatured Debussy. Borwick's gave an opportunity for Miss Christie to produce exquisite tonal effects; the ancient cymbals were deftly imitated at the end, but it is impossible for even Miss Christie to reproduce on a piano the haunting melody of the pagan flute, the wondrous passage for the oboe, or the horns of Elfland, or other ravishing measures of the orchestral expression. Even played on a piano, the transcription would have been more effective if it had been taken at a little faster pace. And so "Soeur Monique" would have been still more enchanting in its artful simplicity if the final measures had been played as Couperin wrote them.

But Miss Christie is a thrice welcome visitor whatever her program may be. Every one plays the piano nowadays; how few play it musically, with ever present beauty of tone even in stormy measures; with eloquent phrasing; with a lively sense of color, tints, demi-tints! There are a few pianists, widely different in manner of interpretation, in what is vaguely known as "temperament," but worshippers of beauty, conscious of the fact that "music must sound," as Mozart put it. Miss Christie is not the least among these few. Furthermore, she has an emotional nature, genuine, not assumed, deep, not superficial; she can be frank and also subtle as an interpreter; she has rare musical intelligence.

On Feb. 3 "N. J. L. R." asked if any one remembers a woman standing in the early '80s at the entrance of the old Boston & Lowell station on Causeway street and distributing a circular "Warnings of Russia's Domination of the World."

Mr. Horace Hale Smith of Boston says that these tracts were signed Mary Elizabeth Stevens. They warned the readers to be on guard against the Russians who were tunnelling under Boston streets for spying purposes.

Warned in Time

As the World Wags:

It seems to me that the author and dispenser of the circular on "Warnings of Russia's Domination," which "N. J. L. R." says was distributed by a woman at the Boston & Lowell station in the early '80s, must have been Mary Elizabeth Stevens, whose anti-Russian agitation, through "literature" printed at her own expense, was well known, at least at a slightly later period.

One day, in 1892 or '93, when a freshman at Harvard, I beheld, on my way to luncheon, an elderly woman, of good appearance, holding under her arm a large bunch of pamphlets, which she offered to the students as they passed in toward Memorial Hall from Cambridge street. There was a cold wind, and Miss (or Mrs.?) Stevens's gray hair and clothing, which I think was also gray, fluttered somewhat pathetically.

This lady was simply a well meaning "crank" on Russia and all its works. The tract which I accepted from her, bearing, I think, her name as author, might well have convinced the nervous or credulous reader that the nearest stone wall or empty packing case concealed a Russian spy. With the larger publication was a supplement relating to the Borden murder, a crime then fresh in the public mind, which was there attributed to Russian agents. I did not long preserve these documents, and I cannot say what reason, if any, was advanced why Mr. and Mrs. Borden in particular should have been victims of the Czar's diabolical emissaries. Had her theories been based on fact, the Stevens lady's own life would not have been worth five minutes' purchase. Yet I saw her several times about Boston and Cambridge after our first encounter.
Lancaster. J. C. L. CLARK.

J. W.'s Lament

As the World Wags:

Mr. [illegible] P[illegible] [illegible] the advent [illegible] and the consequent suffering which will [illegible] not only to him but to countless thousands of his fellow citizens through the enforcement of this latest crazy specimen of middle-class morality, reminds me that we are about to look our last upon the Brewer fountain opposite the windows of the Union Club, for, owing to its intemperate designation, it will have to go, along with the Bell-in-Hand and all the other well-beloved life-saving stations. I thought of this while passing the Frog pond, where Emerson when a boy used to water his father's transcendental heifer, which never gave milk after it grew up for fear the product might be used as a basis for punch, so dear to the heart of the late lamented John Hancock. They say it was an extra glass of this courageous beverage which gave to the world that immortal signature which appears so prominently on the Declaration of Independence.

I suppose the name of Park street will have to be changed because it brings so vividly to mind the genial "Billy" and his foaming mugs of musty. What an era of ennui stretches out before me. As an old timer said to me the other day with a mournful shake of the head: "It will soon be water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink. Jerry, old boy, it's surely time for you and me to fade away." J. W.
Boston.

Words and Wine

As the World Wags:

The recent discussion in this column concerning "richochet" reminds me of a footnote in Sir Richard F. Burton's very interesting account of his "Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Meccah." Quoting an Arab's use of the word "dirham-birham," which was apparently compounded at the moment, Burton says it is "an imitative word, called in Arabic grammar Tabi'a as 'Zayd-Bayd, i. e., Zayd and others.'"

There seems to be a peculiar and melancholy timeliness in a stanza which Burton sets down as a footnote in the 10th volume of "The Thousand Nights and a Night." Apropos of a song in the text:

Wine cup and ruby-wine high worship claim;
Dishonor 'twere to see their honor waste;
Bury me, when I'm dead, by side of vine
Whose veins shall moisten bones in clay misplaced;
Nor bury me in wo'ld and wild, for I
Dread only after death no wine to taste.

Burton says: "Compare the charming song of Abu Mijan translated from the German of Dr. Weil in Bohn's Edit. of Ockley:

When the death-angel cometh mine eyes to close,
Dig my grave 'mid the vines on the hill's fair side,
For though deep in earth may my bones repose,
The juice of the grape shall their food provide.
Ah, bury me not in a barren land,
Or Death will appear to me dread and drear
While fearless I'll wait what he hath in hand
And the scent of the vineyard my spirit cheer.

To which Burton appends in a fine burst of enthusiasm, "The glorious old drinker!" MIRIAM LOWELL.
Winchester.

"Ill-Gotten"

As the World Wags:

Isn't "ill-gotten" in the dictionary?
Boston. NEUTRAL.

Certainly. And why not? "Ill" is an adverb. "Gotten" is the past participle of "get," which is here properly used—"the attainment of possession by voluntary exertion." "Ill-gotten" is a good old word, going back in English literature to Latimer.—Ed.

Feb 9 1919

MAAZEL, PIANIST,

By PHILIP HALE

Marvin Maazel of New York, a pianist, played here for the first time yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Bach-Busoni, Chaconne; Gluck - Brahms, Gavotte; Paganini - Brahms, Variations, op. 35, Book 1; Chopin, Sonata, op. 35, Nocturne; Etude op. 25 No. 6; Liszt, Concert Etude, Mephisto Waltz; Glinka-Balakireff, L'Alouette; Liadoff, Barcarole, op. 44; Godowsky, Symphonic Metamorphoses on Johann Strauss's Waltz, "Wine, Women and Song."

One, not knowing the pianist, but looking at this program, would infer that he was a young man, recently escaped from his teacher and eager to show the public how many "hard pieces" he had learned. The playing of Busoni's disarrangement of Bach's Chaconne would of itself cast a reflection on a pianist's musical taste. What should be said of following these Variations with the Variations of Brahms [illegible] a [illegible] pianist [illegible] a sufficient excuse for cr[illegible] performance [illegible] Ovid does not [illegible] to the age of Phaethon who came to grief by driving the chariot of the sun god, but Phaethon undoubtedly was a youth, arrogant in his driving earthly steeds.

Mr Maazel has digital dexterity He can play a great many notes, and for the most part accurately, in a surprisingly short space of time, he also has strength; but speed and strength are no longer considered the highest qualities of a pianist. Mr. Maazel should remember that a hearer today demands a beautiful quality of tone, the singing of melodic figures, a keen rhythmic sense, proportion and balance, phrasing that is significant, fine taste. As Mr Maazel is a young man, as he has acquired a certain mechanical proficiency, these other qualities may in time be added to his present equipment.

He is not yet mature enough for a satisfying performance in public. He should cultivate the graces. To be a Boanerges among pianists is not after all an enviable reputation. Let him listen carefully to musical violinists and singers, to pianists that weave a spell, as Mr Cortot—he will be here next season Mr. Gabrilowitsch and others that are truly musical. At present he is still impressed by technic, obsessed by it, and even his technic is not yet evenly developed.

"E. E. S." of Manchester, N. H., asked in the Herald of Jan. [illegible] "Can you tell me what opera is described in Tolstoi's 'War and Peace' part viii [illegible]? A dancer, Dufort (sic) is referred to, and I have not been able to find anything about him."

We replied that about 10 years ago we lent our copy of Tolstoi's volume now referred to to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who told us not long ago that he had not yet read it all. We also said that the dancer's name was in all probability Duport, not Dufort, and referred the questioner to d'Alheim's "Sur les Pointes."

We are indebted to Mr. J. D. Kimball of the Herald for Tolstoi's description.

"On the stage there were smooth planks; at the sides stood painted pictures, representing trees; in the background a canvas was drawn over boards. In the middle of the stage sat maidens in red corsages and white skirts. One of them was sitting apart on a low stool. They were singing. When they had finished, the maiden in white walked to the prompter's box and was accosted by a man in close fitting trousers over stout legs, with feather and poniard, and he began to sing and wave his arms. First he sang, then she sang. The man began to finger the hand of the maiden; they sang together.

"In the second act there were pictures representing monuments, and there was a hole in the canvas representing the moon. The horns and bass viols began to play; on the right and left, men wearing black mantles came out. The actors began to wave daggers, then some other men came in and began to carry away the maiden. Behind the stage strokes against something metallic were heard and all knelt and began to sing a prayer.

"Third act. The stage represented a castle. In the middle stood the King and Queen. The maiden who had originally been in white now wore nothing but a shirt. She sang a melancholy tune, but the King sternly waved his hand, and from the side came out men with bare legs and women with bare legs and they all began to dance together. A man with bare legs began to jump very high and cut capers with his feet. This man was Duport, who received 60,000 roubles a year for his art.

"In the fourth act there was some kind of a devil who sang and waved his hands until some boards were removed beneath him and he sank through them."

This description is amusing, though not so amusing as Tolstoi's description of "Siegfried" in his strange book entitled "What Is Art?" Nor is it so amusing as his incredible use of Beethoven's highly proper "Kreutzer" sonata in the familiar story of an unhappy marriage.

It is possible that Tolstoi did not have any particular opera in mind when he wrote the description in "War and Peace." It is possible that he described some ballet—opera of the sort then in fashion. The time may be approximately determined for the "opera" was seen before 1812 and the dancer arrived at Petrograd in 1808. And just a word about this dancer.

Pierre d'Alheim gives an account of him that is picturesque, though not wholly accurate. He describes him as a male coquette with mincing, feminine ways, a lively smile and flashing eyes. "A bridge of gold was made for him; he would have 1200 roubles a night and appear in all the shows [illegible]. He arrived with Mlle George, [illegible] and extravagant. He lent her a [illegible] sum, retaining as a pledge her [illegible] her diamonds.' D'Alheim th[illegible] low Duport, making [illegible]

[illegible] ty of [illegible] He was [illegible] resolved to [illegible] She [illegible] believe, she dreamed of a long life [illegible] her a life of happiness and fame [illegible] But Mlle. George, with whom he had broken, was applauded; incense was burned before her, diamonds were showered upon her. 'Her engagement, as that of Duport, neared its end. When

[illegible] port judged that the time had come, [illegible] the harvest was reaped, he went [illegible] her, obtained her pardon, and, without saying goody-by to Danilova, took the road for France,' in the best of humor, for he had in his pocket 200,000 rubles, and he had an eye on a like sum belonging to Mlle. George, and her diamonds, which should come to him by way of interest. Danilova, hearing of this treachery, fell sick; she had pneumonia, and died at the age of 17 in 1808. Sickness had ravaged her terribly. Sad, disillusionized, drooping through mental suffering, torn from her dream of art by a brute of a man, she was soon only a shadow of herself. However, before her death her pale and languid face was enlivened by a smile, for death was to her forgetfulness."

Truly a sad and romantic story! Unfortunately it is not true in many particulars. Mlle. George remained five years in Russia, played at Stockholm, stopped a fortnight at Stralsund, met Napoleon at Dresden—he received her the night of his own arrival. Dumas, in his "Memoires," says that she carried a letter in the busk of her corset from Bernadotte to be delivered secretly to King Jerome, then at Brunswick. She acted in Dresden with members of the Comedie-Francaise, summoned there by Napoleon. Mlle. George returned to Paris in August, 1813.

Duport did not leave Petrograd until 1816, when his sister, the dancer, went after him.

Nor did Duport leave the Opera, Paris, for love of Mlle. George. He had been engaged for Petrograd by Dandelot. Mlle. George left the Comedie-Francaise hurriedly in May, 1808. Duport accompanied her, as the two were engaged for Petrograd. He disguised himself as a woman, fearing that otherwise he would be stopped at the barrier. She was then 21 years old, incomparably beautiful, heavily in debt, in spite of the munificence of Prince Sapieha, and her visits to Napoleon for three years. Masson believes that her flight to Russia was caused by a political intrigue: that it was planned at Petrograd for the purpose of taking the Tsar away from Mme. Narishkine, and thus restoring him through a liaison with an actress to his reigning wife. Benckendorff managed the affair in Paris. When she was in Petrograd she wrote a letter to her mother telling of her success and the gifts that had been made to her. This she signed "George Benckendorff." In another letter she said that every one in Petrograd thought that Benckendorff was her husband. Her salary was 16,000 roubles and two benefit performances had netted her 20,000. She was saving her money. This was in 1809. No mention in any letter of Duport; but she wished her mother to tell Talma that she loved him also.

Following Lyonnet, we have preferred the spelling George to Georges.

Duport was by no means an empty-headed coxcomb. He is described by Lyonnet as not only a dancer, but an intelligent man, one of solid acquirements. He was born "about 1775" or in 1781—the authorities differ. Having danced at the Gaite and at the Ambigu-Comique in Paris, he made his debut at the Opera in 1800, and as Zephyre in the ballet "Psyche" he made a sensation, and was even acknowledged as a rival of the great Vestris. This ballet, produced in 1790, with music by Miller, had uncommon success, for it remained in the reportoire of the Opera until 1829, and was performed 161 times. Duport's sister, Minette, was also a dancer at the Opera. No doubt Vestris was disturbed by Duport's success, for when his name was mentioned to him, Vestris said: "Duport? Duport? Oh, yes, that little fellow who spins about so," accompanying the remark with a movement of his finger in the air. The biographers say that he did not have a handsome face, but he was well made, agile, graceful. The rivalry between Vestris and Duport grew to such an extent that Berchoux wrote a satirical poem, "La Danse, ou les Dieux de l'Opera," in which he favored Duport.

And Duport danced at the Opera in ballets of his own composition: "Acis et Galathee," music by Darondeau and Gianella, May 10, 1805, in which he mimed Acis and his sister Galathee; "Figaro" May 30, 1806, when the Journal des Debats called him "the finest dancer that is known." "L'Hyman de Zephire" July 20, 1806.'

Nuittier gives entertaining information about the ballet at the Opera when Duport flourished. "In these days when the functions of men-dancers are for the most part limited to supporting or lifting up the lady, it may perhaps seem surprising that male dancers formerly enjoyed a popularity as great, if not greater, than that of women." Nuttier did not foresee the day of Mordkine, Nijinsky, Adolph Bohm. "Nevertheless, it was so, not only under the old regime. In the time of Vestris, but a period of military glory, when man-

[illegible] were [illegible] not [illegible] the early days of the [illegible] dancer Duport was at the height of his success, his salary equalled that of the first singers; to keep up his position he paid 6000 francs for rent; his table cost him as much and his carriage 2900. When he danced the usual guard was increased by five cavalry soldiers.. His bust was cast in bronze, and not content with interpreting the works of others, he ventured to compose ballets himself. It would seem that this was not an official venture, but that he wished to see whether his ballets would equal those of his contemporaries. The result was not encouraging." In this respect is Nuittier fair to Duport? "Acis et Galathee" was unfavorably criticized by some, but there were 25 performances. The careful Chouquet tells us that "Figaro" was very successful. "L'Hymen de Zephire" was less fortunate.

Napoleon took the trouble to write to Cambaceres from Lyons that he could not understand why Duport had been allowed to compose ballets. "This young man has not been in vogue a year. When one has made such a marked success in a particular line, it is a little precipitate to invade the specialty of other men who have grown gray at their work." This letter moved Vuillier to this obsequious comment: "When we see the sovereign in the midst of the cares of government so well acquainted with the success of a dancer and occupying himself seriously with a question of choregraphy, we can only bow once more before the all-powerful master of the world." But Vuillier says that this letter was written on the 20 Germinal, year XII. Now the 30 Germinal, year XII. was April 20, 1804, and Duport's first ballet at the Opera was performed in 1805. Had Napoleon heard that Duport was at work on a ballet; or had a ballet by Duport been performed at another theatre? On this point the books fail us.

As we have said, Duport's sister went to Petrograd in 1816 to persuade him to leave Russia. He went to Vienna, where he danced. He afterwards become manager of the Carinthian Gate Theatre in that city. Retiring from the stage he went back to Paris, where he died in 1853.

It would not be easy to name the opera, or the ballet-opera, with Duport dancing in Tolstoi's novel. In those years, Italian and French composers were invited to Petrograd, where they composed a mass of stuff that is now known for the most part only by the titles. It is doubtful whether Tolstoi himself could have named the show he described.

Stage Stanzas: Suggested By "Up in Mabel's Room"

When Aristotle gripped his pen
In dear old bygone Grecian days,
He gave to young, ambitious men
A lot of dope on writing plays.

A drama's theme should not be thin,
According to this ancient sage;
A playwright, if he wants to win,
Won't deal with trifles on the stage.

I weighed this academic fact
While seeing "Up in Mabel's Room",
And pondered that the house was packed,
With Aristotle in his tomb.

It's doubtful if a pink chemise
Is real material for art,
I daresay Aristophanes
Would find it flimsy from the start.

Yet why should Mr. A. H. Woods
Concern himself with classic lore
When he's delivering the goods
That makes the public yell for more?
—Baird Leonard in the Morning Telegraph.

Miss Leonard should read, or re-read, Aristophanes's "Lysistrata." She would there learn that the Greek dramatist did not disregard intimate articles of the toilet.

W. L. Courtney's Tribute to Wyndham. Other Stage Notes

W. L. Courtney in discussing the art of the date Charles Wyndham speaks of his power of skating over thin ice with such extraordinary case that he gave one no time to consider the ethical implications of his stage conduct. "It was by a multitude of little touches which seemed so impromptu and yet were so obviously studied that Charles Wyndham became one of the most adorable of lovers that the English stage has ever seen. There was a diffident humility, an ingratiating manner, a suggestion of great kindliness, and, rising through these, a growing passion, which eventually carried the heroine whom he was addressing and the audience off their balance. . . . The fascination of Wyndham's voice remains for most of us men an insoluble mystery. . . . I venture to think that what we call natural is the last triumph of art—just as in literature the note of simplicity only comes as a result of a vast amount of literary experiment . . . He had his failures, no doubt, as well as his successes. But for us that blithe and gracious figure of a romantic lover who never bored us, but sent us home in a more cheerful mood; who was equally

good [illegible] a young [illegible] and as a [illegible] and even the old man [illegible] who figures in the last act of 'Rosemary' an actor who can claim to have interpreted to us the very meaning of comedy and the vast difference between it and either melodrama or farce—when such a man, I say, dies, we feel that a whole world has closed and is done with, because the interpreter of that world is no more. Charles Wyndham, the lineal successor of Charles Matthews, the English rival of Got and Coquelin, the man whose heart was always youthful and whose sense of art was exquisitely true, lives only in the grateful and affectionate memory of those who love the stage and honor its highest exponents."

Maeterlinck's "Burgomaster of Stilemonde" was brought out in London at the Scala Theatre, Jan. 10. The Daily Telegraph said of it: "The spirit of fantasy, like the spirit of passionate beauty, has no place in it; it is war—horrid, cruel, remorseless war—and its consequences that the writer has chosen as his subject. One might easily conceive how the pith of the matter was discovered in a paragraph of a few lines, hardly considered worthy by German officialdom of detailed prominence, embodying an account of the shooting of the Burgomaster of Stilemonde for his failure to produce the man guilty of an officer's assassination. There you have the germ of a plot which Maeterlinck, by the magic of his art, has developed into a profoundly touching and deeply poignant drama." The critic classifies it as a domestic tragedy, suggested by an all too common incident in the recent struggle. "It possesses no large and far-reaching issues; it deals merely with the fate of one man, with which are interwoven the destinies of his daughter and his son-in-law. Moreover, it is written with a notable sobriety and economy of words. So far as it goes, however, the play merits respect and admiration. It has the seeds of propaganda within it; not only does it reveal the cruelty of German militarism, but it also proves up to the hilt how heavily that system bears upon many of those compelled to practise it. . . . Mr. Martin Harvey gave an amazingly fine study of the Burgomaster, emphasizing with splendid mastery the genuineness of the man's disposition, the vein of spirituality embodied in a fundamentally timid nature, and the underlying force of character capable of supporting him in the great crisis of his life. It was a performance rich in subtle touches and exquisitely balanced."

Vanbrugh's comedy, "The Provok'd Wife," was revised by the stage society in London Jan. 14. The Times began its review by describing the comedy in this manner: "The play in which a young lady says that when she has to listen to a particularly naughty thing in the theatre, she seeks refuge in blowing her nose. Her aunt remarks that, in that case, she must sometimes blow her nose off. There was no nose-blowing at the King's Hall yesterday afternoon, a circumstance which may or may not illustrate the vicissitudes of female delicacy. The play has two topics—love (to use a polite term) and drink, the one discussed (always from the 'duel of sex' point of view) with a wit more spontaneous, if less exquisite, than Congreve's, the other exhibited with a brutality only to be matched by Zola's 'L'Assomoir.'" The performance was warmly praised, especially Miss Ethel Irving's portrayal of Lady Fanciful. "It was a delicious morsel for the epicure in high comedy. High comedy! These revivals set one's mouth watering. Is it not time—in a weary world of revues and movies—that some bold spirit had a shot at rediscovering the lost art of high comedy? He need not, of course, invite our Belerldas to blow their noses."

It appears from the Morning Telegraph that Mr. Pompeo Nicelli has written a play, "Heartless Suffragette," which pleases him; at least he wrote to a New York manager as follows: "We offer something absolutely new, 'Heartless Suffragette,' in five acts. It is a melodrama that will be commented and criticised from coast to coast. It is a tragic drama that will send the house on an uproar. It is a melodrama that will steer human feeling and human passions to the highest zenith. It is a melodrama interwoven with masterly skill—all the human sentiments of love, virtue, honor, vice, selfishness and abnegation are the pillar of this drama. It is a new and wonderful melodrama, but it has only one fault. If it is worthy to you to spend an hour of your leisure time, please communicate with its author.

"P. S.—My next production will be 'Olga'—in Bolsheviky's 'Dilemma' and 'Drys and Wets.'"

Mr. William Sartain wrote on Feb. 4 to the New York Sun that Novelli, who has just died, produced successfully at Verona in November, 1908, Mrs. Heloise Durant Rose's drama, "Dante," in blank verse. "The Italian translation was made in proso by Prof. Arbib-Costa of the City College of New York. This American tribute to Italy's greatest poet was, we understand, the first American play acted in Italy, and Mascagni composed incidental music for its production. The author, Mrs. Rose, also founded the Dante League of America, which is now doing active Italian work."

The Paris correspondent of the Stage (London) wrote on Dec. 27 about "Maison de Danse" at the Theatre Rejane. "It is a curious dramatization by MM. Nozière and Muller of M. Paul Reboux's novel, and, although I doubt that it is a very typical example of Spanish life, the scenes are picturesque and unusual, while considerable amusement was derived from the lurid invectives used by inmates of the dancing house. Behind all this there is also a study of masculine jealousy and passion in their most primitive form, and the treacherous feminine coquetry that has become almost inevitable in all Spanish dramas since Carmen. Perhaps this is the most serious fault of the play, which, after all, is merely a more materialistic and less sympathetic Carmen, and one looks in vain for an excusable motive in the frenzied behavior of the characters. Estrella is the little slavey of the dance hall until the owner, Don Ramon, exasperated by her indifference, falls madly in love with her, and teaches her to dance in order to prevent her leaving the house. Estrella becomes famous; all the men fall victims to her evil enchantment—Pepillo, the vapid dancer; Benito, whom she steals from his wife and children; Luisito, whom she steals from her own sister; and Don Ramon, whom she tortures with jealousy. She says that she is not for one man nor for one place, but rather the spirit of the dance, which passes on from one to another, from country to country, and whom all should rejoice to have known for however brief a time. But on the eve of her flight with Pepillo the other three discover her perfidy, and she is stabbed by them. The theme is decidedly unwholesome, and it would be difficult to find a more contemptible set of characters. Mlle. Polaire played Estrella with her brusque naturalness, and toward the end an almost lyrical exaltation. Her dancing is as supple and sensuous as ever. Jean Kemm looked like a portly coachman, but made a convincing figure of the distraught Don Ramon. Mlle. Marcelle Vryen was nowhere near the part of the shrewd mother—one of the best in the play. Mme. Rejane introduced an agreeable novelty by having genuine Spanish dancers perform on a small stage in the huge lobby, and thus preserving the necessary atmosphere during the entr'acts; but I saw with regret that a jazz band has made its appearance in this theatre as well."

"Rhodope," by Louis Ganne, at the Varietes, Paris, is between opera and operetta.

The Future of Opera; Notes About Music and Musicians

Mr. Leggo of the London Daily Telegraph, discussing the future of opera, reminds his readers that in no important European city or town was opera given before the war without a substantial subsidy. "London was an exception, no doubt; but that is quite another story. My friend, Albert Coates, conductor at the Maryinski at Petrograd, in the old days, told me once that he received, on behalf of, I think, three or four theatres and opera houses there, a royal subsidy of some £800,000 per annum. In Berlin the ex-Kaiser materially assisted the finances of his Royal Opera. In Dresden, in my time, five and thirty years ago, the old King certainly paid considerable sums out of his own privy purse for his opera, which then was quite first rate; and, what is more, he defrayed the cost of the expensive toggery of the great singer, Malten. Apropos, I recall the excitement in the Saxon capital when 'Tannrauser,' re-studied, was given, with Malten as Elizabeth. The enormous house was moved by excitement almost to tears of hysteria at the gorgeousness of Malten's robe, royally provided, as she sailed down the draughty hall of her illustrious ancestors, which, if you remember, has neither doors nor windows, but is ventilated by the total absence of a back wall! And so it was, wheresoever you went in search of opera on the continent. Now think what the future has in store. Are the Bolsheviks of t[illegible] breed that will expend £800,001 upon worthy things theatrical or operatic? Is the democracy or republic, or whatever it is, of Dresden likely to 'waste' a pfennig of rates or taxes upon a form of entertainment, however great the popular demand at one time, while the social conditions are what they are and what they are likely to remain for some considerable time to come? Surely it is hardly reasonable to expect their representatives to recognize the worth of opera at such a moment. It seems far more likely, to my thinking, that many of the once famous European opera houses may be converted without loss of time into vaudeville (!) theatres or cinemas, even, so I am told, as the Maryinski has been so converted. It is a terrible thought, this, but no amount of thinking here will remedy the matter there. These be days of action, I don't mean to the elimination of all thought; but we must act if we would succeed in keeping the operatic flag flying, and precisely how this is to be done is the question that is worrying the life out of me at this present moment."

As for Covent Garden, it has been utilized as a furniture store. "Its artists, its stage-hands, its stage managers, ballet folk and so on and so forth are scattered to the four winds. If a season can be arranged it must begin in May, say three and a half months from now. Little enough time

[illegible] to [illegible] a few days of [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] telegraph [illegible] to [illegible] to work at [illegible] their scattered forces [illegible] would be th [illegible] combination [illegible] There is not a moment to be [illegible] "psychological moment" may [illegible]

[illegible] left behind him a [illegible] "Cyrano de Bergerac" poem [illegible] and "La Trahison d[illegible]" by Stephane Bordese. O[illegible] posthumous honor was award[illegible] in Paris by a perform[illegible] "La Fille de Madame Angot" [illegible] Opera Comique for a Christmas [illegible] the children of Alsace and [illegible] Renaud, Max Dearly, [illegible], Marthe Chevral, Favart, took [illegible] Reynaldo Hahn conducted.

[illegible] Madame Alma Goodwin, the [illegible] of the London Trio, I owe [illegible] for an extremely interesting [illegible] in regard to Sir Charles Stan[illegible] "In Memoriam Trio," produced [illegible] by the London Trio. Ma[illegible] relates how the com[illegible] that his trio was com[illegible] a great push last April, [illegible] which explains what seemed to [illegible] the partial spirit of the ma[illegible] In any case, however, I cannot [illegible] of a wrong spirit in the [illegible] even if the trio had [illegible] strictly In Memoriam, [illegible] decorum est, etc., and two of [illegible] whose initials Sir Charles [illegible] the music who were [illegible] of my own, most ce[illegible] would have believed in its trut[illegible] their noble souls.—London [illegible] Jan. 18.

[illegible] 1919

[illegible] us now praise famous men. In [illegible] 1536, Cardinal de Salis, Arch[illegible]bishop of Seville, died at the age of 110 years, 8 months and 14 days, "in the full enjoyment of every faculty, except strength, and quickness of hearing." And what was the secret of his long life? He himself, being of a noble house in the province of Andalusia, has told us:

"By being old when I was young, I find myself young now I am old. I led a sober, studious, but not a lazy or sedentary life. My diet was sparing, though delicate; my liquors the best wines of Xeres and La Manche, of which I never exceeded a pint at any meal, except in cold weather, when I allowed myself a third more. I rode or walked every day, except in rainy weather, when I exercised for a couple of hours. So far I took care of the body, and, as to the mind, I endeavored to preserve it in due temper by a scrupulous obedience to the divine commands, and keeping, as the apostle directs, a conscience void of offence toward God and man. By these innocent means I have arrived at the age of a patriarch with less injury to my health and constitution that many experience at [illegible]"

A Modern Aesop

As the World Wags:

A certain Chandler who was wont to supply the Good People of Lawrence, [illegible] on Strike for 48 Hours with Pay [illegible] thought to get the Bolshevik [illegible] the artful Device of asking 80 cents a Dozen for eggs but Giving only 10 [illegible] for the Dozen. This concep[illegible] of the Sense of the Meeting proved [illegible] Mistaken for he was promptly [illegible] as a Robber and his stock incon[illegible] Scrambled.

Moral: What is sauce for the Goose is [illegible] sarily sauce for the Gander.

[illegible] ABEL SEAMAN.

Advice to the Young

[illegible] on Feb. 10, 1737, that Mr. James [illegible] voiced his disappointment to [illegible] The Pritchard:

"I have now had too long a Super[illegible] from Employment, having en[illegible] myself to a Fatal Man at Court [illegible] own seeking) who I hoped, and had reason to expect (for I wav'd all other ways) that he would have been a Scale towards my rising; but he hath rather prov'd an instrument to my ruine. It may be he will prosper accordingly."

Was it not Michael Angelo who said, after he had been disappointed in a somewhat similar manner, he saw that henceforth he must rely on his own ex[illegible]rtions? Here is a golden thought for young men, also for anyone that wishes his path smoothed by friends, true or [illegible]

Tell the Truth!

As the World Wags:

I have been led on the testimony af[illegible]forded by the o[illegible] letter, of Mr. [illegible] [illegible] earnest [illegible] human conduct [illegible] was therefore [illegible] agreeably surprised to read a recent communication from him in which he definitely urged his readers toward a greater candor of speech and openness of conduct and condemned certain hypocrisies that defeat the ends of purity for which they are designed to strive. This is as it should be; and by way of enforcing the lesson that he provides I venture to adduce an instance that has come under my own notice, tending to show that perfect veracity even in matters of critical moment to the speaker may also serve perfectly the baser ends of mere selfish policy. A former parishioner of mine, now dead and passed to whatever meed of rest may have been allotted to him, led in life a somewhat wayward life, and, although a married man, still habitually succumbed to the temptations of beauty and the fascinations of designing women. He went so far, indeed, in this direction as now and then to visit the metropolis in the company of some temporary female companion for a period of several days. Returning from these jaunts he would, of course, be asked by his wife where he had been; and it gives me joy to recall that, however blameworthy he may have been in other ways, it was his invariable custom upon such occasions to tell his spouse the precise truth about his proceedings, even going to the extent of giving the name of the lady and the nature of their recreations. His wife invariably repudiated these revelations as fictitious, saying, as it has been reported to me: "Quit your kidding, Bill; tell me where you have really been." This solicitation to falsehood he invariably resisted, indignantly declining any other or further explanation, and so the matter dropped for the time. I am not definitely aware that his conduct in New York upon these occasions was anything more than indiscreet, and this being the case it seems to me that his sturdy truthfulness went far toward extenuating his fault. I am aware of being to some extent swayed in my judgment of him by a certain admiration in him of a boldness and self-confidence of which I feel myself to be personally incapable. I should not, of course, engage in any practises of an improper character, but supposing that I could be betrayed into anything of the kind, I am reasonably sure that I could not successfully adopt my friend's praiseworthy line of conduct. I am sure that some lurking fear of a possible miscarriage of such an adventure would cause my face to flush and my tongue to lose its eloquence; but this is merely idiosyncratic and by no means affects my purely academic position of approval.

REV. BABBLINGTON BROOKE.
Milton.

Disturbed Londoners

Not the least interesting feature of a capital program at the Coliseum this week is the effort of the orchestra to convert itself into a jazz band, one of those American peculiarities which threaten to make life a nightmare. The object of a jazz band, apparently, is to produce as much noise as possible; the method of doing so is immaterial, and if music happens to be the result occasionally so much the better for all concerned. The chief conspirator is the drummer, or the individual who would hold that position in normal days, for the drum becomes a mere side-show. Grouped round him are as many things as he can possibly need, motor-horns, bells, sheets of tin, anything from which noise can be extracted. The object of the drummer then seems to be to strike as many things as possible in the shortest space of time, and it must be said to the credit of the gentleman who officiated at the Coliseum that he certainly hit something every time, though whether it was the object at which he was aiming it was hard for the outsider to say. At any rate, he did not tie himself into an inextricable knot—so presumably he won the game.—London Times, Jan. 14.

MME. ALMA GLUCK

[illegible] [illegible] Mr. Alma Gluck [illegible] de [illegible] [illegible] "[illegible] Way Dost Thou [illegible]" Mr. [illegible] Was Once a [illegible] Boy," Wave Zimbalist, Songs of [illegible] Russian, Zimbalist; "Lilacs" and "The Answer," Rachmaninoff; "The Rose [illegible] Enchanted the Nightingale," Rimsky-Korsakoff; "Hopak," Moussorgsky; "Prayer Perfect," Stenson; The Shepherdess, Horsman; "Au'ld Daddy Darkness" and "Way Down South," Homer; "Sigh No More, Ladies," Trehaine.

Mr. De Stefano played pieces by [illegible] Scarlatti, Possel, Renzi and Tournier.

An audience that filled every place where they could sit or stand welcomed the singer and gave hearty evidence of admiration for her work. They demanded and readily obtained many extra numbers crowding forward at the end for more. Mme. Gluck sang with the vibrant beauty of tone that is her wont. Though she sought no acclaim for thrills stirred by dizzy heights of song and while none of her pieces were at all spectacular, her quiet, restrained emotional appeal roused the enthusiasm of her hearers quite as much as a more liberal show of vocal fireworks would have done.

Her neglect of "thrillers" perhaps went to the other extreme, for most of her songs were of a quiet, contemplative character, within a comparatively narrow middle register span and this gave a tinge of monotony to the program as a whole.

Mr. De Stefano gave much pleasure by his harp playing, though he might have accentuated it if he had given some pieces calling for more power and less of extremely light music. Much of his playing was so daintily delicate that it could hardly be heard beyond the middle of the hall.

Feb 11 1919

Belasco's "Polly with a Past" Is Three-Act Comedy

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Polly with a Past," a comedy in three acts by George Middleton and Guy Bolton. Produced by David Belasco at Asbury Park, N. J., on Aug. 27, 1917.

Harry Richardson	Cyril Scott
Rex Van Zile	Herbert Yost
Prentice Van Zile	H. Reeves-Smith
Stiles	Lloyd Neal
Clay Collum	George S. Christie
A Stranger	Francis Verdi
Commodore "Bob" Barker	Thomas Reynolds
Polly Shannon	Ina Claire
Mrs. Martha Van Zile	Anah Barton
Myrtle Davis	Betty Linley
Mrs. Clementine Davis	Louise Galloway
Parker	Inez Sebring

This comedy, evidently written for the sole and commendable purpose of amusing an audience eager to be amused, is at times farcical in situation and dialogue, nor is it on this account the less amusing. It is wholly artificial, wholly improbable; and perhaps for this reason it is the more amusing. There is little attempt to portray character. Only Rex Van Zile, the timid, vacillating young man has character from his lack of character. He is more than sketched; his portrait is painted. As for Polly, she is a delightful creature of the fancy. The daughter of a clergyman, poor and hospitable, in East Gilead, Ohio, she becomes a servant in a flat run by two bachelors, for her parents are dead. She must earn money, and her dream is to study singing in Paris. The bachelors have a friend Rex, who is in love with cold-blooded Myrtle, a lifesaver; a plucker of brands from the burning; a rescuer of gutter-snipes. Rex deplores the fact. His friends concoct a scheme: Rex, a painfully blameless youth must be enamored with a French woman, an actress with a shocking past, a fascinating adventuress for whom a famous pianist committed suicide, for whom men of high degree in Uruguay fought duels. Her victims are in every European capital. Then Myrtle will save Rex and love him. Polly at last consents to play the part. She speaks French; she spoke it in East Gilead, for her mother was French. Thus the dramatists forestall objection.

Polly goes to a Long Island watering place, where the Van Ziles have a summer cottage. Rex saves her life from fire and water. She is introduced into the Van Zile family, although she has a shocking reputation. The end is in sight even in the second act. Of course Polly before the final fall of the curtain is disclosed as Polly; old Mrs. Van Zile welcomes her as her future daughter-in-law when she learns that she is a minister's daughter, for Rex is now sure that he loves Polly and only Polly. The curtain falls on Mrs. Van Zile, Polly and shrewd old Uncle Prentice of the Metropolitan Club leaving the stage joyfully, while the famous pianist, who did not die for love, but was only the victim of the bachelors' press agent reports, is thumping the piano off stage. As for poor good Myrtle, she goes overboard like the boy Xury in "Robinson Crusoe."

There are all sorts of complications.

[illegible] by Myrtle and [illegible] [illegible] the Van Zile family.

The play is well acted. It is a relief to see at last a competent visiting company, with the chief parts played by the men and women of the original cast.

It was about seven years ago that Miss Claire gave pleasure here as the heroine in "The Quaker Girl." As a member of "The Follies" three and four years ago she showed her talent for mimicry. As Polly she has full opportunity to display her mimetic ability, when she assumes the part of Paulette, the Parisian siren. But as the general housework girl for the bachelor she is also a charming apparition, not too sophisticated, not too conscious of her figure and face. The part is not a complex one; it is, however, a "fat" one, with lines that are sure to go over the footlights when spoken with the necessary archness. Her performance was spirited and creditable.

That excellent actor, Mr. Reeves-Smith, had a minor part, but not a wholly thankless one, and made the most of it. Mr. Yost gave a capital performance of Rex, a carefully conceived study of a weak and rather foolish young man, who, at the last, wins sympathy. Mr. Scott was constantly and agreeably vivacious. Mr. Neal, in a low comedy role, and Mr. Verdi as "The Stranger," were fully adequate. Mr. Christie too often took the audience into his confidence. Miss Linley was interesting in a disagreeable part and Miss Galloway was delightful as the mother, curious about the adventuress, and only half-shocked by her escapades.

An entertaining play, one that should amuse many and have a successful run. It is not high comedy; it is not a comedy of character. No one's foible or vice is lashed. Even the saved drunkard has his lapses, but he retains his position and is loyal to his pledged word when asked if the adventuress is Polly Shannon.

Yes, oh, anarchist, as soon as I shall have two sous we shall share. Even when I shall have ten sous, I'll give you five. But do not hope, comrade, that we shall thus go halves up to £100,000. Our money in common is confined to loose change.

Landscape Gardening

Our "famous man" to be praised this day is William Shenstone, the author of "The Schoolmistress," who died on Feb. 11, 1763. We celebrate him, not on account of his "Pastoral Ballad" with its lines:

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood pigeons breed.

But on account of Dr. Johnson's sour remarks about landscape gardening in his life of the unhappy poet, Shenstone spent much time in improving the beauty of his estate. Now listen to Johnson: "Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view; to make water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen; to leave intervale where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden; demands any great power of mind, I will not inquire: perhaps a sullen and surly spectator may think such performances rather the sport than the business of human reason. But it must be at least confessed that to embellish the form of nature is an innocent amusement; and some praise must be allowed by the most supercilious observer to him who does best what such multitudes are contending to do well."

Shenstone was not content with nature as he had embellished her. He courted the society, as he himself said "of persons who will despise you for the want of a good set of chairs or an uncouth fire-shovel, at the same time that they cannot taste any excellence in a mind that overlooks those things." And he also said: "One loses much of one's acquisitions in virtue by an hour's converse with such as judge of merit by money; I am now and then impelled by the social passion to sit half an hour in my own kitchen."

The Herald in an editorial article about "Gardens and the War" discussed the association of trees "with men, with their thoughts, feelings and deeds," and quoted Charles Kingsley, Mrs. Browning, Ruskin, Thomas Hardy. A little chapter in Jules Renard's "Histoires Naturelle" is singularly to the point. We give a rough translation.

A Family of Trees

I met them after traversing a plain parched by the sun.

They do not dwell on the edge of the road on account of the noise. They inhabit waste fields near a spring known only to the birds.

From afar they seem impenetrable. As soon as I approach their trunks relax. They greet me prudently. I can rest, refresh myself, but I am conscious that they watch me and are suspicious.

They live a family life, the oldest in the middle, the little ones, [illegible]

[illegible] are and [illegible] without [illegible]

They are a long time [illegible] they keep their dead until they fall in dust.

They strike themselves with their long branches, to assure themselves that they are all there, as the blind do. They gesture angrily if the wind puts itself out of breath trying to unroot them. But never does a dispue arise.

They murmur only in accord.

I feel that they should be my real family. I will quickly forget the other. Little by little these trees will adopt me, and to deserve this I am learning what it is necessary to know:

I already know how to look at passing clouds.

I also know how to stay in one place.

And I almost know how to be silent.

Jules Renard, who, alas, writes no more, should have found a place in Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare's "The Message of Trees." That well-selected "anthology of leaves and branches"; and we miss Thomas Hood's lines about the elm and the "old gigantic pines"; but Mrs. Hare has shown a surprising knowledge of arboreal literature and a fine taste in the selection of prose and verse.

A Matter of Gender

As the World Wags:

It grates on the nerves of a man who knows French to read quite frequently such anomalies as a "naive boy," a "matinee dansant" and "petit lunch" without regard to gender. What shall be the punishment? F. A. W.

Boston.

"Naive" has made its way into English speech and literature without regard to its original feminine form. If a man is not willing to characterize a boy as artless, unaffected, amusingly simple, let him say "naive" or "naif," according to his sweet will. "Naif," in the 17th century, had a singular meaning. We quote from Blount's "Glossographia, or a Dictionary Interpreting the Hard Words" (ed. of 1681): "Jewelers, when they speak of a diamond that is perfect in all its properties, as in the water, shape, cleanness, etc., say 'tis a Naifstone; others account a Naifstone to be one that is found growing naturally in such perfection, as if it had been artificially cut, and therefore most esteemed." The Fowlers in their book, "The King's English," wish that "naivete" might be disencumbered of its diaeresis, its accent and its italics. "It is true that the first sight of naivety is an unpleasant shock; but we ought to be glad that the thing has begun to be done, and in speaking sacrifice our pride of knowledge and call it 'navity.'" Pride may also be sacrificed in the case of "naive." "Petit lunch" is foolish, yet for three centuries "petit" was in common English use, and we find Hugh Miller (1854) speaking of a "petit figure." How about "petit juror," "petit constable," "petit larceny," "petit sessions," "petit treason"? "Matinee dansant" no doubt pleases "lizards." One of the most delightful writers of stories for boys in the time of the Riverside Magazine signed himself "Vieux Moustache" with a noble defiance of gender. We asked him why he was so bold. He answered: "I like 'vieux' better than 'vieille.'"—Ed.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Take It From Me," a musical play in a prologue and two acts; book and lyrics by Will B. Johnstone, music by Will R. Anderson. Chief actors:

Vernon Van Dyke	Fred Hillebrand
Barney	Charles Welsh Homer
Dick Roller	A. Douglas Leavitt
Gwendolyn Forsythe	Helen Rafferty
Tom Eggett	Jack McGowan
Sheriff "Biff" Doyle	Charles L. Warren
Horace Turner	Harold Vizard
Ella Abbott	Alice Hills
Wilkins	Harry Burnham
Cyrus Crabb	William Balfour
Grace Gordon	Georgia Manatt
Queenie LaBelle	Vera Michelena

Mr. Johnstone, the author of this unusual production, is a member of the art department of a New York newspaper, an illustrator and a cartoonist. He has proved in this novel piece of comedy, which he aptly calls a "tuneful tale of love and beauty," that he is also a clever artist in stage craft.

The prologue reveals with the aid of a properly burlesque sheriff's seizure, that young Eggett has gone through the $50,000 cash his uncle left him. But the will also said that if he ran the uncle's department shoe store for a year and then showed a profit, the business would be his, otherwise it would go to Crabb, the old manager.

"Tom" knows nothing of business, but, urged on by his giddy, bright-light friends, Van Dyke and Roller, decides to take a chance. On the first day of their venture they agree they cannot win, as Crabb has stacked the cards against them. So they resolve to wreck the concern and leave nothing for that wily old hypocrite. Grace Gordon, bright and charming, stenographer, offers to help Tom win, supposing he is after a profit.

The process of destruction is a lively and ludicrous succession of incidents full of keen satire, bright humor and rollicking fun. The wreckers are helped by Queenie La Belle, a languorous vampire of the movies, who is added to the new board of directors along with Van Dyke and Roller. Despite their apparent success, however, [illegible] of the year, a profit is pro[illegible] Grace's management and by [illegible] made over the telephone by Ella Abbott, wonderful freak spinster, working for Crabb, who replies to Roller's question: "Ella, will you mary me?" with a resounding "yes," that completes the $200,000 deal. Eggett gets Grace, Van Dyke his vampire and Roller is taken a suffering captive by Ella.

The music is appealing and melodious. The costumes and scenery are beautiful in color and design. The majority of the chorus is young and attractive and the minority knows the uses of camouflage. The singing of both principals and chorus is unusually good especially that of Mr. McGowan, Vera Michelena and Miss Manatt.

The three young scapegraces, Hillebrand, Leavitt and McGowan, are as laughable as any comedians seen here in a long time. Leavitt in Dick Roller's "Linger in the Lingerie" song, with the help of a flock of much revealed "underall" models makes a distinct hit.

Vera Michelena is quite irresistible in her travesty on the vampire of the films.

Alice Hills is screamingly ludicrous as the long, angular, once-kissed spinster, Ella, and is worth going miles to see.

No one should miss the unexpected roller skating of Harry Burnham, the age, gray-whiskered factotum of the store.

The big audience last night said plainly by its applause and almost continuous laughter: "Take it from me; you win!"

WILBUR THEATRE — "Little Simplicity," a play with music, in three acts; book and lyrics by Rida Johnson Young; music by Augustus Barratt; produced at the Astor Theatre, New York, Nov. 4, 1918; first time in Boston:

Jezirah and Zillah	Cameron Sisters
The Sheik of Kudah	Hugh Chilvers
Joseph	Phil Ryley
Clavelin	Eugene Redding
Lulu Clavelin	Marjorie Gateson
Prof. Erasmus Duckworth	Walter Catlett
Pierre Lefebre	Paul Porcasi
Jack Sylvester	Stewart Baird
Philip Dorrington	Henry Vincent
Alan Van Cleeve	Carl Gantvoort
Veronique, Little Simplicity	Mabel Withee
Morgan Van Cleeve	Robert Lee Allen
Maude McCall	Sylvia Jason

In "Little Simplicity" is again indicated the value of a plot, even in musical comedy. Mrs. Young, who so skilfully adapted the story of "Maytime," repeats her triumphs as a librettist in this quaint little tale of Tunes, the Latin Quarter of Paris, and a cantonment somewhere in France. She sketches vividly a narrative of love, adventure and fun, and she actually creates several outstanding characters, as Lulu Clavelin, the cabaret singer who mothers Veronique, the "Little Simplicity" of the piece; Pierre Lefebre, the volatile French student, and Prof. Duckworth; though to this worthy we suspect that Mr. Catlett has given substance and comic finish far beyond the author's ken.

Veronique, a waif, wandering among the riff-raff of Tunis, desires by a sensual Sheik, most picturesquely portrayed by Mr. Chilvers, is rescued by a quartet of students from the Latin quarter, chaperoned by Prof. Duckworth and guided by Lulu. In Paris, to which all escape, the love affair between Veronique and young Van Cleeve, the American, flourishes apace, until nipped by the arrival of Van Cleeve senior, who makes it known that his heir is to be wedded on the morrow to the girl he left behind him in America. This time it is Lulu who spirits away the heart-broken Veronique. Five years later both appear at a K. of C. cantonment, Veronique as a famous prima donna, consenting to sing before the soldiers. Here takes place a grand reunion, and all ends happily, as all musical comedies should, and coherently, as few of them do.

Mr. Barratt's score is colorful, varied, now virile, now mildly sentimental. It is not melodic in the popular sense, for, save one tune, "It's Worth While Waiting for Someone Worth While," it is doubtful if any one carried home anything they could recall later. But for all that it is excellent music, sane if conventional, and always in the picture. And speaking of pictures, the first, that of the French cafe in Tunis, was the most striking. The others were relieved chiefly by the bright colors of the girls' costumes.

Mr. Catlett, who made friends when here with "So Long Letty," will make many more. As Prof. Duckworth he again proved himself a resourceful funmaker. He is one of those rarities, a comedian with a vocabulary; and it is remarkable how much stronger a stage comedy part can be made when entrusted to a man who can soar in comic eloquence. He has a knack, possibly his associates might call it something else, of controlling every scene in which he participates. Also he can dance. Which brings us to the Cameron sisters, who might be said to open and to close the show. Whether in Oriental gyrations, in difficult ballet steps or madcap jazzing and fox-trotting they reveal wonderfully perfect duality of motion and grace.

Miss Gateson was consistently effective as the worldly-wise, loyal creature who not only is capable of caring for herself but for "Little Simplicity" as well. Miss Withee, of the title role, was charming to contemplate, but a bit [illegible] of the qualifications of a prima donna. Singing honors, in fact, fell to Mr. Gantvoort and to Mr. Baird.

"Little Simplicity" is chiefly to be commended for those very qualities found lacking so frequently of late in pieces of its kind, namely, substance, characterization, intelligent stage direction, a well-modulated score, and interpretation by a cast of wholly adequate players, evidently deeming the evening's work quite worth their while to do well.

Opera Singer Heads Bill at B. F. Keith's

Mme. Marguerita Sylva, prima donna of the Chicago Opera Company and more familiar to Boston theatregoers as the featured singer in operettas of several seasons ago, is the headline attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was loath to let her leave the stage.

Her program consisted chiefly of songs in the lighter vein, and there was a single operatic aria, "La Habanera," from "Carmen." The other songs were "After the Showers," a version of "Kathleen Mavourneen," "You Don't Know What You're Missing," "My Little Birch Canoe and You," and "She Was French and I Was Yankee."

Mme. Sylva was at her best in Bizet's aria. In the songs that revealed her as a comedienne she was always evident, and each song has its significant and pertinent byplay.

Other acts were Joe Morris and Flossie Campbell, in their very laughable sketch, "The Avi-ate-her"; Laila Selbini, bicyclist; Ward brothers, interesting in speech and dance; Kalmar and Brown, who worked industriously in dance; Ruth Roye, a high-spirited miss, who "chimmied" and grimaced to the delight of the audience; Stephens and Hollister, back again in their dainty sketch, "Out in California"; William Cutty, pianist, and the Garcinetti brothers, hat throwers.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"On Trial." Drama in a prologue, three acts and an epilogue by Elmer L. Reizenstein. The cast:

The Defendant	Dudley Ayres
His Daughter	Marion Goade
His Wife	Leah Winslow
Her Father	Morton L. Stevens
The Dead Man	Joseph Sweeney
His Widow	Betty Barnicoat
His Secretary	Ben Hadfield
A News Agent	Aubrey Bosworth
A Hotel Proprietor	Edward LeDue
A Physician	Charles Patterson
A Maid	Dorothy Tierney
A Waiter	Clarence Mack
The Judge	Herbert De Querre
The District Attorney	Mark Kent
The Defendant's Counsel	Charles Stevens
The Clerk	William Harvey
The Court Stenographer	Frederick Hines
The Court Attendant	David Henwood
Foreman of Jury	M. L. Stevens
Juryman Sommers	Frederick Allen

"On Trial" is another puzzle play and guessing contest like "Under Cover." The problem of thinking out just how the leading man is going to be acquitted of murder and who is going to be held for the $10,000 theft keeping the audience interested throughout.

But the play at the Castle Square is not only a trial play with plenty of suspense. The real fascination and the thing that brings rapid and hearty applause at every change of scene is that the play tells its story backwards. It begins with the trial of the accused, shows the crime itself, then the motive for the crime, then the thing that created the motive, going back 13 years, before the coast is clear for the triumphant close of the trial in the solution of still another mystery. The technique of "On Trial" is the technique of Sherlock Holmes, of the true detective story; crime first, solution afterwards.

No small share of the success of "On Trial" is due to its acting, and the Castle Square does its full part. Mr. Ayers as the defendant both in the courtroom and in the episodes from his earlier life acts with a fine romantic strength, and Miss Winslow as the wife, brings to the character all her emotional power. Miss Barnicoat makes an effective Mrs. Trask, and the district attorney of Mrs. Kent is the real type of American lawyer.

The play at the Castle Square next week will be "Some Baby," a farce.

Feb 12/19

There is much pleasing information in "Every-Day Pronunciation," by Robert Palfrey Utter. Anxious that Mme. Geraldine Farrar's name should be pronounced correctly he wrote to her secretary, perhaps not daring to approach the throne of "the movie queen" directly. The secretary, well-trained, replied that Mme. Farrar "has always pronounced her name Farrah, accent on the last syllable, the two 'a's' as in 'far.'" O blameless and admiring inhabitants of Melrose, how you wronged the Farrar family in her happy years of childhood! O base ball "fans," now hang your heads in shame for having unconsciously insulted Sid Farrar when he was on the diamond.

One night in New Haven a [illegible] of Yale—it was in the early seventies—somewhat overcome, was seated on the fence. He was making the night hideous by his whoopings, encouraged by amused seniors looking out of the windows of South college. He was, as writers for the New York Ledger used to say, of aristocratic birth. His uncle was Governor Ingersoll. The family name was known far and wide. The professor that approached him knew him well. Judge of his surprise when the night-howler looked him coldly in the face and said in a haughty manner: "Mr. Dexter, my name is Ferguson; but, mark you, I pronounce it with a heavy accent on the 'u'."

Mr. Rabaud's Programs

What interesting programs Mr. Rabaud is arranging for the Symphony concert audiences! Take, for instance, the program for the concerts of Feb. 21, 22. The orchestral pieces will be Lalo's superb overture to "Le Roi d'Ys"; a symphonic poem, "The Riders to the Sea" (after Synge's grim tragedy), by Mr. Henry F. Gilbert of Cambridge; a Suite of Ballet Airs from Rameau's opera, "Hippolyte et Aricie"; and Rimsky-Korsakoff's ever welcome "Scheherazade." Furthermore Mr. Emilio de Gogorza, who will sing for the first time here with this orchestra, has chosen airs from Gluck's "Iphigenie en Aulide" and Massenets's "Roi de Lahore."

Program making is a difficult art. Theodore Thomas was a master in this respect. Mr. Henschel, who was learning his trade here as the first conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—"he was paid well for going a-fishing"—arranged excellent programs. Of his successors, Mr. Gericke came next, then the turbulent and perspiring Mr. Fiedler. The programs of Mr. Nikisch and Dr. Muck were of the hap-hazard order; as if the titles were drawn blindfolded from a grab bag.

The concerts now are eagerly anticipated, on account of the programs, the supreme excellence of the orchestral performance under Mr. Rabaud's direction, the technical ability of the orchestra vivified by the enthusiasm of the players, and the unusually high character of the soloists.

Unconscious Thinking

As The World Wags:

I quote from a local newspaper. Congressman Fuller has wired the following to the News from Washington:

"Please allow me space in your paper to say that I think quite unconsciously the heading you gave my interview namely 'Germans not so bad' is misleading."

Is not Mr. Fuller's statement significant in that it suggests a possible explanation of some of our governmental troubles? Perhaps the affairs of state would run more smoothly if fewer of our lawmakers did their thinking unconsciously.

Malden. PHINEAS PHIPPS.

Linotype History

The linotype is sometimes a corrector of long-established facts. The New York Evening Post of Feb. 8 spoke of Massenet's "Cleopatre" in which Miss Mary Garden takes the part of the justly celebrated woman, who has been "filmed" as a vampire.

"The two great scenes in this opera are when Cleopatra offers to kiss the man who will drink the poisoned draught in the goblet she holds and Anthony dashes it from her hand, and the final act, when the Queen causes the wasp to bite her and dies before the entrance of the victorious Octavius."

So it was a wasp that inflicted the fatal sting. Here is an opportunity for Miss Garden to interpolate the once-favorite air of "Shoo-Fly, Don't Bother Me."

In Buckland

The Springfield Republican of Jan. 21 published this sad domestic news from Buckland.

"The first number in the peoples forum was given Sunday evening when Dr. Henry Atkinson of New York gave the excellent address on 'Victory and the New World Order.' There was a horned (sic) quartet in charge of F. H. Chandler."

"Pre-War"

Is it altogether a good sign that we seem to be making so great a catchword of "pre-war"? Whenever it is desired to say that anything is going on well or comfortably or easily; if an entertainment is brilliant or a sale successful it is described at once as "quite up to pre-war standard.

And yet are we not supposed to have entered on a new ideal in which postwar will be a much greater thing than pre-war?—London Daily Chronicle.

Dec 3 ? 5

RECITAL HERE BY SCHROEDER

By PHILIP HALE

Alwin Schroeder, violoncellist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Kurt Fischer was the pianist. The program was as follows: Boellmann, Symphonic Variations; Bach's Suite No. 3 C major; Locatelli, Sonata; Grieg, Andante religioso; Lully, Gavotte; Couperin, La Precieuse; Debussy, Romance; Popper, Spanish Serenade; Fr. Schubert, L'Abeille.

What a long and honorable career Mr. Schroeder has had! As a quartet player in the early seventies, he was the viola in a quartet of which his three brothers were the other members. As a violoncellist he sat at the first desk of several orchestras before he joined the famous Gewandhaus orchestra in Leipsic. He came to Boston in the fall of 1891 as the solo violoncellist of the Boston Symphony orchestra; at the same time he joined the Kneisel Quartet. He resigned his position in the orchestra with his quartet co-mates at the end of the season 1902-03. At concerts of the orchestra he was the first to play in this city concertos by Davidoff, Loeffler, Dvorak, d'Albert. Having moved to New York, he resigned from the Kneisel Quartet in the spring of 1907, when he went to Germany. Coming back to Boston late in the summer of 1908, he was a member of the Hess-Schroeder Quartet. In October, 1908, he played at a Symphony concert Tschaikowsky's Variations on a Rococo theme, which were then heard for the first time at these concerts. Last fall he took his seat in the reorganized Symphony orchestra. The accession is of substantial value, on account of his full tone, musical intelligence and varied experience, which were greatly in evidence when he was a member of the Kneisel Quartet, then at the height of its artistic and pecuniary success.

Yesterday a large audience welcomed his return to the concert stage. His program was varied. It began with Boellmann's familiar Variations, which he played brilliantly. Then followed a Suite by Bach. His playing of Bach's music has long and justly been admired for its purity and taste. Bach is not to him merely a weaver of pattern figures, but a composer who was human even in the formulas of his period. Mr. Schroeder's playing was warmly appreciated by his host of friends.

My dear sir, have you a book that you will lend me?

Madam, I recommend this novel about fashionable society. It is written by a veritable gentleman of letters. He wrote it gloved, on horseback, in the park.

Personal

Mr. Henry Russell, formerly director of the Boston Opera House, is in New York. It is said that his hair is now quite white. What an opportunity he had here! How he threw it away!

A letter from an American student of music, dated Chaumont, France, where he is attending a school for military bandmasters, says that about 75 are studying the bassoon, oboe and horn. "Andre Caplet, who, you remember, used to conduct at the Boston Opera House, is director."

Note on a Play

In "Tiger, Tiger," a play which is still exciting comment in New York although it has been somewhat expurgated, a man of "wealth and position" falls madly in love with a woman he happens to meet in the street. The critics objected to her chiefly because she was a cook. The excuse that she might have been a good one was not accepted.

How history repeats itself even on the stage! In July, 1782, a comedy, "Les Courtisanes, ou Ecueil des Moeurs," was played at the Theatre Francais in Paris. The play was printed before the performance. Baron Grimm argued gravely about the final scene. The hero, Germon, passionately fond of Rosalie, is not brought to reason by the weighty arguments of his family and friends, but he is cured suddenly when he learns by accident that his adored one is the sister of a cab driver. Grimm asked: "Is this a sufficient reason for dashing a heart deeply enamored? What have the prejudices of birth and rank to do with love carried to this excess? Is Rosalie despicable simply because ... the pride of rank ... have ... mistake in love and the secret ... ?"

England and America

The mildness of the weather in London strikes the Englishman as amazing. Bostonians are not alone in their joy over pleasant days and nights. In Cornwall primroses are in full bloom and there are daffodils in gardens. "If we don't have a frost soon," wrote a correspondent of a London journal, "my apple trees will come into blossom, and there will be another bad fruit year." The editor added: "The almost total absence of frost this winter has been bad for the land all round; and the lack of it is bad, too, for the human body." In Kent mosquitoes have descended in swarms.

As in New York, so in London there is a dearth of rooms in hotels. "A few nights ago," says the Daily Chronicle, "23 leading hotels were rung up in succession and failed to provide a single bedroom. An experienced man of business now breaks his journey from the North and stays the night at comfortable hotels 50 miles from London, proceeding early next day to the city."

An egg can now be produced for 6 cents in England. The producer gets 10 cents, or, if he sells at retail, 11 cents. The shortage of the domestic hens' eggs leads some to urge the production of guinea fowl eggs. The bird is said to be a generous layer; its eggs are less easily broken; they are of good flavor. The birds are bred extensively in Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire. Meanwhile, let us read the discourse of Jonathan Goddard read to the Royal Society in the 17th century: "A Discourse upon Eggs, containing 10 signs whereby to distinguish new eggs from those which are stale." More to the point, no doubt, than a pamphlet issued in the early days of the present war by the British board of agriculture, in which it was declared that while eggs should "present an attractive external appearance, their actual food value can only be determined by an examination of their contents."

"Do You Mind?"

A friend in Scotland writes: "You would find Scottish phrases amusing as well as confusing. It it is quite common to hear folk say 'Do you mind?' instead of 'Do you remember?' For instance, a Scot met an Englishman whom he had not seen for a number of years, and, not being recognized by the Englishman, he exclaimed, 'Don't you mind my face?' to which the other replied, 'Not at all; it is really not quite so bad as all that, you know.'"

Something in our heart tells us that the story is an old one. "Mind," with the meaning "remember," is by no means peculiarly Scotch. As a transitive verb, it has been used from the time of Wyclif down. We find it in Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," in Housman's Shropshire Lad." We find it, with an objective clause and otherwise, used by Dickens and Stevenson; the one careless in his English, the other fastidious. Jefferies and Thomas Hardy did not hesitate to use it. But here is a curious employment of "minding" (a reminder) in the plural: "The marks on a stone about to be sawn, for the guidance of the sawyers." Go to Ireland: In Barlow's "Lisconnel" is the sentence: "He said he minded Bessie havin' a fancy for duck-eggs." In the north of Ireland "mind the time" is a common beginning to a story.

Royal Restorations

It would be quite opposed to historical precedent if Dom Manuel were recalled to the throne of Portugal after so short a reign and so long an exile. It happens very rarely that a King who has been exiled by his subjects is recalled by them.

Charles II never actually resigned before his restoration. Louis XVIII had not reigned before his first restoration, and it can hardly be said that his short flight before Napoleon was tantamount to an expulsion by his people. The Stuart who had the best chance of returning was not James II, who had reigned, but the Young Pretender, who had not.—London Daily Chronicle.

Feb 14 1919

> Muse, bid the morn awake,
> Sad winter now declines;
> Each bird doth choose a mate,
> This day's St. Valentine's;
> For that good bishop's sake
> Get up and let us see
> What beauty it shall be
> That fortune us assigns.

'Ware Blateroons

Instead of doling out easily obtained information about St. Valentine—there is little of interest about him in the ... which ... written ... to ... Pe ... 1617.

"They be ... sorts of Trusts, but ... a Secret is one of the greatest. I trusted T. P. with a weighty one, conjuring him that he should not let it take air and go abroad, which was ... according to the Rules and Religion of Friendship, but it went out of him the very next day . . . I would wish you take heed of him, for he is such as the Comic Poet speaks of, plenus rimarum, he is full of Chinks, he can hold nothing: You know a Secret is too much for one, too little for three, and enough for two, but Tom must be none of those two, unless there were a trick to soder up his mouth; if he had committed a Secret to me, and injoy'd me silence, and I had promised it, though I had been shut up in Perillus's brazen Bull, I should not have bellowed it out: I find it now true, that he who discovers his Secrets to another, sells him his Liberty, and becomes his slave. Well, I shall be warier hereafter, and learn more Wit. In the interim the best satisfaction I can give myself is to expunge him quite ex albo amicorum, to raze him out of the catalogue of my Friends (though I cannot of my Acquaintance) where your name is inserted in great golden Characters: I will endeavor to lose the Memory of him, and that my thoughts may never run more upon the fashion of his Face, which you know he hath no great cause to brag of, I hate such blateroons. Odi illios seu clarestra Erebi."

"Blateroon," a noble word, an earfilling, trumpet-toned, sky-assailing, heaven-defying word. What a pity that it went out of the language over two centuries ago. How superior it is to "babbler"!

On the Day

Is it true that the first poetical valentines were by Charles, Duke of Orleans, taken prisoner at Agincourt and confined in the Tower of London? The statement has been made. Mr. Hilaire Belloc says nothing about it, though he likens Charles's "equal and persistent" music to "a string harped on distinctly in a chorus of flutes and hautboys, till one by one harps from here and there caught up the similar tang of chords and at last the whole body of sound was harping only." Who was Charles's valentine? Certainly not Mary of Cleves, "ugly and young," whom he wedded for a good understanding with Burgundy. "She did not love him with his shy florid face, long neck and features and mild eyes. His age for twenty-five years passed easily, he had reached his 'castle of No Care.'"

Mr. Pepys has much to say about valentines. Fortunate Mrs. Stewart! "The Duke of York, being once her valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800; and My Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about £300." The rewards of virtue!

Mrs. Pepys, her husband tells us, on an evening in February was pleased, showing him her stock of jewels, "increased by the ring she hath made lately, as my valentine's gift this year, a Turkey-stone set with diamonds:—with this, and what she had, she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewels of one kind or other, and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with."

"Io Victis"

The Herald published on Feb. 12 the poem "Io Victis," by William W. Story. Walt Whitman also paid homage to those defeated on land or sea.

> With Music strong I come—with my cornets and my drums,
> I play not marches for accepted victors only—I play great marches for conquer'd and slain persons.
>
> Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?
> I also said it is good to fall—battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won.
>
> I beat and pound for the dead;
> I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them.
>
> Vivas to those who have failed!
> And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea!
> And to those themselves who sank in the sea!
> And to all generals that lost engagements and all overcome heroes!
> And the numberless unknown heroes, equal to the greatest heroes known.

Eggs in Folk Lore

Not long ago Mr. John Gauthier of Lynn consulted a gypsy for medical advice. She charged him $250. This was her prescription:

"Break an egg in a handkerchief, carry it around in your pocket for ... the ... it ... and ... a ... day."

... to say Mr. Gauthier ... from the prescription or from the ... He said pathetically—and ... stirred Judge Thayer—"I opened both windows of my room but the egg was there just the same. I never will forget that egg." No wonder that in his emotion he was confused in the matter of "will" and "shall."

This sad story moved us to consult gypsy and folk lore. It seems that in a case of anxious child-birth the mother's relations let an egg fall to the ground or floor. "When one has eaten eggs the shells must be broken up or burned or else the hens will lay no more, or evil witches will come over them." But this belief is not confined to gypsies. An egg hung up in a house is a lucky amulet. The eggs of Maundy Thursday protect a house against thunder and lightning. An egg built into a new building will protect it against evil. Eat on Easter Day a couple of eggs laid on Good Friday and you will be free from ague. Scotch fishers know they will encounter contrary winds if eggs are on board. Eggs should never be brought into the house or taken out after dark. If a girl on the eve of St. Agnes wishes to see her future husband she must boil an egg, fast the whole day in silence, extract the yolk, fill the cavity with salt, and eat the whole, including the shell. Then she must walk backwards saying:

> Sweet St. Agnes, work thy fast,
> If ever I be to marry man,
> Or man be to marry me,
> I hope that this night to see

If anyone in lower Alsatia will take an Easter egg into church, he can detect witches in the congregation by their having pieces of pork instead of prayer books in their hands, and milk pails, not bonnets, on their heads.

Nowhere, alas, do we find the prescription given to Mr. Gauthier by the gypsy in Lynn.

Dec 15 1919

14TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Franck, Orchestral Suite from "Psyche," a symphonic poem; Mendelssohn, Concerto for violin; Chabrier, Prelude to Act II of "Gwendoline"; Faure, Suite from the Stage Music to Haraucourt's comedy "Shylock"—Chanson, Entr'acte, Madrigal, Epithalame, Nocturne, Final; Berlioz, Overture, "The Roman Carnival." Mr. Fradkin, concertmaster of the orchestra, played the concerto. Arthur Hackett, tenor, sang the Chanson and Madrigal in the "Shylock" suite.

Cesar Franck's Suite was played in Boston as a Suite for the first time. "Psyche's Sleep" and "Psyche Borne away by the Zephyrs" were played for the first time at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Would the four movements gain in effect if they were heard in their proper place in the whole work, with the choral contrasts? Detached and arranged as movements of a symphony, they are beautiful, but there is hardly sufficient contrast between the first three to make each one of the movements stand out in bold relief. It is not necessary to follow closely the "explanation" of certain French commentators who insist that Franck's Psyche and Eros should not be regarded as the lovers in the old legend; that they were only symbols; that the whole work is "charged with the spirit of Christian mysticism." The music is sufficiently expressive, often enchanting, if the hearer has in mind only the familiar story told by Apuleius.

The Prelude to "Gwendoline" is also music that came from the heart. The love-music is more sensuous than that of Franck's, but not sensual after the manner of Massenet in his more pornographic operas, as "Esclarmonde," and "Thais." The death of Chabrier was a great loss to French art. Some of his successors have cunningly profited by his harmonic and orchestral audacity. What would they have done if Chabrier and Lalo had not blazed the way for them while they were thinking of following the beaten path! When this Prelude was played yesterday, the thought of the famous clarinet player that went down with the Bourgogne came to the mind. How eloquently he played the clarinet solo in this Prelude!

The stage music of Gabriel Faure is characteristic of that fastidious, ultra-refined composer. Especially noteworthy are the Entr'acte, Epithalme and Nocturne. The last suggests the moonlight scene in the fifth act of Shakespeare's comedy, but who knows what Haraucourt did to Shakespeare? "After Shakespeare," no doubt a long way after. And where are the songs, which are decidedly un-Shakespearian, inserted? In the scene of the caskets? or have they to do with Jessica? It is perhaps needless to say there is ... music in the ... that ...

e associated with Shyl... Gabriel Faure wrote his Requiem, he omitted the Dies Irae possibly from fear of shocking the sensibilities of the "petites dames" that frequent the Madeleine, probably because he knew that his musical strength did not lie in that direction. Mr. Hackett sang the two songs in a straightforward rather than subtle manner, and Faure's music demands subtlety, not merely honesty of purpose and frank expression: but the songs themselves are not among the best of the composer's melodies.

A brilliant performance of the "Roman Carnival" brought the end of an unusually interesting concert, admirably interpreted by Mr. Rabaud and admirably played. Noteworthy in the overture was the playing of the English horn by Mr. Speyer.

Mr. Fradkin was loudly applauded for his performance of Mendelssohn's concerto. He took the first movement and the Finale at a very rapid pace, so rapid that some questioned it; but his performance was so clear and so musical that swiftness was welcome. Furthermore, the composer gave the indication Allegro molto vivace for the Finale. He marked the first "with great passion," but Mendelssohn in a passionate mood was an inherently amiable person—amiable except when other living composers were concerned—churning himself deliberately into frenzy. Taken at a conventionally allegro pace, the first movement soon becomes tiresome. In the second movement Mr. Fradkin happily avoided "sweetness" and sentimentalism. The music was sung, not sobbed. The hearty appreciation of the audience was justly deserved.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next Friday afternoon and Saturday night is as follows: Lalo, Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys" Gilbert, Symphonic Prologue to Synge's tragedy, "Riders to the Sea"; Gluck, "Diane impitoyable," from "Iphigenie en Aulide"; Rameau, Ballet Airs from "Hippolyte and Aricie"; Massenet, "Promesse de mon Avenir," from "Le Roi de Lahore"; Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Scheherazade." Emilio de Gogorza will be the singer.

...ight ... ...hill... ...ing qualities the program itself was a pleasant exception. The choice seemed almost a perfect one for the average audience. There was nothing in any of the selections that bordered on the mysterious or the weird. It was an understandable thing, even to one not trained in music. Another feature about all the numbers was the brevity of them. There was no theme so long as to prolong a surfeit. * * * There was perfect accord at all times. The absence of wiriness was an outstanding feature that did not escape notice and comment. There was no lagging and harmony abounded alike in the delicato passages and ensemble phrases."

A paragraph in another column shows the effect of this music on the community. "There was no session of the local court this morning. No arrests were made during the night by the police."

So Yale thinks of sending a crew to Henley. Whenever we hear talk about an international boat race we remember a passage in Artemus Ward's second letter to Punch. After some remarks about prize fights between English and American champions, Artemus wrote: "It's diff'rently with scullin boats, which is a manly sport; and I can only explain Mr. Hamil's resunt defeat in this country on the grounds that he wasn't used to British water. I hope this explanation will be entirely satisfact-ry to all."

Shakespeare and Goncourt

As Sunday should be a day of rest and reflection, we submit to the thoughtful consideration of our readers notes that Edmond de Goncourt entered in his journal on Feb. 16, 1889. He found that Shakespeare's heroes are often quibblers, bickerers, sick with that Anglo-Saxon malady, scholastic controversy. He also found a lack of imagination in the dramatists of all countries, from the most renowned of the ancient world down to Sardou. "They create after others. We have the incomparable Moliere. The Lord knows that nearly all his plays, his celebrated scenes, his lines that are in the memory of everyone, are almost always stolen, robbery which the critics extol, but I cannot. Well, Shakespeare is another man; he also, alas, who takes his characters from old, musty books. This annoys me, notwithstanding the sauce of genius that he pours over them. To me a man is the greatest when he draws his creation out of his own brains. For that reason Balzac seems to me the greatest of the great. I find in the four or five superior plays of Shakespeare, wholly insurpassable only the sleep-walking scene of Lady Macbeth trying to erase the blood stain on her hand, and above all the graveyard scene in "Hamlet," where Shakespeare attains the height of the sublime." No wonder that on Feb. 18 M. Edmond de Goncourt complained bitterly of his stomach, his entrails, in fact all his "innards."

Art in North Adams

Nothing is pleasanter in this commercial and materialistic age to see the love of the beautiful and the ideal spreading throughout our commonwealth. On Feb. 6 the Russian Symphony Orchestra gave a concert in North Adams. We gladly quote from the North Adams Evening Transcript of Feb. 6:

"A stream of liquefied melody, betimes a thread of silver jumping down a mountain side, anon the subdued flow of the meadow brook and again the churn of the torrent, always exquisitely exact and sweet to hear, was the auricular picture drawn by Modest Altschuler and his Russian Symphony Orchestra at the concert in Drury Auditorium last

The Alliance

"Two things are noticeable in your theatre, sir," said an American visitor, "draughts and pretty women." "Yes," replied the manager. "We go in for both airs and graces."—The Stage (London).

Verbal Atrociousness

As the World Wags:

There is, of course, a technical distinction between ironing and steeling, but, as you suppose, considered in connection with laundry bills the two words are practically convertible.

Boston. ABEL SEAMAN.

Joyous Russia

As the World Wags:

One speaks of "happy Russian peasants." Here is an example:

At a small station I saw a downcast woman holding a baby. On asking her if she was happy, she replied scornfully to my dragoman: "Is that man a fool? Of course I am happy; have I not a husband, a hut and eight children?"

Everything is relative in this world.

J. C. BOWKER.

Names of Streets

There was a suggestion in London that Hanover square should become Roosevelt square in recognition of the fact that Roosevelt was married at the famous church. The suggestion was not accepted. The Daily Chronicle made this comment: "After all, St. George's, Hanover square, trips pleasantly enough from the tongue, which could not be said of the newer suggestion. We ought to consider very carefully before we change the names of London's best-known localities. Such a system introduces needless complications into topography and spoils the continuity of London's history, especially where a name is as old as that of 'Hanover square' and has so many interesting associations."

These remarks might now be considered with profit in Boston. For example, has Arlington square the significance of Castle square? What a mistake it is to change the name of the theatre with which so many have such pleasant recollections.

Feb 15 1919

PIANIST REUTER

By PHILIP HALE

Rudolph Reuter, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Prelude and Fugue, op. 35, No. 1. Brahms-Gluck, Gavotte; Paderewski, caprice in the manner of Scarlatti; Brahms, 17 Paganini variations, intermezzo, op. 116, No. 4; Chopin, nocturne in F minor, nocturne op. 62, No. 1, Barcarole; Dieter, rhapsody in G minor. Busoni, Nuit de Noel, Sonatina Seconda; Granados, Que jas o la ma ja y el ruisenor; Griffes, Fantasy Piece; Liszt, Waldesrauschen, Au Bord d'une Source; le Carnaval de Pesth.

We are told that Mr. Reuter, born in New York, was at the age of 14 an organist in the Bronx: that he completed his studies in Europe, won the Mendelssohn prize—it is not said whether this prize was the Leipsic or the London one—that he went to Japan where he conducted the piano and theory classes at the Imperial Academy in Tokyo and "introduced many ideas into that oriental institution;" that after his return to this country he played with the Chicago and Minneapolis Symphony orchestras, the Kneisel Quartet, and "introduced with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra the Dohnanyi concert op. 5." This last statement reminds us that Mr. Dohnanyi played his piano concerto in Boston at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra Nov. 3, 1900. Mr. Reuter gave recitals in Berlin and Hamburg in 1908 and 1909 and he has given recitals in American cities since 1912. He gave one in New York as early as 1906.

Having had this experience, he might be more merciful in his arrangement of a program. The most hardened concert-goer shudders and turns pale when he sees the name of Busoni; even when ... not follow that of Brahms with the ... variations. Let us hope ... Mr. Reuter among the "ideas" that ... Tokyo ... Japanese with any preparation ... That would, indeed, be ...

Mr. Reuter deserved a large audience, for he is an interesting pianist in certain ways, interesting by reason of his mechanical proficiency, and his cool view of things, not on account of any irresistible expression of emotion; yet it would be wrong to dismiss him as merely a dealer in thunder and lightning. He has an intellectual grasp, a knowledge of form and structure. It was the more surprising, then, to find him feverish in tempo where he should have been calm. For example, he gave an uncommonly compelling performance of Mendelssohn's Prelude, but in the Fugue the spirit of unrest was disturbing, for here and there was a quickening of the pace that was uncalled for. There were wilful and sudden changes in tempo that interrupted the contrapuntal flow. In like manner the first of Chopin's Nocturnes was played at the beginning with hemming and hawing, with a deliberate irresolution that was not tempo rubato, not a "robbing of the time"; it was a trifling with Chopin's melodic thought. Mr. Reuter was more fortunate in his treatment of the other nocturne, although the arabesques of Chopin's lace were turned into metallic figures. So too Brahms's version of Gluck's gavotte lost its charming old-world favor, its Watteau-like grace, by reason of Mr. Reuter's changes in tempo, and the absence of the classic spirit. On the other hand, when extreme brilliance was required as in Paderowski's Caprice and in some of Brahms's Variations, Mr. Reuter's performance was masterly.

Graham Moffatt's play, "Bunty Pulls the Strings," will be revived at the Copley Theatre this week. Moffatt, who had his home a mile or two away from the Blane Valley in the upland part of Dumbartonshire, planned his play during his walks abroad. He took it and his family company of players to London and submitted it to Cyril Maude. There is a Scottish proverb "A causey saint and a hoose deil"; that is to say "A sidewalk, or causeway, saint and a house devil." Moffat had this in mind when he drew the character of Tammas Biggar, general outside his house, a petty tyrant within; and he at first named the play "A Causey Saint." This would do for English speaking folk. Mr. Maude remarked at a private reading: "'Bunty pulls the strings'! Good line, good title."

The play was produced at a matinee in the Playhouse Theatre, London, July 4, 1911. It went into the evening bill at the Haymarket July 18 of that year. The cast was as follows:

Rab Biggar .... George Tawde
Bunty Biggar .... Kate Moffat
Susie Simpson .... Jean Turnbull
Tammas Biggar .... Graham Moffat
Weelum Sprunt .... Watson Hume
Eelen Dunlop .... Mrs. Graham Moffat
Teenie Dunlop .... Margaret Nybloe
Jeems Gibb .... George Greig
Maggie Mercer .... Lizzie Chambers
Dan Birrell .... Sanderson Moffat

Moffat's father was a Scottish entertainer. The son took up the same work. His father's rhymed sketch, "Tam and the Squirrel," gave him the idea of Bunty and the strings. An unpopular teacher was nicknamed "the squirrel," on account of his beard. The boy that tormented him and it kept out of sight. "But Wull remained unseen, Pooin' the strings ahint the screen."

When the play celebrated its birthday at the Haymarket Miss Moffat told a reporter that Bunty is the type of girl Miss Moffat's mother was, managing a lot of brothers and the whole house when she was young, "a type of the last generation of Scottish girls." Those of the present generation, she thought, are not so domesticated. Bunty was taken up with her house cleaning and with managing her father and her brothers. "I don't think Scottish girls today are so tied to the house. Like their English sisters, they go to business."

The comedy is a crinoline play of the period of 1860. Mr. Moffat said when London was rushing to see it: "Semi-modern costume has not been developed to the extent it might be on the stage. Plays like 'Caste' and 'Our Boys,' if dressed in the costume of the year in which they were originally produced, would still have another run, because the quaintness of that costume is in keeping with the old-fashioned style of writing." We have seen old plays thus dressed in Boston theatres within recent years, as "Lord Dundreary," when Mr. Sothern revived it and imitated in some degree his father. But Mrs. Moffat admited that modernity and the crinoline could never agree. Life in flats and small rooms forbids the huge petticoat. She found no inconvenience in wearing it on the stage, and found it a great aid in displaying a gown to best advantage. Crinoline would surely be inconvenient in cabs and motors, but it lifts the dress clear of mud in the streets. Her husband threatened to write a play introducing the hobble skirt, and thought it would be more amusing that even "Bunty."

In the original company Kate Moffat was the author's sister; Winifred Moffat, who took a child's part, was his daughter, and Watson Hume (Moffat) and Sanderson Moffat were his younger brothers. Sanderson died in 19..

We regret to add that in Ju.., ... Ben Nathan sued Mr Moffat 25 per cent of all sums received by him for three years on any such plays as "Bunty" that he might produce in that time in consideration of having introduced the play to Mr. Moffat.

"Bunty" was produced at the Comedy Theatre, New York, on Oct. 10, 1911. It was first seen in Boston at the Majestic Theatre, Jan. 20, 1913.

Rab Biggar .... Edmund Beresford
Bunty Biggar .... Molly Pearson
Susie Simpson .... Vera Pole
Tammas Biggar .... Ethelbert Hales
Weleum Sprunt .... Sanderson Moffat
Ellen Dunlop .... Amy Singleton
Teenie Dunlop .... Margaret Nybloe
Jeems Gibb .... J. E. MacGregor
Maggie Mercer .... Marjorie Davidson
Dan Birrell .... Leonard Booker

To the Editor of the Herald:

Mr. J. Ranken Towse's abounding common sense has never been displayed to greater advantage than in an article upon the repertory system in the theatre, recently quoted from the New York Evening Post by a local newspaper. Mr. Towse's theatrical scholarship is almost unique in these days of extempore theatrical criticism, but the right by which he holds his place at the head of the college of theatrical scribes is derived from the possession of plain, practical common sense, a quality in which he has no dangerous rival. It is not an easy thing to tell Mr. Towse anything about the theatre as a rule, but it may in this case be diffidently suggested that in his despair over the lack of this remedy for the disease of monopolism under which the drama suffers in this country, he has overlooked the existence of an institution of this precise sort established now for more than two years and highly successful. That this circumstance has escaped his knowledge is probably due to the fact that this phenomenon exists in Boston, where it is known as The Copley Theatre.

At this house Mr. Henry Jewett has assembled precisely such a company as is dreamed of in Mr. Towse's vision an assemblage of capable players equal to the production of "tragedy, comedy history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable or poem unlimited," and proved in their quality in some 60 productions of notable plays, sometimes merely popular in character, but in a far larger number of cases pieces of literary light and leading such as find no illustration and could discover no probable following in the ordinary commercial theatre. That this experiment has been successful is shown by the fact that it is still going on and is emphasized by the circumstance that in many instances bills have had to be repeated week after week in practical answer to the appreciation of patrons. That this should have occurred in the case of merely popular bills is not significant, but the repetition of "Arms and the Man" (two weeks), "The Great Adventure" (two weeks), "Hindle Wakes" (three weeks), and "The Doctor's Dilemma" (three weeks), gives some assurance of success in an extra-commercial field.

Among the experiments that led to the establishment of the Copley Theatre was a series of performances at the Boston Opera House, including "As You Like It," "Romeo and Juliet," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Julius Caesar," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth night" and "Midsummer night's Dream."

The Copley Theatre has not undertaken Shakespeare, but has adventured with conspicuous success "The School for Scandal," "The Rivals" and "She Stoops to Conquer," among the old comedies, and has enlarged our knowledge of the work of modern men of note by producing plays of their authorship, the merits of which has not seemed a promising basis for theatrical speculation. R. C. Carton's "The Eccentric Lord Combermere" and "The Bear Leaders," "The Odd Man Out," by Harold Brighouse; "The Silver Box" and "The Pigeon," by John Galsworthy, are instances. All of these plays have been handled capably by Mr. Jewett's company, many of them with real distinction, notably "Hindle Wakes," "Fanny's First Play" and "The Doctor's Dilemma." E. F. G.

Boston, Feb. 12.

These playwrights have been represented at the Copley Theatre since Oct. 2, 1916: Shaw, Barrie, Wilde, H. A. Jones, Young, Pinero, Sardou, Grundy, Vernon, Jacobs, Brighouse, Mackey and Ord, Bennett and Knoblauch, Ibsen, Jerome, Galsworthy, Maugham, Goldsmith, Dunsany, Besler, Philpotts and Hastings, Terry and Worral, Birmingham, Sheridan, Biggers, Carton, Zangwill, Knoblauch, Bennett, Brandon Thomas, Stewart and Baker, Daly, McCutcheon, Bower and Lion, Houghton, Hawtrey, Carton, Sutro.

To the Editor of the Herald.

It is frequently gratifying to have one's ideas expressed by another, and to find them in print as if they had come directly from one's own pen. It is especially gratifying to find in a recent issue of such an authoritative journal as the Saturday Review an article on

[illegible] by the [illegible] own [illegible]. This is no [illegible] more [illegible] admitted [illegible] actor [illegible] all his [illegible] better than the new pro[illegible] theatre, who [illegible] indifferently to review, importance, or the charms of a [illegible] favorite. But we cannot allow the actor to blame anybody but himself for the position in which he finds himself. The syndicates which today [illegible] our theatres would never have become the masters of our revels if the drama had not previously come to be regarded as a marketable commodity, and this would never have happened if the actor had not made it the fashion to consider the player first and the playwright scarcely at all. 'Le theatre c'est moi,' said the actor. The [illegible] business man decided that, if that were really the case, it would be a good speculation to buy him up and to dispose of him at a profit.

The actor prepared his own extinction when he put himself above the drama. The actor only exists artistically as an interpreter of plays. He will be held in respect and set above the accidents of commerce only so long as he upholds the drama. As soon as he begins to trade upon his personal popularity to flaunt himself at the drama's expense, to draw away the attention of the public from the dramatist on whom the theatre must in the long run depend, to his own performances, then he becomes an object of fashion, a creature of the pictorial press and broadcast advertisement, the principal item in a 'show.' 'Show' is the current stage term for any kind of theatrical production today, and we may define a 'show' as what is left of the English theatre when we have extracted the English drama.

"The content of the actor for the play has to be encountered again and again before it can be fully realized by the [illegible]iller. Very few actors, for example, [illegible] think that the text of a play matters at all appreciably. So long as the author's general meaning is conveyed in terms easy to remember and [illegible] speak they are satisfied. Usually they ignore the text of a play written by an author, because to one written by an author, because the actor has a professional flair for the kind of phrase which follows most patly upon a cue and a tendency to revert to commonplaces of the stage in preference to a more individual utterance. Still less does the ordinary actor care for the total effect of a play. Some actors never see their play as a whole. They learn their cues and their 'lines' and leave the rest. The story of the Shakespearean tragedian who played Julius Caesar in the Capitol and showed a belated interest toward the conclusion of the run of the piece as to how the tragedy ended is now wholly mythical."

It seems unnecessary to add anything to this, except to say that I am extremely pleased to have some of my pet theories echoed from across the ocean.

Boston. HENRY JEWETT.

Notes About Certain Concerts and Musicians of the Week

The Flonzaley Quartet concert on Thursday evening will be of unusual interest. Mr. Loeffler's "Music for Four Stringed Instruments, E minor" (Ms.) was composed in memory of Victor Chapman, who, an aviator in the service of France, met gallantly his fate. The first performance was announced for yesterday afternoon at a concert of the Society of the Friends of Music in New York, when the Flonzaleys were to be the players.

At the concert of the Flonzaley Quartet in Jordan Hall the Serenade from [illegible] by Alberic Magnard (not [illegible]ard) will be played. An extract from a letter received by Mr. Bailly, the viola player of the quartet, written by [illegible] Vuillermoz throws light on [illegible] hitherto unpublished details of [illegible] composer's untimely end. Alberic [illegible] the son of Francis Magnard, [illegible] editor of the Figaro, was born in Paris, June 9th, 1865. He entered the Conservatory in 1887 in the [illegible] of Theodore Dubois, and obtained the first prize in harmony, one year [illegible]. He studied composition with Vincent d'Indy. Retiring by nature, he lived in a sequestered spot near [illegible]. On the outbreak of the war, [illegible] his wife and two daughters to [illegible] and stayed alone in the villa, [illegible] a voluntary sacrifice of [illegible]. Alone and fearless he awaited the coming of the Germans. As he had written to a friend, "the triumph of certain ideas is well worth the loss of tranquility and even of our life." [illegible] the third of September, 1914. From his window Magnard saw the [illegible] enemy. Realizing the [illegible] position, he [illegible] fired on the [illegible] and [illegible]. A volley was the [illegible]. The body was found in the [illegible] villa which the [illegible]. The blackened re[illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] while defying [illegible] depredations of [illegible] enemy.

Miss Paula Larde[illegible], who [illegible] a recital in Steinert Hall Tuesday afternoon, is a young pianist, who gave a recital in New York about a month ago. Gilman Wilson, a tenor, who will make his first appearance in public on Thursday evening in Steinert Hall, is a pupil of Miss Clara Smart of this city. Mme. Peroux-Williams, soprano, who has arranged an interesting recital for next Tuesday evening in Jordan Hall, has sung with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge.

The concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and of the Cecilia Society are of unusual interest.

Then there is John McCormack this afternoon, Friday evening and next Sunday afternoon with varied programs.

Notes About the Stage, Players, Music, Musicians

The Paris correspondent of The Stage (London) wrote on Dec. 27 about "Maison de Danse at the Theatre Rejane." "It is a curious dramatization by MM. Nozière and Muller of M. Paul Reboux's novel, and, although I doubt that it is a very typical example of Spanish life, the scenes are picturesque and unusual, while considerable amusement was derived from the lurid invectives used by inmates of the dancing house. Behind all this there is also a study of masculine jealousy and passion in their most primitive form, and the treacherous feminine coquetry that has become almost inevitable in all Spanish dramas since Carmen. Perhaps this is the most serious fault of the play, which, after all, is merely a more materialistic and less sympathetic Carmen, and one looks in vain for an excusable motive in the frenzied behavior of the characters. Estrella is the little slavey of the dance hall until the owner, Don Ramon, exasperated by her indifference, falls madly in love with her, and teaches her to dance in order to prevent her leaving the house. Estrella becomes famous; all the men fall victims to her evil enchantment—Pepillo, the vapid dancer; Benito, whom she steals from his wife and children, Luisito, whom she steals from her own sister; and Don Ramon, whom she tortures with jealousy. She says that she is not for one man nor for one place, but rather the spirit of the dance, which passes on from one to another, from country to country, and whom all should rejoice to have known for however brief a time. But on the eve of her flight with Pepillo the other three discover her perfidy, and she is stabbed by them. The theme is decidedly unwholesome, and it would be difficult to find a more contemptible set of characters. Mlle. Polaire played Estrella with her brusque naturalness, and toward the end an almost lyrical exaltation. Her dancing is as supple and sensuous as ever. Jean Kemm looked like a portly coachman, but made a convincing figure of the distraught Don Ramon. Mlle. Marcelle Vryen was nowhere near the part of the shrewd mother—one of the best in the play. Mme. Rejane introduced an agreeable novelty by having genuine Spanish dancers perform on a small stage in the huge lobby, and thus preserving the necessary atmosphere during the entr'actes; but I saw with regret that a jazz band has made its appearance in this theatre as well."

"Rhodo[illegible]," by Louis Ganne, at the Varietes, Paris, is between opera and operetta.

Miss Lillah McCarthy has taken a long lease of the Kingsway Theatre, London, and will begin her season in April. Her management will be devoted to comedy, romantic drama and Shakespeare.

Boston hears no opera. In Manchester, Eng., the repertoire of one week (Beecham's company) included "Il Trovatore," "Boris Godunov," "La Boheme," and "Phoebus and Pan," "The Valkyrie," "Coq d'Or," "The Boatswain's Mate," "Manon Lescaut," "Carmen," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Pagliacci," 10 operas or ballets of Italian, German, Russian, French and English origin.

"Twelfth Night" has run for over 100 performances at the Court Theatre, London.

A set of six piano pieces, "Night Thoughts," by Sir Charles Stanford, is published by Joseph Williams, London.

William Ashton Ellis, who wrote the life of Wagner in six volumes and translated Wagner's prose works, died on Jan. 2. "So I had he saturated himself in Wagner's turgid style that his own style became itself almost Wagnerian. On this point he and I often chaffed each other and it was a joke between us that when he became particularly serious in his writing his meaning was clearer when expressed in the language of Wagner than in his native tongue."

Schott & Co have published a piano suite, "Old China," by Cyril Scott. "The composer's irrepressible modernity strikes one as sometimes out of place [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] came to this country. [illegible] the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra on its next trip.

Tschaikowsky overture "1812" as an organ solo at a free concert for soldiers and sailors in London was a curious selection when it is considered that the overture celebrates the defeat of the French and the Marseillaise is drowned by the Russian Hymn.

Charles Manners, indefatigable in his work to establish national opera in England, has issued an appeal to women parliamentarians:

"Thank God!—and I say it with reverence—the women's vote will be very powerful. There will be thus a greater chance for national opera, for what would have become of opera if it had not been for the women—and the press —I do not know. The women's vote can do a great deal to help national opera in this, operatically speaking, benighted country, and to bring us into line with other countries. In Italy, for example, there were, before the war, over 360 opera companies; and just for record's sake, thousands in Austria, France and Germany, with over 400 English-speaking singers making a living in the German companies alone. But England! well there are about, about six opera companies in all, and London without any at all. English or foreign. The result is that we know all too little about opera. Some years ago I gave a performance to 1500 children from L. C. C. schools; of this number eight only had seen a grand opera before."

Mme. Cecile Chaminade is managing a home for convalescent soldiers.

Shall we soon have to make the voyage to New York in order to hear the Gilbert and Sullivan operas which once were regarded as the birthright of every true-blue Briton? I hear nothing of any prospective season of these delicious things in the near future in London. Yet a friend tells me that a multitude of American soldiers who have passed through England on their way back home flock daily to the Park Theatre, New York, in order to hear these operas which they found so few opportunities of hearing on their native heath. It is a sad state of affairs, this, and one very difficult to understand by the folk of common clay. We ought surely to have an annual season of these essentially British products in London.—London Daily Telegraph.

London journals say that the war play has lost "its hold on the public taste." "Friendly Enemies" is produced in London as "Uncle Sam."

A singer named Rosing gave a recital of songs referring to "human suffering, death, satire and humor."

Charlotte Thompson, who wrote "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie"—based on Mrs. Deland's novel, and was coauthor with Mrs. Riggs in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," died in New York Feb. 19 of heart failure, suddenly and alone. She was born in San Francisco, where she worked for newspapers for some years.

When tearing up a vast accumulation of letters, papers, etc., the other day, I came across the program of a concert of pianoforte music which consisted of (1) duet for two pianos, (2) pianoforte duet, (3) pianoforte concerto, with the orchestral accompaniment arranged for a second pianoforte, in one movement, of which a largo section forms the central portion. But there was never a name of a composer mentioned! Yet no quasi-joke was intended, nor was it an attempt to catch out some objectionable critic if any. No. "The concert-givers feel," said a note on the program, "that there is so much difficulty in listening to unfamiliar music with an absolutely open mind that they are venturing on the experiment of withholding the names of the composers, not with any idea of mystifying the listeners but in order to give the music greater freedom to make its own appeal." There is a good deal to be said for the idea, I think. It can hardly be denied that the name of the composer prejudices the mind either for or against a new work to a greater or a lesser extent. We all know folk who would have gone daft with excitement at hearing a pianoforte concerto by, say, Debussy, some loving, others loathing it before and as it were. By adopting the means described above the old excitement might be eliminated, and the brand-new excitement introduced of guessing at the name of the composer on second thoughts, though this would not stop to the "intensive" criticism of the "know-all" since he—or possibly she—would hardly dare to vouchsafe a criticism of a new work the composer of which might be anybody, from John Jones to Claude Debussy! Imagine the state of mind of such a critic on finding that his or her praise or condemnation had been bestowed upon a Jones which really should have been bestowed upon Debussy.—Solemn thought.—London Daily Telegraph.

The London Times was judicious in its estimate of a pianist, Miss Kanevskaya. "The [illegible] is sound and sober pianoforte playing with a fo[illegible] of solid rat[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

The [illegible] (a violin [illegible] in [illegible] by Mr. Howells, a 'Fantasy [illegible]' [illegible] with a moment of rhapsody in [illegible] 'It is English in its independence of thought and a certain modesty and scorn of advertisement. For instance, in about the sixth bar it is off into G major, but does not make any fuss about it.'

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The news comes from Fort Oglethorpe, via Cincinnati that Dr. Muck and Dr. Kunwald, orchestral conductors, living in one room and unaware of a deeply interested dictagraph, quarreled so violently that they forgot caution and made statements showing them to be undesirable guests in this country even after the war is over. Dr. Muck had been comparatively happy in this prison for the interned. Report said so: that the United States had forwarded to him a grand pianoforte; that he was conducting a little orchestra, and so on. In fact Dr. Muck was reported as writing to a friend that he would be comfortable there were it not for the presence of so many Germans.

That he quarreled with Dr. Kunwald is highly probable. How could he help it? For Dr. Kunwald is an exasperating man. When he visited Boston he rubbed every one he met the wrong way. His arrogance was unbounded, as was his ignorance of this country with its people. He told us that he was accomplishing a mission, fulfilling a duty in Cincinnati; he was preaching the gospel of musical sweetness and light to the inhabitants that had so long sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. He ignored the sojourn of Theodore Thomas in that city, also the famous Cincinnati music festivals. Yes, he was introducing German "Kultur." Never was a man so self-satisfied and so annoying. We like to think of the two Doctors together in one cabin on their homeward voyage, yet to confine anyone with Dr. Kunwald seems to be cruel and unusual punishment.

Poor John

The death of Prince John, the youngest son of George V., moved a London journalist to say that of all names John has "the reputation of being the most unhappy with royalty." John Stewart, ascending the throne of Scotland, changed his name to Robert, but he was nevertheless overwhelmed by calamities. "Of the Popes named John only the nonentities escaped disaster. The record of John, the English king, we all know. John I. of France reigned only a few days and John II., having lost the battle of Poitiers, died a captive in London. And thus through the past centuries of history we see the melancholy procession of Johns dogged by disaster and misfortune in Constantinople, in Sweden, in Russia and in Bohemia. The two exceptions in the tragic gallery are John of Portugal and John Sobieski."

Is there anything in this? Deep thinkers have discussed for centuries the question whether there is a fatality in names. Brantome remarked that men bearing the name of their ancestors often willingly resembled them, but he implied that the resemblance was intentional. The Ancients when a number of men were to be examined on suspicion began by torturing the one whose name was regarded as the vilest. There are curious chapters on the subject in Pierre Bayle's remarkable book, "Sundry Thoughts Written to a Doctor of the Sorbonne on the Occasion of the Comet That Appeared in December, 1680." Bayle justly combats the opinions of the Ancients, as that of the Emperor Severus, who consoled himself for the loose life of his wife by remembering that she was named Julia. Quoting other instances, Bayle said. "There are Helens and Lucretias that are virtuous, and there are Helens and Lucretias that are not. One sees happy kings and unhappy kings having all sorts of names, and if the circumstance of a name is capable of anything it is only by our fault and our scanty reasoning, or by our own skill. Nevertheless, in spite of all that, the most insignificant of men can object to the superstition of name, which is easily demonstrated; it is incredible how many sorts of divination have been built on this wretched foundation."

The London journalist says the two exceptions in the tragic gallery are John of Portugal and John Sobieski. Which John of Portugal? There were at least five of them, and all had prosperous lives according to historians.

Miss Stevens

Mr. J. C. L. Clark of Lancaster writes that Miss Mary E. Stevens, who, obsessed by fear of Russian spies, distributed violent tracts against Russia, surrounded her desk and chair with screens, when she was employed at the registry of deeds in East Cambridge and placed one over her head, making a canopy, all of them draped with shawls and waterproofs as protection against the poisonous gases which she suspected 'the Russians' of diffusing through the building." Mr. Clark adds: "The sad case of Miss Stevens [illegible]

the thought that [illegible] was [illegible]ly a caricaturist when he pictured Mr. Dick. After all, she was merely a [illegible] century ahead of her time. The spiritual poison-gas, now pouring out of Russia, is far more destructive than anything poor Mary Elizabeth's distempered brain could have conceived of."

In a Music Hall

We came across yesterday a torn page of a London theatrical newspaper published in August, 1895, and found a paragraph in the section devoted to music halls that cheered us for the day: "The lady that brought down the house was Miss Marie Kendall, who gave a new song with 'If I hadn't just come from Sunday-school, I'd have bunged his peepers up.' The last line of the chorus, given in her well known vigorous, emphatic style, went splendidly." Would that we had been there.

The music hall that as a protest to the respectable villa and the sepulchral club aroused Mr. George Moore to enthusiasm is no more. The hall is now the home of "tabloid" drama, accomplished musicians, even problem plays. The line of Mr. Arthur Symons, "My life is like a music hall," has lost its significance of "checkered, but never dull," and Mr. W. R. Titterton's recklessly amusing book, "From Theatre to Music Hall," with its extraordinary chapter, "The Rabelaisian Spirit," apropos of Marie Lloyd, now reads like ancient history, although it was published only seven years ago.

HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES
From Hohenzollern friskers
There's little to be feared,
Since Tirpitz lost his whiskers
And Wilhelm grew a beard.
—A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.

WARM GREETING FOR M'CORMACK

Big Audience Fills Symphony Hall

John McCormack gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The audience was as large and responsive as any that has greeted the singer here in the past. His program included: Aria, "A questo seno, deh vieni," Mozart; "The Unforeseen" (new), Cyril Scott; "Le Mariage des Roses," Cesar Franck; "Through the Long Days and Years," Arthur Foote; "Fear Not My Love," Rachmaninoff; several Irish folk songs, and "Under a Blazing Star" (new), H. T. Burleigh.

The clamor for extra numbers began after the Mozart aria. Mr. McCormack yielded to the demand and throughout the concert generously added favorite pieces. He was in lively spirits and good voice. His selections gave him many opportunities to soar into the high altitudes of falsetto and he grasped each one—to the evident delight of his hearers.

Mr. McBeath in his military clothes was welcomed heartily. His playing has improved since he went to the war and he, too, gave the additional pieces called for. He played: Romance, Wieniawski; Berceuse, Faure; Humoreske, Tor Aulin.

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Time takes them home that we loved, fair names and famous,
To the soft, long sleep, to the broad sweet bosom of death;
But the flower of their souls he shall take not away to shame us,
Nor the lips lack song for ever that now lack breath.
For with us shall the music and perfume that die not dwell,
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we farewell.

William J. Winch

Handel's "Messiah" was performed by the Handel and Haydn Society on Dec. 23, 1866. It was written of the performance, "The younger Mr. Winch had a beautiful, clear tenor voice, of good power, hardly yet developed, and sang with so good a method, in so chaste a style, and with so much intelligence, that he was heard with greater pleasure than many more experienced and would-be impassioned tenors."

"The younger Mr. Winch." He was then 19 years old. To the day of his death he was young in heart and spirit, enthusiasm and enjoyment.

The name of William J. Winch is a most honorable one in the musical history of this city. For 30 years he was a leading tenor, nor was his fame only parochial, nor was it confined to this commonwealth. Not only as a soloist for Theodore Thomas's Orchestra was he known from coast to coast, throughout the land; he was applauded at English Music Festivals and at the chief concerts in London, where composers, as Gounod and Dvorak, welcomed the [illegible]fortunity [illegible] hearing [illegible] sung by him.

The voice was a [illegible] one, eminently [illegible], and [illegible] virility includes tenderness. The quality of the voice revealed the character of the man. Nature was generous with her gifts to this singer. She gave him a voice, musical instinct and ambition; she did more. She gave him a singularly handsome face, a commanding figure, an ingratiating presence. Few, if any, tenors of the last 50 years have had all these natural advantages for an operatic career. This career did not tempt him.

The applauded singer is too often an undesirable if not an unwholesome companion. Incense must ever be swung beneath his nose, nor is he disinclined to hold the thurible in his own hands. He is unhappy when another is praised; restless if conversation is diverted from the one, to him, absorbing topic. He is interested solely in his art, that is, in himself, as the great, the appointed, the only exemplifier of true art. A war, an earthquake, a devastated town, a political convulsion is to him without interest. He reads newspapers only for friendly criticism, and the musical journals in which he trumpets his fame.

Our dear friend was a man, not merely a singer, a man of high ideals in his daily walk and conversation, as in his art. He respected his own honor and was loath to suspect another of dishonor. No one that knew him could think of his failing in an emergency or of disregarding for a moment the essentials that make life endurable. Although he was for many years active in a profession that, unfortunately, breeds suspicion, malice, and sometimes hatred, he was wholly free from the traditional failings, faults and vices. Talking freely and delightfully about his musical adventures, he had something pleasant to say even about the notoriously incompetent; he would relate an anecdote in which a mediocre singer, fiddler, pianist, was shown as generous, courageous, or the coiner of some witty line. His criticism of his musical co-mates was as kind as it was just.

It is a pity that he did not write his reminiscences, for he had much to tell, he had a lively sense of humor, and he was given to shrewd reflection. The memoirs of Charles Santley contain more sound advice for a young singer than many treatises on the technic of singing. William Winch had been as fortunate in consorting with celebrated men and women, not as a self-effacing listener, but as one meeting them on equal terms. Furthermore, he had the gift of narration.

His enjoyment of life was contagious. Not a monologuist, he quickened conversation. He was interested in everything that pertains to humanity, nor did he sulk for a moment if the subject discussed was foreign to his personal knowledge. If he remained silent, his abounding vitality was felt. It cheered. His very presence was a joy. His comrades at the club liked to sit near him. This is a great test of friendship: to welcome companionship when it is daily.

His cheerfulness was so genuine during the months of this winter—he would not wish to have it called bravery—that few knew he was suffering physically. His nature was averse to open praise, yet he knew in his heart that he had triumphed in his art, that his name for many years was familiar as household words, that he was beloved by all. It is sometimes said that the praise of the dead should have been bestowed upon them when they had ears to hear, and it has been said of death itself, "that it openeth the gate to good fame and extinguisheth envy." Our friend did not have to wait for death.

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—"Bunty Pulls the Strings," a comedy in three acts by Graham Moffat, performed by the Henry Jewett players.

Rab Biggar........................Noel Leslie
Bunty Biggar........................Viola Roach
Susie Simpson........................Phyllis Relph
Tammas Biggar........................Cameron Matthews
Weelum Sprunt........................E. E. Clive
Eelun Dunlop........................Jessamine Newcombe
Teenie Dunlop........................Mary Hamilton
Jeems Gibbs........................H. Conway Wingfield
Maggie Mercer........................Viola Heath
Daniel Birrell........................Fred W. Permain

The reviewer of a performance of this comedy should be a Scot or, at least, of Scottish descent. It seems to one not familiar with the Scottish dialect that English players speaking the language of Scotland might be understood with more difficulty than if the players were Scots born and bred. The occasional dropping into recognizable English, as was the case last night, while it was welcome in one way, was disconcerting in another, for the moment it dispelled the illusion. Would the comedy suffer irretrievably if it were to be played in English, if no genuine, warranted Scots were at hand? Would the comedy then appear to be a trifling thing, a rather superficial presentation of familiar types—the father, narrow, tyrannical at home, but a man that twice showed himself to be a sneak when he was tempted; the son that frets, rebels and wishes to see life in the city; the scheming old maid; the foolish lover for the low comedy part; the daughter shrewd, self-confident, that sets all things right?

These questions are not so hard to answer as those proposed by Tiberius to the grammarians. What song did the sirens sing? What name did Achilles take when he hid himself among women? The comedy, as it was played last night gave great pleasure to an audience that filled the theatre. We are told there is every prospect of a successful week if not a fortnight. It is therefore not necessary to ask if Bunty pronounced the word "porridge" as a Scot would say it, or if the men kept rigorously the dialect throughout. Those who expected to hear a succession of "Hoot Mon," or however "man" sounds in Scotland—were bitterly disappointed.

The comedy is a pleasant one, familiar to many playgoers. To use a word in its old and good significance, the comedy may be described as homely. We are all interested in watching Bunty's manoeuvres, her interest in Weelum's collar and hair, her easily detected strategy in finding out Miss Dunlop's acquirements as a housekeeper, her flaming spirit in the last act.

We were especially interested in her as Miss Roach played the part, for she acted with delightful naturalness, displaying archness that was never aggressive, never incongruous: a sense of humor that found expression in face as in words. Miss Newcombe, too, gave a capital portrayal of Eelun Dunlop. The scene between her and Miss Roach was the chief scene of the play. Miss Relph struck a vein that was too melodramatic. She was constantly on a high horse—and vocally wiry. There were moments when she was dangerously near o'erstepping the line between melodrama and tragedy. At the end of the first act she stood as if for a full-length portrait of Lady Macbeth. Now, Susie was simply a village schemer, as much of a humbug as Tammas himself. Mr. Matthews failed to bring out the contemptible nature of the said Tammas. He gave one the idea that Tammas, after all, was a God-fearing, abused man, with a family not easily managed. Messrs. Clive and Leslie showed full understanding of the characters they represented. Messrs. Wingfield and Permain were excellent in minor parts.

The costumes were fascinating by reason of their quaint ugliness, though Miss Roach and Miss Newcombe did not suffer by wearing them; in fact, there was a piquancy added to their natural attractiveness. The procession of churchgoers will not soon be forgotten.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Some Baby." Farce in three acts by Zellah Covington and Jules Simonson. The cast:

Sylvia Relyea........................Dorothy Tierney
Mrs. Wellsmiller........................Bertha Blanchard
Mrs. Vivvert........................Eleanor Brent
Philip Stanton........................Aubrey Bosworth
Dr. Frederick Relyea........................Mark Kent
Judge Sanderson........................Charles Stevens
Gen. Burbeck, U. S. A., retired........................Joseph Sweeney
Chief Blanchard........................Edward LeDuc
Policeman........................Samuel Godfrey
Marcella........................Leah Winslow

A farce new to Boston was given at the Castle Square Theatre yesterday, and two large audiences, afternoon and evening, enjoyed its comic scenes and its amusing dialogue.

The plot of "Some Baby" revolves around a wonderful elixir invented by an ingenious doctor. He thinks that by its use he can make old people young again. He tries it first on a dog, and apparently succeeds; then he tries it on the old retired soldier, then on his daughter, and by ingenious theatrical devices they all seem to him to renew their youth. Of course the audience is in the secret and knows that he is being fooled, but that makes the situations and the complications all the funnier.

The Castle Square stock company acts "Some Baby" in the genuine manner of farce. Mr. Kent is thoroughly at home as the doctor. Mr. Bosworth makes an admirable assistant for him. Mr. Sweeney seems to be the retired general to the life and Miss Winslow, Miss Tierney, Miss Eleanor Brent and Miss Blanchard capably fill the feminine roles.

The Castle Square after next Monday will be known as the Arlington Theatre. The play next week will be "Camille."

Hyams and McIntyre Have Interesting Sketch

John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, in a playlet, "Maybloom," by Frank Stammers, head the bill at B. F. Keith's Thearte this week. Last evening there was a large audience that applauded warmly.

"Maybloom" is a comedy sketch with incidental music. The main idea is ingeniously contri[illegible] and there [illegible] surprise for the audience. There is an air of elegance all through the act, and this feature finds its explanation in the artistry of Mr. Hyams and Miss McIntyre and in the style of the author.

Mr. Hyams is particularly convincing when he simulates consternation. Miss McIntyre as the gospel-eyed Violet was interesting both in song and speech, and she led the audience to believe that there was something hidden in her picture of the sophisticated Quakeress.

Other acts were Truly Shattuck and Emma O'Neil, in song and chatter; Olsen and Johnson, singers and instrumentalists; the Gardiner Trio, dancers of unusual excellence; Felix Adler, assisted by Frances Rose and George Williams, in a sketch of the "nut" style that was the laugh getter of the bill; McIntosh and Musical Maids, Scotch singers, dancers and instrumentalists; Harry Masters and Jack Kraft, in a satire of song and dance; Challen and Keke, in an interesting performance on the light wire; and "Art," a spectacle with a war motif.

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Can anyone of our readers tell us what became of Capt. Charles Spooner, captain of the American whaler Erie, who in 1834 married Miss Kingatara-Ornruth, the daughter of Demstrgrfrwomldaminfr, a chief on the island of Tahiti? At the age of 16, when she wedded the American, she was six feet in height, her complexion was a bright mahogany; her cheeks were ingeniously tattooed; her eyes were large and full and of a greenish hue. On the day of her marriage she excited the admiration of all that were present at the ceremony by the vigor and skill she displayed in swimming across the arm of the sea, so that gallant Capt. Spooner of Newport swore that she and she only was worthy to be his spouse. Was the marriage a happy one? Did she sail the seas with him, harpoon in hand, or, left in some little coast town, did she pine and fade, remembering Tahiti?

"As She Is Spoke"

As the World Wags:

In the As the World Wags column of Feb. 11 a correspondent who signs "F. A. W." complains that it grates his nerves and those who know the French language to read such anomalies as "naive boy," "petit lunch" and "Matince Dansant." He asks what shall be the punishment. I read "such anomalies" occasionally, but they do not wreck my nerves; I invariably succeed in suggesting to myself that people using such incongruities know better. In these war times I go to the extent of finding a purpose, to wit, they wish to impress on others that they don't know any foreign language and therefore are patriotic. The editor has somewhat relieved "F. A. W.'s" nerves, but it is not a cure. May I help? In the matter of "naive boy," you have suggested that "F. A. W." may use naive or naif to his heart's content. Will you permit me to differentiate? If it happens to "F. A. W." to wish to show a high degree of erudition he will in the future say a "naif boy" and a naive girl. But if he wants to speak modern English correctly he must invariably say, and indiscriminately, "naive boy" and "naive girl," as he would say good boy or good girl. The word "naive" is now an English word, naif is not. If "F. A. W." is ever called "naive boy" let him administer the punishment himself if the offender is small and weak; if the culprit is too healthy for "F. A. W.," let him bring an action of libel or slander.

"Petit Lunch" does not jar the nerves of any one who knows the French language, as far as gender is concerned. "Lunch" is now a French word and means a light meal; "petit" is also French and means small. Lunch is of the masculine gender, and "petit" is also the masculine form of the adjective; they agree very well. The expression may look foolish because it is foreign to the English language, but in itself it is grammatically correct. There may be a pleonasm in the two words, it may be shocking to the eyes of some hungry person on account of its diminutive aspect, but in the matter of gender there is no cause for divorce between the two words. They have at least the merit of being frank and honest. If a

[illegible] should advertise a "petit [illegible]" I would give him credit for it, provided he was willing to extend the [illegible] courtesy to me.

[illegible] "Matinee Dansant" is another an[illegible]y. Matinee is of the feminine gen[illegible] the adjective "dansant" should [illegible] also the feminine form and be spelled "dansante." "Matinee Dansante" would be the correct way. Grant[illegible]. Nevertheless the situation might [illegible] worse if those of us who speak Parisian French attempted to spell it [illegible] and give due respect to the question of gender. Our Parisian French [illegible] would pronounce "Dansante" thus: "Matinee Dan-san-tee, the accent on the last syllable. As it is spelled by Parisian French people of today, the 40 Immortals and those who speak just French know that grammatically "Matinee Dansant" is wrong, but phonetically we understand them if they take care to place the accent on the last syllable. Better keep quiet Mr. "F. A. W." and avoid a disaster. Let well enough alone and in the event of your being unable to do so, laugh at all anomalies; it is inexpensive and will greatly soothe your nerves. For our ears' sake don't stir up Parisian French.

Biddeford, Me. G. S. DUPRE.

Mr. Dupre is mistaken in thinking that the English word "naif" is obsolete. The word was used by Sydney Smith and John Stuart Mill, but without reference to the gender of a person. The Manchester Guardian used it as late as 1885 with the meaning, "natural, artless, naive." "Lunch" has been taken into the French speech of the people, as "sport," "high-life," "Knickerbockers," "struggle for life" and other English terms and phrases, but we do not believe it has found a home in the Dictionary of the French Academy. Delvau in his dictionary of slang includes "lunch" in the slang of the "gandins," who prefer the English word to the good old French word "gouter." Now a "gandin" is a silly swell, whose father worked hard so that the son could loaf. Hector France protests against "lunch" even in slang. "This word has no right to be in our language, for it does not answer at all to the English lunch, which is a copious meal, the principal dejeuner." Does Mr. Dupre maintain that the word "dansante" is accented on the last syllable? Tut-tut!—Ed.

An Anti-Dickens Society

As the World Wags:

As a loyal member of the Spup (Society for the Prevention of Unnecessary Pleasures), I wish to protest against the attempt being made by certain local organizations to revive interest in Dickens. It is a cardinal principle of our society to regard solely the ethical, rather than the esthetic, value of sculpture, painting, literature and the drama. Surely nothing could be more objectionable than an author who insidiously attacks one of the fundamental principles of American morality—the only one, in fact, of sufficient importance to form a part of our constitution. Of what avail is it to secure to our posterity the priceless boon of prohibition, if its eyes and ears are to be greeted by shameless references to the inebriating punch, the health-destroying ale and the mysterious pineapple rum? Ultimately our society hopes to provide expurgated editions of Scott, Shakespeare, the Bible and other foreign works, valuable in themselves and easily altered to suit American standards of morality. But in Dickens the evil forms part of the warp and woof of almost his entire production, and we trust the day will come when his books will be as rare on our library shelves as the poisonous potions he describes on our restaurant tables. K., Boston.

PIANIST PARDEE

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Paula Pardee, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Her program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata op. 27, No. 1; Brahms, Rhapsody in G minor; Chopin, Etudes op. 25, Nos. 1 and 2, op. 10, No. 8, Nocturne, B major, op. 32, Scherzo, C sharp minor, op. 39; Liszt, Forest Murmurs, Polonaise, E major.

A modest program, but Miss Pardee was not able to do it justice, for she is not yet ready to play, except for her friends and her teacher. Her technic is unevenly developed. While her performance of rapid passages has at times a plausible glitter, there is no solid structure beneath the brilliance. This was shown conclusively in the Etudes of Chopin, as in the pieces that preceded. Nor is her interpretation at present to be praised. The first movement of the Sonata was read in a mannered, over-elaborated way, as if each note was of vital importance on account of some esoteric significance. In the movements there was what might be called per[illegible] expression [illegible] rhythms and the pie[ce] that followed immediately suffered from the [illegible] of the pianist.

She should study diligently under a severe taskmaster and listen attentively to excellent pianists now playing in concert halls.

Mme. Peroux-Williams in Interesting Program

Mme. Peroux-Williams, soprano, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last evening. Bryceson Treharne was the accompanist. This program was announced: Scarlatti, Toglietemi la vita ancor, Gia il sole qual gange; Cesti, Intorno all' idol mio; old songs, Voila le gai printemps, Veille Maternalle; Rebel, Volez, Zephyrs, amoureux; Duparc, Lamento, Chanson Triste, Testament; Koechlin, Aux Temps des Fees; Gretchaninoff, Sur le Steppe, Le Hache tombe; Moussorgsky, Hopak; Carpenter, Credo, When I bring you colored toys, The sleep that flits on Baby's eyes, the Seashore of Endless Worlds, Light, Finis.

This singer, coming from Buffalo, N. Y., as we are informed, studied in Boston and in foreign cities. She has sung with the Boston Symphony orchestra in Cambridge, and has been heard on other occasions. Although no desire for the indulgence of the hearers was expressed last night, Mme. Peroux-Williams's voice at times seemed hoarse. She sang with dynamic nuances and facial expression in interpretation rather than with rhetorical subtlety. The program was interesting, yet in the group of songs by Carpenter there was too little variety of mood. There was a small audience.

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We hope for the sake of the violently disposed women themselves that they will not attempt to heckle President Wilson even at a distance of 1200 feet from the gangway. It would be a pity if a tragedy should attend the disembarkation. We quote from the life of Saint Ambrose as it is written in "The Golden Legend" of J. de Voragine, turned into English by William Caxton in 1483.

"Then one of the virgins of the empress, much fair, took S. Ambrose and drew him by his vestments and would have made him to be beaten because he would not hold the party of the women. Then S. Ambrose said to her: If I be not worthy to be a bishop, yet thou oughtest not to lay hand upon me ne none other bishop, thou hast laid hand on me, thou oughtest much redoubt and dread the judgment of God. And therefore God confirmed his sentence on her, for the next day she was borne to her grave and was dead. Thus was she rewarded for the villainy that she had done, and all the other were thereby sore afraid."

President Wilson differs from the good Saint, for he "holds the party of the women." Might not the punishment of his female foes be therefore the greater? It is a pleasure to note that Miss Blackwell, Mrs. FitzGerald and other sane and prominent champions of their cause denounce the proposed demonstration.

The Wilson Committee

There will be many announcements of plans in connection with the landing of President Wilson in Boston. Before everything is settled let all the possibilities be considered. Nothing is more important than the personnel of reception committees. Here is a slate which should not be overlooked:

BOSTON COMMITTEE OF WELCOME
TO PRESIDENT WILSON
(With individual assignments)
Honorary Chairman
(In Absentia)
The Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge.
Address of Welcome
William Roscoe Thayer, Litt. D., LL. D.
Poetic Greeting
Miss Alice Brown.
Prayer
The Rev. William Harman van Allen, D. C. L., S. T. P.
Representing the New England Press
Mr. John R. Rathom of Providence, R. I.
Honorary Escort
To and from the Public Meeting.
Popular Clubmen, Young and Old, Selected Ladies of the Back Bay, Editors of the Boston Evening Transcript.

This is merely a skeleton suggestion. Many other names might be proposed. "The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you!" The important thing is that the President shall be greeted by a really representative committee. Otherwise he might proceed to Washington without catching the true flavor of Boston.

Boston. PROGRAMMATICUS.

Out of Joint

Those who think the time is out of joint and no one is able to set it right may find consolation in a letter written by Mr. James Howell to Mr. E. P. at [illegible] the [illegible] not [illegible]

"The News, tho World is [illegible] turned upside down, and it hath been long a going so, you know a good while since, we have had Leather Caps and Bever Shooes, but now the Arms are come to be Leggs, for Bishops Laun-Sleeves are worn for Boot-Hose tops; the Vest is come to the Knee, for the Points that were used to be about the middle are now dangling there; Boots and Shooes are so long snouted that one can hardly Kneel in God's House, where all Genuflection and Postures of Devotion and Decency are quite out of use. The Devil may walk freely up and down the Streets of London now, for there is not a Cross to fright him any where, and it seems he was never so busie in any Country upon Earth, for there have been more Witches Arraign'd and Executed here lately than ever were in this Island since the Creation."

Maeterlinck's Burgomaster

Maeterlinck's latest play, "The Burgomaster of Belgium," which has been pronounced in England "the greatest play of the war," will be brought out in book form in this country at an early date under the title "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde."—New York Times Book Review.

True, O King! But the original title of the play happens to be "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde" and with this title the drama has been performed in England.

Memorial Guns

Not all the English towns are clamoring for cannon captured from the Huns. One Essex council has stated that it wishes to forget the war and not to be reminded of it. The cannon in Temple Gardens is by no means popular. "From an aesthetic point of view," says the Daily Chronicle, "a captured gun is not nowadays very desirable; modern artillery makers do not encourage the beautiful elaboration of some of the guns to be seen in the Tower armory."

A Maine Prescription

As the World Wags:

Your column recently quoted some verses that will have pathetic significance after July 1. Here are additional lines to quench one's mental or physical thirst, when the drought of summer arrives:

"First, my dear madam, you must take
Nine eggs, which you'll carefully break—
Into a bowl you'll drop the white,
The yolks into another by it.
Let Betsy beat the whites with switch,
Till they appear quite frothed and rich—
Another hand the yolks must beat,
With sugar, which will make them sweet.
Three or four spoonful may well do,
Though some, perhaps, would take but two.
Into a skillet next you'll pour
A bottle of good wine, or more—
Put half a pint of water, too,
Or it may prove too strong for you;
And while the eggs (by two) are beating
The wine and water may be heating;
But when it comes to boiling heat,
The yolks and whites together beat,
With half a pint of water more—
Mixing them well, then gently pour
Into the skillet with the wine,
And stir it briskly all the time.
Then pour it off into a pitcher;
Grate nutmeg in, to make it richer.
Then drink it hot, for he's a fool
Who lets such prescious liquor cool."

EDWARD E. BRIRY, A. M., M. D.

Bath, Me.

Too much water, doctor; the only acceptable hot drink is hot buttered rum, and that only for a severe cold, a sorry rheum.

A Street or Two

E. M. M. wishes that some one would write a history of Pinckney street, which is, she says, "a combination of a village community and a highly respectable Bohemia." The history of any old street should be interesting, for every street has its physiognomy. There are pompous streets, snobbish streets, mean streets, sinister or mysterious streets. By the way, how many of the younger Bostonians know or care why Pinckney street was so named? Mr. Herkimer Johnson has rooms in Blossom court because the name excites his fancy.

CECILIA

BY OLIN DOWNES

The Cecilia Society, Georges Longy, conductor, gave its first concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. In addition to the choral numbers, Alfred de Voto and Stuart Mason, pianists, played Florent Schmidt's "Polonaise" and "Viennoise," op. 53, for two pianos, and Miss Carmela Ippolito, violinist, played pieces by Vitali, Beethoven, Schubert-Wilhelmj, Dvorak-Kreisler, Vieuxtemps, and as an encore a piece by Cui. The choral numbers were the "Hallelujah" from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," A. Fevin's "Descende in Hortum," Lot[ti's] "[illegible]," [illegible] g[illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] de W[illegible] [illegible] Schmidt's "Chansons a quatre [voix]."

CHORUS MYSTIFIED

There was a good deal of Florent Schmidt and a good deal of bad singing by the chorus. The best performances were those of the Bergerettes and the compositions of Fevin and Lotti. In the former there were at least intention, vitality, rhythm; in the latter there were long and noble phrases, and often beautiful tonal effects, shadings and nuances that bespoke at least the leadership of Mr. Longy and a modicum of preparation and understanding of the music.

But when it came to the extremely interesting "Chansons a quatre voix" of Schmidt there was confusion worse confounded. The chorus simply did not know the music and did not feel confident in it. The male portion of this chorus, particularly, was for the greater part of the time in a highly mystified mood. The female voices did better, attacking with vivacity and coming out together at the end of the verses. The gentlemen, particularly the basses, were sluggish, unsure of their attacks, unintelligible in their French and generally unaware of what they were there for.

Whose fault was this? It is safe, and it is not playing favorites, to say that it was not the fault of Mr. Longy. He is too careful, conscientious and experienced as a musician and conductor for that, and his beneficent influence on the chorus was shown in other numbers not so unfamiliar and advanced in technic as those of Schmidt.

Fault Lies Deeper

The fault, we believe, lies deeper and is inherent today in the Cecilia organization. It is an open secret that the Cecilia singers do not, as a majority, take their work seriously enough to assemble regularly and unfailingly for rehearsal, and, as a consequence, cannot be brought into the concert hall by any conductor, however able and conscientious, prepared to give a finished, brilliant concert. This is a fact well known, writ large on the pages of the Cecilia, for many seasons back, and it cannot be stated plainly enough.

If this society intends to become more than a semi-social affair and a sort of a closed musical corporation it will have to take its music more seriously than has been the case for many seasons. A few serious and industrious musicians cannot do the work of the body. And when a society of singers undertakes a work of such novelty and artistic value as the Schmidt songs given yesterday evening it should in justice to itself and the composer provide opportunity and occasion to learn its task thoroughly in advance of the performance.

Music That Was Good

The performance of Schmidt's pieces for two pianos was careful and labored. The "Viennoise" is a take-off on the Straussian waltz, and a very clever one. The cleverness and wit were lacking in the interpretation. The "Polonaise" is in triple time, as was so much of the Schmidt music heard last night, which did not conduce to programmatic variety, and it was ploddingly played.

Miss Ippolito is a young violinist not out of her teens, of exceptional talent, and very well schooled. Her group of pieces was so long that it was out of proportion in such a programme and unduly extended the concert. It was played with intelligence, warmth of tone, musical feeling. The stock remark comes to hand: "Miss Ippolito has not as yet the artistic individuality she will have in years to come," etc. The remark, of course, applies. This young lady is musically exceptionally mature for her years, while she is not sufficiently mature to find all that there is in such a composition as the "Vitali Chaconne"—excellently and conscientiously as it was played—or to touch other music with the depth and poignancy of expression that years bring. Enough that she gave evidence of exceptional gifts of the modesty and seriousness of an artist. Miss Ippolito was applauded warmly, deservedly, and with evident sincerity by the audience.

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FLONZALEYS IN SECOND CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Flonzaley quartet gave its second concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Loeffler, Music in E minor for four stringed instruments (ms.); Magnard, Serenade from the quartet, op. [illegible]; Schubert, Quartet in D minor, op. p[osth].

Mr. Loeffler's music was played for the first time in New York on the [illegible] of this month at a concert of the [illegible]

[illegible] of the friends of [illegible] performed by the [illegible] [qu]artet. This music is dedicated to the [me]mory of Victor Chapman, who a [me]mber of the Franco-American [avia]tion corps, met death at Verdun in [J]une, 1916.

There are three movements. The first [is] extremely complex. While it shows [th]e technical mastery of the composer, [it] is without the salient features that in [ch]amber music at once arrest and hold [th]e attention. The thematic material has [n]ot a striking physiognomy, but it serves [th]e composer's contrapuntal skill and [c]onsummate workmanship: music that [i]s cerebral, not emotional. The other [t]wo movements contain pages of deep [f]eeling and rare beauty in thought [a]nd in expression. In the second move[m]ent a Gregorian melody of the Easter [s]ervice in the Roman Catholic church is [a]droitly introduced. In this movement [o]nly the middle section, an allegro, is [c]omparatively uninteresting. The finale [ha]s delightful episodes, one formed from [a]n old French military march, and this [i]s followed by eloquent music of lamen[t]ation, closing with the use of the an[t]iphon: "In Paradisum deducant": 'May the angels lead thee to Paradise. At thy coming may the martyrs receive [th]ee and bring thee to Jerusalem, the [H]oly City. May the angelic choir re[ce]ive thee, and with Lazarus, once a [b]eggar, mayest thou have eternal rest." In this apotheosis, and in other pages of [t]he two last movements, the harmonic [s]chemes and the writing for the respec[t]ive instruments produce unusual effects of euphony. The composer was most for[t]unate in his interpreters.

There is a melancholy interest of late [i]n the music of Alberic Magnard, for he was slain by Germans, while he was defending himself in his villa, which was fired. Mr. Longy has brought out some of his chamber music. The Serenade played last night is not of conspicuous merit: it lacks spontaneity, has little melodic or harmonic charm, nor does the piquancy of the few last meas[u]res save the composition from the reproach of labored dulness.

Schubert's quartet has been played [h]ere by the Flonzaleys but never with [t]he ravishing tone, the enchanting va[r]iety of expression and the supreme mu[s]ical intelligence displayed last night. [T]ruly the Flonzaley Quartet is incom[p]arable. The far-famed Joachim Quar[t]et at the zenith of its fame was dry and [a]cademic in comparison.

A very large audience was warmly ap[p]reciative. The third and last concert of [t]he series will take place on Thursday [e]vening, March 13.

A charitable and practically patriotic woman of Boston has received an interesting letter from her almoner in France, interesting by reason of the information about the Hun's treatment of prisoners, interesting also by the [q]uaintness of expression. The story is [a]bout Datiche, who thanks the Bosto[n]ian, for "it was only through you that [h]e was still living, because he was only [l]iving on his parcels." We have pre[s]erved the phraseology.

"At the camp they got only a soup, [o]r so called, but not fit to eat. It was [m]ade with 40 or 50 herrings, neither [e]mptied nor cleaned, baked and cooked [i]n lots of water. That's all they got at [t]he camp, once at noon and once in the [e]vening. To sleep on, they had mat[tr]esses filled with heath in one camp [(]he changed three times), where he ar[r]ived beginning of November, 1915. [T]hey got the empty matresses and were [t]old to go outside to get the heath. [E]verything was covered up with 30 to 40 [c]entimetres of snow. They had to sleep [?] nights on these wet and cold mat[tre]sses without any blanket; after this [ti]me they got one, and later two. He [w]as made prisoner at Mauberge on the [?] of Sept., 1914, and got news from [h]ome the first time on the 5th of July, [19]15. . . .

"Now your know I think you will have [t]o be proud of your Filleul. I'll tell [y]ou why. He always refused to work [a]s he did not want to do anything for [t]he Germans, and so he was very often [pu]t into prison. He said he had never [b]een smoked or knotted but had other [p]unitions. He told us about some puni[ti]on called 'la chambre de chaleud.' The [di]mensions of this place were 1 m. 20x 1 [m]. 50x1 m. 50. They were put into this [li]ttle room (without any opening) and [th]en five or six hot steam taps were [o]pened; that within a few minutes they [u]sed to faint. Then the door was [o]pened and they were brought in front [of] a German officer who asked if they [w]anted to obey, or avow, they had done [th]is or that (sometimes guilty, he said, [bu]t often not). When they said, 'No' [th]ey were put again into the chambre [de] chaleur, and the same thing over a [fe]w times. That he had been in all over [?] times in this place, and once five [ti]mes the same day. Another punition [w]as to be brought to a post. One had [to] stand on two big stones, the back [to]ward the post, and was tied on it; [th]en the stones were taken away, and [th]ey were left hanging that way two [ho]urs. Then they were untied and had [to] sit on a little foot stole, stretch the [ar]ms out, and a stone was put in each [ha]nd. Then the little stole was taken [illegible] and the [illegible] to remain [illegible] for two hours, after[wards] the post again two hours and [s]o forth till they had six hours post and six hours of the other position. He had to do all that very often as he did not obey when he was told to work.

"Very near his camp, were four Zeppelin hovels. These Zeppelins used to go to England to bombard the towns. He started thinking to destroy them, so he found out that if he was working, he would be much freer and perhaps able to do what he wanted. He accepted to go and do all sorts of little jobs at the engineer's house and office. He had to look after rabbits and had to go into the field around the hovels to get grass. During a few months, he stayed after his plan. The sentinels, accustomed to see him, got confidence in him and did not look much after him. One evening, November, 1917, he put fire at 5 p. m. to a little gas pipe and went back to the engineer's office. He was looking after the stove there at 5:25 when there was a tremendous explosion, and the four hovels with the Zeppelins were put in fire. Of course, he was suspected, but being with the engineer at this moment, it could not be proved that he was guilty. Only the French officer of the camp knew about it and told him he would make it known when back in France so that he would be decorated. He told me at Boulogne, where he had to go for his papers, holiday, and s. f., he had already been signaled by this French officer.' The commandant of Boulogne told him it would come in the newspapers and he would be decorated. You see that you shall be able to be proud of him. . . .

"In April, 1918, when the Germans made their advance, his engineer told him the French were lost. He said, 'Now the American come.' The engineer said, 'Oh, they are too far off, too many kilometers away and will never come.' So he showed him your cards with the American soldiers exercising, those at luncheon, and the one on which you wrote 'this little man we used to see so seldom, we see them everywhere now'—that the engineer nearly got mad and said, 'where from do you have this?' 'That's my business.' "

Miss Louisette A. Wagen, the almoner, in her long letters—we have quoted only extracts—says: "We allowed ourselves to try once some of your dried apples and did like them very much," of the brave soldier Datiche, she wrote after his visit:

"He seemed rather moved, and was not able to talk at first. . . . He has a very good smile and seems to be really worth interest. He told us he had only been sick during the first winter with pneumonia, and had been attended by a French doctor prisoner in the same camp: that when it used to be written on his cards and letters he was sick, it was not true, but that it was when he was in prison. He said to be sure and thank you a thousand times for all you did for him. He seems to be a very nice and dear man."

At Lille

Through the darkest days of the war the inhabitants of Lille never lost hope that their turn would come to be delivered from the invader by the British armies.

An English officer remarked to his French host in that town that the people of Lille must have learned a fair amount of German during the enemy occupation. "On the contrary, Monsieur," was the quick reply, "as soon as the boche entered our town we set ourselves to learn English."—London Daily Chronicle.

International Music Festival to Open in Mechanics Building

SINGERS OF 1869 WILL TAKE PART

Boston's victory's celebration—the International Music Festival—which is to open this evening in Mechanics building in honor of the men now returned or homeward returning who have served the country during the late war as soldiers or sailors, promises to be one of the great events that have marked the period of the world war. The program will be repeated tomorrow afternoon and evening. Crowded audiences are expected.

There are several links connecting this international festival of song with the Peace Jubilee of 1869, which celebrated the return of peace after the civil war. This is the 50th anniversary of that jubilee. The great Coliseum in which it was staged stood not far from the site of Mechanics building. Upwards of 65 members of the "Peace Jubilee Chorus of 1869" will sing in the chorus of 1400 which Musical Director Alfred Hallam of the Boston War Camp Community Service has brought together for this demonstration. These singers will contribute materially to the program on each occasion, and the chorus or one number in particular has been assigned to them—number 9 on the Saturday evening program, a two-part number, "Under the Stars and Stripes" and "Ring Out Sweet Bells of Peace," the solo of each being sung by Lt. William Gustafson, Jr., who has just received his discharge from the 17th United States infantry.

Only 83 Years of Age

These first peace jubilee singers do not feel themselves to be old-timers. Mr. Hallam was speaking with one of them about his remarkable voice the other day when the singer said:

"Of course I have a good baritone voice. Why, you know, Mr. Hallam, I'm only 83."

The festival will help the job-finding fund for the benefit of soldiers and sailors.

The artists who have volunteered their services include, besides Lt. Gustafson, basso, Mme. Helen Stanley, Miss Vera Curtis and Miss Yvonne de Treville, sopranos; Miss Aurore Lacroix, pianist; Maurice Dambos, 'cellist, and the members of the Longy Club of Boston.

The great chorus of 1400 voices is made up of members of upwards of a score of musical societies of Boston and vicinity, besides members of numerous church choirs. The societies include the following: Handel and Haydn Society, Cecilia Society, Boston Symphony Chorus, Apollo Club, Gregorian Society, Sunday Tabernacle Choir, Boston Musical Union, People's Choral Union, Brookline Choral Society, Telephone Choral Club, Simmons Glee Club, Mendelssohn Singing Society, R. H. White Company Chorus, Jordan Marsh Company Chorus, William Filene's Sons Company Chorus, Gilchrist Company Chorus, Salem Oratorio Society, Malden Musical Society, Lynn Choral Society, Wollaston Glee Club and Tremont Temple Chorus.

One great feature will be the participation of more than a score of groups of foreign peoples who will sing the national and folk songs of their own races, but who also will constitute a part of the main chorus, and join in singing American national songs. These national groups include American soldiers and sailors, sailors of the French navy, and singers and dancers of English, Swedish, Armenian, Italian, Portuguese, Lebanonian, Czecho-Slovak, Polish, Lettish, Scotch, Russian and Lithuanian origin, besides Chinese boy scouts. The only foreign soloist who will appear is Mrs. Rose Zulalian, a dramatic soprano.

Grand Entry of the Flags

One of the numbers will be the grand entry of the flags of the allied nations, to the national airs of America, England, France, Belgium, Italy, Poland and Japan. Another international compliment will be the presentation of United States soldiers of 24 different nationalities, all of whom have returned from the front.

Mr. Hallam, who will officiate as choral conductor, will have associated with him six well known conductors, who, with one exception, are Boston men. The exception is Percy Grainger, an Englishman who laid aside his career during the war and has been serving with the American troops. The others are Frederic S. Converse, Wallace Goodrich, Henry F. Gilbert, Henry Hadley and Georges Longy.

The assistant musical directors are Richard W. Grant and E. Burton Aborn. Mrs. Richard W. Grant is choral accompanist. The Boston Festival Orchestra of 75 pieces will participate.

Boston composers figure largely in the production, Miss Mabel W. Daniels being the only woman composer who contributes to the program.

An original peace jubilee feature will be repeated in the production of "Hail Columbia," which was sung as the national anthem in 1869 by a chorus of 20,000 voices, with bells chiming, drums rolling, infantry firing and cannon pealing in exact time with the music. Six cannon have been placed back of Mechanics building, to be touched off electrically from the music stand—which is the stand used by Patrick S. Gilmore in 1869, and which has been kindly lent by Dr. E. E. Conant of Dorchester. The cannon accompaniment will be used for "The Star Spangled Banner," while the anvil chorus from Il Trovatore will again be produced, as in 1869, with the anvils and the cannon.

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We read a pathetic story this week about a bandmaster, now living in Revere, who had served in the Civil War. He was obliged to give up playing the cornet four years ago owing to trouble with his teeth. He should not be downcast. There are other musical instruments. We quote from a lecture delivered by Artemus Ward:

"I met a man in Oregon who hadn't any teeth—not a tooth in his head—yet that man could play on the bass drum better than any man I ever met."

An Athenian Tribute

News comes from Athens. Streets there are to be named after President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George. [illegible] learn from the Patris, a newspaper of that city, that "Wilson" is spelled "Ouilson", "George" is "Tzortz" and "Bonar Law" is "Moonar Lo."

Verse and Comment

Between the dark and the daylight
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
Which is known as the cocktail hour.

These lines by Miss Baird Leonard, after the manner of Longfellow, will require a footnote in a few years to come. The bright-eyed young Augustus, listening to his father reading in a voice tremulous with emotion, will say: "Pa, what is a cocktail?" The father's explanation will be choked with sobs, as one mourning the death of a beloved one.

A Word About Lowell

As the World Wags:

In a recent article on James Russell Lowell reference is made to the church where Lowell's father preached as being the North Church. When I lived in that vicinity it was always called the West Church, and one of my most delightful experiences was hearing Dr Bartol preach there a unique sermon on "What the Birds Say." I cannot recall what they said, but I know the discourse was interesting and at times amusing. In the article above referred to the statement is also made that at Concord, during his rustication from Cambridge, Lowell discovered Hosea Bigelow, but the genius he really found there was Homer Wilbur, that prosy pedantic, Puritan divine, whose prefaces to the poems are in their own way quite as striking as the poems themselves. It was, I think, Arthur Hugh Clough, whose lines,

"'Tis better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all."

antedated by a year Tennyson's

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.'

It was Clough who urged Lowell to give the world more of Hosea Bigelow, whose verses are regarded even more highly in England than in America.

The last time I saw Lowell was when he delivered his lecture on the early English dramatists in the hall on Boylston street; and it was a never-to-be-forgotten experience to see him as he stood on the platform exchange a roguish glance with Robert C. Winthrop, who, in a front seat, sat wrapped in his cloak like a noble Roman senator. Passing "Elmwood" the other day, I took particular notice of the upper story where Lowell set up housekeeping. The rooms are so low-studded one wonders how he could navigate around them without bumping his head on the ceiling.

It is a strange experience to be old enough to have seen two great wars fought to a finish. It seems to me that the most inspiring thing in the present confusion is to see coming so strongly to the front those great ideals which form the basis of Lowell's contribution to English literature. J. W.

West Roxbury.

West Church it was.—Ed.

Spring and Gazabos

As the World Wags:

Not long ago I noted in your column somebody's exultant claim of having found the first harbingers of spring, to wit—certain pussy willows in bloom. Thoreau said somewhere that he had spent 30 years in seeking the first sign of spring, and I believe he died with the quest unended. Though I do not attempt to say what we can consider the first sign of spring, it is certain that the tale is old when the willows announce it. The witch hazel blossoms in December and January, year in and year out, as does the cultivated filbert, yet most of our writers seem to have overlooked them.

What can you tell me, was a gazabo? Note that I say "was." I know what a gazabo is, but the modern use is evidently somewhat different from that of Pope's day. I find, in speaking of a landscape garden, one writer mentioning "temples, obelisks and gazabos of every description in the park, all stuck about in their respective high places." This doesn't intrigue my interest, but it does pique my curiosity. F. C. B.

Manchester, N. H.

"Gazabo" (there are variants, as gazebo, gazeboo, gazeebo, gazeeboo), a turret or lantern on the roof of a house, usually for the purpose of commanding an extensive prospect; also, a similar erection in a garden or pleasure ground; a belvedere, or look-out." There was a gazabo on an immense chestnut tree at Round Hill, Northampton, in the 60's and 70's of the last century. There is a gazabo in a tree today at Osterville. The word "gazabo," with the meaning given, came into the English language about 1750. A century later the word was applied to a projecting window or balcony. The derivation of the word is doubtful. Some think there is a humorous formation on the verb "gaze," imitating Latin futures—like "Videbo"—"I shall see"—compare "lavabo"; others hint at some oriental word corrupted.—Ed.

Exterior Grief

... of this time ... conventional mourning. There are ... of bereaved people in these ... yet it is uncommon to encounter anybody who wears the "trappings and the suits of woe."

We have found a jester way of showing respect for the dead than by changing the hue of our clothes. Only at the extremes, east and west, will you now discover a woman wearing "widow's weeds."—London Daily Chronicle.

PROLOGUE TO "RIDERS OF THE SEA" GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Lalo, overture to "Le Roi d'Ys"; Gilbert, Symphonic Prologue to Synge's drama "Riders to the Sea"; Gluck, Diane impitoyable" from "Iphigenie en Aulide"; Rameau, Airs de Ballet from "Hippolyte et Aricie"; Massenet, "Promesse do mon avenir" from "Le Roi de Lahore"; Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Scheherazade." Emilio de Gogorza was the singer.

Another diversified and interesting program; another brilliant concert with two compositions unknown to Boston and an excellent and favorite singer.

About 15 years ago Mr. Gilbert wrote a little prelude for a performance of Synge's tragedy by amateurs in this city. That prelude may be considered as a sketch or a study for the prologue that was first performed at a MacDowell Festival in Peterborough, N. H., in 1914 and later (1917) in New York at a concert of the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Gilbert has succeeded in translating the mood of Synge's play into tones. Without any attempt at photographic realism in the portraiture of the sea that robbed Maurya of husband and sons, there is a powerful suggestion of its cruel might, its unconscious remorselessness. In the section that follows, the lamentation for the dead, the Celtic feeling colors the song that occurs again and again as a keen, growing in the intensity of grief and at last dying away as in exhaustion, the expression of Maurya's resignation, now that nothing more can be demanded of her. And there was the remembrance of her final speech: "Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of the Almighty God. Bartly will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied."

This Prologue is impressive music. It owes nothing to Munich or Paris. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Gilbert's other compositions—and we remember with pleasure his Comedy Overture on Negro Themes that was played at a Symphony concert eight years ago—no one can deny his native, individual strength. He thinks for himself; he belongs to no school; he does not worship abjectly in any musical chapel. Even his crudities, showing a certain ruggedness that is not wholly displeasing, are those of a virile thinker. Much so-called American music might bear the stamp "made in Germany." Some of our younger composers, imperfectly taught, superficial, try laboriously to rank themselves with leaders of the French impressionistic school, whose idiom is, however, natural to them, who underwent the severest pedagogic training before they blazed new paths.

It took courage to write a prologue for Synge's great tragedy. That Mr. Gilbert reproduced so well the mood and suggested the scene and the characters ters shows that his ambition was not presumptuous.

The ballet music from Rameau's first opera that was produced was played here for the first time. The spirited "Airs de Matelots," the charming air in rondo form for flutes and strings, and the jolly Rigaudon in tambourin form with its saucy flageolet music played by a piccolo (the music an octave lower), delighted the audience. It is a good thing to hear music of the 18th century, for orchestra, chamber or ... avecin. There were brave men before Agamemnon. There were musicians with fine ears and graceful fancy before Ravel and Debussy.

Lalo's brilliant overture was performed so effectively that Mr. Rabaud was thrice called on for acknowledgment of the applause. The overture has other conspicuous qualities than brilliance; haunting melody, harmonies that were not common at the time they were written, true sentiment—even in the measures that interrupt the beautiful theme for violoncello—richly colored instrumentation. And this overture and Rimsky-Korsakoff's Suite gave full opportunity for solo players, as Messrs. Fradkin, Malkin, Laurent, Longy, Sand, Laus, Jaenicke to show their technical skill and musical intelligence. "Schehera-

... Thousand Nights and a Night.

Mr. de Gogorza, who ... for the first time at a concert of the Symphony Orchestra gave a noble rendering of Gluck's noble aria. The sugary ... of Massenet was evidently more to the taste of the audience, this tune sung by the villain Scindia as a "ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow." It is a pleasure to hear Mr. de Gogorza, whatever his selection, but we like to think of him today as declaiming and singing in the pure and grand style the Sophoclean music of Gluck. That he sang Scindia's syrupy measures in the appropriately Massenetian manner, proved his versatility, if such evidence was needed at this late day.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening will be as follows: Franck, symphonic piece from "The Redemption"; Saint-Saens, "Le rouet d'Omphale"; Berlioz, Royal Hunt and Storm, descriptive symphony from "Les Troyens"; Schumann, Symphony No. 2.

M'CORMACK GIVES SECOND CONCERT

Appears at Symphony Hall with McBeath and Schneider

John McCormack, tenor, assisted by Donald McBeath, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist, was heard in the second of a series of three concerts at Symphony Hall last evening.

Mr. McCormack sang songs by Handel, Hue, Bantock, Tosti, Chadwick, Hardebeck, Somerville, Hughes, Stanford, Coleridge-Taylor, E. Philip Taylor and Allitsen. Mr. McBeath played pieces by Ries, Hubay and Schubert.

It was the oft-repeated story—the standees lined the outside aisles and the stage was crowded. Mr. McCormack was in excellent voice.

1420 IN GREAT PEACE CHORUS

Two-Day Jubilee Opens Before Mammoth Audience

Boston's two-day international musical festival in honor of the soldiers and sailors returned from the war, and marking the 50th anniversary of the great peace jubilee of 1869, which celebrated the making of peace after the civil war, opened last night in Mechanics Hall. It will continue, with different programs, this afternoon and evening.

The festival, which is given under the auspices of the Boston Chamber of Commerce and the Boston War Camp Community Service, is a mammoth affair, participated in by a chorus of 1420 men and women, an orchestra of 75 pieces, numerous groups of singers from the allied nations, several directors of note, and various individual artists of wide reputation.

Veterans of '69 Sing

In the chorus are about 60 who sang in the original chorus in 1869, and not the least interesting feature of the program given last night and to be repeated at each performance was the singing by these members of the chorus of "Ring Out, Sweet Bells of Peace," the solo of which was sung by Lt. William Gustafson, Jr. They received an ovation from the audience.

The hall was decorated with a generous display of flags, the balcony being draped with white, against which were clusters of American flags, each with an allied flag in the centre. The chorus, which was on an inclined stage, stood beneath a ceiling of flags and hangings in patriotic colors, with a background of more flags and decorations, and the seals of the state and nation. Above were paintings of President Wilson and George Washington, flanked by portraits of Lincoln and Roosevelt.

Flags of Nations

The program began with the playing of Victor Herbert's "American Fantasie" by the orchestra, conducted by Alfred Hallam, the musical director and choral conductor of the festival. As the orchestra swung into the closing strains, "The Star Spangled Banner," the chorus rose with it and began to sing, and the big audience joined in.

After this came the grand entry of the flags of the allied nations, while the orchestra gave the national airs of the several nations. One after another came upon the stage young women in national costumes bearing the flags of Belgium, France, England, Italy and Japan, followed by a group of representatives of the other allied nations, and last Columbia carrying the Stars and Stripes. Upon the entrance of each flag the audience rose, and remained standing during the singing.

The color bearers, the most of them ... the ... of the flags they

... Poland, ... Greece, ... Esthonia ... Anna Morris ... Petrograd ... Greece; Esther ... Henderson, Costa Rica ... During, Bolivia; Araxia ... Armenia; Amilia Swetts, Czecho-Slovak; Winifred Bryning ... Emily Silva, Portugal; Julia ... Syria; Fannie Clayman, Montenegro; Esther Silva, Honduras; Mary Gately, Arabia; Olympia Nassi, Albania; Helena Gately, Panama; Ruth Campbell, Assyria, and Marian Sutherland, Roumania.

Sing Song of Peace

The chorus sang Sullivan's "Song of Peace," then the Russian National Greek Orthodox Church choir sang the "Russian Revolutionary Funeral March," Davidoff's "The Falling of the Night Shadow," "The Groaning of the Russian Mujik," words by Nekrasoff, and "The Evening Bells," a Russian folk song.

Miss Vera Curtis sang the aria from "Madama Butterfly," with Wallace Goodrich conducting the orchestra; and the Euphrates Choral Union of Armenian singers gave two folk songs, "Rezmerk," a war song, and "Mer Hairenik" (Our Fatherland). Mrs. Rose Zulalian sang "Nor Oror" (Song of the Native Land), the Armenian national hymn, and "When the Boys Come Home."

Kremser's "Prayer of Thanksgiving," and the "Anvil Chorus" from Il Trovatore, with anvil accompaniment, were given by the chorus; then Henry F. Gilbert conducted the orchestra in the playing of his own "Comedy Overture," after which Maurice Dambois, with Wallace Goodrich conducting the orchestral accompaniment, played Boellmann's "Variations" for the 'cello.

Miss Curtis sang "When Pershing's Men Go Marching Into Picardy," Vanderpool's "Values," and the "Ski Song" by Clough-Leighter; and was followed by the Columbia Glee Club of Boston, singing Burleigh's "Mother o' Mine," and "Get on Board," a folk song. Next came the "Fete Polonaise" from "Le Roi Malgre Lui."

The song, "Ring Out, Sweet Bells of Peace," by Lt. Gustafson, was not originally on last night's program, but it was announced by Mr. Hallam that it had been decided to incorporate it, with the singing of the chorus by the surviving members of the chorus of 1869, into each performance.

War Veterans Presented

After this, a group of American soldiers, representing 24 nationalities and just returned from the front, was presented headed by a detachment of the ... United States infantry. The closing number of the program was the singing by the great chorus of Handel's "See the Conquering Hero Comes" and "Hallelujah Chorus," with orchestra accompaniment.

Feb 23 1919

RACHMANINOFF

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Rachmaninoff, pianist, gave his third recital of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. His program was as follows: Rachmaninoff, Variations on a theme of Chopin, op. 22; Scriabin, Sonta Fantasie, op. 19; Eight Preludes, op. 11; Two Etudes, op. 42; Medtner, Tragedie-Fragment, op. 7; Three Fairy Stories, op. 20-26; Rachmaninoff, Six Etudes—Tableaux. The program stated that these pieces, all by Russian composers, were to be played here for the first time.

Mr. Rachmaninoff is well known here as a composer. The more important works of Scriabin, for orchestra and for piano, that have been performed in Boston belong to his later period. Medtner, born of German parentage at Moscow in 1879, is unknown here. Safonoff taught him piano playing at the conservatory of that city. Having taken enviable prizes, Medtner toured as a pianist, then settled down as professor of the piano at the Moscow Conservatory. His compositions are chiefly for the piano, though he has written a little chamber music, as his celebrated violin sonata.

No one of the three composers whose works were heard yesterday is distinctively Russian in musical thought and expression, as the term "Russian" is understood by our musical folk-lorists. The pieces by Scriabin, charming as they are, often show the influence of Chmopin. The Andante of the Sonata is, indeed, lovely music; the other movement, a Presto, written some years later, is furious and impressive. The preludes and the etudes have charm, but they do not smack of the soil with a touch of the Orientalism that we find in music by Balakireff, Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakoff, sometimes in Tschaikowsky's music—witness the 4th Symphony—and even in Rubinstein's Persian Song.

It has been said, especially by his English admirers, that Medtner is a Russian Brahms. This was, of course, ... ms in the ... yesterday ... there was decided ... nothing new ... strength as in the "Tragedie-Fragment" ... as in the second of the Fairy Stories. Perhaps Mr. Rachmaninoff preferred to introduce us by degrees to what might be called the later and more radical compositions of Scriabin, and those revealing the Brahmsian, or moods of Medtner. We have heard piano music by Scriabin in comparison with which the nightmares of Schoenberg were as paradisaical visions.

Mr. Rachmaninoff's Variations on a theme by Chopin, taken from the book of Preludes, are finely conceived, well-contrasted, interesting, musically effective. Some of them are appropriately in the manner of Chopin. Interesting also are the Etudes-Tableaux, one or two daintily capricious, one or two stormily defiant with enchanting moments of relief.

It is hardly necessary to speak again of Mr. Rachmaninoff as a pianist. Yesterday he was fully in the vein and again gave great pleasure to a large audience.

The music critics of New York were unanimous in condemning Massenet's opera, "Cleopatra," produced there by the Chicago Opera Co., nor did they spare the feelings of Miss Mary Garden, who played the part of the Queen, for they said that she represented Cleopatra as common, which is a more opprobrious adjective than vulgar. Some quoted Plutarch to prove ... Miss Garden was in her conception of the part, and they waxed eloquent in purple phrases about the beauty and the mental acquirements of this lady of Greek descent. They did not quote Jeremy Collier, who said that "besides the charms of her beauty, she had a very engaging genius and withal was the best bred and most pompous lady of the whole world." They might have dilated on Tennyson's mistake in representing her "with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes." Then there was Mr. Shaw's Cleopatra to be introduced in the discussion.

Massenet did not see his opera on the stage. Miss Garden, if she had wished to defend herself, might have accused librettist and composer. But what composer has won fame by writing music for Cleopatra and Antony? Many have tried it since Castrovilla's opera was produced at Venice in 1662, but who knows an air from any one of these 20 or more lyric dramas?

There is little or nothing in the books about the temptation of Hector Berlioz, yet he was tempted by a woman to make Cleopatra an operatic heroine. The temptress was a noble dame, no less a person than the Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein, the friend of Liszt. No one is fully acquainted with Berlioz unless he has read the letters of the composer to the princess. They are often bitter, cynical, despairing, but they are honest, and they give an impression of absolute sincerity that is at times missing in the romantic memoirs. In other words, the Berlioz of these letters is not a poseur.

In October, 1859, Berlioz wrote to the princess about an operatic Cleopatra in answer to her suggestion that he should compose the music. He admitted that something great could be done with it; but the opera would be a bitter one. "I know of no more envenomed love than that of Antony for the Queen of Egypt."

"I cannot conceive of a man ever having been so unhappy as this unfortunate one after the battle of Actium was lost, and after the flight and cowardly abandonment by his infernal mistress, his 'serpent of the Nile.' I cannot without fear face the picture of this ocean of sorrows. Never mind, if a little force comes back to me, I'll try."

Nov 5: "If I undertake the battle of Actium, it will be only for the sake of obeying you. The subject, as a matter of fact, is the last to come close to French feeling of all those that could intoxicate me; it is therefore the most dangerous. Do you believe that I would be so impudent as to deform Shakespeare's creation to the point of making an academic Cleopatra, a Spanish queen, with stiff and formal speech, regardful of court etiquette? Oh, no! It is because the glowing and capricious Egyptian is the contrary of these foolish creatures that she would bewitch me. I adore this mad woman who wishes that Julius Caesar should lie by her side with his sword, who assassinates 20 times, and in the most atrocious manner, this wretched Antony, and yet does not wish to survive him, and does not survive him—a crowned grisette, who plays at hop-scotch in the streets of Alexandria, attaches a red herring to Antony's line one day that he is fishing in the Nile, changes her whim 20 times in a quarter of an hour, a daring creature who questions Mardian about his ... who ... desires, the idiotic ... hardly woman who fled ... without ...

[illegible] this [illegible] true [illegible]

A [illegible] would [illegible] I and the [illegible]. But [illegible] know Hamlet's speech 'If it [illegible] time [illegible] death is strict in his arrest.'

In [illegible], December, he wrote again about the opera, and for the last time: "Your letters, Princess, disturb me terribly; your ideas, your dreams, fall on me as powder on fire. If I were 20 years younger you could make something of me. But tranquilly, a calm spirit, health, these fail me for undertaking and achievement. If you only knew how I fritter away my time. Seldom do I employ artistically one hour out of 40. How can I lay plans with these habits, with a life so tortured? Of these 40 hours at least 20 are passed in suffering, one way or another, 12 at least in sleep and seven in pulling the devil by the tail to fulfil the stupid engagements by which I live. Recently, when I entered the drawing room of Mme. Viardot — they were having music there—harmonic sounds gave me a shock with flashes of lightning and I seemed to see our Cleopatra wreathed with a strange halo. Yes, I think I could make a seductive creature out of this torpedo. It would be so different from anything I have done! There would be so much room for the unsuspected, the singular, the enormous! I feel that I should confine myself to borrowing certain details from Shakespeare and would come off better by putting the bridle on the neck of my fancy. At first I need the interior of a pyramid, priests of Isis, their mysteries, their juggling; I need the boldest audacities for Cleopatra; I need the scene of Cydnus; I need a secret orgy of women with the eunuch Mardian, a companion piece for the public orgy of the triumvirs on the galley of young Pompey. Perhaps there would be a way to contrast the good and cold Octavia and the mad Egyptian: what a contrast! Ah, yes, this would be curious, but there is need of time and life. I am myself only too happy in having completed and corrected during a year or more my score of 'Les Troyens.' I fully appreciate a favor of this sort. The proverb is right: 'Who embraces too much embraces badly.'

"And then it is so discouraging to see the probable fate of these huge musical machines! Everywhere big donkeys and little dogs, without reckoning the pigs that come to root their shouts in what the artist has planted! Of what good is it to cultivate pineapples, sugar-cane and the noble palm?

"How sad I am! Pardon me, Princess; it seems to me at this moment that I am one of the idols of Gomorrah and that my eyes will melt in tears of lava. May the real world perish! To feel and not be able to make one understand; to conceive immensity and to execute only something paltry: to thirst after free air and to dwell in vaults; to envy the eagle's wings and to crawl like the worm, to have the aspirations of a celestial spirit and the needs of an animal; to lodge in one's heart the thunderbolt and to use only vapor—

"You see I use and abuse the permission you gave me to think frankly with you. There's so much of indulgent goodness in your soul and mind; do not mock me, do not treat me as a blowhard, a poseur, a lunatic; no, no, perhaps I am only sick. To whom should I complain if not to you, and to still another? O, God, if I could sing a lamentation, you would not laugh, I assure you.

"See how drunkenness possesses me; I write to you mad, violent things."

And so Berlioz did not write a "Cleopatra."

One of the Symphony Rush Line Is Joyous in Her Fortune

To the Editor of the Herald:

In your columns, not long ago, somebody deplored the "human spectacle" which the rush line at the Symphony concerts affords. I feel qualified to protest in behalf of the seasoned habitues of the rush line.

No, we don't feel like zoological specimens, standing on the steps in rows. We know the system is best if speculation is to be avoided, we are respectably carrying on an old Boston tradition, and we are not ashamed. We, who have well tried this thing and adjusted ourselves, are not restless and fussy, after the manner of a box-office line, or an income tax line, prodded by uncertainty. Except for the doubtful point of exclusion after the 305th, everything is scheduled ahead as smoothly as the course of our planet itself. Bless you, no! We come prepared to kill time comfortably, and we succeed. We usually arrange it two or three together, and, settling down on the steps, we placidly discuss endless topics as if we were in our own arm chairs, Sarah's children, Bolshevism, Mr. Rabaud, spring hats, the show at the Copley, a new teacher, the merits of our friend Constance, the [illegible] omings of our enemy Josephine.

Many types are among us—Conservatory students with piano scores of the symphony to be played, shabby-genteel maiden ladies with their knitting, who [illegible] evidently "rushed" ever since the [illegible] were actively rehearsals [illegible] girls in giggling bunches who half [illegible] the [illegible] invalids [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] Boston's [illegible] and as [illegible] would [illegible] highest monument [illegible] occasionally stray people who are [illegible] a variation upon the movies, the price being equal.

But we, the old-timers, are different from these last. We have learned to pass our time better than by staring at the vacant lot to the left of us, or the variously gold-lettered windows across the way, describing vocalists, chiropodists, Theosophists, Universalists and other sects peculiar to Boston. We do not even have to occupy ourselves with the fanatical old woman who rants to us collectively down the whole length of the line, denouncing transgressors who spend their time and money on a worldly singer, when they should be seeking after righteousness. If we buy an evening paper from the newsboy, it is merely to sit on, for have we not a novel concealed in our "Boston bag," Meredith or Oppenheim, according to the taste? Neither do the vendors of chocolate and oranges catch us unprepared. For from those same bags there come enviable home-made victuals, even to celery and nut salad in a glass jar, and a spoon to eat it with.

The only time the rush line really rushes is in trying to outdo the people immediately ahead by cutting the corners of the marble stairs. Once seated, we who know resume our convivialities, while the uninitiated study the plaster-casts, read the program books with dull amazement and wonder at the electric click which lights the lights and gives reassurance that life exists in the silent and empty nether regions of Symphony Hall.

Why call us objects of curiosity—we who get such a fine view of the worthies below who, after the first movement of the symphony (allegro) hustle in (frenetico)? Are we not their intellectual and musical as well as architectural superiors, even though, like them, we are far from perfect, and always fall for the soloist?

Why, indeed, should we complain? We have the best seats in the hall. Moreover, Symphony concerts are to be exempt from war taxation, and while they have paid their season's tax irrevocably, we may once more fling our unencumbered quarters into the canvas bag at the doorway. No longer need the provident official anticipate delay by distributing penny-change beforehand.

Boston. JANET N. BAXTER.

Notes About the Stage, Players, Music and Musicians

"The Purse-Strings," a new comedy by Bernard Parry, produced at the Garrick, London, Jan. 29, is said to have dialogue unusually rich in wit, and a quartet of homely, well-defined characters. The Times said: "If a well-to-do husband is so mean as not to make his wife a regular allowance it only serves him right if she gets herself and him into trouble by stealing from shop-counters whatever goods happen to catch her fancy.

"That seems to be the primary postulate of 'The Purse-Strings.' Not that the lady is dishonest; oh, no, for she always sends the money by post next day, borrowing it apparently from her brother. It is an obvious remark that if she only did her borrowing before going shopping there would have been no trouble and no play. But it is no doubt right that mean husbands should be thoroughly trounced on the comic stage, and therefore it befalls that the lady is one day caught in the act of theft, is blackmailed (in kisses) by the shopman, tells her husband of the blackmail (while concealing the theft) and provokes him, a complete fool (is he not a husband?) to write a letter to the firm, which at once brings him into the law courts. At least it would bring him there if he were not persuaded by a legal friend that he will be wiser to settle the case out of court. On second thoughts, however, he elects to declare himself bankrupt, whereupon his property, under his father's will, so the author tells us, passes to his wife. And now the tables are turned. The wife announces that she henceforward will hold the purse-strings as tight as the husband did, and one result is that he is soon in danger of incurring a criminal prosecution for running up a hotel bill as an undischarged bankrupt. Having thus proved to him that, if she is a thief, he is no better, she 'forgives' him and all ends well. Whether the author is right in his law let experts decide, but we may hazard the opinion that he is a little shaky in his morality. We find our sympathies rather scanty for a wife who takes to shoplifting because her husband is unwise in his system of domestic economy. Nevertheless, if you overlook little trifles like these, and take the people at their own, or the author's moral valuation, it is quite posible to be amused with 'The Purse-Strings.'"

News of the death of Sir Charles Wyndham comes simultaneous with the announcement that the scene of his early suburban triumphs is about to take on a new lease of life. It was at the Crystal Palace Theatre, in the seventies, that Charles Wyndham, as Charles Surface, began that series of great comedy parts by which he was acclaimed an actor of the first rank. His much later, and, perhaps, biggest success, was when he played to a Berlin audience in its own tongue the "David Garrick" [illegible] Petrograd household [illegible] before the curtain [illegible] his rendering of the same part.—Daily Chronicle, Jan. 13.

It is said that Wyndham never carried a walking stick so that his hands might remain lissom. In the civil war he obtained his appointment as surgeon in the Union army by the help of P. T. Barnum.

From "Round About," in The Stage (London):

"I was quite shocked, believing as I do that dramatic criticism should be written with restraint, when I read in a Chicago paper that the heavy lady of a first-class dramatic company 'played the jealous wife with the ferocity of a parboiled hyena.'"

. . . "A dramatist who writes plays of the sensational sort has a son now rising 10 years. This hopeful recently approached his parent with a play written in his exercise book. Its climax was the foundering of a ship pierced full of holes by a swordfish, trained by the villain of the piece to perform this devilish deed, because he had not been invited to the Christmas party! I have seen more improbable situations and less original ones in papa's plays; at any rate it gave papa food for thought."

Lennox Pawle, remembered here by his performance in "Pomander Walk," is now editing a new paper, The Actor.

William Poel, lecturing on "The Commercial Theatre," at the Abbey, Dublin, pleaded for a universal repertory system. Provincial theatres should be free from the necessity of referring to London for all their values in drama. Further, no play should be permitted a run of more than 100 nights at a single house. The public should be the choosers rather than be, as now, like children, forced to accept the pluralist lessee's choice. W. B. Yeats and Mr. Lennox Robinson were among the speakers.

Mrs. Behnke, the widow of Emil Behnke, the author of "The Mechanism of the Human Voice," and with Dr. Lennox Browne, of "Voice, Song and Speech," died at London last month. A teacher of singing, she wrote "The Speaking Voice," and a treatise on "Stammering, Cleft Palate, Speech and Lisping."

A new quarterly has recently been born, and has been boldly christened Theatre-Craft, a Book of the New Spirit in the Theatre. It is concerned with the advocacy of the "Little Theatre" movement, which, it tells us, "is to give to a people sorely in need joy, beauty and social service." The general tone pervading the whole of the first number is aptly expressed in the opening "Apologia": "The state of the English theatre is one of utter degradation." There is something refreshing in a single assertion of this nature, but as one reads through a baker's dozen of articles—practically all which are jeremiads, with "degradation" for a text—refreshment gives place to something perilously near to boredom. Perhaps the articles in this number which will appeal more particularly to the general public (as distinct from the enthusiasts of the "Little Theatre" movement) are the report of an interesting interview with Leonide Massino concerning choregraphy, and D. Jan van Schnell's plea for Dalcroze Eurythmics.—The Stage.

H. B. Irving made an address on "What Would Shakespeare's Plays Be Without Shakespeare's Criminals?" to the blinded soldiers of St. Dunstan's. He said that crime is the leading motif in 20 out of Shakespeare's plays. Criminals figure prominently in the comedies: Antonio, Oliver, Angelo, Don John, Leontes, Shylock. But was Shylock a "criminal"? Richard III. "shows how clearly the poet understood the instinctive criminal of real life." King Claudius in "Hamlet" is "the most successful and therefore, perhaps, the greatest criminal in Shakespeare." Strange to say, Mr. Irving classed Cassius with Iago.

Apropos of Robert Loraine's return to the stage in "Cyrano de Bergerac," announced for Liverpool Feb. 17, it is said that he boasts of French blood mixed with Welsh in his veins, so that by descent he is the very man. Nouguez has composed the incidental music.

E. V. Lucas, the essayist, and Capt. Harry Graham have made a version of "The School for Scandal" for the lyric stage.

Mme. Donnet is the director, and Lord Howard de Walden and Lee Matthews are the trustees of a new enterprise in London, the Art Theatre. "The official announcement roundly proclaims that 'the present state of the English stage is deplorable.' It remains to find the remedy. This the Art Theatre proposes to do by a process of its own. Two years, thus giving a permanent character to the scheme, are to be devoted to the presentation of plays—but in no case for more than a few days' run at a time—by a company of artists engaged at yearly salaries dependent on the success of no single production. There is to be a school in which pupils, on proof of sufficient talent, will receive professional training, and later given a place in the performing company. The project is to take effect next Tuesday afternoon at the Haymarket, where an abridged version of Farquhar's 'Beau's Stratagem' will be given."—Daily Telegraph, Jan. 30.

We are told that the old-fashioned music hall entertainment is dead as far as London is concerned. We call it old-fashioned, albeit there are plenty of us still living who can remember the old days of the halls with their "chairman" and so on, the men who formed [illegible] [illegible] by themselves and seemed permanent, though even they had no long life. To men a little over middle age it seems only the other day that we were congratulating ourselves on the reform of the music hall, on the decay of the "red-nosed" comedian and of the tiresome and often vulgar serio-comique—dreadful word. Refinement was the great phrase then—and now we are refining again.—London Daily Chronicle.

To concert-givers in search of novelty and to music lovers in general, we commend the extraordinarily well-chosen and unusual program of a concert given recently at Newcastle in aid of the Musicians' Gift. How many of us have ever had the pleasure of attending a recital of vocal Quartets and piano duets? Unprecedented originality! The piano duets began the proceedings—Four morceaux by Florent Schmitt: Bucolique, Rondeau, Somnolence and Valse. Then came Ernest Walker's five songs from "England's Helicon" for vocal quartet. Mozart's Fantasia in F minor came next, followed by Four Miniatures by W. G. Whittaker, for whose words alone, by Walter de la Mare, it would have been worth while to buy a program. In the second part, the pianists gave Debussy's Six Antique Epigrams and Ravel's Mother Goose Suite; and the vocal sts. Madrigals by John Wilbye, an Ayre by John Dowland, and the Brahms Love Song Waltzes. It seems almost too good to be true.—The Student.

Richard G. Knowles, the vaudeville comedian, who after 40 years' active experience, died from cancer of the throat, wrote from New York to his London agent shortly before his death:

"Well, I am out of hospital. Of course it is going to take a long time to effect a cure, but I had only three months to live, and to think I have beaten out the disease in the first lap in spite of the fact that the opinion was unanimous that I would sink under the treatment owing to my age. But what I have gone through no one will ever know but me. I now start on a serum treatment that is to last a year—that is to prevent a recurrence." The letter was received on the day that brought the news of the comedian's death.

News About Paris Theatres Reported in The Stage

The Paris correspondent of The Stage wrote on Jan. 10:

"Louis Verneuil is a young man. Before the war he contributed various plays to several of those little theatres which the French wittily designate as 'petite scenes a cote,' to show that they are beside the mark. But since the war has deprived us of many promising and original young talents and discouraged the established dramatists from serious efforts, a little band of outsiders have overrun the Paris theatres, and M. Verneuil has had a play produced by M. Gemier at the Theatre Antoine. Not that this young writer is wholly without merit. His dialogue is bright; he possesses a good sense of theatrical artifices, and he has studied contemporary masters with devotion. Unfortunately, he has studied too much and has reached an age when one rewrites the plays one admires, and takes one character from the works of other authors rather than from life itself. In Lo Traite d'Auteuil one is constantly reminded of M. Gavault (not at his best), of Jules Lemaitre and others. The story of the young girl whose parents forbid her to marry the young man of her choice, and who marries his friend with the understanding that he is only to be a nominal husband, and that they will divorce as soon as the other returns from a fortune hunt in Mexico, is old as plots go, and the treatment is not very fresh. Husband and wife become jealous of each other's liberty, and end by falling into each other's arms; but the characters are marionettes without depth or probability. M. Verneuil now acts his own plays after the manner of Sacha Guitry, he is a good amateur. Mlle. Gaby Morley is pretty, Mlles. Fralnco and Calvet, and M. Lefaur have little or nothing to do, and poor Galipaux doubtless sheds a tear on the days when authors wrote real characters for real comedians."

"The Palais-Royal has got hold of a success in 'La Filon,' by Mouezy-Eon, author of many uproarious military farces. Not that the idea is at all new, for mistaken identity is old in the history of the theatre, and one foresees from beginning to end exactly what will occur, but this rather tends to enhance the hilarity, for the situations are handled with practised skill, and the lines are amusing. I have no doubt that it will find its way to London and New York—perhaps as a musical comedy, for you must know that it deals with a tenor. This Decharme is a slacker and a lady-killer. A ballet dancer makes eyes at the major to get him an easy billet far from the front, but the major gives it to Petouchet, a poilu home on leave, whom he mistakes for the tenor because he hears him singing Madelon. When the real tenor arrives he is ordered to the front, and only saves himself by accepting the position of orderly at the major's house. Here he is obliged to [illegible]

... first ... great artist ... became ... But as he has fallen ... with the major's daughter he re... and become a hero, winning her ... the end, while Petronchet is worn ... trying to live up to the tender ... as a lady's man.

The Palais-Royal is one of the rare ... that has a permanent company ... is why "Le Filon" gives an un... impression of evenness in its ... Salon. Charles Lamy, with his ... voice and knowing air, does a ... character bit as the po... ... runs away with the part of ... and recalls a little the style of ... Galtry, but less self-conscious ... Gron ... and Palau are amusing ... Mlles. Garcia and Regina Camier ... could be desired.

... into Oswald Marshall, ... of Miss Lena Ashwell's Eng... Theatre yesterday. He tells ... is leaving us at the end of ... and that the Theatre Albert 1. ... closed, as the company have ... commandeered by the British staff ... play for the soldiers. Their head... ... will be at Lille, where they ... open the beautiful new theatre ... the Germans had just compl... ... selves. From Lille several co... ... will probably radiate in efficient ... tions, as there is a great need of ... tainment. Dorothy Rundell, the ... leading lady, has recently married an ... officer and returned to London."

Jan 24, 1919

The only way a country becomes great is by its attitude towards and its manner of accomplishing its vices.

Prohibitia

Thy vices reft from thee,
Sweet New Democracy,
Of them I sing.
Thy out—and indoor sports;
Thy ancient rums and ports;
At thy gilt framed resorts,
In vain we ring.

Only the memories
Of thy lost liberties
May with us stay,
No more the ponies prance,
Closed are thy games of chance,
No more the passing glance
Makes bright the day.

When comes upon the earth
Of vices such a dearth,
Death hath no sting.
Wine may no longer flow
Women may come and go;
Let every freeman know
He still may sing!

RICHARD D. WARE.

Amherst, N. H.

Signs of the Times

As the World Wags:

I read recently in this column some remarks upon my traits by a clergyman, the Rev. Babblington Brooke. I have not the honor of this gentleman's acquaintance, but I was duly impressed by what he wrote and at once looked up in the dictionary the formidable word "hedonist" that he applied to me. I found it to mean "one who regards pleasure as the chief end of life." This being the case, I am enabled to understand why it is that I so rarely read any of the communications of the Rev. Babblington Brooke. But this revelation is not my purpose in writing you.

I learned this morning that among other preparations for the wrath to come on July 1 next there was to be a reissue of that standard work, "Jerry Thomas's Bartenders' Guide," for some time regrettably out of print, and that this issue was to be re-enforced by a work of parallel aims—"Harry Johnson's Bartenders' Manual." Either the publisher of these volumes is a man of singular stupidity or he is one of quite unusual vision, seeing far and clearly into a future that looks dark and dreary to a man of my traits as they are expounded by the clergy. Following the ray of light thus afforded I find that divers subtle preparations are on foot for the comfort and consolation of such persons as perversely find pleasure in the various manifestations of the Demon Rum. Among forthcoming additions to the literature of alcohol may be found a great variety of useful treatises. "Fancy Drinks and Popular Beverages," by "The Only William," is to be had both in cloth and paper, containing over 500 tried and true recipes for preparing an endless variety of popular beverages. He will indeed be an intrepid man who will take down this volume from its shelf in sad July and read its unrealizable delights. "Monzert's Practical Distiller" is more technical and looks deeper into the problems that face us. It might have been appositely rechristened "Every Man His Own Moonshiner," since it places in the hands of all ingenious persons the knowledge that will solve the great problem of the future. "Fleischmann's Art of Blending and Compounding Liquors," "The French Wine and Liquor Manufacturer" and "Lacour on the Manufacture of Liquors, Wines, etc.," consider another phase of a recondite art, and place in the hands of all the easy means of compounding the various sorts and kinds of what has ... great ... water," ... circumstance is common to all ... publications; they are priced at figures that not ... place them beyond the reach of the man of small means, but possibly incommensurate thirst but that suggest some furtive purpose on the part of the publishers. They are not physically impressive volumes, yet they are valued for trading purposes at from $2 to $3 each. There is a class of book published mostly in the beautiful city of Brussels that is also offered to its special public at similarly exalted prices and readily absorbed by its admirers despite this disadvantage because of their great thirst for the sort of literature thus presented. It is possible that the vision that foresees a sale for these books in the season of lean kine that is ahead of us also discerns the fact that under the conditions then to obtain price will be of no account, for then knowledge in fact, as always in tradition, will be beyond price. GAYLORD QUEX

Boston.

Old and New

As the World Wags:

Prof. Arthur Gordon Webster, whose delightful tribute to several of Harvard's lost scholars vastly brightens the Herald this morning, pleased me the other day by his reference in your column to Derzhaven's "Ode to God." In my edition of Charles A. Dana's "Household Book of Poetry" this noble poem, nobly translated, is the very last "number." I wish this ode could be republished at least once a year in such a newspaper as the Herald, for it seems to me one of the most significant things that I have ever read. By the way, I have dim memories of early school reading books that you may help me to define. Whose was the glorious story of trial by wager of battle between a murderer and the dog of his victim? Whose also was the moving and descriptive narrative bit in which one Voltimad (was it?) saved many persons from a wrecked vessel by riding time and again through the surf on his heroic horse? I can identify for myself Elihu Burritt's account of the boy that climbed the natural bridge of Virginia, and was it not Charles Mackay who wrote the idealistic poem with the inspiring refrain, "There's a good time coming, boys, a good time coming"? How much better such things than the third-rate "memory gems" that our children are required to learn "by heart"!

THE REFORMED PROFESSOR

Feb. 17.

JOHN M'CORMACK

John McCormack gave the concluding concert of his present Boston engagement in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. His numbers were as follows: Air, O Mort (from "Les Fetes a Hebe"); ariette, Accourez, riante jeunesse! (from "Les Fetes a Hebe"), J. Ph. Rameau; Come, My Beloved (from "Atalanta"), Handel; The Lass with the Delicate Air, M. Arne; Sylvia, Now Thy Scorn Give Over, Purcell; Morrai si (from "Rodelinda"), Handel; Irish folk songs: Go Where Glory Waits Thee, arr. Ed Schneider; The Next Market Day, arr. Hughes; The Fanaid Grove, arr. Hughes. Pastheen Fionn, arr. Milligan-Fox; recit. and air, Oh, Fill the Cup and Ah! Moon of My Delight (from "In a Persian Garden,") Liza Lehmann.

Donald McBeath, violinist, played the following: Arioso, Handel; Two Horn Pipes (a l'Inglese), arr. Moffatt; Romance, Svensden.

Edwin Schneider accompanied.

There was the usual McCormack audience. The singer gave several extra numbers, including "Mother Machree," "I Hear You Calling Me," "Mother O' Mine," and others. His voice was as pure and his enunciation as clear as ever. Mr. McBeath was a great favorite. He also had to give some extra pieces. Mr. Schneider accompanied with his wonted skill. His arrangement of "Go Where Glory Waits Thee," won warm approval.

Feb 25 1919

This commonwealth never took "Father and Son Week" seriously, but the mayor of Columbus, Ohio, saw to it that a bulletin was issued "rhapsodizing about the 'wonderful comradeship of father and son.'" It is a pity that Samuel Butler did not live to comment on this bulletin in the section "Elementary Morality" of his note book. Butler had been whimsical note book. Butler had been reading a book by the bishop of Carlisle in which the bishop, contrasting the behavior of young sparrows or robins toward their fellow nestlings with "children of one family," remarked "They (these children) part for their posts of duty in the world with the hope of having joyful meetings from time to time, and of meeting in a higher world when their life is finished."

... ... to ... ... with ... nothing ever ... I am certain my father after he was ... did not wish to see my grandfather any more—indeed ... before ... thing that age he had decided that Dr. Butler's life should not be written, though R. W. Evans would have been only too glad to write it. Speaking for myself, I have no wish to see my father again, and I think it likely that the Bishop of Carlisle would not be more eager to see his than I mine."

Butler before his birth should have selected a more agreeable family.

Twelve Men in a Box

As the World Wags:

In a Western court a case involving interesting points of law was tried recently. The defendant was charged with the unlawful possession and sale of a quart bottle of whiskey. Counsel for the defence came prepared with a pile of law books and numerous citations, more or less in point, all of which proved to be unnecessary.

A corked bottle was produced in evidence. It was labelled whiskey; it looked like whiskey, and all appeared sufficiently satisfied that it was whiskey, until a rather insignificant looking juryman in the back row announced that the corked bottle offered in evidence was insufficient to satisfy him beyond a reasonable doubt. Thereupon a corkscrew was borrowed from the presiding justice, the cork drawn, and the contents sampled by the foreman, who appeared unable to be certain of the character of the liquid until after he had taken two or three swigs; other jurors in the front row seemed equally doubtful at first taste. By the time the bottle had reached the back row the contents were exhausted. The production of a second bottle was suggested, but it was not forthcoming. The insignificant looking juryman then inquired whether they could properly render a verdict upon evidence submitted to only half of the jury.

The presiding justice in his charge tried to straighten out the tangle of the disproportionate distribution of the tangle-foot, but the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty!" in just 15 minutes.

Boston. T. O. C.

Joyous Households

Mr. Guido L. de Buze, writing to the Sun of New York—it shines—once in a while—quoted a recipe from Godey's Lady's Book and Magazine for June, 1857. This recipe may soon be a very help in time of trouble:

"To Make Pure Wine of Apples—Take pure cider made from sound ripe apples as it runs from the press; put sixty pounds of common brown sugar into fifteen gallons of the cider, and let it dissolve, then put the mixture into a clean barrel, and fill the barrel up to within two gallons of being full with clean cider, put the cask in a cool place, leaving the bung out for forty-eight hours; then put in the bung, with a small vent, until fermentation wholly ceases, and bung up tight; and in one year the wine will be fit for use. This wine requires no racking; the longer it stands upon the lees the better."

Labor's Restlessness

The Daily Chronicle of London discussing the strike epidemic in Great Britain summed up the matter as follows:

"It used to be said that the two great causes of labor unrest were sweating and drink. Well, for a long time we have not only had no starvation wages, but nearly all the strikes have occurred among the best paid workers. As for drink, we should probably have to go back 1500 years or so to find a period when the nation as a whole was more sober."

Yet we find this paragraph in another issue of the Daily Chronicle:

"An ex-munitioner, asked the other day whether he had filled up his fuel application form, replied: 'Fill it up? No fear. I put 'it a'top o' the fire. I ain't goin' to fill up no more forms while the beer's what it's like now!'"

Poor Eliza

As the World Wags:

Where can I get the story of Eliza Farren, the actress, and the then young Stowley? He married her then or afterward as the Earl of Derby. I am interested somewhat from a family point of view, but it was long ago and the story would be of no interest to any one but myself. S. H.

O yes it would. Any story about Eliza and the belated Earl would interest lovers of the theatre and other lovers. Ed.

From Over There

As the World Wags:

Some of the readers of As the World Wags may like to see the substance of a request from a dear boy over there near Metz made to his dear father in Cambridge and sent about the time of the deciding vote as to the prohibition amendment.

O fayther dear fayther, go into the town
And buy int some beer and some ale.
... ...
... ...
... ...

O. R. ...

... ...

St. Dare, his father	...
Count de Varville	...
Gaston R...	Arthur ...
Gustave	Charles ...
A Peasant	Edward ...
Arthur	Charles Boswell
Madame Prudence	Bertha Blanchard
Nichette	Bella Cairns
Nanine	Mary ...
Olympe	Eleanor Brent

Yesterday the historic Castle Square Theatre dropped that name and became the Arlington Theatre. No other change has been made, the stock company remaining to give a change of play every week and the management being the same as that under which this playhouse was organized and opened nearly a quarter of a century ago.

The play for the opening bill of the renamed theatre was "Camille," a play which has tested the ability of numberless actresses, among them Bernhardt, Duse, Modjeska and Rejane.

The Camille of Miss Winslow is new to Boston. Yesterday she revealed herself as an artist who has a fine sense of character and ability to carry her ideas into effect. The total effect of her impersonation was a notable one, and in its details her scenes with Armand when she first reveals her love, her parting with him at the desire of his father and their after meeting deserve especial mention. As a whole, Miss Winslow's Camille is a sustained piece of emotional acting, with nothing overdone.

Mr. Ayres makes a fine Armand Duval, manly and dignified and consistent in his treatment of Camille. There is humor in Miss Blanchard's Mme. Prudence, and Miss Cairns, who joins the company, was especially to be commended as Nichette. Souvenir programs, containing portraits of the members of the original Castle Square stock company and of the present Arlington Theatre stock company, are being distributed to everybody in the audience throughout the week. Next Monday "Charley's Aunt" will be revived.

MISS BAKER HAS NEW SONG HITS

Belle Baker, singer and dialectician, is the principal feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was unmistakably pleased.

Miss Baker returns with some old material and much that is new. Of her new songs those that pleased most were "I Gotta Da Proof," "What'll We Do on Saturday Night When the Town Goes Dry?" and "Who Put the Ham in Abraham?". In songs of the Hebrew dialect Miss Baker makes an especial appeal; there are many niceties of detail and she has the added advantage of a pleasing voice.

The big laughing number of the bill is the Avon Comedy Four in their sketch, "A Hungarian Rhapsody." They are comedians rather than singers. They have an act that has much to commend it in both its action and laughable dialogue. The take-off on the old-time song and dance artists brought pleasant memories to many in the audience.

One of the outstanding features of the bill was the dancing act of Miss Emma Haig of the team of Haig and Lockett. She has the advantage of youth and good looks, and executed one of the speediest dances seen at this theatre this season.

Other acts were Howard's animal act, Joe Jackson, the hobo comedian, Sally Fields and Conway & Co., in a dramatic playlet; J. C. Nuzent assisted by Jule York, in a sketch; Juliette Dika, singer, and Wilfred Du Bois, Parisian juggler.

Feb 27 1919

Soldiers, sailors, secret service men, policemen, detectives, plain-clothes men, aeroplanes, roofs covered with armed men. And it is in Boston.

In 18.. Remy de Gourmont wrote that imperial carnivals were looked on indulgently because persons about to be crowned were in some danger of their life. "We are far from the time when the good tyrants Harun al Rasaid, Henry IV or Joseph II walked about in their dominions; loved by those who recognized them. Today a king (or a president) who should go out without the eyes and the revolvers of 200 policemen, ready to pummel and fire, would not return home."

Mr. Demstrgrfrwolmldammfr

As the World Wags:

The 1¼ inch of pied type you selected for the name of a Tahitian chief in your column Feb. 19th, was not well chosen as it was all littered up with consonants. The Tahiti alphabet has but 11 letters in it, but this includes all of our vowels. Each vowel is considered as a separate syllable. Thus the word for "born" is spelled "Fa...". Sorry I can't give you any information about the dame with the "orig... ... any com... on," ... ...

[illegible] Tahiti, Mi [illegible] named [illegible] Mo [illegible] tuaorurai, daughter of the Tahitian chief named above. The chief's name may not have been in accordance with the Tahitian language, but he liked it and kept it, and there it is today in American and French records. You say that the girls you knew in Tahiti were chocolate colored. How wide was your acquaintance? Would you swear, sir, on the witness stand that in 18[illegible] there were no Tahitian maidens of a light or a bright mahogany color, either on the shore or inland? How far did you go?—ED.

Detected in Newton

As the World Wags:

There is a delightful joke on the National Geographic Magazine to be found on page 21 of the January issue, especially amusing since it is in that particular periodical that the error occurs:

In the paragraph entitled "Shifting Waters from Fundy to Mexico," one finds a statement to the effect that the St. Lawrence river flows into the Bay of Fundy.

To quote:

"The Chicago river was forced to give up an age-long right to contribute its water to the St. Lawrence, and was made to flow across the divide separating the Great Lakes from the Mississippi river. Thus waters that normally ran into the Bay of Fundy were dispatched into the Gulf of Mexico and made to carry the burden of Chicago's sewage as they went." D. B.

Newton Centre.

Add Horrors of War

Keen observers in London are noting changes in life and manners brought about by the years of war:

The improved tone of shopkeeping manners is not due entirely to bigger supplies and the imminent prospect of free trade. In part, at least, it is explained by the return of demobilized assistants. If they have endured the hardships of war they have also escaped the acerbity induced by a course of coupons and rations. They now stand at attention behind the counter with unimpaired tempers, and with perhaps a trifle more gallantry towards the shopping sex."

Another sociologist discusses the "increasing fashion of whiskers." He finds that at present they are only "small affairs of the Albert variety made popular by the Prince Consort." This whisker is no longer than the breadth of two fingers. "It is an Army fashion, just as beards were an aftergrowth of the Crimea. The present whisker originated among officers whose right arm, stiff or impaired through wounds, cannot be raised easily to the level of the ear, and so prevents a clean shave to the top of the cheek."

The Filmed Great

A great year takes a great writer to describe it properly; and great writers are always scarce. How can the present age, which has almost given up the pen for the handle that turns the reel of the photographic record, be expected to rise to the occasion? Are we, moreover, quite sure that the films which we are so busily taking are precisely the ones which most deserve to go down to posterity? The cinematograph, no doubt, has its virtues, but it has an effect and an influence of its own on the very things of which it professes to be a mere (though hardly silent) witness. See how the Great Man greets the other Great Man while the multitude applauds; he takes off his hat, he shakes hands, and then he remembers—the illustrated papers; he turns round, smiles to the mob, and consciously and deliberately turns himself into a piece of copy. A triumph for journalism is this act of homage which is done to it in the very middle of history-making; but what has Clio, the Muse of history, to say to it? Importunate and irrelevant publicity! How has it usurped and perhaps spoilt the chance which is History's!—London Times.

We Don't Know

As the World Wags:

An editorial writer for the Herald spoke recently of Lady Margaret and the Baron "exchanging cigarettes over the tiny drendens." What are "drendens"?

Chelsea. MARCELLUS GRAVES.

Feb 28 1919

The citizen is a species of man. A degenerate or primitive variety, he is to Man what the gutter cat is to the wild cat; otherwise an esteemed and well-known animal. The men of science that have chosen him for the subject of their patient investigations call themselves sociologists.

Mr. John Tice

Mr. John Tice of Hagley, Worcestershire, England, died on Feb. [illegible], 1774, at the [illegible] of [illegible], having [illegible] all the faculties he [illegible] up to the time of his death. [illegible] to be envied? Let us see. At the age of 80 he fell from a tree and broke both legs. What was he doing in the tree? Was he renewing his youth and plucking forbidden fruit? Or was he the laughable old man of many merry tales, playing January to Mrs. Tice's May, for we may hazard this question, not knowing whether he had been thrice wedded or was a bachelor. A violent cold settled in his head and made him very deaf. One hundred years old, he was sitting by the fire, alone, pondering, like the prophet Daniel on the traditional rock, the mutability of human affairs, when a fainting fit overcame him. He fell into the fire. As he was a cripple, he could not extricate himself. A person came by accident into the room, and preserved him from death. Mr. Tice, though much burnt, recovered and was even able in time to walk. But when his only friend, Lord Lyttleton, died, he never left his room, nor did he long survive him.

He could endure painful accidents and physical infirmities, but not utter loneliness, the lack of long-standing friendship. Jones hears a good story. He thinks to himself, "I must tell that to my father"; and then he remembers that his respected father, who had served on several civic committees and not missed a meeting, has been dead these 20 years. Robinson and his brother Jim had been the closest friends. Jim died four years ago, but Robinson wishes to consult him daily. Loneliness is one of the chief terrors of old age. Anyone that has passed his 60th year and greedily demands an age longer than that allotted by Mosses in the psalm, should read before going to bed the description of the Struldbrugs seen by that veracious traveler Capt. Lemuel Gulliver when he visted the kindom of Luggnagg. Better the grave than doddering life in an old man's home, otherwise known as a club.

Miss Bara and "Vamping"

Inhabitants of Elmhurst on Long Island, seeing three-sheet posters of Miss Theda Bara in the act of "vamping" have decreed that she must not "vamp" in their little village. Possibly they object on aesthetic grounds. If so, we are with them, for Miss Bara unblushingly showing herself, a massive and concrete Cleopatra, is not pleasing to the eye.

The section "V-verificative" of the great Oxford Dictionary was published before the vampire was the darling of the cinematograph; but there is curious information about this word and "vamp." There is a quotation from Bayard Taylor's "Home and Abroad" (1862): "In the German language there is no epithet which exactly translates our word 'bore,' or its intensification 'vampyre.'" Has any one of our readers heard "vampire" used as a synonym of "bore"?

See how lexicographers go astray. In Farmer and Henley's huge "Slang and Its Analogues" we read: "Vamp. Verb (American colloquial).—To improvise a musical accompaniment: the key and time being known, a passable accompaniment is playable at sight by a system which, in America, is 'taught in eight lessons for $10'." "American!" Yet the two quotations given, the earlier dated 1851-1861, are from English writers. As a matter of fact, the verb "vamp," to improvise or extemporize a tune, accompaniment, etc., goes back to the 18th century and is found in the periwigged History of Music by Dr. Burney (1789).

In thieves' slang "vamp" is a robbery and "vamper" a thief. In common English slang to vamp means to pawn; vamps are stockings. To vamp, in English dialect, is to make one's way on foot, to trudge, or to tramp or walk the streets. Thomas Hardy has used the verb in prose and verse.

To vampire, a transitive verb, is a sound dictionary word; to vampirize or vampyrise, transitive and instransitive, is rare.

Here is a queer use of "vamp": to fill up a glass, teapot, etc., when partially empty; to sip [illegible]. We hasten to print this quotation before July 1: "Tipplers who desire to make the most of one glass of grog, first drink a little, then add some spirit, then sip again, next add some more water, then drink again, so repeating the trick known as vamping." But why this increasing dilution? It is said that Daniel Webster standing at the bar called for brandy. The barkeeper presumed to pour in a few teaspoonfuls of water. At him the godlike Daniel glowered and exclaimed, having pulled his justly celebrated oratorical stop: "Bov, don't inundate that brandy."

Consulting the English Dialect Dictionary is dangerous; one is tempted to drop work, to read and read and read. Here on this page (337) of Dr. Wright's sixth volume, we see the word "Valiant." Well, what of it? some careless person may ask. Good sir, in Sussex "valiant" may mean "stout, well built." Now read

[illegible] potato. "Wh[illegible] did you [illegible] of [illegible] friend who preached last [illegible]?" "[illegible]' he was a valiant man; he just did [illegible] over the pupit' What a noble [illegible] he had!"

Anything about beer now has a pathetic interest. Again on page 337 we find "Valentia. A tin instrument used for getting out beer, etc., from the bunghole of a cask, by pressing on a small hole at the top." This is a Suffolk word. In Lincolnshire they say: "I was not thero for the value of fivo minutes." This reminds us of a Porphyrian who was showing the wonders of Boston to a visiting Chinaman, before the Cambridge subway was completed. Standing in Harvard square, the Porphyrian expatiated on the convenience of this subway and the saving of time. He named the number of minutes rescued The Chinaman listened courteously, then asked: "And what will you do with those minutes?"

Mch 1 1919

16TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Franck, Symphonic Piece from "The Redemption"; Saint-Saens, "Omphale's Spinning Wheel"; Berlioz, "Royal Hunt and Tempest" from the opera "The Trojans" (first time in Boston); Schumann, Symphony No. 2, C major.

Some of the French evidently think highly of the orchestral Intermezzo in Franck's "Redemption." The orchestra of the Paris Conservatory concerts gave it a prominent place on its programs when it visited this country. It is true that the long continued melody at the beginning is beautiful; there are passages also which have the spirituality that characterizes the music of Franck when he is in his loftiest mood, but the composition is not a sustained flight. The trombone phrase, which to M. Destranges is "the affirmation of a Credo," might easily have been invented by a more earthly composer even by the late M. Massenet—for so he liked to be known, abhoring for some reason his honest Christian name of Jules—or by some other writer for the opera house. Yet the intermezzo on the whole is a sonorous, pleasing composition. M. Rabaud certainly gave an impressive reading, one that almost persuaded the hearer that the music itself deserved the glowing praise bestowed on it by M. d'Indy and others.

On the other hand, "Omphale's Spinning Wheel" is one of Saint-Saens's most delightful works. Not only is it conspicuous for exquisite fancy and delicate treatment; it is enchanting by its irony. No doubt Saint-Saens smiled when he wrote in the little note on the fly-leaf: "Persons who are interested in looking up details will see on page 19 (letter J) Hercules groaning in the bonds he cannot break, and on page 32 (letter L) Omphale mocking the vain efforts of the hero." As we have said before, Saint-Saens, unlike Liszt, does not take his symphonic poems too seriously. He was musically serious for when he wrote them, he was fastidious as an artist; but the program itself did not master him. If Anatole France had been a musician, he could have composed "Omphale's Spinning Wheel." The subject would have delighted him by its irony—the hero, the strong man, a victim of woman's wiles. Note Saint-Saens unerring sense of proportion: There is not too much realism in the musical whir of the wheel; nor does the wheel revolve until it frets the nerves of the hearer. Hercules groans lustily and one can see him straining to break the bonds; but to depict this the composer did not call upon a thunderous orchestra. Hercules here is not a Samson pulling down the temple. How feminine the piping, mocking music of Omphale! Mr. Longy played these measures with delicious coquetry. The whole performance was indeed, admirable.

The music of Berlioz, heard here, to the best of our knowledge, for the first time, was composed for a ballet-pantomime in his opera. This pantomime was cut out after the first performance in 1863, because the stage management at the Theatre Lyrique was wretched, so that the pantomime was a burlesque; also because the shifting of scenery necessitated a wait of 40 minutes. It is not easy to say whether the music would be more effective if it were to be played as the expression of a theatrical scene, with the break of day, sporting Naiads, hunters, tempest (after the manner of Mr. Belasco), satyrs flourishing blazing branches and possibly the sight of Dido and the pious Aeneas making for the same cave. In the score there are measures for a chorus, now singing or shouting unmeaning syllables or the word "Italy!" Heard yesterday as absolute music, this descriptive symphony was curious and interesting. Berlioz was a passionate lover of Virgil from his boyhood. He endeavored to write his opera in the classic Virgilian manner. This excerpt is not in the vein of the Berlioz who was tearing his hair and crying out "Milles tonnerres!" on the slightest occasion. The calm opening is effective by its simplicity; the horn calls of the hunter are not conventional; the tempest might even be called Virgilian by its sobriety. Mr. Rabaud is to be thanked for acquainting the audience with this side of Berlioz's genius.

If Schumann had been more skilful in orchestration would his symphonies rank higher today? There have been attempts to re-orchestrate certain movements, it is said, but the revised scoring played havoc with the musical ideas. A conductor is often blamed for an "ineffective interpretation" of a symphony by Schumann, when the reproach should be made against Schumann himself, for his symphonic music is often lumbering and tired. Mr. Rabaud was more fortunate with the Symphony in C than many of his colleagues have been. The Scherzo was brilliantly played—and this Scherzo is a test of an orchestra's proficiency. The Adagio is to be ranked among Schumann's most beautiful conceptions—and yet one wishes that after the long sustained song the composer had not introduced his cut-and-dried contrapuntal episode. Vincent d'Indy is too severe in his judgment of Schumann as a symphonist; but Schumann will live by his songs and piano pieces rather than by his works of more pretentious dimensions.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts on March 7 and 8 will be as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Coriolanus"; Tschaikowsky, Variations on a Rococo theme for violoncello with orchestra (Joseph Malkin, violoncellist); Debussy, Nocturnes—Nuages; Fetes; Sirenes (with female chorus trained by Mr. Townsend); Mendelssohn, Symphony in A major ("Italian").

The Musical Messenger of February has arrived from Lockport, N. Y., a city which, the editor informs us, has become "a landmark on the musical map of the United States" through the efforts of Mr. A. A. Van De Mark, who happens to be the editor of this periodical.

There is to be "a real peace jubilee festival" this year at Lockport: "Artists, Compositions and Language of Singing being grown on our native heath." Intensive musical farming.

There is a thrilling story in this number of the Musical Messenger about Mr. Orville Harrold, the tenor: How he "came back." In order to restore "a rather tired voice to its first freshness and beauty" and to make it "even richer, more vigorous and smoother than before," Mr. Harrold put himself on a strict diet. For breakfast he ate one baked apple, a cup of unsweetened coffee, and toast. His lunch consisted of a cup of cocoa. But at dinner he ate either beefsteak and onions or beef and cabbage; something light and nutritious.

Prohibition

Here is a list of plays that will probably be prohibited even for amateur performance after July 1. We are indebted to Mr. F. E. Chase for the titles:

The Bottle, The Drunkard, A Glass of Champagne, The Flowing Bowl, The Spirit of Liberty, His First Champagne, A Little More Cider, The Social Glass, The Fatal Glass, Ten Nights in a Barroom—has anyone written a romance or tragedy entitled One Night in Ten Barrooms?—Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life, Fruits of the Wine Cup, The Drunkard's Doom, Champagne, A Pint of Ale, Rum or the First Glass of Punch, Little Brown Jug, The Drunkard's Warning.

"Association of ideas might make the following plays taboo: The Brewer of Preston, Blanche of Brandywine, The Misses Beers, A Bachelor's Banquet, Hans von Stein, Moll Pitcher, Drink, The Man About Town, Laid up in Port, Happy Days, The Man with a Nose, Wanted, a Pitcher."

"The following might even benefit by the change: Aunt Dinah's Pledge, The Man Without a Head, Ruined by Drink, Ros'berry S'rub Sec."

The opera and concert stage will be rigorously supervised by the Anti-Rum League. Whiskey and soda will disappear from the first act of "Madama Butterfly" even though the quaffing of it by Lt. B. F. Pinkerton and Mr Sharpless is accompanied by fragments of "The Star Spangled Banner." Turiddu will no longer drink Sicilian wine in the last act of "Cavalleria Rusticana." The scene between Iago and Cassio will fall out of the first act of Verdi's "Otello." Many operas and operettas will thus bemodified. There will be no more brown October ale in "Robin Hood"; the cider of Normandy will not be extolled in "The Chimes of Normandy," nor will there be praise of porter in "Martha." The concert singer's repertory will be shortened. There will be furious applause when a tenor or baritone sings "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and before he leaves the stage he will be decorated with a blue ribbon. A prudent soprano will sing with fervor the beautiful ballad with the refrain:

> The lips that touch liquor
> Shall never touch mine.

"As She Is Spoken"

[illegible] World Wags:

[illegible] the [illegible] ladies—is one [illegible] young the distemper were too [illegible] for the intrusion of counsel—who, [illegible] their blithe abandon- [illegible] to a thousand such expressions [illegible] let's runna long to thid [illegible] and even "Woddy ya can you [illegible] og?" yet never fail of a moment [illegible] cause on the brink of "notat" [illegible] sinking into the abysmal "all," [illegible] "Notat-all," I commend the following jewel in euphony, natural science [illegible], as especially appropriate to the [illegible] things, belles lettres, in which [illegible] lines carry the sound illusion of [illegible] words:

In fir tar is,
In oak none is,
In mud eels is,
In clay none is.

[illegible] an version, "In fir tar ain," [illegible] adds to the work a new and deeper [illegible] preserves the unity intact and, [illegible] the endings are properly slurred, lessen the melody notat (crochet) all. [illegible]ston. LUX

My Lady Eliza

As the World Wags:

"S. H." will find many interesting [illegible]ences by various writers to Eliza[illegible] Farren in "Representative Actors," [illegible] W. Clark Russell, published in the [illegible]dos Classics by Frederic Warne & Co., London and New York, in 1888, [illegible] practically nothing is said there- [illegible] about her husband. She evidently [illegible] Countess of Derby immediately [illegible] retirement from the stage, April 8, [illegible] as Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal." A memoir of her was issued in [illegible], the year of her death.

Dorchester BAIZE.

The [illegible] Earl of Derby is said to have [illegible] like a caricature. Elizabeth was nearly 40 years old when she married him, though she had known him for 18 years. His first wife did not die until [illegible] weeks before Elizabeth became No. 2. Mrs. Piozzi wrote early in 1796: "Will Miss Farren's coronet never be [illegible]? I thought the paralytic countess would have made way for her long ago." But there was no scandal about the long attachment. "All London," writes Mrs. Clement Parsons, "knew the state of affairs, and appreciated the skill with which Miss Farren kept her tantalizable earl (the phrase was Horace Walpole's) at this-far-and-no farther [illegible]. She visited meanwhile in 'very [illegible] sets.' Twelve years after her [illegible] Creevey dined at Lord Derby's. 'My lady, still out of spirits for [illegible] of her child, but surpassing [illegible] in her depressed state all your [illegible] nobility I have ever seen, tho' she came from the stage to her [illegible]."—Ed.

March 2/1915

HAROLD BAUER

By PHILIP HALE

Harold Bauer, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: MacDowell, Keltic Sonata; Rameau, Musette en Rondeau; Scarlatti, Sonatina; Leo, Arietta; Couperin, Le Carillon de Cythere, La Bandoline; Dufly, La Victoire; Schumann, Humoreske; Moussorgsky, Pictures at an Exhibition.

This was indeed a delightful concert. The program was richly varied. It was, perhaps, too long. Some of the pages in Schumann's cycle and in Moussorgsky's "Pictures" might have been omitted without damage to the reputation of the composers, without injury to the hearer.

MacDowell wrote as a motto to the Keltic sonata

Who minds now Keltic tales of yore
Dark Druid rhymes that thrall
Deidre's song and wizard lore
Of great Cuchullin's fall?

It is not necessary to be conversant with the old tales, to know the many points of Deidre's beauty, or to see in the mind's eye the monolith that supported the dying Cuchullin in order to be impressed by the sonata. MacDowell himself wrote that it was more of a bardic rhapsody on the Keltic subject than an attempt at an actual presentation of it. The opening phrases have a truly heroic sweep and fire, and Mr. Bauer played them in a truly rhapsodic manner. Nor are the first pages the only noteworthy ones of the sonata. The second movement may have been written with the thought of Deidre's beauty, but it is to us the least inspired portion of the sonata. We prefer to see her beauty in the gentler episodes of the preceeding movement. The finale is peculiarly Mac-[illegible]wellian, with its [illegible] its sinister fleetness, its [illegible] and noble ending.

In strong contrast were the pieces that followed by 18th century composers. Playing them, Mr. Bauer was for the time a cunning harpsichordist: that is to say, while preserving a beautiful tone that was inevitably foreign to the old instrument, he suggested the pleasing limitations of the instrument, limitations that gave charm and piquancy to the music written for it. Thus did he triumph in a remarkable way by his absolute command of tonal gradations, his delicate sense of proportion, his rare musical intelligence, his flawless taste. Nor would it be easy to say which composer was more to be admired or which one should have been the most grateful to his interpreter. The performance of the Musette, the Sonatina, the unfamiliar Arietta and the exquisite fancies of the great Couperin set the hearer a-wondering whether Mme. Wanda Landowska is not, after all, wise in her preference for the ancient music, music that should be played in a room of pictures by Watteau, Fragonard, Boucher.

Mr. Bauer has long been known as the present chosen interpreter of Schumann. Hearing the Humoreske, one forgot the Symphony played the day before, excellent as that performance was. For the genius of Schumann is revealed in his piano pieces and in his songs. Not that all the pages of the Humoreske are of equal worth. If Schumann dreamed, he also at times simply slept, slept heavily and even snored. But what dreams were his! One fancies him in a land known only to dreamers, wandering in his shyness, his sensitiveness, his wistfulness, hearing music that, once awake, he noted for the joy and the consolation of the prosaic world, a world in which many would forget facts as well as care, grief and pain.

The Daily Telegraph (London) published an interesting article about Nat Goodwin's career in England.

"His connection with England was of a more, or less, meteoric description. That he enjoyed the best of luck in this kingdom will hardly be said, and, perhaps, he might have done better had he chosen to appear in some of the impersonations of the accentuated and burlesque types with which he had become popular with his own countrymen. Every friendly feeling exists in this country toward the American player, and that has been demonstrated over and over again. . . . Mr. Goodwin may be honestly placed in the category of American players such as John T. Raymond and Stuart Robson. He will not live in our memories like Jefferson, or Emmet, or Barney Williams and his wife. He had nothing peculiarly personal, intense, melodramatic, or weirdly grotesque to capture our imaginations with. Nat Goodwin was simply—so far as he showed himself here—a sound performer of 'straight' comedy, with none of the adventitious aids of sensationalism or brilliant dressing such as musical productions rejoice in. Had he 'struck' a character such as Lord Dundreary he might have built for himself a world-wide fame. But the stage, as other walks of life, is largely a game of chance, and Goodwin was unfortunate, on this side of the ocean, in presenting plays which never quite 'caught on.'"

The London reviewer is surprised that Goodwin, "the restrained, gentlemanly comedian," played in "Little Jack Sheppard," burlesqued Irving, and in Burnand's "Black-Eyed See-usan" sang the parody of "Champagne Charlie" in this country. He should have seen Goodwin in "Hobbies."

"He was intensely fond of the gloves," says the Daily Telegraph, "and a boxing match was his delight. During one of his trips to London he visited a well known sporting establishment and then and there—the usual recording angels having agreed to turn a blind eye to the encounter—went through a real contest with a bona-fide boxer in a manner which rejoiced the latter-day disciples of Tom Sayers and 'the Benicia Boy.' Goodwin burned the candle at both ends, and seemed to be sorry that the illuminant was not provided with additional extremities. Yet he did not attain a foremost position in America without hard and continuous work."

Goodwin made his first appearance in London at the Gaiety, July 21, 1890. The play was "A Gold Mine," by Messrs. Jessop and Matthews. "Hot weather and a company, with one exception, of no special distinction, were not factors in his favor. Well received and highly commended for his neat and pleasant style, Goodwin found out the difference between the American and the English public very quickly. 'A Gold Mine' succeeded in the States; it was a distinct 'frost' in London. The cause was not far to seek, for the story of a good-hearted man sacrificing his possessions from motives of generosity, closely related to stage custom rather than to any phase of real life, did not appeal to Londoners in the height of the summer. 'A Gold Mine' was 'whistled down the wind,' although the admirable William Farren was a scarcely less important feature in it than the star." Nor was Goodwin successful as Sir Joseph Trent in "The Bookmaker." He appeared again in London at the [illegible] [illegible] the performance of [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] trend was strongly [illegible] the shooting [illegible] that the [illegible] composition 'S. Slocum' done by the Fraynes at the Olympic more than 20 years before. So decidedly did the importation fail that it was taken off in a fortnight, and the piece will be remembered principally by reason of the fact that it introduced to us a charming actress, Miss Gertrude Elliott, now Lady Forbes-Robertson. It also brought back her sister, Miss Maxine Elliott, who had become Mrs. Goodwin, and revived pleasant recollections of the excellent Shakespearean representations she provided as a member of Augustine Daly's company on her previous visit to London." (She played at Daly's Theatre, London, in July, 1895, Sylvia and Hermia.)

"An American Citizen," written by Madeline Lucette Ryley, took the place of the failure and Goodwin resumed the character he had created in the States. This, again, made no great hit, and the actor did not reappear in London until 1901, (Sept. 2.)

"Mr. Esmond's 'When We Were 21' had a great reception on its first performance at the Comedy, and people prophesied that it would run for hundreds of nights. Mr. Goodwin gave an admirable rendering of the benevolent Richard Carew, and Miss Constance Collier played a lurid part very vividly. For some reason—possibly owing to a realistic club scene—the play disappointed expectations."

Goodwin again appeared in London in Feb. 1[illegible], in Clyde Fitch's "A Gilded Fool," at the Shaftesbury. This was replaced on Feb. [illegible] by a revival of "An American Citizen." Neither of these comedies appealed to the public taste, and the actor went home once more—a poorer though a cheerful man. . . . As an actor he was quite justified in regarding his labors with satisfaction, despite the bitterness of successive failures in England, and America loses a decidedly peculiar personality."

The following example of admirable writing is to be found in Mr. Gordon Craig's 'Letter to the Lawless Ones. Those with a [illegible]—That's You?—What?' published in No. 9 of the Mask, the sprightly periodical published at Florence.

"It's a pity we can't be 'nice' and yet remain artists, but it can't be done. Read, for example, the tales of the Middle Ages, the Elizabethan tales, they are not at all nice, but they are packed with what a work of art must have in it, reality and not pretence. Read the tales of the Greeks, the Chinese, the Indian tales, the Egyptian and the Latin tales, the writers, if they lived today, would arouse the animosity of all the English chiefs of the great Tribe of Palefaces. No, now I come to think of it they are not all pale, some are party [illegible], hearty as [illegible] Iago. There's one Englishman in New York; what a hearty fellow.

"But I must go on.

"If such writers as I have mentioned were alive today and wrote their tremendous masterpieces, the editor of the Century or other would ask his sub-editor if she knew these fellows, and she would reply that they were not exactly nice. The clubs, the ladies' clubs would approve the sub-editor, the manager of some Little Theatre (commercial brand), a sort of good Mr. Winthrop Ames, would look chemically peevish, noble if peevish, and calling unto him that ever-ready Hamilton would say unto him: 'Tell me, my good man, are these decent?' And Hamilton would reply 'The editor of Vogue told me they weren't and Mr. Winthrop Ames would draw a long lot of air into him and say nothing till he'd let it out again, and then say nothing, but think to himself 'How awful they must be,' then . . . and Mudie would write to Vogue and Vogue to Hamilton and Hamilton to Ames, and Ames to Mudie and Mudie to the [illegible] and the Garrick to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the ladies would be set talking, and the lies would spread and—Art would mark time for a while.

"All because ignorance was suffering under the delusion that to be Nice was the first and last thing.

"And yet bear this in mind, while it's not the one and only thing it is a great deal, and it is of great value.

"'Hamlet' is not always nice, nor 'The Merchant of Venice,' nor 'Othello'; but somehow or other Shakespeare is—I was going to say balanced, not a scrap of it, Shakespeare is eccentric, beyond all words eccentric. That's why he's Shakespeare and not Pinero; and Pinero is not so 'nice,' neither; that's what makes him Pinero. Why, Pinero would be with us today were he 25 or 30.

"And so would most of these old men, possibly are; but it's the rag tail and bobtail which make up a class, you know—the dear little blockheads.

"There are Messrs. Non-Committal and Co., these good gentlemen, having a pow-wow in the gilded smokeroom of some club and separating to suspend their ancient principles afresh. That [illegible] have damned what is good in our theatre [illegible] for, had they not done [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"Now we do [illegible] drink [illegible] than those at the Garrick. We are even more respectably exceedingly virtuous people, for we are as abstemious as are these Garrickites, Playerites, Centuryites, Vogueites, Commercialites and the rest of the little lights."

"Garside's Career," a comedy by Harold Brighouse, which the Henry Jewett Players will bring out at the Copley Theatre, was produced by Douglas Gordon at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester (Eng.), Feb. 2, 1914. The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Garside	Mrs. A. B. Tapping
Margaret Shawcross	Irene Rooke
Peter Garside	Milton Rosmer
Denis O'Callaghan	Herbert Lomas
Karl Marx Jones	Charles Bibby
Ned Applegarth	Percy Foster
Fred Mottram	Horace Braham
Gladys Mottram	Beatrice Terry
Lady Mottram	Muriel Pope
Thompson	Leonard Mudie

When the comedy was produced in London, May 11, at the Coronet Theatre, Napier Barry took the part played by Mr. Mudie. The play is described as a clever satire on the poseur. The Times was reminded of Stanley Houghton's "Trust the People" "though there are marked differences in character and treatment between the two plays, the main difference is that Mr. Brighouse's Peter Garside is not sincere." The Times continued: "He is a young man even more deliberately 'on the make' than Sir J. M. Barrie's young Scot in 'What Every Woman Knows.' Sent to Parliament as a Labor member, he uses his position as a means of making money, and his money as a means of playing for the hand of the daughter of the local mayor. But there is not a little that is honest and attractive about the shallow-pated conceited boy, and Mr. Milton Rosmer played him in an attractive manner. Miss Irene Rooke acted with her characteristic quiet as the clear-eyed girl, who sees through him from the first, yet loves him for what she sees to be the good in him."

This Peter made up his mind to be a demagogue. He failed, for he managed to miss an important vote in the House of Commons, and his resignation was demanded. He left London in debt. According to the Daily Chronicle, he then followed an admirable theatrical convention. "He went home to the identical house in which he had earlier blossomed into a Bachelor of Arts, and there he became the perfect poseur with rumpled hair, cross-buttoned waistcoat and dejected mien, playing the man of broken spirit to an annoyed electorate. How the little chum returned and reconciled him to life in sardonic and cynical yet Barriesque fashion is the matter of a delightful last act."

"Carmen" as It Was Known to Coblenz Doughboys

The Chicago Tribune published a story of how the management of the Coblenz City Opera House asked an American soldier to write in English a condensation of the libretto of "Carmen" so that American soldiers in the audience might debate with the proper emotion. The management took the synopsis seriously and printed it in full. Here are extracts as given by the Tribune:

"Carmen is an oversubscribed flirt. Don Jose is a N. C. O. in the M. P., whom she is about to send to the S. O. S. Escamillo is an expert bull-thrower.

"Act One—A square in Seville with a crowd of people off duty, a fag factory on the right and a guardhouse on the left. Micaela, a cute little cont[illegible] with an awful crush on Jose, comes hunting him. A bugle in the pill emporium sounds the first call for fresh air, and a bewitching bevy gushes out. Carmen trips in, courted by all except Don Jose, although he is the very guy she is looking for. He acts a little buggy, but is really a little sulky."

The second act recites that Jose went A. W. O. L., and here is the narrative of the fourth act:

"It is a large day. Escamillo has been prominently advertised as the big excitement. Single-handed he is billed to slaughter the monthly beef ration for the Governor's mess. He has also promised to take advantage of all the bulls Jose made. As he starts for the arena Carmen announces she is his if he gets away with his job. Then she heads for the box office to tap the free list, but Don Jose shows up for an interview. He hands her an earful of highly seasoned remarks and admits that he could be arrested for what else he thinks about her. Here Carmen makes her last fox pass. She stabs him to the quick with a jeer. He stabs her to the blood-hump with a toad-sticker. Moral: Never fool with an M. P."

The Program Book of an Old and Famous Boston Theatre

The man[illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] Theatre, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

... original ... May 2 ... "The W...
... There is also a ... of the theatre from which w...

"The Castle Square Theatre, henceforth to be known as The Arlington Theatre, is now one of the oldest playhouses in Boston. Only two theatres now in use for regular dramatic performances antedate it—the Hollis Street, which was opened in 1885, and the Tremont Theatre, which began its career in 1889. Other playhouses earlier erected have been destroyed or have become the home of motion pictures.

"The Arlington Theatre was opened, under the name of the Castle Square Theatre, Monday evening, Nov. 12, 1894, with the first performance on any stage of a melodrama by Edward E. Rose, entitled 'Captain Paul.' Through the following winter and spring various traveling companies came to its stage, and then, after two years of opera, began its career as a home of a stock company on May 3, 1897, with a production of 'The Wife.' Except for two summer opera seasons in 1906 and 1907, a portion of a season of light and grand opera during the fall and winter of 1907-08, and a few months of motion pictures in 1917-19, it has been a stock company theatre ever since.

"For over 20 years The Arlington Theatre has been the leading stock company house in America. During the greater part of that period two performances have been given daily, and a frequent change of play has brought the number of its productions well toward a thousand. There have been several changes of management, but no change of ownership of the theatre, from time to time during the past quarter of a century. The Arlington Theatre is now under the same management as it was when it first opened its doors to a stock company in May, 1897."

Notes About the Stage, Actors, Music and Musicians

The London Daily Telegraph of Jan. 29 published an account of "Grand Christmas Pantomime: Dick Whittington and his Cat,' performed at the Deutsches Theatre in Cologne:

"They say that Moltke, in the intervals of contriving Sedan, used to read Dickens. I suspect that an English pantomime would have been out of his range. I remember seeing the Kaiser once at Drury Lane, but it was not then the pantomime season, and in his philosophy it was not dreamed then that the very insular art of our Christmases would come and bloom on the banks of the Rhine. But here it is, in a big, rather sombre theatre, which looks as if the dramatic art was a very serious business. On the walls of Cologne, beside the sedate bills which tell you of Mozart or Beethoven at the opera and Ibsen at the theatre, are these British proclamations of pantomime.

"You go in, and the English soldier who keeps the box office tells the German attendant which way your seat lies in the language of the country. It needs only one word after all. You acquire a program from another German assistant who is doing her part to promote international understanding by acquiring enough English to explain that the charge is 'Vat you like.' The English tongue goes from victory to victory in Cologne. Shops invite you to eat 'Caks and so on,' and promise you 'Photography immediate to take.' No doubt it is to perfect their knowledge of the language that Germans find their way into the audience of khaki which sits under Dick Whittington. I wonder what they make of it! For it is the right indescribable medley of all sorts of stuff which the cynical have called our most truly national form of art.

"I watched the German countenance surveying the methods of Mrs. Whittington, the dame grand classic methods and the mixture of Messieurs Puff and Blow, brokers' men, with Mephistopheles and a mighty fairy queen, and that Teutonic expression was as a book, book wherein one might read strange matters. Whether some day we shall see a treatise expounding the 'Kultur Mission' of the English as the spread of pantomime I cannot tell, but one could feel a colossal theory relating to the art of pantomime to the final reconciliation of the objective and the subjective getting itself into a fine derangement of compound abstract terms.

"It was a mighty good pantomime in its modest way. When your principal girl and your fairy queen are two full privates, you can rely on them to take their parts seriously, which is more than we often get. But this is not dramatic criticism, or I should have to be careful to get everybody's name in. They all went at it with a jolly good will, and they had some droll fellows among them, this party, who call themselves 'The Tabs.' It came with an odd whiff of London air into the heavy atmosphere of the flat lands of the Rhine. Do you remember how Private Ortheris sighed from the sights and sounds and smells of the Vauxhall-road? In that audience there were many men with long rows of chevrons on their sleeves, and the loudest applause which I heard was from the scene in which Idle Jack contrives to get himself doubled ... even the

... of the ... pathos as th...

... Irish ... one of their ... at the Victoria Palace, London, a ... Arthur Sinclair, J. A. O'Rourke, whose delicious brogue is still remembered here, Sydney Morgan and Kathleen Drago, all known in Boston, were in the company.

Many of us remember with pleasure "The Red Hussar," in which Miss Marie Tempest first visited Boston. Compressed and rewritten, with additional music by Cuthbert Clarke, and entitled "Soldier Girl," it was produced at the Willesden Hippodrome, Jan. 27. "More in the spirit of burlesque than the original piece, it cannot be taken seriously."

Lady Wyndham has sent a check for £300 to the Actors' Benevolent Fund (England) in memory of her husband.

Miss Maria Loehr purposes to appear "when the opportunity serves" as Fedora in Sardou's play.

English singers giving concerts from the Suez canal to Gaza for the soldiers found it possible to give only one concert a day, for singing with the mercury at 120 deg. was exhausting. "The singers found open-air work in the desert less exacting than they expected. The sand deadened all other sound, and the atmosphere was so clear that every word could be heard by as big an audience as could possibly be got together."

Time brings many strange changes, and they are not always an improvement. I was present at the rehearsal of an important musical production the other day, where everybody rehearsed with a cigarette between the fingers—even to the chorus. What chance has a producer with artists holding a cigarette with one hand and a walking-stick in the other? I have known the time when they would have been dismissed for such proceedings. Yet, still it goes on, and people wonder why actors play parts with their hands in their pockets. The present generation never troubles to rehearse with its hands, but only concerns itself with its feet. In some cases, I presume, because that is where their education has been received. What a difference one sees with a graceful actor who acts with his hands as well as with his head. In fact, acts with his entire body, as great actors do.—The Stage.

"Green, lavender and blue hair to match their gowns was the feminine fad in King Karnos's court in Lord Dunsany's 'The Laughter of the Gods' which Stuart Walker is presenting at the Punch and Judy Theatre. This powerful play may start a new fashion among New York's smart set, for the actresses are startlingly beautiful in vivid coiffures. Margaret Mower as the Queen wears silver hair as glittering as diamonds; Beatrice Maude with flaming orange hair and Elizabeth Patterson with a psyche knot of sea green locks are among the most beautiful of the court ladies. 'The Laughter of the Gods' combines the power of a fine literary drama with the costume novelties of Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies."'"

"Good Gracious, Annabelle" with Miss Marie Tempest in the principal part was very successful in Johannesburg at His Majesty's Theatre.

The name of Mr. John Ireland on the outside of a song is a guarantee of quality. He never writes music that is banal or meretricious; he never sinks to setting words that are not worth the setting; and, though his work is essentially modern, his style is usually devoid of that eccentricity which often makes one question the sincerity of some members of the younger school. Messrs. Winthrop Rogers Ltd., have just published one album and three separate songs by Mr. Ireland. The album, called "Mother and Child," contains settings of eight "rhymes" from Christina Rossetti's "Sing Song." Designedly simple, to suit the words, Mr. Ireland's music is yet entirely devoid of any commonplace qualities. It is original, reflective, and consistently pleasing. It is difficult to choose between the various numbers, preference, where all are good, being largely a matter of individual taste. But few serious singers are likely to resist the charm of "Baby," "The Blind Boy," or "The Only Child." Of the separate songs, "Earth's Call" is the most ambitious and the least immediate in its appeal. But if here Mr. Ireland has, so to speak, overcrowded his canvas, no such reproach can be levelled at "I Have Twelve Oxen," or "Spring Sorrow." Both are admirable, the latter being a thoroughly simple but supremely effective setting of a lyric by Rupert Brooke.—London Daily Telegraph, Feb. 1.

A new violin sonata in E minor by Elgar is published by Novello & Co. He has also composed a string quartet, which is being engraved. A piano quintet is "on the stocks."

C. B. Rootham's setting of Binyon's poem, "For the Fallen," will be performed at Cambridge, Eng. March 1. Elgar has utilized this poem for his "greatest war composition," but it is said that Rootham's score was completed and printed before Elgar's was issued.

The Seguin Scholarship for American Born Sopranos

The Associated Press has published the fact that particulars and conditions pertaining to the "Edward and Anne Seguin scholarship" were announced on Jan. 18, by the Royal Academy of Music in the statement that the first competition under the scholarship will be held in London, April 24 next.

"Competitors must be sopranos who were born in the United States. The winner will receive two years' musical education at the academy, with a possible extension of that period in cases of exceptional talent.

"The scholarship was founded by Marie Child Seguin, who resided for years in New York, but who died in Denmark in 1903. Under her will a sum of money was left for the scholarship, which is designed to perpetuate the memory of her father and mother, who were students in the academy in its very earliest years.

"Her father, Edward Seguin, frequently took a leading part in the performances at the academy, as did Anne Child, whom he married. They became opera singers, and were seen for a number of years at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, but in 1838 they went to America, where they organized the Seguin Opera Company. In the course of their professional careers they accumulated a large fortune, which was inherited by their daughter."

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As the wisest of Pagan Philosophers said, that the greatest Learning was the knowledge of ones self, to be his own Geometrician: If one do so, he need not gad abroad to see Fashions, he shall find enough at home, he shall hourly meet with new fancies, new humors, new passions within doors. This travelling o're of ones self, is one of the Paths that leads a Man to Paradise, it is true, that it is a dirty and dangerous one, for it is thick set with extravagant desires, irregular affections and concupiscences, which are but odd comerades, and oftentimes do lie in Ambush to cut our Throats; there are also some melancholy Companions in the way, which are our Thoughts, but they turn many times to be good Fellows, and the best Company.

Human Paradoxes

When a man is singularly rude, his friends sometimes offer the excuse that he is by nature excessively shy. Wishing to overcome his bashfulness, this shy man assumes the role of the blusterer or the churl. And so it is said, there are shy men that, naturally adverse to conversation, loath to express an opinion even about the weather, chatter ceaselessly when they are seated at a formal dinner table or thrown unexpectedly into a strange group at the Porphyry Club. The actress of little breeding and coarse manners is sometimes more successful than her co-mates of superior advantages in portraying a noble dame. Prosper Merimee had, and still has, the reputation of being a remarkably cold-blooded observer of life, a heartless man; yet Viollet le Duc told Edmond de Goncourt on March 3, 1869, that Merimee was then dying of a diseased heart, which had been induced by suppressed sensitiveness, for Merimee, he said, under his mask of egoism and cynicism was tenderness itself. "He belonged to that generation of poseurs and men parading as 'strong,' to the generation of Beyle, of Jacquemont leaving for India and lightly leaving his parents as if he were going to St. Cloud. This ending of the comedian of insensibility is one of the saddest in the world; he is imprisoned between two old 'governesses,' who stint his food and drink." Yet Merimee showed in his "Letters to an Unknown" that he had a heart.

Joan and the English

Our old friend, Mr. James Howell, was at Orleans, France, on March 3, 1622, or at least he said he was, for some of his letters dated in foreign places are now thought to have been written, for his amusement, in Fleet prison. At any rate he wrote on March 3 to Sir John North, knight, that he had removed to the fair town of Orleans.

"There was here lately a mixt Procession 'twixt Military and Ecclesiastic for the Maid of Orleans, which is perform'd every Year, very Solemnly; her Statue stands upon the Bridge, and her Clothes are preserved to this day, which a young Man wore in the Procession; which makes me think that her Story (though it sound like a Romance) is very true." Was Howell convinced simply by the sight of a young man wearing the clothes said to be those of Jeanne d'Arc? His letter shows the attitude of many Englishmen towards the woman they burned at the stake. See how she was treated late in the 16th century by the authors of "Henry VI." By the way, were the "Henry the Sixth" plays ever performed in Boston in order, or singly? When they were performed in 1906 in England by Mr. Benson and his company Tita Brand took the part—it had been condensed—of the Maid.

"This Is a Dog"

A teacher of English literature tells us that he urges his class to read DeFoe for simplicity and directness in writing. Swift and Cobbett are also to be recommended. Did anyone ever read a treatise on "style" with personal benefit? Pater's essay is not the only one that is involved and confusing. The Goncourt brothers were accused of inventing a laborious expression, but see what Edmond had to say about style on March 3, 1875. "At this moment among literary men there is a refinement, a selection, and a Chinese fashion in matters of style that tend to render writing impossible; thus one writes badly when he uses two 'of's' as in the famous phrase that drove Flaubert to desperation: 'Une couronne de fleurs d'oranges.' One writes badly when one places nearly together in a sentence two words that begin with the same syllable. Some go still farther: they declare that a phrase should not begin with a monosyllable, for these two poor little letters cannot serve as the foundation of a grand sentence." And Goncourt then argued that this stupid fastidiousness about little things turned writers away from the forcible, great, glowing things that give life to a book.

Meticulous

A reviewer of books said the other day, with the air of a discoverer, that Mr. Arnold Bennett, going to France, brought back with him the word corresponding to the English "Meticulous," and meaning "over-careful about minute details." The original meaning of "meticulous"—"fearful," "timid," is obsolete. The word, meaning "over-scrupulous" was in Blackwood's Magazine nearly 100 years ago. J. A. Symonds used it in his "Renaissance in Italy." Here is a sentence from Sir Thomas Browne's "Christian Morals" (1682) for the bright-eyed young Augustus to speak without hesitation before he goes to bed: "Move circumspectly not meticulously, and rather carefully solicitous than anxiously solicitudinous."

For Almanac Makers

Meanwhile the great year is running out; and we, with our cameras focussed, histrions rather than historians, are doing our best to crystallize its last moments. But every day has been too much for us; and great though our pride may be in our up-to-date apparatus of publicity, we know we shall only succeed in catching the superficial. Later on events may find a more suitable setting. One thing, however, can be done at once. In the almanacs, if their compilers know what they are about, we may hope soon to find great days duly recognized. Nov. 11, for instance, must henceforth have "Armistice Declared, 1918," set against it, even if it still has to be sandwiched in between "Nov. 10: John Smith, vegetarian, d. 1830," and "Nov. 12: Wunderkind, violinist, b. 1906." It is amazing what obscure events the editors of calendars will insist on remembering. Next year they, and all others who have burdened their minds with trivial dates, must mend their ways.—London Times.

The Linotype Again

As the World Wags:

In a letter of Mr. Biglow's to his printer, enclosing Hosea's famous speech in March meeting, he writes: "You kin spall an' punctooate thet as you please. I allus do, it kind of puts a noo soot of close onto a word, this ere funattick spellin' dooes an' takes 'em out of the prissen dress they wair in the Dixonary. Ef I squeeze the cents out of 'em it's the main thing, an' wut they wuz made for; wut's left 's jest pummis."

So, whatever liberties are taken by the autocratic compositor, Hosea can't kick even if the typo prefers "Bigelow" to "Biglow." As Abe, in "Potash and Perlmutter," says to Mawrus regarding the name of the President of the French republic: "Call him Lafkowitz; I'll know who you mean." J. W.

West Roxbury.

VERDI'S REQUIEM IN SYMPHONY HALL

Handel and Haydn Society Gives Concert

In Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon the Handel and Haydn Society gave Verdi's Requiem Mass. It was the society's eleventh performance of the work. That the Boston public is responsive to the appeal of the lofty, the noble and the solemnly beautiful in music as well as of the sensational and the bizarre was shown by the presence of an audience quite as large as those that flock to hear either the "world's greatest" tenor or violinist,

... approval w... ... if not as uproarious as ... given to popular favorites of the ... kind

Emil Mollenhauer conducted the performance and H. G. Tucker was organist. The Boston Festival Orchestra, John W. Crowley, principal, played. The solo singers were Marie Rappold, soprano, Louise Homer, alto, Morgan Kingston, tenor, and Clarence Whitehill, bass. The magnificently beautiful and spiritually dramatic music of the work called for the best that soloists and chorus could offer and all rose to the summons with splendid effect.

Detail in regard to such a performance would be superfluous and many words would be weak praise. It will linger as a cherished memory in the minds of those privileged to hear it.

Mar ... 19

"Garside's Career" Played in America for First Time at Copley

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Garside's Career," a comedy in four acts by Harold Brighouse. Produced at ...chester (Eng.) on Feb. 2, 1914.

Mrs. Garside	Viola Roach
Margaret Shawcross	Jessamine Newcombe
Peter Garside	Noel Leslie
Dermot O'Callaghan	H. Conway Wingfield
Kate Mary Jones	Cameron Matthews
... Applegarth	Fred W. Permain
Fred Moran	E. E. Clive
Gladys Mottram	Phyllis Relph
Lady Mottram	Mary Hamilton
Tim son	Leonard Craske

It is said that the performance last night of this comedy was the first in the United States. It is surprising that the comedy waited here so long for production. The subject is entertaining; the characters are well defined; the dialogue is often witty and seldom commonplace, the satire is not too bitter; there are three excellent parts for women, while the part of Peter is a ... for a skilled actor.

Peter was a good mechanic. Margaret urged him to study. In a short time he gained a degree and entertained ambition. His mother idolized him. Peter, unfortunately, had the gift of gab. He talked fluently about the blessings of socialism. What more natural, in a comedy, than that he should be sent to Parliament? Margaret, who saw through him, in vain urged him not to be a candidate. She did not quote the opinion delivered by the King in Brobdingnag to Capt. Lemuel Gulliver: "Whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together." But she realized that he was a frothy ...; nevertheless, she loved him. Indignant, he spoke to her bitterly. His mother sided with him.

So vaulting was his ambition that he looked forward to wedding Gladys, the daughter of Sir Jasper Mottram. He had seen her when he was addressing a street crowd. Her eyes were encouraging. By the courtesy of the dramatist he visits her home. Was she fascinated by him? Was she merely flattered by his rhapsodies when they were alone; or was she by nature a flirt? For her sake he was missing in the House of Commons when there was a crucial vote on a labor question. Two of his constituents, angered, learning that he had neglected his duty for a skirt, practically forced him to resign. Gladys, who might have married him if he had been successful—so eager was she to live in London of course had no further use for him.

He went back to his home in Lancashire and was more than ever a poseur. He kept to his room. Margaret came to him as a physician for his soul. Peter was still a poseur and a rhapsodist. Peacock's Mr. Cypress was an exasperatingly cheerful person in comparison. Margaret finally brought Peter to confess that he had been an ass, yet in his confession he was still a bounder. Back to the mechanic's bench. Margaret was smiling when the curtain fell, but her lot was not an enviable one. Once a poseur, always a poseur. A woman must have a strong sense of humor to be happy with one.

The comedy was well acted. Here and there a farcical touch was not out of place. Miss Roach gave an admirable performance of the devoted mother, foolishly fond of her son, hard as nails to those that did not realize his greatness. It was finely sustained, with the naturalness that comes only from painstaking art. A most creditable performance, one that would grace any stage. Miss Newcombe has a sense of humor, which she showed in her treatment of the absurd Peter. She was womanly, too, in her long-suffering; not sentimental, but wisely affectionate. Miss Relph was appropriately enigmatical, now breezy, now sly in her coquetry, without depth of feeling, physically alluring.

Mr. Leslie gave one a good idea of ... wild am... to ... frothy ... as a dem...—the poor mor... ...ered all ... he... his ... after ... career was ... He ... was again amusing, and he ... fortunate in this: he is versatile in comedy; he makes his points neatly; he is not guilty of over-emphasis. The other characters were adequately taken. The fanatical honesty and the ruggedness of the socialist Applegarth, as played by Mr. Permain, stood boldly out.

The play and the performance are well worth seeing.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Charley's Aunt." Farce in three acts by Brandon Thomas. The cast:

Stephen Spettigue	Morton L. Stevens
Col. Sir Francis Chesney	Mark Kent
Jack Chesney	Dudley Ayres
Charley Wykeham	Arthur Row
Lord Fancourt Babberly	Aubrey Bosworth
Brassett	Robert Babcock
The New Footman	Samuel Godfrey
Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez	Leah Winslow
Kitty Verdun	Eleanor Brent
Amy Spettigue	Lydia Coverdale
Ela Delahay	Bella Cairns

"Charley's Aunt" was written by Mr. Thomas, and the first Lord Fancourt Babberley was W. S. Penley, a famous English comedian, who thereafter found that the public would not accept him in any other part. Since then many actors have acted the role. It was revived at the Arlington Theatre yesterday to two large audiences.

The scene of "Charley's Aunt" is Oxford; the characters are a trio of university students and their friends, both masculine and feminine, and the pranks that they indulge in form the sum and substance of the play. The burden of the funmaking falls on the shoulders of Aubrey Bosworth, who acts Lord Fancourt Babberley, and both in his own clothes and when he masquerades as Donna Lucia he arouses laughter. Mr. Ayres and Mr. Row are a pair of roguish scapegraces, and Mr. Kent and Mr. Stevens give much humor to the personalities and speech of two elderly Englishmen. Miss Winslow is a sufficiently eccentric Donna Lucia, and Miss Brent and Miss Cairns do excellent work.

The play at the Arlington Theatre next week will be Charles Klein's drama, "The Lion and the Mouse."

ON KEITH BILL

George White, assisted by Tot Qualters, Ethel Delmar, Lois Leigh, and Dorothy St. Clair, in a dancing novelty, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a crowded house and there was much applause.

The act is one of the best of its kind seen at this theatre. The principal is a plausible youth, with an engaging manner and without affectation. He is a comedian as well as a dancer. There are pretty and picturesque settings all in keeping with the picture, and then there is the unique method of introducing the chief characters of the various dancers.

The first scene introduces the entire company, each of Mr. White's associates impersonating four principals in grand opera, who prefer the dance to song, and dance to a tune characteristic of the character impersonated.

The second scene, the office of Dr. Two-step, again employs the entire company, and each of the patients receives a "prescription" from Dr. Two-step. Mr. White impersonates some celebrated dancers, including Pat Rooney, Frisco, Earl Randall and Fred Stone.

The act of John Gardner and Marie Hartman, in their burlesque, "Before and After Marriage," is uproariously funny in its travesties on married life. Miss Hartman is funny in speech and manner, and has the spontaneity that counts in getting her act over the footlights, and Mr. Gardner is an amusing foil and is funny in a unique way.

Other acts were the Belleclaire brothers, athletes; Doc O'Neil, in a monologue; Sheila Terry, assisted by Ben Bard and Gattison Jones, in a dancing act; Barnard and Scarth, in an amusing sketch; Lillian Herlein, vocalist; Elmer El Cleve, instrumentalist, and Cummins and White, athletes.

FREE MATINEE

A free matinee will be given at the Selwyn's Park Square Theatre this afternoon at 3:45, when Mme. Eugenie Nau of the "Crowded Hour" company, formerly of the Theatre Antoine, Paris, will deliver an address on "Modern French Dramatists." Mme. Nau was, prior to her advent in America, on the French stage. She will be assisted by Leo Carillo of the "Lombardi, Ltd.," company, who will appear in monologue. Mme. Nau will discuss the theatre and the contemporary dramatists of France, including Antoine Brieux, Beque, Barres, Fabre, Rostand and others. She will also appear in her role of "La Fille Elisa," with M. Andre Chotin. Others who will appear will be the Three Chums of the "Crowded Hour" company in songs and Mlle. Eugenie Gelnova. The matinee is free to the public and is given for the benefit of the Ligue des Femmes de Professions Liberales and the Association des Artistes Dramatiques.

... ... far ... ...

Heroes of Peace

Who remembers now Dr. William Stukeley, who died on March 4, 1765? Physician, clergyman, antiquarian, botanist, crazed on ancient coins, a Free Mason because he believed that the order retained some of the Eleusinian mysteries, the inventor of a successful method of repairing the sinking pile of Westminster bridge in London, the cutter of a wooden machine that showed the motions of the heavenly bodies and the course of the tides, he is celebrated here today for his quiet bravery.

"On Feb. 27, 1765, he reposed on a couch, as he was accustomed, while his housekeeper read to him; she left the room for a short time, and, on her return, he said to her, with a smiling and serene countenance, 'Sally, an accident has happened since you have been absent.' 'Pray, what is it, sir?' 'No less than a stroke of the palsy.' 'I hope not, sir.' Observing that she was in tears, he said, 'Nay, do not weep; do not trouble yourself but get some help to carry me upstairs, for I shall never come down again, but on men's shoulders.' He lived a week longer, but he never spoke again."

A Village Forum I.

As the World Wags:

There was taking of much counsel at the store last night, and in the heat of debate the warmth of the new coal burner could well have been dispensed with. Not so the sanded box, the surface of which looked like a sector of No Man's Land during a box barrage even more than usual at the end of the full flow of oratory.

The subjects were Prohibition in its various phases and the Constitution of the League of Nations, each in its simple self a high explosive even more deadly in combination, just as certain of the now banned beverages were said to gather strength from union.

The cider question is naturally a burning one in our midst in these parts. It may be briefly stated as this: When does the natural course of events between apple juice and jack, as they take place in the cellar, brand the freeman standing on the kitchen floor with the stigma of the criminal?

The consensus of opinion seemed to be that it would be unconstitutional under the old form of government and inconsistent with the right of self-determination guaranteed under the new, to enact that a citizen be compelled to stay the benevolent process of fermentation in its course, as Joshua stayed the sun, under peril of fine or imprisonment or both.

At an opportune moment I read to the company the recent commentary on alcoholic beverages and their literature by Gaylord Quex, Esq., doing such justice as I could to its masterly style. Several requests to copy the exact titles of the works enumerated were made by prominent citizens at the end of the reading.

Bert Pepper said he had read in the Boston Herald of a recent event in the sporting world when one "Strangler" Lewis outwrestled an opponent. Bert wanted to know if that was the Rev. J. B., formerly of this town, who now has the parched throats of the Granite state fast within his grasp. I told him I would ask you.

The discussion of the constitution of the league of nations culminated in the violently partisan statement of Hercule Dubois, who has been chopping on the Dodge lot all winter, that if "dere be wan o' dose arteecl' dat be alri' I ret heem me," and the equally violent reply by Jake Gruber that if "You show to me von vich iss not all right that von vill I alzo eat." Each looked eye to eye with his stepbrother as he stated his ultimatum.

The President might be glad to know through your column, which having read once on shipboard he will never be without again, that in one small though loyal community all the 26 articles are to be swallowed whole.

A movement was immediately started to have the names of the two patriots added to the roll of honor in the square.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

Literary Criticism

The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte casually remarked on March 4, 1... "The ...

... ... far ... ...

"Elegant Verbiage"

As the World Wags:

Why do the newspaper headliner and reporter delight in stilted phraseology, and what may be classed as "elegant verbiage"? Today we read of "'Stiff' Sought to Stay in Jail by Disrobing." In heaven's name, why not the simple descriptive word undressing, or taking off her clothes?

We shall doubtless soon read that she later "donned" a "slumber robe" and "retired," and that next day she was released, and returned to her "mansion" in a "wealthy" quarter of the city where she "resides," and that a "costly banquet" was "tendered" her by friends in the "banquet hall," where an "elegant collation" was "spread" and delicious "viands" "dispensed."

By antithesis, the old saying recurs to us: "Gentlemen wear trousers, 'gents' wear 'pants.'" F. S. S.

Boston, Feb. 28.

Mar ...

For the poem of the day let us borrow from Baird Leonard's free verse in a recent issue of the Morning Telegraph:

The Bible tells us to take no thought
As to what we shall eat and what we shall wear,
And I should like not to,
But whew!
This mind over matter thing gets me
If we took no thought as to what we eat,
We should all weigh over two hundred.
It's very well for Emerson
To talk about plain living and high thinking.
But for some reason or other
When I am hungry
My thoughts drift to steak and French fried onions rather than to the Platonic philosophy.
It's more high living and plain thinking with us!
And as for what we shall wear!
Ye gods! If I could only be indifferent about my raiment
I should get much more sleep
And a better idea of what the rector has to say each Sunday.

A Village Forum II.

As the World Wags:

It was quiet at the store last night, as the members of the usual conference around the new coal burner seemed to have rather petered out in the recent heated discussion of burning issues.

As the editor of the Boston Herald raised the question of the relative merit of Prof. Webster of Worcester and Mr. Holden, the Sage of Quohaughurst, as humorists, I thought it would be interesting to lay it before the meeting, and read the printed words of the two authors as they appeared in the Herald of Feb. 23, having carried them in my pocket since that time for further perusal. My listeners must have been a little overawed by the fact that the Websterian article was written by a professor, for with the exception of one moment they preserved through the reading of it a decorous and respectful silence. This exception was a muffled snicker at the picture the professor drew of the President in the combination uniform of the commander-in-chief of the army and navy. That could not be resisted.

A most interesting discussion followed, in which both the subject matter and the style of the two selections were considered. No formal vote was taken, but the consensus of opinion seemed to follow that of Bert Pepper, a man in a state of high, if not intensive, cultivation, which, as in the case of many fertile fields, might not be observed at a passing glance from the road.

"They're both funny," said Mr. Pepper, "but in different ways. Holden sets out to be funny, and he knows he's bein' funny and most of the time he is funny, damn funny. I guess Quahaughurst ain't much different from Amherst, the way he puts things, even if they both be off'n the map.

"But the professor now, the professor he sets out to be funny, and he thinks he's bein' funny, and most of the time he ain't so funny. But when he don't set out to be funny and don't know he is funny, then he is funny, damn funny. Jest like when you see a feller slip on the ice outside here now. You'd laugh at the best friend you had on earth. I don't know why it is, but so 'tis. But it ain't so much what a feller says as what the feller that listens to him thinks that makes a feller funny. If the professor called me outer my name, I wouldn't think it was funny, but if he called one of you fellers outer your name, I might grin a little, but that feller wouldn't, because him and me wouldn't be thinking like the professor about it. So when the professor sets about 'belittlin' a great man and him dead, I don't think he's so damn funny, and when he sets about exaltin' another professor up along with God Almighty and him livin,' I think he's damn funny. And there ye be.

"They're both of 'em ... in ... ... it seems to me ... it all ...

...the ... and ... of the American ... how ... all for the ... and ... ream. There used to be a nest of 'em upon Joe English when I was a boy. Perhaps that's the reason.
Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

Prudent Spendthrift

It was observed by a Parisian on March 5, 1858, that when a spendthrift comes into a fortune he is often prudent, if not mean. The case of a prodigal son was cited who suddenly had money. He took out 1500 francs in genuine bills of 100 francs, handled them for some time, sighed and put them back in a drawer of his desk. Then he said to friends in the room: "I know I owe you all, but, strange to say, it would bore me to pay you. Suppose we call it square if I give you a supper."

Sardou and America

Goncourt dined on March 5, 1873, with Sardou, and found him democratic, unlike Dumas the younger. He also found him extremely talkative, especially about money, figures, receipts. No one would have taken him for a literary man. When he was witty, the wit was that of the cheap actor. He told about the interdiction of his "American play." The manager of the Vaudeville Theatre begged Thiers to allow performances. "Thiers replied that this was impossible. The Americans at that moment were the only ones spending money in Paris, their feelings should not be hurt." And Goncourt added: "Thiers has every reason for boasting that he is a little bourgeois." Goncourt did not name this play. It was "L'Oncle Sam," a satire on American manners and the caprices of "the new woman." When the piece was interdicted Sardou consulted members of the American colony in Paris. They found nothing in it to wound American susceptibilities. As a matter of fact, this "Uncle Sam" had been played at the Grand Opera House, New York, some months before the production was allowed in Paris. The intention was to produce the comedy at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in October, 1873, but that theatre was burned, so Daly moved to the Grand Opera House. The play had little success in New York, but not because national pride was wounded.

MRS. HORTON GIVES A PIANO RECITAL

Pleases Steinert Hall Audience with Some of Her Own Works

By PHILIP HALE

Mrs. M. Wagniere Horton, pianist and composer, gave a recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. Her program was as follows: Grieg, Sonata, E minor; Scarlatti, Pastorale and Capriccio; Debussy, Minstrels and Prelude; Horton, Petite Serenade and Chateaux en Espagne; Chopin, Two Preludes, Valse in minor, Etude in C minor, No. 12; Granados, Danse Espagnole; de Koven, Romanza and Etude; Rachmaninoff, Prelude in G minor; Horton, Intermezzo Scherzando.

Mrs. Horton has composed pieces of a light nature that have been published and have given pleasure. Some of her dances and marches have been orchestrated and they have been played in Boston and other cities. As we understand it she does not appear in public as a professional pianist. About to visit her family, she will soon leave for Europe. Her many friends were glad to hear some of her own compositions and pieces by others before she embarked.

Obeying tradition, she included a sonata in her program, Grieg's, a sonata that is melodious, but not one of his more important or characteristic works. The first three movements gave her an opportunity to display her musical taste. The remainder of the program was made up of pieces, some familiar, all of a nature that could easily be appreciated. Her own composition caught at once the fancy of the audience. The graceful and tuneful Serenade was at once demanded again. Nor was this the only instance of warm appreciation.

APOLLO CLUB GIVES ITS THIRD CONCERT

For the third time this season the Apollo Club of Boston was heard last evening in Jordan Hall. The concert was of the usual excellence. The organization was assisted by W. Burton Piersol, basso, with Everett J. Harrington at the piano and E. Rupert Sircom at the organ. Mr. Piersol especially pleased the large audience with Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers." "Swords Out for Charlie," by Ralph Adams Cram, music by Frederick Field Bullard, sung by the club, with obbligato by Alessandro Alberini, and Kipling's "Recessional" (De Koven), with a tenor solo by E. Lindsey Cummings, were notable numbers on a program of uniform merit.

Mch 5 '17

It was on March 6, 1836, ... and other ... are to be ... that the Alamo was taken by ... Men whose names are even now as household words, Bowie with his knife, David Crockett with his coon, were among the defenders. Joaquin Miller has told the tale in orthodox verse, but Walt Whitman gloriously anticipated him by singing another incident of heroic ranger life and death. Here are the lines as they stand in the first edition of 1855. They are for American schoolboys spouting on the platform preferable to "Ye call me chief," or Catiline's defiance:

I tell not the fall of Alamo, not one escaped to tell the fall of Alamo,
The hundred and fifty are dumb yet at Alamo.
Hear now the tale of a jet-black sunrise,
Hear of the murder in cold blood of four hundred and twelve young men.

* * *

They were the glory of the race of rangers,
Matchless with a horse, a rifle, a song, a supper or a courtship;
Large, turbulent, brave, handsome, generous, proud and affectionate,
Bearded, sunburnt, dressed in the free costume of hunters,
Not a single one over thirty years of age.
The second Sunday morning they were brought out in squads and massacred, it was beautiful early summer,
The work commenced about five o'clock and was over by eight.
None obeyed the command to kneel.
Some made a mad and helpless rush, some stood stark and straight,
A few fell at once, shot in the temple or heart, the living and dead lay together.
The maimed and mangled dug in the dirt, the new comers saw them there;
Some half-killed attempted to crawl away.
These were dispatched with bayonets or battered with the blunts of muskets;
A youth not seventeen years old seized his assassin till two more came to release him.
The three were all torn and covered with the boy's blood.
At eleven o'clock began the burning of the bodies;
And that is the tale of the murder of the four hundred and twelve young men,
And that was a jet-black sunrise.

Stone Venuses

Artists in Boston and elsewhere are now making disparaging remarks about the Venus of Milo. She is too massive, her waist is too large, her hips are out of proportion, and so on, and so on. Fortunately for her admirers, they make no complaint about her arms. Richard Grant White wrote in the Galaxy that Pauline Markham supplied these arms, and he thought, poor old man, that he was paying her a compliment. The artists are disagreeable about other Venuses of antiquity. It was Mrs. Raggles of Chicago who remarked: "I have seen the Apollo Belvedere and Mr. Raggles. Give me Raggles."

"For Increase of Knowledge-e"

As the World Wags:

The National Geographic Magazine's making the St. Lawrence river flow into the Bay of Fundy is but the beginning of the "good things" to be found in that January issue. One only can be detailed here, viz.: that on page 80 as to an ancient and modern remedy alleged to be "Duffey's Elixer." The writer thereof, being an M. D., should naturally have consulted Garrison's History of Medicine (2d ed., page 282), where he would have found "Daffy's Elixer"; this is better known to most of us from the amusing mention of it in Conan Doyle's "Micah Clarke" (pages 85 and 99 of Harper's edition). This story of Daffy's Elixir is worth looking up again, but is too long to quote.
CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.
Boston.

Society Note

There are at this moment in Paris 68 good matches to be made—68 important dots. The names of the girls are posted at the club of the Rue Royale.—Goncourt's Journal, March 6, 1857.

Box Office Magnets

"Up in Mabel's Room" is a title that undoubtedly draws men and women to the theatre. "Betty in Bed" is the title of a musical comedy under way. Some one said recently that the next title would be "Jenny in the Bath." As a matter of fact, a musical farce, "The Girl in the Bath," was brought out in England a year ago with music by Hubert Bath. The action takes place in China. The librettists relate the adventures of a baron, a princess, one other and a fortune. The only way in which the lady can be identified is by a mole on her foot. "The baron, armed with a formidable telescope, seeks by thrusting it beneath the door of the lady's bathroom to settle the point at issue." It is a wonder that the Drama League does not clamor for a production of this play in Boston.

At Table

Mr. Russell in his recollections of Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gladstone and others gives an idea of Palmerston at dinner:

"He ate two plates of turtle soup; he was then served very amply to cod and oyster sauce; he then took a pate; afterward he was helped to two very greasy-looking entrees; he then dispatched a plate of roast mutton; there then appeared before him the largest, and to my mind the hardest, slice of ham that ever figured on the table of a nobleman, yet it disappeared ... in time to answer the inquiry of the butler: 'Snipe or pheasant, my lord?' He instantly replied: 'Pheasant.'"

To this may be added some remarks by Baird Leonard in the Morning Telegraph:

"I read the accounts of President Wilson's dinner with great interest, but it would have been keener if a gastronomic parallel had accompanied the diagram of the political plot. 'With the arrival of the sole a la Ritz, Senator Lodge flung out a pointed query as to what would be done in cases where the league's constitution conflicted with the constitution of United States.' Or, 'In his excitement over the Japanese and Chinese immigration question, Representative Flood gestured so suddenly that he overturned his glass of Pol Roger, 1906.' Something like that."

A Sign of the Times

In the city of Newcastle-on-Tyne there are three pawnbrokers' shops, each bearing in its window this legend: "No more fur coats taken."

It is a grim commentary on the times—and they are queer times—in which we live.—London Daily Chronicle.

Mch 7. 1917

MME. FRIJSH IN

BY PHILIP HALE

Mme. Povla Frijsh gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: Handel, Two Airs; Chabrier, Villanelle des petits canards; Gounod, Chanson de "La Glu"; Gretchaninoff, La Rosee sainte; Stravinsky, La Procession; Loeffler, Je te vis, Bolero Triste; Sibelius, Tryst; Lie, Snow; Sinding, A Sea Gull's Cry, Night of May; Grieg, Forest Wandering, I Love Thee, Friend, thou art stanch. Mrs. Cave Cole accompanied admirably.

The program was well arranged. The familiar songs gave again the opportunity of admiring the interpreter by whose art they seemed new. Take for example, Gounod's commonplace tune in folk manner for the song in Richepin's drama which was acted at the Ambigu in Paris. Neither Mme Agar, who took the part of the youth's mother nor Mme. Rejane, who played La Glu, could save the play from being episodic, but the song remains, as does Richepin's novel of the same name. Gounod in a letter said that when he sang it to Richepin, the dramatist sobbed.

Richepin, by the way, did not sob because Gounod sang it poorly, for with his little voice he was an uncommonly effective singer. Yvette Guilbert introduced "La Glu" in Boston, if we are not mistaken; she gave it a tragic intensity that was missed last night. Mme. Frijsh is not addicted to exaggeration. Perhaps she thought a plaintive vein the more appropriate. Chabrier's song of the little ducks sung inimitably, was on the program by request, as was Gret Chaninoff's sombre "La Steppe." Chabrier's music is a humorous setting of the verses by Rosamonde Gerard, who became Rostand's wife. Some day we may hear Chabrier's Ballad of the Big Turkeys and Pastoral of the Pink Pigs. His Grasshopper song is known here. Would that he had carried out his purpose of writing a Ballad of Calves! His zoological songs are to music what Jules Renard's "Natural History" is to literature.

Then there was Lie's wonderful little "Snow," which for its impression of whiteness is comparable to Tennyson's "St. Agnes." Singing it to the hypnotically monotonous and feathery accompaniment, Mme. Frijish outrivalled Mme. Blanche Marchesi. There is no higher praise.

Of the less familiar or wholly unknown songs, "The Tryst" of Sibelius, the "Night in May" of Sinding and the romantic "Bolero Triste" of Loeffler were the most noteworthy.

Mme. Frijsh's voice seemed more sonorous and even warmer than when she last visited Boston. She is still mistress of lightness, delicacy and archness, witness her performance of Debussy's "Mandoline," which she added to the program, and of Grieg's "Woodland Wandering." A marked feature of the concert was the superbly dignified and nobly pathetic delivery of the first air by Handel. What a pity it is that the great melodist is associated in the minds of thousands only with oratorio and the "roar of multitudinous mediocrity!" The versatility of the singer was severely tested by the program. The test was fully met; she sang in the grand style, she was lyrical, arch, contemplative, passionate.

Novalis thought that a translator should become the author he translated; that he should be the poet of the poet; that he should be able to let the author speak according to his own idea and also according to the idea of the translater. Mme. Frijsh as an interpreter of poet and musician responds to this theory of the mystic.

It is not enough to have a beautiful or commanding voice, or to excite the admiration of the vocal pedagogue. Many singers applauded in concert halls might as well sing "La, la, la" or "Tum, ti, tum" to the printed notes. Few, very few, can reveal the purpose of the poet and the musician, re-create a song, outvie the maker of music and the maker of verse in melodiousness, fancy, imagination, so that the two, if they could hear, would wonder at their own achievement.

It is given to Mme. Povla Frijsh to weave this spell, to work this miracle.

At a meeting of the Liverpool city council last month a protest was made against the health committee's proposal to buy 104 silk hats at 16s. each for sanitary inspectors. The chairman said these hats were supplied at the request of the inspectors, who insisted that the "silkers" gave them an air of authority. He understood that the inspectors were sometimes mistaken for clergymen. And then councillors asked whether some of the inspectors left their plug hats at home to keep sand in. There was objection also to 120 blouses for female inspectors at 12s. 11d. each and 60 silk scarves for women sanitary inspectors at £1 6s. 6d. each. The councillors asked if the medical officer received extra remuneration as a dress designer. The council finally decided to buy caps instead of silk hats for the male inspectors. A merry meeting. But does a plug hat give an air of authority? We saw one sported in Tremont street rather early in the morning and the wearer looked shy and uncomfortable.

13 and 14

Something has been said about President Wilson doing things on the 13th. The London Daily Chronicle calls attention to "the passing of the principle of Wilson's 14 points by 14 nations on the 14th day of the month."

A Hard Saying

As the World Wags:

There is a Greek saying of which a free translation is: "I should as soon expect to see a jackass climb a ladder as to find wisdom in a woman." Can you tell me who the Greek was that wrote it? I realize that you may not care to publish the inquiry in this column, but I make it without guile. I want to know.
New York. H. S.

"H. S.," asking this ungallant question, should have added the words of Sir Thomas Browne discussing marriage: "I speak not in prejudice, nor am averse from that sweet sex." We do not know what Greek said it, or whether any Greek was so rude. Hard sayings about women may be found in "The Thousand Nights and a Night," in Thistleton-Dyer's "Folk-Lore of Women," in many books. Is the quotation in Plutarch's "Morals"? Perhaps a reader will give the desired information, either as an investigator, not as a sympathizer.—Ed.

Are They Extinct?

As the World Wags:

Will there never more be tree-squeaks or humstrums or side hill badgers in your column? I daily look for their recurrence. K. W. W.
Somerville.

Statues and Cannon

As the World Wags:

The German cannon on the Common and the Herald's editorial in regard to it brings to mind an incident that occurred here in Newburyport some years ago.

After long delay, money had been raised to erect a memorial to the men from this city who fought in the civil war. Dei Gratia, we had passed through the granite-soldier-in-a-cape-overcoat-leaning-on-a-musket epoch, and the sculptor, H. H. Kitson, was asked to design a suitable statue.

The result, which any city might be proud to own, was his statue of the "Volunteer" (it is said that the statue on the field of Gettysburg is simply a copy of the one here in Newburyport with slight changes in detail). The pastures of Cape Ann were searched for a boulder rugged enough in its simplicity to be a suitable pedestal, and the whole thing was set up on Atkinson Common. But unfortunately there did still remain with the members of the committee a slight hang-over from the granite-soldier period. They had seen in front of those granite soldiers cannon and pyramids of cannon balls and so from somewhere two cannon and a large number of misfit cannon balls were procured. The cannon had no mounts so cut granite bases were made on which the cannon were laid prostrate in front of the statue and the cannon balls piled beside them. Everything completed, Mr. Kitson was asked

[illegible] the view the eri[illegible] imme[illegible] [illegible] there were fireworks. 'Never [illegible] the artistic effect of his work be [illegible] with those [illegible] cannon and [illegible] of cannon balls. By all the [illegible] that be he had not received [illegible] for the statue, it still belonged to him, and if those offending articles were not removed at once, he would put the statue in his suit case and take it [illegible]e." There was no answer to this [illegible]ment; trucks were called and the [illegible] and cannon balls were removed.

That night at the Wolfe Tavern, to a group of sympathetic souls, Mr. Kitson propounded the following conundrum: Why is the Kitson statue of the "Volunteer" on Atkinson Common the most up-to-date statue in the world? When no one guessed, he gave the answer as: "Because it is surrounded by disappearing guns."

Next day, amid a blare of trumpets and a flood of oratory, the statue was dedicated. Mr. Kitson received his check and departed. But now all was changed. The title of the statue rested with the city or the Memorial Association or somebody else, not with Mr. Kitson. So forth from under the shrubbery or from the barn cellar where they had been laid the cannon and the cannon balls were trundled out and set up again in front of the statue, to be forever an eyesore to the passer-by.

I have always wondered if Mr. Kitson knew that his "disappearing" guns reappeared, but at all events,

"There they stand unto this day
To witness if I lie."

Newburyport. MIKROS.

Mch 8 1919

17TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Coriolanus;" Tschaikowsky, Variations on a Rococo Theme for violoncello and orchestra Joseph Malkin (violoncellist); Debussy, Three nocturnes; Mendelssohn, Symphony in A major, "Italian."

Mr. Rabaud gave a remarkable interpretation of Beethoven's overture. We do not recall a performance here or elsewhere that could be compared to it. It was dramatic, but not theatrical. Mr. Nikisch took liberties with the music in the hope of making it more impressive, but he sentimentalized the second and lyrical theme and dragged the final measures beyond endurance. Mr. Rabaud's interpretation was in the Plutarchian spirit. Some one said—was it A. W. Thayer?—of this overture, that he could not understand it—until he read Collin's tragedy; that he could not reconcile the music with Shakespeare's text. Pray, what would the gentleman have had? It is immaterial whether Beethoven had Collin or Shakespeare in mind. The name "Coriolanus" was enough, even if he knew it only from some schoolboy history of Rome; for in this music we hear the proud voice we see the haughty, inexorable bearing of the soldier-patrician. Nor does it matter whether the lyrical theme, as some believe, is the entreating voice of wife or mother. Possibly if one should read Collin's play he would wonder that Beethoven should have thought of writing an overture for it. There it is; one of Beethoven's greatest workers. From his own disdain of the mob from his own contempt for what the public thought of his music, he recognizes in Coriolanus a kindred spirit. Mr. Rabaud comprehended the overture; its aristocratic sternness, austerity. Not for a moment did he allow a perfunctory interpretation because Beethoven died, shaking his fist at a thunder storm, nearly 100 years ago, and now sits enthronged among the immortals in the temple of art. Some conductors are careless of his reputation.

It appears that Debussy before his death made an important revision of his Nocturnes. This revision was heard yesterday for the first time in Boston. Whether it was due to the changes or due to Mr. Rabaud's imaginative interpretation, this is certain: the Nocturnes were more beautiful and haunting than ever before. Never before had the second one been played in riotously festival spirit. At last the music of the third did not apparently belie its title. The chorus had been admirably trained by Mr. Townsend. The last time this Nocturne was performed under the boisterously enthusiastic Mr. Fiedler the hearer thought that Debussy had intended it for a chorus with orchestral accompaniment, nor would those sirens have drawn mariners to their island; they would have warned them of danger ahead and anticipated bell or fog-[illegible]. Yesterday the [illegible] of the orchestra, now relieving, now sustaining, now supplementing. The whole Nocturne was a song, a subtle and an alluring song. Sir Thomas Browne, borrowing the question from the Emperor Tiberius, asked, "What song the Sirens sang?" He admitted that the question was puzzling, but it was not beyond all conjecture. There has been a dispute as to whether their music was vocal, instrumental or a concert of voices, flutes and lyres. The questions were undecided until Claude Debussy wrote music for the tempters of Jason and Ulysses.

With what sensitive, exquisite feeling the first Nocturne was played! For a motto, the prose poem of Baudelaire about the clouds might be on the title page. How enchanting the phrases of the English born as played in these Nocturnes by Mr. Speyer! But he should not be singled out; the whole orchestra yesterday was a band of poetic virtuosi.

Mendelssohn's cheerful, but "refined," symphony brought agreeably the close. It may always be said of Mendelssohn, as of Haydn, that his music is well made. The "i's" are all dotted, the "t's" are all crossed, the handwriting is neat and legible; pleasant thoughts are pleasantly worded; we see the composer sitting with unruffled hair, no ink spots on his wristbands, no sweat upon his brow. He wears the large pin in his shirt front as in the favorite picture. And so the shock is the more severe when hearing the Finale of the symphony, the Saltarello inspired by the Carnival at Rome. We are informed that Mendelssohn, being pelted by "Miss T——, a delicate young Englishwoman" —so Mendelssohn described her, but she must have been a forward person, a bold, shameless hussy—"became quite desperate" and flung confetti back. Yes, the symphony is amiable music, good to hear once in a while as a contrast to much that is merely restlessly "symbolical" today, especially when the symphony is played so finely as it was yesterday.

Mr. Malkin was loudly applauded for his playing of Tschaikowsky's variations, but we have heard him when his performance was of more constant excellence. With these Variations he was not always up to his high standard, yet he often gave pleasure by his tone and his brilliance. As for the Variations, however grateful they may be to a violoncellist, they cannot be ranked among Tschaikowsky's better compositions.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff, Sadko; Saint-Saens, Symphony in A minor, No. 2; Bach, Concerto, No. 2, F major, for trumpet, flute, oboe, violin and accompaniment of strings and harpsichord; Florent Schmitt, Musiques de Plein Air; Chabrier, Espana.

Mr. N. H. Allen of Hartford, Ct., writes: "Can any of the readers of As the World Wags give information concerning the war songs of Charles Carroll Sawyer? These songs were popular during the Civil war, but seem now to be utterly forgotten."

Songs About M-m-other

One of Sawyer's songs was "Mother Would Comfort Me." There was a little preface, in which a soldier, severely wounded and taken prisoner, was described as lying in a hospital. He was told that he must die. Turning slowly to those near him, "reviving a little and thanking them for the kind manner in which they had treated him during his sickness, a sweet smile passed over his pale face and with a firm voice he said, 'Mother would comfort me if she were here.' These were his last words." There were three verses. The chorus was as follows:

Gently her hand o'er my forehead she'd press,
Trying to free me from pain and distress;
Kindly she'd say to me, "Be of good cheer,
Mother will comfort you, Mother is here."

"Who Will Care for Mother Now?" by Sawyer, was still more popular:

Why am I so weak and weary?
See how faint my heated breath.
All around to me seems darkness.
Tell me, comrades, is this death?
Ah! how well I know your answer;
To my fate I meekly bow.
If you'll only tell me truly,
Who will care for mother now?
Soon with angels I'll be marching
With bright laurels on my brow,
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for mother now?

Chorus: Soon with angels, etc.

Who will comfort her in sorrow?
Who will dry the falling tear?
Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead?
Who will whisper words of cheer?
Even now I think I see her,
Kneeling, praying for me now.
Can I leave her in her anguish?
Who will care for mother now?

Soon with angels, etc.

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky;
Hasten, comrades, to the battle,
I will like a soldier die.

Soon with angels, etc.

These songs, sung with "great expression," were also played and whistled throughout the North. They are to be classed with Henry Tucker's "Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die"; F. Buckley's "Kiss Me, Mother, Ere I Die," George F. Root's "Just Before the Battle, Mother" and "Mother Dear, Your Boy is Wounded" (known as "Just After the Battle") of the same period. L. O. Emerson's "Let Me K[illegible] Him for His [illegible] [illegible] N[illegible] [illegible]ing [illegible] [illegible] was about to be [illegible] the [illegible] when a lady passed to the coffin and pressed her lips to his forehead, saying, 'Let me kiss him for his mother.'"

When Artemus Ward visited Boston and in a letter described various 'institutions'—he gave the exact location of Harvard College—he had this to say. "I send to Amelia Ann, our oldest dawter, sum new music, viz. 'I Am Lonely Sints My Mother-in-law Died', 'Dear Mother, What Tho' the Hand that Spanked me in my Childhood's Hour is Withered now?' These song writers, by the way, air doin the Mother Bisiness rather too muchly.'

In Town Meeting

As the World wags: New England town meetings are not entirely a matter of routine, as is shown by the enclosed clipping from the Amesbury Daily News of March 4.

"The dove of peace in the shape of a speckled cat circulated about the hall during the town meeting last night. At times it climbed on to the stage."

C. T. SWINNERTON, Boston.

Our Returning Heroes

As the World Wags: I find in Plutarch's "Roman Questions," a discussion of a subject that should interest many households in this country. The question is thus stated:

"Why are they who have been falsely reported dead in a strange country, although they return home alive, not received nor suffered to enter directly at the doors, but forced to climb up to the tiles of the house and so to get down from the roof into the house?"

This athletic return, this variant of a second-story worker's trick, this porch-climbing act that would excite admiration in filmed play, might enlarge the joyful surprise attending the home-coming of a young hero.

GEORGE P. BOLIVAR, Beverly.

Aid to Novelists

The New York World, giving advice to budding novelists, furnished first aid in first words.

"Where to start? For those who are not yet equipped with self-starters we here set down a few really first class openings for either the spring or fall novel trade:

"Marinda was frightened. When she was frightened her eyes changed color. They were dark now, and glittering restlessly like the sea when the wind hauls northwest. Jack Hathaway, unfamiliar with weather signs, took no heed of the impending squall. He laughed recklessly, dangerously. . . ." (Story of youth and struggle.)

"The peasant combed the lice from his beard, spat and said, grumbling: 'Send us ploughs that we may till the soil and save Russia. . . . Send us ploughs.' (Realistic story of Russia.)

"Darkness, suave, dense, enfolding, lay over the soft loam of the fields. The girl, moving silently across the field, felt the mystery of the dark; the scent of the soil and the caress of the night alike enchanted her. Hidden in the folds of her dress, clutched tightly in her fingers, was the ribbon he had given her. With a quick indrawing of her breath she paused, and, screened by the utter blackness that enveloped her, pressed it to her lips. . . . (Story of the countryside. Simple, trusting innocence. Lots of atmosphere. After crossing the field the girl strikes across Haunted Heath, a description of which fills the second chapter.)"

Mch 9 1919

FRIEDA HEMPEL

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Frieda Hempel gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Her program was as follows: Mozart, Alleluja, arias from "La Finta Giardiniera"; Szulc, Clair de Lune; Hahn, Fetes Galantes; Saint-Saens, Ballade from "Ascanio"; Hahn, Le Printemps; Mozart-Adam, A vous dirai-je, Maman; Haydn, She never told her love; Cook, Over Hill; Busch, Orpheus with his Lute; Schuber-Liszt, Hark! hark, the lark; Franz, Sing me to rest; Arensky, The Little Fish's Song; Zuni Indian, Invocation to the Sun God; Seiler, Butterflies; Bibb, A Rondel of Spring. She was assisted by Frank Bibb, pianist, and Mr. Laurent, flutist.

Mme. Hempel, justly admired here as an operatic singer, had not until yesterday been conspicuously successful in concert. Her programs were not skilfully arranged. They were as a whole uninteresting. Yesterday she gave a delightful recital. The program allowed her to shine as a singer of florid arias and songs of true lyric beauty.

Mozart's "Alleluja" had been heard here, but the two arias from the opera buffa of the 18 year-old Mozart were unfamiliar, as was the Ballade from Saint Saens's 'Ascanio'; as were some of the songs that followed.

Adam's variations on a theme which [illegible] Did Mozart [illegible] to him by some [illegible] of nursery [illegible]. Adam's variations are ingenious more tolerable and to be endured than many of those designed to exhibit a singer's agility.

The Ballade sung by Colombe in "Ascanio" Mme. Emma Eames first took the part in Paris—a pathetic melody that might have been sung by Ophelia, is practically without accompaniment. Verlaine's "Clair de Lune" has inspired several composers, Gabriel Faure and Charpentier among them. The poem itself is music, but the setting of Szulc can well be placed by the side of Faure's in enhancing the vaporous, melancholy charm. Hahn's "Fetes Galantes" and Busch's "Orpheus," widely different in character, also have fine quality; but when Hahn wrote "Le Printemps" he became sadly conventional.

Mme. Hempel's skill as a coloratura singer, the ease, facility and tonal purity displayed these are known to all. That she was a singer of genuine sentiment and emotional appeal was revealed by her remarkable performance in Strauss's "Rosenkavalier." Yesterday she proved herself an accomplished Lieder singer, versatile and intelligent. The operatic music of Mozart was sung with Mozartian grace. In the modern songs she was fortunate in her expression of the inner as well as the exterior beauty of the musical thought. Hearing her sing "Clair de Lune" and "Fetes Galantes," one would say that she had caught the spirit of Verlaine. The former song, as she sang it, had the subtle enchantment of the verses. Saint-Saens's Ballade was singularly effective if only on account of the vocal euphony. Beautiful, too, in its meditative simplicity was her delivery of "She Never Told Her Love." And so one might speak in praise of her interpretation of other songs.

Beauty of voice, beauty of melodic line, firm control of breath, musical phrasing, understanding of the various moods of the poets—these made the recital much more than a "prima donna" concert. It is true that she sang "The Last Rose of Summer," but she sang it simply. The air was not tainted by sentimentalism.

Mme. Hempel was fortunate in having as her flutist for Adam's Variations, Mr. Laurent, the accomplished first flutist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Two artists vied, the one with the other; but not for individual glory. Mr. Bibb's appearance here as an accompanist is always welcome.

"Garside's Career," the excellent comedy by Harold Brighouse, well acted by the Henry Jewett Players at the Copley theatre, has been described as a [illegible] on the poseur. It might be characterized otherwise. For example, Peter is, according to the evidence, a skilled mechanic; he admits it himself; but he is ambitious, or his ambition was stirred by Margaret, so he studies and receives a degree. Hence his ruin. One might say that the play shows the folly of a higher education for a naturally contented and world-serving mechanic. In other words, a good cordwainer is more useful in the community than the cordwainer who, desirous of a political career, gives up his trade and makes a mess of his life.

Another might say that Mr Brighouse in his dialogue pokes fun at the oratory of Socialists. Still another might judge from Lady Mottram's treatment of Margaret that the dramatist attacked class snobbishness.

In all probability Mr. Brighouse did not have any high and mighty "purpose"; his endeavor was to write an entertaining comedy. In this he succeeded. No doubt he had known of meteoric careers like Peter's. No doubt he had listened to soap-box oratory. Perhaps he had a case in mind when he wrote the scene between Lady Mottram and Margaret. Possibly some Lady Mottram had snubbed him.

Peter's mother is a universal type. She is found in every town and village. In fact all the characters are deftly drawn. Take Fred Mottram. He is much more than the conventional "silly English ass" of comedy. He has a mind of his own, a sound, kind, practical side. He is a shrewd observer, with a pretty wit. Witness the opening scene of the second act, in which he talks with his sister, who is stretched out voluptuously on the sofa. Lady Mottram's views on socialism were those of her class before the war. They are not exaggerated; there is freshness in the expression of them. Is Karl Marx Jones a caricature? Not a bit of it. There are moments during the play when one remembers some of the speeches by the Chartists in "Alton Locke." Applegarth, a less pompous Socialist, is bitterly in earnest. O'Callaghan has a saving sense of humor. As for Gladys, she is refreshingly enigmatical. It is not easy to say whether she was simply bored by provincial life and would have married any respectable man who could have [illegible] comfortable in London. Did she [illegible] way down in her heart, have a [illegible]ing liking for th[illegible] amazingly [illegible] [illegible]lent Peter with his [illegible] [illegible]les h[illegible] Alin[illegible]

... what became of ... with the ... to forgive her even after her marriage with the eminently sensible Margaret.

A little play by Barrie, "A Well Remembered Voice," will be seen here tomorrow at the Hollis Street Theatre for the first time in Boston. When this "dramatic piece" was produced at Wyndham's Theatre, London, June 28, 1918, the cast was as follows: Mr. Don, Johnston Forbes-Robertson; Mr. Rogers, H. V. Esmond; Maj. Armitage, Dawson Milward; Mrs. Don, Lillian Braithwaite; Laura Bell, Faith Celli; Another, Gerald du Maurier. The play has been described as "a quiet denial of the bitterness of death." The spirit of a dead soldier boy returns to his father, who is supposed to see him, while the audience only hears him. The boy speaks of little and familiar things, and in the same light manner of his death on the battlefield. He urges his father to smile and smoke; he talks of fishing tackle, his dog. "The voice expresses what his father, unknown to his mother, whose grief is more conventionally sad, has dwelt on since the son's death. The loss of the father and mother is equally sincere, but the father's is inarticulate. He would not give in, and that is why the son appears to him to comfort his loneliness of soul and to make him cheerfully brave. It is a pretty idea, that this should have been made possible by the mother's endeavor to get a spiritual Marconigram through to her son." With this play another little piece by Barrie, "La Politesse" and a kind of ballet "The Origin of Harlequin" were given. Tomorrow night Mr. Arliss will take the part of Mr. Don and will afterwards be seen in "The Mollusc." This comedy by Hubert H. Davies has already delighted audiences in Boston. Charles Wyndham took the part of Tom Kemp when the comedy was produced at the Colonial, Feb. 21, 1910. Amateurs have also entertained their friends here and in Cambridge. We all remember the lazy Mrs. Baxter, who is not able to arrange flowers in a vase, the pretty governess, brother Tom from Colorado, who attempts to wake his sister from her inertia. Mrs. Baxter thinks that her husband is in love with the governess. She shakes off her sluggishness and becomes strenuous. Henceforth for her a London reviewer quoted Ruskin—"the rest, which is glorious is that of the chamois couched breathless in its granite bed, not of the stalled ox over his fodder." But Mr. Wyndham was not the first to produce this little comedy of four characters in the United States; it was first played in New York at the Garrick Theatre in the season of 1908-09, when Joe Coyne and Alexandra Carlisle took the leading parts. The first cast in London was as follows: Tom Kemp, Charles Wyndham; Mr. Baxter, Sam Sothern; Miss Roberts, Elaine Mescord; Mrs. Baxter, Mary Moore.

"Blind Youth," a play in three acts, by Willard Mack and Lou Tellegen, will be seen tomorrow at the Tremont Theatre for the first time in Boston. It was produced at the Playhouse, Wilmington, Del., on Nov. 22, 1917. It went to New York and was played at the Republic Theatre, Dec. 3, 1917. Mr. Tellegen takes the part of a "melancholy and shiftless" painter of the Latin Quarter. He separates his young half-brother from Conny Chandoce, who had almost wrecked his own life. Conny was first played by Marie Chambers; the half-brother, Harry, by William Courtleigh, Jr. Grace Carlyle took the part of Frances Granger, Monnier's innocent American model. Jennie Eustace, who has played the mother almost continually since 1892, when she was 13 years old, and has mothered on the stage Mansfield, Sothern, Forbes-Robertson and many others, took the part of Mrs. Wilton. Mr. Tellegen denied last month the report that he was about to leave "Blind Youth" to take the leading part in "Sleeping Partners." He wrote a letter saying that he would no more think of being unfaithful to Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger than of saying good-by to life at his age.

Mr. Collier was delightfully humorous in "Nothing but the Truth." Now he comes to the Wilbur Theatre in "Nothing but Lies," a farce in three acts and with a prologue by Aaron Hoffman. The farce was produced at Washington, D. C., early in September of last year. There was talk for a time of another actor taking Mr. Collier's part. L. Lawrence Weber, one of the producers, said that the contract with Mr. Hoffman prevented any change being made in the play without his consent. Mr. Hoffman, it appears, disagreed with Mr. Collier on the manner of playing the piece. Nevertheless, when "Nothing but Lies" opened at the Longacre Theatre, New York, Oct. 8, 1918, Mr. Collier was there with all his Collierisms as George Washington Cross, a member of a firm of advertising promoters, which was undergoing the process of "makeraking," by a magazine entitled Zig-Zag Zip. Ripley Holmes ... Wyman ... Nash and Clyde North was Allen ... "the boy liberator, typical of so many collegian reformers, idealist and conscientious objectors of the times." In the prologue George Washington (Grant Stewart) and Ananias (Malcom Bradley) discuss the virtues of veracity. The New York Times said of this prologue: "The Father of his Country is exhibited as the preposterous prig of nursery legend, and is quite put down by his Biblical companion, who speaks the latest slang of Broadway—which he has doubtless learned from departed press agents. It is a very racy colloquy, not without a touch of sound philosophy, and it will amuse all whose patriotic reverence does not preclude a sense of humor. The body of the farce is an illustration of the philosophy expounded by Ananias." Mr. Collier promises the girl he loves that he will always tell the truth, but as to do so would make her and all her friends unhappy he lies constantly. "The net result is much the same. Everyone on the stage is miserable, and, thanks to amiable logic of farce, this makes the audience quite happy."

It is hardly necessary to speak of Mr. Hodge and his return to Boston in "A Cure for Curables," which will be seen at the Plymouth Theatre. He and his play will be welcomed by his faithful public. The play by Earl Derr Biggers and Lawrence Whitman, suggested by Corra Harris's short story, was first played at Trenton, N. J., Oct. 4, 1917. It came to the Majestic Theatre, Nov. 19th of the same year. Mr. Hodge, as James Pendergrass, will again show how a sanitarium should be conducted.

If one reads an account of certain events in a book, and then sees them presented with certain changes in a play, which form will leave the deeper impress upon his mind? The question has practical point in connection with a dramatization of Lincoln in England. The dramatization, it is explained, makes no pretense to strict historical accuracy. How true this is may be judged from the last act, which takes place at Ford's Theatre. The audience calls upon the President for a speech. He delivers a short one, made up of parts of the Gettysburg Address and the second inaugural. Booth slinks in, opens the door of the box, and fires. Stanton steps out of the box and declaims "Now he belongs to the ages." Between the scenes a couple of "chroniclers" appear and recite what a review of the play calls blank verse. The section dealing with Lincoln can hardly be intended to give an idea of his English. As cabled to the Chicago Tribune it runs:

And in that land where voyaging the Pilgrim Mayflower came to rest, among the chosen counselling once when bewilderment possessed a people, none there was who might draw to the fold the wandering thoughts of men, and make as one the names of liberty and law., And then from 50 fameless years in quiet Illinois was sent a word that still the Atlantic hears and Lincoln was the lord of his event.

The Illinois railsplitter would have been amused at himself in such a setting.—New York Evening Post, March 3.

How Elder Daniels Viewed the Prohibition Problem

To the Editor of the Herald:

What is perhaps the wisest conception of liquor and prohibition I have found is lucidly set forth by Elder Daniels, consoling his brother in "The Shewing up of Blanco Posnet":

"Elder Daniels—Too late, Blanco; too late. (Convulsively) Oh, why didn't you drink as I used to? Why didn't you drink as I was led to by the Lord for my good, until the time came for me to give it up? It was drink that saved my character when I was a young man; and it was the want of it that spoiled yours. Tell me this. Did I ever get drunk when I was working"?

"Blanco—No; but then you never worked when you had money enough to get drunk."

"Elder Daniels—That just shews the wisdom of Providence and the Lord's mercy. God fulfils himself in many ways—ways we little think of when we try to set up our own shortsighted laws against His word. When does the devil catch hold of a man? Not when he's working and not when he's drunk; but when he's idle and sober. Our own natures tell us to drink when we have nothing else to do. Look at you and me! When we'd both earned a pocketful of money, what did we do? Went on the spree, naturally. But I was humble-minded. I did as the rest did. I gave my money in at the drinkshop; and I said, 'Fire me out when I have drunk it all up.' Did you ever see me sober while it lasted?"

"Blanco—No; and you looked so disgusting that I wonder it didn't set me against drink for the rest of my life."

"Elder Daniels—That was your spiritual pride, Blanco. You never reflected that when I was drunk I was in a state of innocence. Temptations and bad company and evil thoughts passed by me like the summer wind, as you might say: I was too drunk to notice them. When the money was gone and they fired me out I was fired out like gold out of the furnace, with my character unspoiled and unspotted; and when I went back to work the work kept me steady. Can you say as much, Blanco? ... Oh ... It ... was gambling ... was reading in ... romances ... women, Blanco, women ... thoughts and gnawing discontent. It ended in your becoming a rambler and a gambler: it is going to end this evening on the gallows tree. Oh, what a lesson against spiritual pride! Oh, what a ——" (Blanco throws his hat at him.)

"Blanco—Stow it, Boozy. Sling it. Cut it. Cheese it. Shut up. 'Shake not the dying sinner's sand.'"

"Elder Daniels Aye; there you go, with your scraps of lustful poetry. But you can't deny what I tell you. Why, do you think I would put my soul in peril by selling drink if I thought it did no good, as them silly temperance reformers make out, flying in the face of the natural tastes implanted in us for all good purposes? Not if I was to starve for it tomorrow. But I know better. I tell you, Blanco, what keeps America today the purest of the nations is that when she's not working she's too drunk to hear the voice of the tempter."

BUCHANAN CHARLES.

Watertown.

A Strange Collocution in "Antony and Cleopatra"

To the Editor of the Herald:

The accompanying note is an attempt to remove from the dialogue between Cleopatra and her maid in Shakespeare's tragedy a slight blemish due presumably to an error in printing:

Char.—Madame, methinks, if you did love him dearly you do not hold the method to enforce the like from him.

Cleo.—What should I do, I do not?

Char.—In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo.—Thou teachest like a fool—the way to lose him.

Char.—Tempt him not so too far I wish, forbear: In time we hate that which we often fear.

In this colloquy, as will be seen, there is an expression which, in its present form, is without definite meaning. In the original printing of the play it reads: "I wish forbeare"; and in modernized editions: "I wish; forbear." Various interpretations of it are given in Furness' Variorum edition of "Antony and Cleopatra—act 1, scene 3—none of them arriving at a point where the sense of the strange collocution is made any clearer. Furness rejects the different explanations, and remarks as follows: "The paraphrases just given are all of them obvious, but none of them supplies the strength which the weak expression, "I wish; forbear," lacks. It is this weakness, this childishness almost infantile, which renders the words suspicious, it seems to me. Nicholson's conjecture, recorded in the Cambridge edition: "The wish forbear," is plausible and is certainly stronger than the weak "I wish." It is better than his alternative conjecture, "Your wish forbear." Weakness is, however, no sufficient ground for disturbing the text.

It is just possible that a way out of the difficulty may be found in the following suggestion: Assuming that Charmian's warning to her mistress is expressed in tones of gentle admonition and not in the imperative mood, as some commentators suppose, the line takes on a new significance, if we substitute for the evident misprint, "I wish," the simple locution often used by Shakespeare and the translators of the authorized version of the Bible—making the distich read:

"Tempt him not so too far, be wise, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear."

CHARLES J. DELAMAINE.

Mattapan, Mass.

Notes About the Stage, Actors, Music and Musicians

"The Beaux' Strategem" was revived at the Haymarket, London, on Feb. 4 by the Art Theatre. Mr. Walkley of the Times enjoyed himself; at least he wrote in cheerful mood. "In one important particular 'The Beaux' Strategem' is quite in the modern fashion: it has a bedroom scene. What is more, the bed proved to be a Basket bed, which is not merely modern but almost Futurist, and indeed the mise-en-scene throughout was of the austere, flat, zig-zaggy order generally associated by artistically unsophisticated Londoners with Russian ballet. Further, the costumes were a queer medley of early 18th century, a Guardi picture, and sheer fantasy, so that you rather wondered whether you were assisting at a Farquhar play or a Goldoni or something from the commedia dell, arte—or, for that matter, at a ballet, seeing that the personages pirouetted and posed almost as often as they sat or walked, and finished up with a formal dance. . . . The new experiment strikes us as a success. The simplicity of the setting allows unusual prominence to the dialogue—which is what chiefly matters in a 'Restoration' comedy—and, for another, the fantasy of the costumes and whole mode of performance gives that dialogue a touch of unreality which attenuates and converts almost to elegance much that, in a literal, matter-of-fact presentation, could not but seem crude and even brutal. No doubt, in strictness, the virtue of Mrs. Sullen leaves much for the moralist to desire, and the impudence of Cherry offers much for prudes to deplore; no doubt Archer's wooing is a little primitive for squeamish tastes; no doubt both Archer and his friend Aimwell are ... well ... you take the ... seems for a moment ... early everybody ... It might be urged that the artificial ... which Lamb indicated as the prime essential for the presentation of the comedies has been raised by Mme. ... net, the artistic director of the present performance, to a higher power. ... ficial acting has been rendered still more artificial by fantastic dance and ... tric decor."

"The Maid of the Mountains" celebrated its second anniversary at Daly's, London, Feb. 10.

The play that was announced to open last night, the Queen's Theatre in London, "The House of Peril," an adaptation by H. A. Vachell of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's novel, "A Chink in the Armor," would make a good cinema thriller. In the first act there is a visit to a crystal gazer. The last "carries us back to the Wachner's home on the edge of the forest, whither Sylvia is lured and nearly done to death by the unscrupulous couple."

Exercising the privilege of her sex, Miss Doris Keane has changed her mind regarding the order of her next two productions at the Lyric. Her present attraction, "Roxana," which has to be withdrawn at the end of next month, was, as originally contemplated, to have been followed by Mr. Edward Knoblock's new play, "Tiger, Tiger." Precedence, however, is to be given to the promised revival of "Romeo and Juliet," in which Miss Keane and her husband, Basil Sydney, will appear as the star-cross'd lovers.—London Daily Telegraph.

The following paraphrase, made by one of our councillors, seems to us very apt:

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
But in our parts that we are understudies."
—Equity for February.

Apropos of Stravinsky's string quartet which was to be played in London Feb. 13, the Daily Telegraph said: "The quartet consists of three separate and distinct pieces, composed in 1914, and the expression 'quartet' applies to the family of instruments utilized in the music, and not to the form of the composition. No program and no titles are affixed to the score. Yet it is known that in the first piece is 'represented' a group of peasants singing and dancing in contrast to the eternal 'monotony' of the endless Steppe. The droning and drumming of the music and the heavy beat of the dancers' feet drift away in the distance. The second, we are told, is the tale of an unhappy juggler distraught by grief which he must hide while performing his tricks. The 'glinting tones of the flash of his tricks are heard in the music, and in piercing contrast the sorrow that tortures him whilst he seemingly is at play.' In Number Three are heard priests chaunting in church a plain-song, with passing suggestions of the Dies Irae. Rough and discordant, the singing at times has to be supported by the organ. There, more or less, are the 'ideas' underlying Stravinsky's experiment." It was said that the quartet would be repeated at the two subsequent concerts of the series of three. When the music was played the same critic wrote: "The Stravinsky 'Three Pieces' were certainly puzzling; nor was one's perplexity lessened by an explanatory note which, after expressly stating that there was no program and that the pieces were to be listened to abstractedly, proceeded to give an elaborate description of the ideas underlying each number. The first section does undoubtedly represent with uncanny skill the heavy dancing of a group of peasants; and in the second Stravinsky again succeeds, this time in depicting a rustic juggler hiding his grief from the crowd who watch his tricks. The final picture is less successful. A string quartet can hardly convey the idea of plain-song unskilfully sung by monks to an intermittent organ accompaniment. No reasoned opinion of the work is possible on a single hearing. It was, however, as undeniably brilliant as it was daring. Some of it was almost unpleasantly grim and weird. But there were many beautiful phrases, suggesting the freakishly imaginative mind to whom we owe the fanciful 'Petrouchka.'"

Edward German's new orchestra work, "Theme with Six Variations," heavily scored, will take ... utes in performance at the ... monic Concert in London ...

We read in the Daily T... London, Feb. 15, that Mme ... Mjlikoff, who studied in Paris ... Louise Grandjean, gave concerts ... and appeared as M... the Theatre Lyrique, will give ... don a recital. There will be a ... setting with a view to enhance ... mosphere which her program ... ed to conjure up." "To this ... scenery has been painted ... Henri and Laverdet, who ... ioned a pictorial scheme ... furnish an appropriate setting ... interpretation of a chain of songs ... different composers, yet illustrating ... sequence 'the story of a woman's ... as laid bare by varying ... and emotion. The ... drawn upon range from Mozart ... sky-Korsakov, the singer ... of taste being indicated by ...

[illegible]

... Frederick Bridge tells me in a characteristically amusing letter that he feels both brighter and better for the rest due to his resignation of the Abbey organistship: he says he passes some of his time now in marvelling how on earth he kept on for [illegible] years teaching little boys and playing hymn tunes.—Daily Telegraph.

Baffled Magicians; or the Mysteries of the Indian Rope Trick

Assembled in solemn conclave last night, the magicians of England, professional and amateur, debated that most vexed of all questions, the Indian rope trick, and, as was only to be expected, failed to come to any agreement on the subject. Some there were who believed that such a trick had never been performed; others declared that hypnotism was at the root of it, others urged the impossibility of hypnotizing a whole audience. For once, in fact, the mystifiers admitted themselves mystified.

The history of the rope trick was traced in most entertaining manner by Mr. S. W. Clarke, the editor of the Magic Circular, who described it as the most illusive trick in the world, with the peculiarity that nobody who wanted to see it had ever seen it—though this peculiarity was subsequently discounted by the fact that at least two of the speakers had seen a version of the rope trick performed. Mr. Clarke had traced a reference to it as far back as 1355, when Ibu Batuta, an Arab from Tangier, wrote that he had seen the trick performed at Hang Chau. Batuta wrote:

I was entertained by the Emir in his own house in a most splendid manner. At the banquet were present the Khan's jugglers, the chief of whom took a wooden sphere, in which there were holes, and in these long straps, and threw it up into the air till it went out of sight, while the strap remained in his hand. He then commanded one of his disciples to take hold of and to ascend by this strap, which he did until he also went out of sight. His master then called him three times but no answer came; he then took a knife in his hand, apparently in anger, laid hold of the strap and also went quite out of sight. He then threw the hand of the boy upon the ground, then his foot, then his other hand, then his other foot, then his body, then his head. He then came down, panting for breath and his clothes stained with [illegible]

[illegible] ...took the [illegible] on [illegible] upon [illegible] and [illegible] seized [illegible] at the [illegible] drink [illegible]

[illegible]

... 1917, [illegible] a snapshot of the trick, which [illegible] produced. This showed the fakir with [illegible] rope or pole and the boy balanced at the top of it. Lt. Holmes declared emphatically that the boy never disappeared from sight, and his own theory was that the fakir substituted for the coil of rope a telescopic bamboo pole. Mr. A. Yurif Ali, C. B. E., declared that as a boy of 7 he saw the rope trick performed but never since, and he also saw the conjurer cut his own tongue out, chop it up and replace it. In the rope trick he is convinced that the boy disappeared entirely.

Mr. Chris Van Bern narrated some extraordinary feat, which had been performed by a Yogi in Liverpool, including his ability to throw a rope into the air, where it remained absolutely rigid only as long as the Yogi held his breath, while Capt. Leon Berreley gave an explanation of the trick which he believed to be absolutely feasible.

But even this assembly of magicians was unable to conjure up mystic carpets to convey them homewards and defy the strikers, and so the gathering was forced to disperse in search of tram cars and omnibuses before the vexed question of the rope trick could be settled.—London Times Feb. 6.

A Note About Xavier Leroux, Operatic Composer

L. K. contributed to the Daily Telegraph of London, Feb. 8, an article about Leroux who is known in Boston chiefly by his song, "The Nile."

"So Xavier Napoleon Leroux is no more. A brief telegram from Paris this week told of his death, in his 56th year, from pneumonia, and, if the news will have meant little to our music-lovers, who knew the composer only by one opera—and that a work of which no more than two or three performances have been given in London—and one very beautiful song, 'Le Nil,' often heard in our concert halls, it will have brought with it a sense of real loss to his own countrymen. He was not of those, it is true, who, like Debussy, made musical history. A 'modern' he was, undeniably. Yet his music was not of the kind that excites keen discussion or controversy by reason of some quality of strangeness or the bizarre, should one say, of authentic originality. Rather did his gifts lie in adapting to his own needs and temperament a style of expression typical of a school developed by others, though not exactly on parallel lines. No doubt from Massenet, whose favorite pupil he was at the Paris Conservatoire—where the Prix de Rome fell to him in 1885—he derived in large measure his affection for pure melodic outlines. Yet, whatever may have been the characteristics of his earlier compositions—they are unknown in this country—you will find little enough of Massenet, little of the cloying sugary note, in the later of Leroux's scores. Rather do they seem to embody aesthetic principles that find expression in the music-dramas, for instance, of Bruneau, of whose influence, as, in a lesser degree, of that of Charpentier, there are indubitably traces in 'Le Chemineau,' the opera with which Leroux followed up his first striking success, La Reine Fiammette.

"But for the London opera-goer's incorrigible indifference towards anything unfamiliar we should probably have heard the latter work (in which Miss Mary Garden achieved a great success in Paris) long ere now. Poor the reward, however, of those who attempt to extend the operatic repertory in our midst. It was Beecham who introduced us to 'Le Chemineau' during an autumn season which, unless my memory is playing me false, he carried through at Covent Garden in 1910. In a play called 'Ragged Robin' and staged at His Majesty's by Sir Herbert Tree, we had seen before an English adaption of Jean Richepin's drama, of which Leroux's work was a musical version. But, seemingly, neither Richepin's name nor Leroux's meant anything to the London musical public, for I remember how miserably disproportionate was the audience which attended the production of 'Le Chemineau' to the unquestionable merit of that opera. While hardly, for reasons indicated, a work of any striking originality, it yet impressed me for its charm and delicacy—qualities derived in part from the folk-song character of not a little of the music and the appropriately fresh-air feeling of some of that associated with the protagonist, a kind of pad-the-hoof, half poet, half vagabond, in whom the 'call of the road' is stronger than the call of human affection. Yes, charm and [illegible] the score undeniably possessed, as well as ample evidence of the mastery one expects from a composer of Leroux's reputation in the mixing of his orchestral colors.

At least two other [illegible] operas stand to his credit, while a comparatively recent addition to the list of his works (which included several symphonic-poems and songs), was an operetta, '[illegible] de Fierro' wherein the [illegible] Maggie [illegible] an

[illegible]

... adopting [illegible] the [illegible] traditions of the light opera stage."

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It may be doubted whether any resemblance or contrast, however striking, can make it worth a modern writer's while to call waiters Ganymedes, waitresses Hebes, postmen Mercuries, cabmen Automedons or Jehus. In Scott's time, possibly, these phrases had still an agreeable novelty: they are now so hackneyed as to have fallen into the hands of writers who are not quite certain who Ganymede and Hebe were.

The Z's Had It

As the World Wags:

George Cook of Richmond, N. H. named his last son, born Sept. 25, 1783 Zuriel. In the course of time Zuriel married and had children which he named as follows: 1, Zuriel; 2, Zeressa; 3, Zerema; 4, Zeinus; 5, Zephronia; 6, Zerobia; 7, Zedina; 8, Zegobus; 9, Zelora; 10, Zethaniel; 11, Zeruth; 12, Zelotus; 13, Zedcalia; 14, James.

The only way I can account for the name James is that his father must have died before his birth. He probably had Zadoc in pickle for him.

Fall River. C. R.

Whining Egoism

We do not know a more pitiable whine from a man of letters than that noted on March 10, 1860, in the journal of the Goncourt brothers:

"Perhaps some day these lines that we write in cold blood, not in desperation, will teach workers of another century courage. Let them know that after 10 years of toil, the publication of 15 volumes, many wakeful nights, constant conscientiousness, success, historical work that has already a place in Europe, after this novel in which even our enemies recognize 'masterly force,' not a newspaper, not a short or long review, has come to us, and we ask ourselves whether we shall not be obliged to publish our next novel at our own expense: and this happens when the pettiest rummagers of learning and the flimsiest scribblers of novels find publishers, are remunerated, are reprinted.'

These egoists, of course, wrote their journal for posterity. Six years later on the same day, they made this note: "Does anyone think on all that will be tossed to the maw of modern curiosity about the intimate life of persons, when perhaps before 100 years, the lawyer, the doctor, the confessor, will write memoirs which perhaps will not wait 20 years after their death before they see the light of day."

Even by dying Maupassant did not escape his valet. Marie Antoinette furnished copy for her hairdresser Leonard. Has any cook written her memoirs of her mistress novelist, actress, singer?

The Case of Jones

We heard Mr. Jones protesting angrily against the word "flat." "There may be persons that live in a flat, but I live in an apartment." He prefers the latter word because he thinks it is English and more genteel, a word that in connection with his routine life gives him standing in the community. O foolish Galatian, who has bewitched you? "Flat" is not, as you fondly think, a low Americanism. Over 100 years ago in England is meant a floor or story in a house. One hundred years ago it meant a suite of rooms on one floor forming a complete residence. Flat-builder, flat-dweller, flatholder are sound English words, so are flathouse and flat-law. We do not say a flat is the ideal dwelling place for a family. We like to go upstairs to bed and with a candle. There are flats in which this can be done, but they are not within reach of the humblest.

If Jones lives in a flat let him say so. Why should he throw out his chest and in a Daniel Websterian voice speak of his "apartment"?

In England the word apartment, meaning "a portion of a house or building consisting of a suite or set of rooms, allotted to the use of a particular person or party" is archaic. An "apartment" is a single room of a house, as in Scott's "Guy Mannering," "I stole softly to the window of my apartment." The original sense is expressed by the plural "apartments." If the word "flat" chokes the speech of Jones, if it fills his noble soul with disgust, let him say "apartments." If he is enamored of sonority, why does he say "lift" for "elevator"?

"Our Boys" in Paris

As the World Wags:

I have had since the war began an old lady friend in Paris who has kept me well informed on all matters. One of her ardent wishes was to do what she could to make our boys have a pleasant time in Paris. I have sent a number to her and they say that they owe more than they can pay to her care and politeness. She reports that the differences between the feelings of regard of the French and Americans depends entirely upon the question of temperament. The French like and are endlessly grateful to the Americans, and the lack of accord is entirely individual; the general feeling is love for the Americans. Any one knows who has lived in France as our family has since

[illegible] ... a chance to see what the [illegible] suffered, even in places where there was no fighting, would dream of finding fault or criticising them. Any one knows that among our boys there have been some who were unfit to go among decent people. Note the character of those who dislike anything connected with the majority of French people.

Boston. T. H. BARTLETT.

Toscha Seidel Thrills the

Invited to come forward and be thrilled and startled by another young violinist "phenomenon," the Boston music public balked yesterday afternoon, for Symphony Hall was far from filled at the first concert here of Toscha Seidel. Perhaps the rain was in part responsible. Possibly the youthful native of Odessa had been so overpraised in circus-poster style that some thought "too much is more than enough," and stayed at home.

Then, again, others may have felt there had been a surfeit of boy meteors of the rosin and the bow lately and sought their thrills in reading in the Sunday papers the counter-invectives hurled back and forth in the league of nations battle. All these causes may have operated, but those who stayed away, whatever their reasons may have been, made a big mistake.

Mr. Seidel played these pieces—not many but of wide variety and rich in opportunity: Chaconne, Vitali; Concerto in D minor, Wienlaski; Romance, Beethoven; Mazurka, Chopin-Kreisler; La Chasse, Cartier-Kreisler; Gypsy Airs, Sarasate.

The young man, of medium height, compactly and sturdily built, came to the front of the stage with an easy swing, his body and head a bit forward, and with something of the air of a football player ready, if need be, to buck the line. He had not played five bars before it was evident that there was musical strong meat. Then came the revelation also that he was showing as much brilliance and technical skill as any of his predecessors in the phenomenon class.

Beauty, richness, sonority of tone, swiftness, surety, tenderness, power, delicacy of shading—all these and more were there and all were made subservient to one end, a vivid expression of Seidel's conception of the composer's intent. Seidel's, not that of any one else. Besides this originality, beyond the skill and the beauty there was another penetrating impression—that of dynamic electric, fusing and propelling force, ever restrained and mastered, yet always there.

In the appealing loveliness of the song in Wienlawski's concerto, in the stately sentiment of Beethoven's romance, in the crisp grace of the Kreisler transcriptions, in the soul-yearning of Gounod's "Ave Maria," played as an extra number, back of every note and phrase and dramatic climax was the abounding, all-pervading vitality of Toscha Seidel.

He played no tricks to win applause. There was nowhere a trace of "showing off." If he sang of love, it was an intense and passionate song. If he rode in the chase, it was with swiftness and galloping animation. If he danced with the gypsies, he was the liveliest and most bohemian romany of them all. If he gave a caress, it was most tender and delicate. If he prayed, he meant every word of it, and it rose from an overflowing heart.

His hearers caught his spirit and their applause went sharply, forcefully out to him. He was conservative in playing extra numbers. Yet the demand for them was too dynamic for him to resist entirely, and he gave several.

L. T. Grunberg, accompanist played so constantly in the spirit of Mr Seidel himself that he aided greatly in the atmosphere of vital power that pervaded the whole concert.

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By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Double bill: "A Well Remembered Voice" a dramatic piece in one act by James M. Barrie (first time in Boston): "The Mollusc," a comedy in three acts by Hubert Henry Davies.

A Well Remembered Voice

Mr. Don	George Arliss
Mr. Rogers	Harry Maitland
Capt. Armitage	George Wright, Jr.
Mrs. Don	Mrs. Arliss
Laura Bell	Olive Tell
Another	Philip Merivale

Although this little play followed the performance of "The Mollusc," it deserves greater consideration than Mr Davies's delightful comedy, which had already been seen in Boston with Charles Wyndham and Sam Sothern as Kemp and Mr. Baxter.

Barrie's play was produced in London on June 28, 1918, when Mr. Don and his son were played by Forbes-Robertson and Gerald du Maurier. It was then said that "the veriest two [illegible] physical dialect [illegible] cover Barrie [illegible]

... on why the son killed in battle ... and heard by only one person ... the dead should suffer if the living grieve unduly? There is the natural curiosity about the hereafter, and to ... by this play of Barrie's may bring comfort and peace. The child in Maeterlinck's play declares that there is no death; but life beyond the tomb is to that dramatist only the fond remembrance in the breasts of those left behind. In Barrie's play death is a continuation of life. The son begs his father to be jolly, to smoke his pipe again, to have his hair cut, to paint his masterpiece; for he is anxious about his future. He is sorry that his mother donned mourning; he hopes that the girl he loved in half-way fashion will wed and be happy. There is no spectral talk. The talk is of the earth, but not too earthly. There are hints at things not yet understood by those on the other side of the veil. Nor is it always easy for the dead one to appear to the one missing him. In the play the father, whose wife thinks him callous, for she is more conventionally demonstrative in her grief, needs the boy more than she does, needs his jokes, laughter, slang, stories. He, too, must be "bright." Some night he will have another visit. What will the password then be?

The play as acted last night was affecting. Mr. Arliss played without undue sentimentalism, simply, emotionally, creating and maintaining the illusion of conversation with a living presence, one seen as well as heard. The impersonation must be ranked among the most striking of his career. Mr. Merivale's voice was boyish, manly, heartily affectionate. One saw the gallant lad. The stage management was excellent. The door flung open and closed by the unseen hand; the picture of the hearth, the dimly-lighted room, the old man grieving silently without a sign, the voice of the boy now here now there, moving about, standing, sitting—these made an impression that will not soon fade.

The Mollusc

Tom Kemp ....George Arliss
Mr. Baxter ....Philip Merivale
Miss Roberts ....Viva Birkett
Mrs. Baxter ....Olive Tell

It is not necessary to dwell on the merits of Davies's brilliant little comedy. Mrs. Baxter was a new character in stage life; an old one in daily life. As Mr. Arliss said in his speech after the third act, there are male molluscs as well as women of Mrs. Baxter's type. Each one of us has within the possibility of developing into a mollusc.

This comedy, light and refined, should be played lightly and elegantly. The performance last night was often farcical; in fact, the prevailing spirit was that of the farce. Thus presented the play was still amusing, for it is not possible to blunt the humor of the lines and the situations. Miss Birkett was the only one that played in the spirit of high comedy. She was charming throughout. Mr. Arliss was often guilty of over-emphasis and Mr. Merivale, excellent in other parts, was heavy and unconvincing as Baxter. Miss Tell, pretty to the eye, endeavored to give an imitation of Miss Laura Hope Crew.

"MINIATURE OPERA" IN STEINERT HALL

Miss Elsie Winsor Bird, soprano, and William Burbank, pianist, gave a musical lecture yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The subject was "The Canterbury Pilgrims," for which Reginald De Koven wrote the music. Why there should be a lecture on this opera, when it has not been performed here and there is no talk of a performance in the near future, is a question not easily answered. Miss Bird began by giving a short account of Mr. DeKoven's life. She paid due tribute to his talent for operetta. Then she spoke of "The Canterbury Pilgrims." She refuted the charge that the Metropolitan Opera Company had accepted it on account of the composer's "social position." She said she knew the charge was not true. The story of the opera was pleasantly related, and there were remarks about its source. Portions of the music were played while Miss Bird talked about them. Miss Bird also sang. It seems that there are 18 typical themes in the opera, which, melodious, might be described as a "heavy light" stage work with music.

In "A Certain Liveliness," a new play by Basil MacDonald Hastings, produced in London on Feb. 17, the King of ...hautch and Mr. Seed, the Prime Minister alternately address an American journalist. "Tell America that ——." "I don't know why we should have to tell America all this," interjects the King.

The Village Forum, III.

As the World Wags:

Even as the offerings of the late Bridget McGuire poured from her kerosene can upon the sluggish kindlings in the kitchen stove elevated her to a higher sphere, so did the porings upon the speeches of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Taft by the members of the Council around the new coal burner at the store elevate their minds from the sodden ... state they had been in ... and Prof. Webster's next most ... commentary in the Herald. The full ... of it seems to have been delayed, ... that of mustard gas. I have not read them the two columns printed on Sunday, March 2, as under the circumstances it seemed a cruel and unusual thing to do.

Last evening the talk had just begun when I arrived. Indeed, Mr. Wilson's reference to the playing of "Over There" as the overture to his address was being discussed, which showed at once that no great progress had been made.

"Did he say when he was coming over here again?" Enoch Higgins asked. Enoch only takes the local weekly, which does not arrive until Thursday. It lasts him through Sunday. He relies on hearsay the rest of the week.

Jim Peaslee had spent most of the afternoon interpreting the two addresses to Hercule Dubois and was primed to the vent.

"No," Jim said, "he didn't. He made it sort er indefinite. All he said was that he said just what the band had just played and that he wouldn't come back till it's over, over there."

"I suppose that means when he's put it over, over there," said Mr. Bert Pepper. Bert is still one of the people imagining vain things about the league of nations, and there was a touch of acid in his simple words.

"If he's goin' to whistle it, I know one, too," continued Bert. At this he put the forefinger of each hand into the corners of his mouth and proceeded to render several bars of a lifting ballad. It was an accomplishment I have never been able to master. I always envied an old schoolmate who could do it as Mr. Pepper did, and also with any two fingers of either hand. Perhaps Mr. Pepper can, likewise, but the second verse was not requested, as the store is not large and its acoustics poor.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Higgins.

"It's 'I don't care if you never come back,'" said Bert with some asperity, "and by Je-rushy it's in a fair way o' comin' to be the national anthem."

"I don't know about that," said Si Bartlett, "but I dern well know that it's a dangerous thing to let folks find out how fust rate they can get along without ye. I went down to Hampton to get a little rest-off once, only a week at that, and when I git home, gorramity, everything's 'est as if I hadn't been away at all, 'cept they'd fixed up some things I hadn't got round to."

"It allus takes two to make a row any way," Jim Peaslee said, "and if one on 'em ain't round things is liable to stay more peaceified."

"But what about them two that used to be rowin' and tearin' into the other feller's platform standin' up there on the same platform and eatin' the same hay. How come that about?" asked Mr. Pepper.

"It looks as how it must be Taft's doin's," said Mr. Pepper, "for Wilson says he's proud to associate himself with Taft in the cause. That looks as if Taft had got there fust and asked Wilson to come up." "Well," said Mr. Pepper, "if 'twas 'tother way round Wilson'd ruther have Taft standin' up fer what he wants than settin' down on it. Did Taft say he was proud to be associated with Wilson in this here league business?"

"No, he didn't," said Mr. Peaslee.

"Then 't ain't pride that took him there," replied Mr. Pepper, "and if it ain't pride, it must be somethin' else."

The silent rumination and its incidental phenomena caused by this pregnant conclusion of Mr. Pepper was interrupted by the souorous voice of Mr. Ephraim Henshaw, the Big-Boss of our local non-partisan politics. What he says goes, for all hands.

"What you jest said about eatin' the same hay, Bert," said Mr. Henshaw, "ain't it queer about the old Injuns round here, and all over, I suppose probable, the way they took some critter for their tribe's teetotum and paintin' it on their buzzums, and here's us Republicans and Democrats doin' the same derned thing, each with their critter."

"That's what I was tellin' ye," said Mr. Pepper. "I said the two of 'em was up there eatin' the same hay."

"What's hay sellin' for now?" asked Mr. Peaslee. "Any one got any?"

The local selling price was then fixed by the council at $24 in the barn.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

Winning Hate

As the World Wags:

It is interesting to note how identical phrases sometimes crop up simultaneously in widely separated quarters. Is there, after all, such a thing as mind-reading?

For example, in the Boston Herald for March 5 is printed an extract from the New York Evening Post, dealing with President Wilson. Among other things the writer of this article remarks: "He (President Wilson) has sometimes displayed what Fenimore Cooper was continually displaying, 'winning ways to make people hate him.'"

This same phrase is applied to President Buchanan in the instalment of Col. Henry Watterson's "Looking Backward," which appears in this week's Saturday Evening Post—"and Buchanan, who to those he did not like or approve had, as Arnold Harris said, 'a winning way of making himself hateful,' was an aristocrat and wholy under southern and feminine influence." What is the real history of this phrase?

Boston. CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

TREMONT THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Blind Youth," a play in three acts by Willard Mack and Lou Tellegen. Cast:

"Tubby" Matthews ....Mark Smith
Louis Delmas ....Ralph Locke
"Bobo" ....Maria Noralitia
"Conny" Chandore ....Jean Robertson
Maurice Monnier ....Lou Tellegen
Henri ....John Holland
Frances Granger ....Miriam Sears
Mrs. Walton ....Jennie A. Eustace
Harry Wilton ....Sydney Riggs
Nora ....Nan DeVoe

As is well known by many who have experienced it and more who have observed it the blindness of youth may be partial or total and in some cases is curable. Mr. Mack and Mr. Tellegen as authors and the latter as actor have tried in this play to illustrate these different kinds of adolescent optical defect when superinduced by the love of woman and they have succeeded in doing so with a strong play artistically produced under Mr. Tellegen's own management and masterfully acted by an efficient company.

Two blind youths are shown in this clinic of human nature, Maurice Monnier, born in Paris of a French father and American mother who lost his moral eyesight as an artist in the Latin quarter, and his half-brother, Harry Wilton, age about 20, born in New York after Maurice's mother had returned to America a widow and married again. The eye trouble was caused in both cases by the same woman "Conny." Maurice was cured after his ailment had lasted four years in the "Quarter," when "Conny" deserted him to marry American money possessed by one, Chandoce.

Maurice went so near to the hot place through disappointment and drink, before he regained his sight that his feet were well scorched, but his eyes were opened at last when "Conny" sought him out again and he told her practically to take his place on the superheated pavement. Then he climbed up to health and full vision by his own strength of character and will and his fundamental knowledge of what real love should be.

He went to New York and was soon established as a successful artist; found his real mate in Frances Granger, his model; shocked his conventional mother by planning to marry the girl; then found his half-brother's sight gone through infatuation for "Conny," who, widowed and rich, had come to New York.

Then he tried to cure Harry's blindness for the sake of the family, and his mother, despite her coldness to him, but found the youth's case an almost hopeless attack of calf love complicated with vanity and the doting mother's interference. He succeeded at last by a dramatic exposure of "Conny's" duplicity, helped at the final moment by the mother's ring that Harry had given to the adventuress.

Mr. Tellegen's portrayal of the despair of his own blindness, his awakening, his climb back to the sunlight, his splendid unselfishness toward his cold mother and good-for-nothing brother, his deep and tender love for Frances, was vivid, lifelike, moving and altogether admirable.

Jean Robertson was successfully repellant as the adventuress.

Miss Eustace was elegantly icy and refinedly blind in her babying of Harry.

Miriam Sears was charmingly simple, loyal and lovable as Frances.

Sydney Riggs was one of the most completely blind young fools ever seen on any stage.

Mark Smith as a jolly American artist friend of Maurice and Ralph Locke as a volatile French associate, were all that could be desired.

The play was received with abundant evidences of approval by an audience that crowded the theatre, but whose interest and attention were considerably distracted from the stage to a box where sat Geraldine Farrar with friends. She took a keener interest in her husband's acting than anyone else present and applauded generously. After he had made a neat little speech at the close of the second act she made one, too, saying that she was glad the audience loved her husband as much as she did.

THE WILBUR THEATRE—William Collier in "Nothing But Lies," a farce in three acts, by Aaron Hoffman; produced at the Longacre Theatre, New York, Oct. 8, 1918, first performance in Boston:

Jefferson Nigh ....Rapley Holmes
Lorna Temple ....Florence Enright
George Washington Cross ....Mr. Collier
Molly Connor ....Mary Harper
Fred Thomas ....Robert Strange
Allen Nigh ....Clyde North
Hon. Timothy Connor ....William Riley Hatch
Anna Nigh ....Edith Hallor
Bryan ....Frank Munroe
Bill ....Gordon Burby
Mike ....Harry Cowley
Rufus Chadwick Pettingill ....Thomas Irwin

A year ago Mr. Collier, in a farce of fairly deft fashioning, demonstrated glibly the value of veracity, despite its frequent inroads on practical business and matters of the heart. "Nothing But the Truth" was the title of that farce, and it proved so popular and the leading male character proved so agreeable that Mr. Collier wished for a successor along like lines. So Mr. Hoffman built "Nothing But Lies," which, in fact, takes up the opposing end of the argument, as it were, and purports to establish the efficacy of falsehood.

In "Nothing But the Truth," Mr. Collier undertook to win a $10,000 wager by refraining from lies during three acts of sheer fun. In "Nothing But Lies," he temporarily relinquishes a promising career as the most gifted of liars, and undertakes rather shakily to preach and practice the doctrine of honest speech in order to please a capricious sweetheart who, of course, is the daughter of his business partner. As a result, he is soon immersed in a maelstrom of mendacity from which the author, by specious rather than plausible manoeuvring, extricates him in the end.

Mr. Collier's audiences like him as himself. They care little if he present himself season after season without disguise of any degree, as long as he entertains with his inimitable quips and his expressive pantomime. He can gain a laugh by donning a straw hat many sizes too large, by pretending to fall off a chair, by entangling himself with telephonic paraphernalia.

His first entrance last evening kept him on the stage for several minutes and took him off, without a single line to utter. It was pantomime pure and simple, but miming by an assured artist. Not that Mr. Collier is not worthy of a place among our comic intellects of the stage. He has a fund of dry humor, of irony both subtle and frank, of repartee which has ungency or tang. He can give vitality to a dull episode, sparkle to an inane utterance. In fact, so many of the lines in his plays bear the indubitable trade mark of Mr. Collier, the thought comes that if he, George M. Cohan and Wilton Lackaye could be assembled in one play there would be the greatest feast of true American wit ever provided for a nation hungering for humorous diversion.

As originally produced, "Nothing But Lies" had a prologue in which the shades of Ananias and George Washington, speaking respectively for truth and prevarication, delayed the action of the farce proper. That prologue has been eliminated, and the evening is made probably the more agreeable thereby. In its present form the farce moves smoothly, the third act perhaps slackening in pace and interest.

Mr. Collier has able support. Mr. Holmes, ponderous and thunderous, again portrays the irascible partner. Mr. Monroe is again a detective, a profession acquired years ago in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Mr. Hatch is an Irish senator, blustering when in control of a situation, whimpering when caught in one. Mr. North, as the youth whose Bolshevikian illusions cause all the trouble of the play, was excellent, and Mr. Strange played a small role vigorously. Mr. Collier's productions seldom have great opportunities for the ladies. Miss Hallor, who succeeded Miss Olive Wyndham, was a prepossessing Anna, whose originally strict regard for the truth suffers substantially as the action progresses; Miss Enwright made much of the part of a weeping stenographer, repeatedly fired by one partner and re-engaged by the other, and Miss Harper was a winsome daughter to the Hon. Tim.

A large and friendly audience greeted Mr. Collier. He undoubtedly will attract many more of like proportions during his stay in Boston. Falsehood is not lightly to be condoned, but it cannot be denied that he makes George Washington Cross one of the most cheerful liars yet encountered, and in the theatre especially a cheerful lie is often more palatable than a dull and sombre truth.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE — William Hodge in "A Cure for Curables," with the following cast:

Mrs. Hamilton Blaine....................Ada C. Nevil
Elizabeth Rankin....................Adelyn Wesley
Bishop Rutledge....................Carson Davenport
Dutton....................George Lund
Mrs. Margaret Forster....................Edith Shayne
Jeanne....................Miriam McCauley
Colonel Fairchild....................Charles E. Vernor
Philip....................Harold White
Phyllis Blaine....................Clara Moores
Frederick Jamieson....................Edward Wonn
Robert Gleason....................George Barr
Herbert Davies....................Clarence Bellair
Dr. Parker....................J. Albert Hall
J. Cunningham Hale....................Brigham Royce
Watkins....................Ralph Schoolman
Shep....................Jerry Hart
David Manville....................George K. Brown
Dr. James Pendergrass....................William Hodge
Judge Luckett....................James H. Lewis
Jack Morris....................James C. Malaidy
Sheriff....................Arthur E. Sprague
Deputy Sheriff....................Ford Record

This is the cast of the original performance in Boston on Nov. 11, 1917, except that Carson Davenport plays as the bishop instead of William Yerence, Miriam McCauley as Jeanne instead of Lili Patay, J. Albert Hall as Dr. Parker instead of Robert Wayne, Ralph Schoolman instead of David Marshall as Watkins, and George K. Brown as David Manville instead of Joseph Weber; also the part of Corn, played by Frederick Strong, is omitted. The comedy had its origin in a short story by Mrs. Corra Harris (mis-spelled in the official program as "Cora.") Two years ago the adaptation was ascribed to Earl Derr Biggers and Lawrence Whitman; Mr. Hodge now removes the disguise and permits the types to identify himself as the joint author.

The plot of the play by now is familiar to numbers of Boston playgoers. An eccentric old doctor has died leaving a fashionable sanatorium filled with patients of the wealthy leisure class. His will provides that if his nephew, Dr. James Pendergrass, succeeds in curing 10

[illegible] Virginia [illegible] Kentucky [illegible] worldly goods in a couple of small bags, having sold out his office for $2 and considering himself lucky to get $1 of the purchase price in cash. He possesses, however, a fund of common sense, gumption and ingenuity. Dr. Parker has been treating the rest-cure patients after the approved manner and they have coddled themselves to the notion that only great medical skill and the utmost caution can avail them aught. The young Kentuckian [illegible] the methods that have suggested themselves often enough to level-headed lookers-on in many a health resort; he gets them to think of something else besides themselves and beguiles them into doing a little muscular labor. And in [illegible] days they are made over. Much of the mirth of the audience is due to the transformation in the looks of the patients in the first act and the last. The doctor is merely a "naturalpath" and these "folks have let their radiators get cold without knowing it."

Mr. Hodge has a legion of admirers. His style is well known. It is not subtle, but he gets over, his drawl, his shamble, his sentiments, win the approval of his auditors. His plays leave a good taste in the mouth. There are no problems to knit the browns over; just simple, straight fun and plenty of it. Recalled several times last evening, Mr. Hodge finally spoke his thanks after the third act. Miss Moores was extremely pretty as Phyllis. Mr. Royce, with his tendency to bet $500 on the slightest provocation; Mr. Vernor as the at first slow-footed and later light-stepping colonel, Mr. Lewis as the judge and Mr. Sprague as the sheriff all the characters were well differentiated and made large contributions to the enjoyment of the audience. Mr. Hodge has a comedy which fits him and a company that supports him well, and the popularity of the resulting combination is not likely soon to wane.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"The Lion and the Mouse." Drama in four acts by Charles Klein. The cast:

Eudoxia	Mae A. McCaskey
Rev. Pontifex Deetle	Samuel Godfrey
Jane Deetle	Mary Gray
Mrs. Rossmore	Jeannette Howell
Miss Nesbit	Eleanor Brent
Judge Rossmore	Robert Babcock
Ex Judge Stott	Charles Patterson
Expressman	Royden Hamilton
Shirley Rossmore	Ruth Robinson
Jefferson Ryder	Dudley Ayres
Hon. Fitzroy Bagley	Aubrey Bosworth
Jorkins	Frederick Allen
Senator Roberts	Morton L. Stevens
Kate Roberts	Bella Cairns
Mrs. John Burkett Ryder	Bertha Blanchard
John Burkett Ryder	Mark Kent
Maid	Alice Heritage

"The Lion and the Mouse" received applause on its revival at the Arlington Theatre yesterday. It is a closely woven drama of thought and action.

In "The Lion and the Mouse," the audience is asked to witness the struggles of two apparently unequal forces. On the one side is John Burkett Ryder, one of the richest men in the world, and a great financier who spares neither friend nor foe in his struggle for supremacy. On the other side is Miss Shirley Rossmore, a bright and affectionate girl.

Till the very end of the play the fight goes on. The girl is battling for the honor of her father, Judge Rossmore, whom Ryder is persecuting, and at the same time she is in love with Ryder's son. Of course the girl wins in the end. Mr. Kent is an excellent exponent of the multimillionaire, quick, alert, incisive and a man of authority. Miss Ruth Robinson's Shirley Rossmore is vividly real, Miss Robinson making her debut with the company. Mr. Ayres makes a pleasingly youthful Jefferson Ryder, and the entire cast does the play full justice.

Next week the play at the Arlington Theatre will be "A Butterfly on the Wheel."

MARIE CAHILL ON B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Pleases Large Audience—Other Good Acts

Marie Cahill, chief player in many musical comedy successes of several seasons ago, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience and much applause.

This is Miss Cahill's first appearance in vaudeville. She sang a medley of her old successes and several new songs and told a few stories.

Her style is well known, she is quickly on good terms with her audience. There is spontaneity about her entire act, nor does she rely on an extensive wardrobe and other artificial means. None of her songs pleased more than "Under the

[illegible] same a[illegible], [illegible] to [illegible] everything a good [illegible] [illegible] is not [illegible] everywhere [illegible] [illegible] for every[illegible]

Concerning Jewsharps

It appears that a judge sitting in state on the bench has decided that the Jewsharp is a musical instrument, but for customs purposes it is a toy. A Daniel come to judgment!

The Jewsharp is, indeed, a musical instrument. Virtuosi have won fame and money by their proficiency, as Charles Eulenstein (1802-1890), who performed on 16 of these instruments. In 1828 the iron had so injured his teeth that he could not play without pain, so he turned his attention to the guitar, but at last a dentist put a glutinous covering on his teeth and he played the Jewsharp again gayly.

There are several Jewsharps in the Stearns collection of musical instruments at Ann Arbor: one of bamboo from Japan; another of bamboo from Borneo; one of rattan, which formerly delighted a Moro of the Philippine Islands; another of rattan from New Guinea; one of the usual structure from Formosa and three of the modern metal kind used in the United States.

A schoolmate in our village was envied by the rest of us for his brilliant performance on this instrument. Singularly gifted, he could also send a fine, fanlike spray through his teeth, and he surpassed us all by his skill in making shrill sounds by inserting two dirty fingers of each hand in his mouth. These sounds could be heard at a great distance. We regret to say that he was deficient in scholarship. He rose to no prominence in after life.

John Phoenix was the author of the following syllogism: "David was a Jew. Hence, 'the Harp of David' was a Jewsharp. Question—How the deuce did he sing his Psalms and play on it the same time?"

Is "Jews-harp" a corruption from Jawsharp? The Italian name for the instrument is an imposing one, Scacciapensieri.

Georgette

The newspapers of New York, commenting on the fact that Maurice Maeterlinck has been divorced from his wife, Georgette Leblanc, stated unanimously that she had "created" the part of Melisande in Boston. This information probably came from Mr. Henry Russell, who was mentioned in the comment as a man knowing all about the divorce and Mr. Maeterlinck's subsequent marriage.

Mme. Maeterlinck appeared at the Boston Opera House as Melisande in Maeterlinck's play (Jan. 30, 1912), but Mrs. Patrick Campbell had taken the part in J. W. Mackail's translation of the play April 12, 1902. Mme. Maeterlinck was seen at the Boston Opera House Jan. 10, 1912, as Melisande in Debussy's opera, when she surprised us all by her stained-glass attitudes. She was seen again in the opera on Jan. 13, 19, 22. But when the opera was first performed here by Mr. Hammerstein's company at the Boston Theatre, April 1, 1909, Miss Mary Garden took the part. So Mme. Maeterlinck did not "create" in Boston the part of Melisande in play or in opera. On Jan. 25, 1912, she was seen as Monna Vanna in Maeterlinck's play.

The divorce at this late day is an interesting event, especially as Maeterlinck dedicated his "Treasure of the Humble" to her and in a dedication to another volume of essays said that he had learned wisdom from her.

An International Play

A play entitled "His Royal Happiness" was produced at the Holborn Empire in London Feb. 24. We mention the fact because in this play the King of England marries the daughter of the President of the United States. The Times began its review: "A domestic and sentimental interest in royal families is probably common to all countries where there are such families, and, for all we know, there may be a somewhat similar feeling for presidential families and (why not?) for ex-presidential families in the United States. Are there not many millions (of the motherly set) in this country who speak familiarly of the dear Queen and know all the birthdays of all the royal babies? Why not, then, many more millions in the United States, with a far larger population, who speak of the sweet or the dear President and have an insatiable curiosity about his deservedly happy home life?" As for the play itself—"It is a case for Turner's answer and saying to anyone who objects that probably matters don't go on exactly thus either in the White House or in the Palace—don't you wish they could? * * * The play was enthusiastically received by a full house, including many American officers, who had come, no doubt, to learn what English princes and courts are really like and were certainly not sent empty away."

"His Royal Happiness" is not a new play. The Sunday Herald of Nov. 17, 1918, spoke of its production at Eastbourne, Eng., Nov. 4. Mr. E. N. Jenckes, Jr., of the Springfield Republican wrote to us that a play with the same title and exactly the same plot was seen for the first time on any stage at Worcester, Mass., on Dec. 25, 1914. It was per-

[illegible] Are the two founded on [illegible] Cole's novel? Mr. [illegible] speaking of Miss Russell's [illegible] "Apparently it did not long hold the stage. And those who saw it in Springfield did not expect that it would."

Close at Hand

As the World Wags:

In reply to "K. W. W." I would state that my friend Toot Bowser, guardian of Cropley's Castle, in Lynn Woods, says that tree squeaks, side-hill badgers and wampuses are very common about Dungeon Rock and spend the day in the remarkable cavern dug by Bro. Marble in his search for Tom Veal's treasure. We would also note that a cherry colored cat was exhibited to the Gila Monster Natural History Society of Wyoma at its recent meeting. Evidently wonders still await the [illegible]ous. SANIUS BOREALIS.

Lynn.

Mch 13 1919

PIANO RECITAL BY SAM CHARLES

By PHILIP HALE

Sam Charles, pianist, gave a recital last night in Steinert Hall. His program was as follows: Gabriel Fauré, Third Impromptu, Fifth Nocturne. Debussy, Toccata, Cloches à travers les feuilles, L'Isle joyeuse, Feuilles mortes, La Serenade interrompue, Les Sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du Soir, Les Collines d'Anacapri, La Puerta del Vino, Feux d'artifice. Ravel, Le Gibet, Alborada del gracioso.

Mr. Charles, who, we are informed, studied here and in Paris, gave his first public recital in Boston last evening. He has given concerts with Mr. Elchheim, the violinist, in several cities. They had the courage, lovers of modern French music, to visit darkest New York where this music is not liked, where missionary work is sadly needed, for although Mr. Walter Damrosch has introduced orchestral works by French composers he is hardly the man by nature or by training to be a shining apostle of this religion. Mr. Charles has had charge of the piano department at Smith College this season.

He was indeed, bold to arrange a program of pieces by Gabriel Fauré, Debussy and Ravel, for these composers did not supply the contrasts necessary for full enjoyment. A recital of music by any one composer, with the exception of Chopin, is not easily endured. Fascinating as the music of Debussy is a moderate quantity of it suffices. The pieces by Faure and Ravel did not afford the relief of contrast. The Nocturne by the former is of little importance. Ravel's pieces are too much in the Debussy vein to change a prevailing Debussy mood.

Mr. Charles has undoubtedly what Mr. Krehbiel would call a "lovely enthusiasm" for the modern French school; nor is this with him a fad. His performance was almost always interesting, sometimes brilliant; but what might be characterized as the elusive sensuousness of Debussy's music, the subtle hints, the sub-divisions of nuances, too often escaped him. At the beginning, in the pieces by Faure, it was noted that he did not sing his melodic phrases, that he was authoritative rather than persuasive. This was still more noticeable in his playing of Debussy's music. He heard it too pronounced. Where Debussy whispered, Mr. Charles spoke out with full voice. Where there should have been twilight, there was high noon with the sun burning the air. Mr. Charles is undoubtedly musical; he has a lively appreciation; he has certain desirable qualities of a pianist. But he should listen to his own playing; he should zealously cultivate tonal beauty which at present he lacks, and without tonal beauty music that is worth playing an dhearing music suddenly without poetic charm or emotional significance.

There was an audience of fair size; there was plenty of applause.

Clio condescends now and then to the journalistic touch. She tells us, for instance, that Cromwell had a speck of blood on his little band—Oliver, that is, may have cut himself shaving—but she never jogged his elbow during that operation, as the film-man would if he had the chance, without the slightest compunction. Under his treatment the speck of blood remains but a speck of blood; under hers, so superior is her alchemy, it becomes a property of the man himself, a part of his eternal portrait, typical and portentous. How will Clio treat the year 1918 and its predecessors?

Unflinching Democracy

As the World Wags:

I understand that it is forbidden to an American citizen to accept patents of nobility of any sort from [illegible] and that the Du[illegible] of South [illegible] Lord Me[illegible]

[illegible] pati[illegible]
B[illegible]lin [illegible]

New Hampshire Cider

As the World Wags:

I learned with gratified [illegible] from a recent letter to your col[illegible] Mr. Abel Adams of Amherst, N. H. [illegible] had given a public reading [illegible] my highly incomplete works before the Village Forum of his town. It is to the credit of his tact and kindness of heart that he did not mention how the reading was received further than is implied in the statement that considerable interest was manifested in the [illegible] celebrated in my screed. It is [illegible] I have attempted a conscious [illegible] and my technic is necessarily imperfect, but I did the best I could, and I now come upon the public stage to make my acknowledgements, leaving to the [illegible] my collaborator, alcohol, who, if I may judge from Mr. Adams's remarks made the real and definite hit of the [illegible]on. I venture to suggest that the A[illegible]stians might be edified by a more detailed account of the several works thus brought to their notice, and if brief descriptions or synopses of their contents are at hand, it might be well to print them.

For example, what more appropriate gift for the household than [illegible]rt's "Practical Distiller," des[illegible] too enthusiastically as "a thorough treatise on distilling and rectifying alcohol, liquors, essences, etc., by the latest and most improved methods." "This work includes directions for malting, mashing, fermenting, distilling, rectifying and purifying. It gives illustrated instructions for constructing stills with all the appurtenances; also the latest methods for the manufacture of vinegar by the quick method." The other volumes I mentioned should be found in every library. Apply early and avoid the rush.

I gather from the deliberations of the Forum, as reported, that I may be correct in supposing that the [illegible]rly drastic "dry" enactments now in force in New Hampshire were authorized under an erroneous impression that cider, at any of its various [illegible], was by no means meant. The mistake, if so be, was an entirely natural one, cider being engendered by a purely natural process and acquiring its later delightful attributes without the least assistance from man or his arts. It seems to be as clearly indicated as a natural beverage as water or milk. With this perfectly reasonable idea in mind the disconcertment of the [illegible]-bottled farmers of our sister state must be regarded sympathetically. An instance within my own experience will serve to show how natural this misconception is. I have in mind the case of Dea. Cross of a town which, in memory of a summer I once spent there, I will scarcely disguise under the name of Duranceville. The deacon laid in every fall forty odd barrels of excellent cider, which he permitted to harden under his own loving supervision, and which he consumed with some slight and negligible aid from his family and friends during the following winter. Under these happy conditions the old gentleman was frankly "soused" most of the time during the inclement season. [illegible] was so little aware of his good fortune that it was his custom to address temperance meetings from time to time—for he was a bitter and uncompromising enemy of whiskey—offering them the assurance, with a breath redolent of firecrackers, that a drop of "rum" had never passed his lips.

Under the circumstances the title "Forum," chosen by Mr. Adams for his corner store club, seems well chosen embodying, as it does in its last syllable, the fundamental inspiration of its [illegible]lity, and even after July 1 its mention—if, indeed, allusion to it is then permitted—will produce a grateful, even if sad, echo of a regretted past.

Boston. GAYLORD QUEX.

Quotation for the Day

As the World Wags:

May I not suggest a quotation for the day—on which Boston was addressed so delightfully by the nation's returning semi-potentlary.

"The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means—a very different thing!
No abstract intellectual plan of life
Quite irrespective of life's plainest laws,
But one, a man, who is man and nothing more,
May lead within a world which (by your leave)
Is Rome or London—not Fool's-paradise.
Embellish Rome, idealize away,
Make Paradise of London if you can,
You're welcome, nay, you're wise."

Wellesley, March 1. E. C. H.

LONZALEYS IN FINAL CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Flonzaley Quartet gave its final concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Ravel, Quartet in F major; Vidal, Four Old-Time Dances (Courante, Gavotte, Sarabande, Menuet); Beethoven, Quartet in C major, op. 59, No. 3.

The dances by Paul Vidal were performed here for the first time and from manuscript. They were written for a string orchestra. Mr. Betti, thinking they were better adapted to a quartet, added them to the repertory of chamber music. They are pleasing compositions, preserving the spirit of the 18th century, but pedantically archaic, without any disturbing lapse into modernism. The Courante is the least interesting. The Gavotte and Menuet, with its drouing trio, have dainty elegance; the Sarabande has the stateliness and the almost sombre gravity that characterize the dance as treated by Bach. These dances, though short—and to some they may seem trifling, for there are hearers satisfied only with music that has length, breadth and thickness, especially thickness—are a more favorable showing of Vidal's taste than the songs with which his name is here associated.

Ravel's quartet is well known to local lovers of chamber music, but never has it been played so poetically as it was last night. One wishes that Ravel had written a finer Finale, a Finale richer in musical ideas. As it stands the workmanship does not atone for the absence of them. There is much more in the Scherzo than piquant pizzicati effects. The first movement is beautiful in thematic material, haunting phrases that, as Hazlitt said of a melody by Mozart, come out of the air and return to it; beautiful also by the manner in which these phrases are interwoven. There are pages that remind the rapt hearers of the "little unanimous overture" improvised by the ivory instruments of the orchestra imagined by Jules Laforgue for the court where Salome wearied the embassadors by her proficiency in metaphysics. The third movement is like Ariel's song: is it "i' th' air or th' earth?" music that even Caliban might have wondered at on Propero's isl, accustomed as he was to "sounds and sweet airs that give delight."

The beauty of Ravel's music was enhanced by the exquisitely euphonious performance. This, of course, was to be expected from the four artists, but as in nature, the expected constantly affords surprises. So it is with this quartet. These men not only live together in close comradeship; they think musically as one, they breathe and speak musically as one poetic soul.

An audience that filled the hall was keenly appreciative. It is a pleasure to add that the quartet will give concerts next season on the Thursday nights of Jan. 22, Feb. 19 and March 18 of 1920. That admirable viola player, Mr. Louis Bailly, who took the place of Mr. Ara while he was serving Italy during the war, will next season be the musical director of the Berkshire Quartet. Mr. Ara will then return here with his comates in art.

It is very hard to know whether newspapers have more influence on public opinion than public opinion has on them. I think that a newspaper endeavors by instinctive groping to conform itself to what it believes is the opinion of a majority. If these first blind reachings out hit the tentacles of opinion, the newspaper urges, accompanies, supports, and it is then that, by repeating daily to the people what the people think, it influences public thought.

Carlo

In boyhood we had the honor of knowing several Newfoundland dogs. They were well disposed, at times a little patronizing, never encouragers of familiarity. Each one of them wagged his tail to the name Carlo. Why was the name Carlo in that village given to Newfoundland and not to other dogs? Is the name common now in the directory or the blue book or the social register of dogs? Is it confined to Newfoundlands?

Remy de Gourmont, noting that the Turks were in the habit of calling Christians dogs, replied that Christians often named a dog Turk. "There is no name more common for bow-wows." He thought that a chronological catalogue of names given to dogs for two or three centuries in different European countries would throw a curious sidelight on history. This catalogue would also be interesting to the psychologist. "Man takes pleasure in giving to the animal he loves most the name of a people that he especially hates." Thus Turk and Sultan date back to the 15th century. The name Bismarck was frequently given to French dogs after the Franco-Prussian war. Medor came from Arlosto, Azor from a tale of the 18th century. Foreign words were used as names for dogs in France: Wolf, Queen, etc.

Jowler was a good name for a big yellow lumbering dog. Unless we are mistaken, that was the name of the dog that drank at the town pump in Hawthorne's story, which we read at school. The sketch inculcated temperance, if not teetotalism. It was the reading book that contained a glorious lyric outburst in praise of cold water:

O water for me, O water for me
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
Water cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain
And it maketh the faint one strong again.

We quote from memory; the lines may not be letter perfect.

Dogs are now sometimes named after men of mark. We have been introduced to a fine four-legged fellow named Dewey. No doubt there are dogs that answer to the call of "Hindenburg" in Germany. Little dogs are often foolishly named by foolish mistresses. King Lear was probably all the angrier because the little dogs that barked at him were named Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart. What has become of the black and tan? They were very common in the Sixties and Seventies. We have not seen one for several years.

Prophetic Numbers

As the World Wags:

From Italy comes the following interesting cryptogram of German overthrow. Write down the phrase:

Ice Finit La Cvltvre Allemande.

Add up the amounts indicated by the Roman numerals, as marked, employed in this phrase and you will get the total 1914. E. g., 1-100-1-1-1-50-100-5-50-5-50-50-1000-500, equalling 1914.

Boston. LEOPARDI CAVOUR.

As the World Wags:

An English dramatic critic, who was so fortunate as to die before the rage for musical comedies and so-called revues, one John Downes by name, wrote in 1708 little characterizations of actors. They would be called appreciations, now, I suppose. Could not some of our dramatic critics, tired of the conventionally laudatory phrases, imitate him to the relief and joy of the readers? I quote from Mr. Downes:

As to Mr. (Barton) Booth, then:

"A gentleman of liberal education, of form Venust; of Mellifluent Pronuntiation, having proper Gesticulations, which are graceful Attendants of true Elocution; of his time a most Compleat Tragedian."

As to Mr. Doggett:

"On the Stage, he's very Aspectabund, wearing a Farce in his Face; his Thoughts deliberately framing his Utterance Congruous to his Looks: He is the only Comick Original now Extant."

Mr. Pinkethman:

"He's the darling of Fortunatus, he has gained more in Theatres and Fairs in Twelve Years, than those that have Tugged at the Oar of Acting these 50."

Mr. Estcourt, Histrio Natus:

"He has the Honour (Nature enduing him with an easy, free, unaffected Mode of Elocution) in Comedy always to Laetificate his Audience, especially Quality (Witness Sergeant Kyte). He's not Excellent only in that, but a Superlative Mimick."

Mr. Cibber:

"A Gentleman of his time has Arrived to an exceeding Perfection, in hitting justly the Humour of a starcht Beau, or Fop; as the Lord Fopington; Sir Fopling and Sir Courtly equalling in the last, the late Eminent Mr. Mounfort, not much Inferior in Tragedy, had Nature given him Lungs Strenuous to his finisht Judgement."

Boston. ABEL SEAMAN.

"I'd Be a Parody"

Baird Leonard in the Morning Telegraph publishes some impressions in the manner of Miss Gertrude Stein. Here is one:

LUNCHEON

There were spats and bead bags
Bead bags bead bags
"Smiles" why not an entree why not
Asterisks en brochette
Cocktail perhaps
But the headwaiter is nonchalaat with the Hollandaise
My mood is Hollandaise neutral neutral
Time passes till the table is bread crumbs
Bread crumbs but no birds
Ye goddesses! Do they call this a drink?

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18TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The eighteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsadoff, "Sadko"; Saint-Saens, Symphony No. 2, A minor; Bach, Concerto No. 2, F major, for trumpet, flute, oboe, violin (Messrs. Heim, Laurent, Longy, Fradkin) with accompaniment of strings and harpsichord (Charles W. Adams); Florent Schmitt; Out-Door Music: 1—The Mountain Procession. 2—A Dance out of Fashion. 3—Momentary Calm (first time in Boston); Chabrier, Espana.

The legend of Sadko appealed to Rimsky-Korsakoff, who wrote an opera with him for the hero. The symphonic poem heard yesterday for the first time at a Symphony concert since 1905 was used by the Ballet Russe for the ballet "Sadko," seen at the Boston Opera House. The story—or this particular legend, for there are several—was thus made familiar, although we did not see there the becalmed ship and Sadko, like Jonah, thrown overboard. Having sailed the seas, Rimsky-Korsakoff pictured in tones. The raging billows in "Scheherazade" and a calm; two widely different tonal seascapes, both eminently successful, far more so than Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony with all its movements now forgotten. The larger portion of "Sadko" is concerned with the wild dancing at the wedding of the sea-king's daughter. Sadko, an uninvited guest of sudden and surprising arrival, plays on his gusli for the dancers until the virtuoso breaks the strings and puts an end to the frenzy of the dancers and of the sympathetic ocean. The music fascinates by its changes of mood, the wildness of the dance, the oriental spirit, the brilliance of the instrumentation.

Saint-Saens' Symphony in A minor—it might be called a sinfonietta—was played in Paris nearly 60 years ago. It has not been heard here at a Symphony concert since 1892 when Mr. Nikisch waved his exquisitely manicured hand and turned the interesting pallor of his romantic face towards the enthralled audience. Saint-Saens has always been an expert assimilator. In this little work we hear at times the voices of Bach, Mozart and the early Beethoven, but with a Parisian accent. The first movement in spite of its fugal character is entertaining, exciting admiration for the workmanship. The second is charmingly simple. It has a Mozartian flavor. The trio of the Scherzo is peculiarly graceful and piquant, while in the rushing Finale there is towards the end a foretaste of 1919 modernism, an unexpected little episode, that might be compared to the mysterious measures in Weber's "Euryanthe" overture. The Symphony contains many effects gained by the utmost economy of means. The music reminds one of Athenaeus's proposition. "Music should excite affability and a gentlemanlylike joy." Mr. Rabaud is to be thanked heartily for reviving the long-neglected work.

The concerto of Bach was first heard here Dec. 28, 1901. Mr. Gericke then used Felix Mottl's arrangement. Mottl transposed the trumpet part, written extremely high, and divided it between two trumpets. He added wood wind instruments and horns. Other arrangements, or disarrangements, of this concerto have been made.

Mr. Rabaud was anxious that the suite should be played as Bach wrote it. He therefore did away with Mottl's additional instruments, but retained his arrangement of the trumpet part. He also restored the harpsichord.

This reverence paid to Bach is praiseworthy. It is therefore the more surprising that Mr. Rabaud changed the title of the concerto in the program book. Bach wrote the title in Italian on the autograph score. In English it reads: "Second concerto for one trumpet, one flute, one hautbois, one violin."

This concerto has always been known as the trumpet concerto. The chief interest in it has been concerned with the ability of the trumpeter to play the music of his part as written. Neither Mottl, nor Kretzschmar, nor Wolfrum, nor Richard Strauss in their tinkering of the score thought of giving the violin, ute, or oboe priority over the trumpet in the title.

The performance was a spirited one, reflecting credit on all that took part. Boston may well be proud of Messrs. Heim, Laurent, Longy, Fradkin and other virtuosi in the orchestra. It is hardly necessary to speak of the music itself. The Andante is beautiful. The spirited other movements might have been lengthened by Bach, or shortened without essentially changing the character of the music or grieving the hearer.

Florent Schmitt's Suite was played here for the first time. He was born in Lorraine. The mountains of his childhood were the Vosges. Had he come from the south of France, one might think that "the mountain procession" was Biscayan, for the Basques are much given to pilgrimages to hill places, as Richard Ford noted over 70 years ago, but the character of the music forbids this thought, for at these pilgrimages "the chacoli (a poor wine) and shillelah are devoutly used." Schmitt's music suggests a religious procession to a mountain, or one winding its way through a forest at the base of one. This and the succeeding movements show little individuality and a paucity of ideas. The effects are chiefly those gained by instrumentation. The composer is seen groping after something definite. There is, especially at the beginning of the first movement and in certain pages of the third, "atmosphere," to borrow a word from current aesthetic jargon. The music as a whole is pleasantly futile.

The performance of "Espana" was extraordinarily brilliant. The conductors of this orchestra heretofore failed to catch the spirit, the swing of this gorgeously colored, irresistibly rhythmed entrancingly romantic Rhapsody. Beside it the quasi-Spanish music of Rimsky-Korsakoff, and even Ravel's and Debussy's seems northern and pale.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will make its final southern trip next week. The program of March 28, 29 is as follows: Gabriel Faure, Prelude to "Penelope;" Beethoven, Concerto No. 5 E flat major, for piano (Harold Bauer, pianist); Hill, "Stevensoniana," four pieces for orchestra after poems from Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse" (first time at these concerts); Berlioz, Grand Fete at Capulet's House from "Romeo and Juliet."

Eels, that never will appear
Till that tempestuous winds or thunder tear
Their slimy beds.

Our Heroes

On March 11th, in New York, a man died, who, at eel-eating contests, had won $25 prizes by consuming 10 pounds of eel without stopping. His name appropriately was Steingut.

Eels and Eaters

Probably no one of the eels set before Mr. Steingut equalled the one captured near Malden, Essex, England, in 1811. It measured 5 feet 6 inches in length, 17 inches girth, and it weighed 26 pounds.

There are curious facts about eels that are not generally known. Thus we learn from "Hortus Sanitatis"—an authoritative, invaluable work—there were five editions between 1490 and 1517—that the eel, generated from the slime of other fishes, is most easily caught when the Pleiades have set. In the river Ganges there were eels "gendered with feet to walk on the land." This species is now probably extinct. Eels live for eight years. "They exist without water for six days, while the northeast wind blows, but less while the south wind blows."

Albertus Magnus stated a fact in 1553 that may now lead to experiments bringing consolation. "If you have many eels in a vessel of wine, and put mulberries to them—if anyone drink of that, he will abhor wine for a year, and perhaps forever."

We are not told how Mr. Steingut liked his eels. In Elizabethan days they were generally roasted fresh, but were sometimes salted. Eel pies were long in favor in England. "Instead of the beef and cheese usually ordered to be provided for he repast at the month's mind, which was the 30th day after a funeral, a testator of the time of Henry VIII ordains that eel pies shall be substituted in the event of his month's mind falling in Lent or on a fast day." Intense grief in the good old days whetted the appetite. When the Duke of Norfolk was buried in 1554, the meal provided for the mourners included 40 great oxen, 100 sheep, 60 calves, besides venison, swans, cranes, capons, rabbits, pigeons, pikes, and as Mr. Machyn, citizen and merchant tailor of London, noted in his diary, "and other provisions, both flesh and fish." The city of Ely was so named, they say, because rents there were formerly paid in eels; Elmore on the Severn derived its name from the great number of eels there taken, but old Fuller declared that the best eels were in Cambridgeshire, which supplied the courts of English kings.

Was Browning thinking of English or Italian folk lore when he wrote:

The morn when first it thunders in March,
The eel in the pond gives a leap, they say.

Looking over Mr. Herkimer Johnson's notes about great eaters, which he has kindly put at our disposal, we do not find that any one of these gluttons distinguishes himself with eels. Mr. Nicholas Wood ate with ease a whole sheep of 16 shillings price, and that raw, at one meal, nor did he choke in swallowing 30 dozen of pigeons or fourscore and four rabbits at a sitting. There are records of mighty men with geese, pork, pease pudding, sausages. We do not like to think of Mr. Cunningham, a journeyman weaver, who at the age of 50 ate four pounds of fat raw bacon, four pounds of boiled potatoes, half a quartern loaf and drank two pots of beer and a pint of gin, all in 54 minutes, "to the astonishment of every person present." This was in 1811. Mr. Cunningham, according to the Observer of Dec. 29, was almost immediately taken ill and sent home to his lodgings, "and such is his situation that he is not expected to survive."

Down in the District

Writing to As the World Wags department of the Boston Herald, K. W. W. asks:

Will there never more be tree-squeaks or humstrums or side hill badgers in

[illegible] I [illegible] not [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] W. W. appears to be one of those [illegible] who play entirely by ear. [illegible] has no aspirations for the ul- [illegible] but his standing in the Unnatural History class is now very near the [illegible] if one may judge from his communication. Now to elucidate: Tree-squeaks are something with which every woodsman has met up with, but [illegible] K. W. W. refers to "side hill [illegible]ers" he should say "side-hill gougers." Then there's humstrums! By its place in the sentence it may be assumed that K. W. W. thinks humstrums are a kind of animal, when, as a matter of fact, a humstrum is a musical instrument. If K. W. W. will come to [illegible] we will guarantee him his heart's d[illegible]r.—Biddeford (Me.) Daily Journal, March 10.

Georgette

As the World Wags:

I was interested in your note about Georgette Leblanc. Was Georgette crepe named after her? I do not find georgette in any French dictionary.

JANE WINTERBOTTOM.

Chestnut Hill.

We know little about the dress of women. Our only knowledge is derived from observation on the street, in the trolley car, and from viewing musical comedies in which lingerie is a feature of the performance: There is restaurant French; probably there is dressmaker's French. A certain species of waistcoat is popularly known in Paris as a "georget." The question has been raised whether the name was derived from a celebrated alienist, Geoget, who sported this waistcoat until in 1828 he died.—Ed.

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[illegible] John Drinkwater's play, [illegible] which finally ar- [illegible] Feb. 13, the Daily Tel- [illegible] whether a great man has [illegible] on the stage. There is [illegible] Julius Caesar, the critic [illegible] Shakespeare either was not [illegible] he found it would not [illegible]. There is Napoleon. "We have [illegible] Napoleon plays, but they [illegible] so as to take them seriously. [illegible] of eminent persons have been [illegible] way of pageantry or as deus ex [illegible]." There is no "full length" [illegible] taken in earnest and re- [illegible]ed. Schiller's Wallenstein is an [illegible] bogey man." Schiller did [illegible] Luther. "It can hardly be [illegible] accident or convention. Whether a [illegible] wants to show his art in por- [illegible] and interpreting character, [illegible] he wants a subject which will [illegible] popular interest he must be [illegible] by such themes as Cromwell, N[illegible] (take names haphazard), [illegible] Talleyrand. For one reason or another, whether they feared a lack of [illegible], whether they thought achievement in the world of action or intellectual greatness not the stuff of which [illegible] made, or for half a dozen [illegible] obvious reasons, the dramatists of the past must have deliberately [illegible] a tuality to the [illegible]. Now comes Mr. John Drinkwater and gives us a play on 'Abraham [illegible].' No doubt about the greatness [illegible] hero, a little doubt that he is [illegible] such as drama loves. He is [illegible]. There are no contradictions in his character. There is no [illegible] ment of mind or heart. [illegible] begin to know anything [illegible] is what he was to the end. [illegible] that he did comes naturally, [illegible] his gaunt, ungainly figure, [illegible] life, there is little of the [illegible] glamor or the exciting color [illegible] instinct loves to find in [illegible] All this Mr. Drinkwater [illegible]. There is no mystery [illegible]

[illegible] complains that this Lincoln [illegible] Mr. President, never Old [illegible] and the real man was as much [illegible] as the first." He complains also that the dramatist has for- [illegible]. "The cause for which [illegible] and Lee fought to the last [illegible] a cause for which there is nothing [illegible] said. Lincoln would have [illegible] figure if we saw and [illegible] more of what the best [illegible] South were fighting for. [illegible] the play remains, with all its difficulties [illegible], an experiment of [illegible] interest and considerable suc- [illegible]. It is written by a man who can [illegible] prose which it is a pleasure to hear, but the best of it is in the [illegible] lyrics of the countryside. For [illegible] there [illegible], arranged in the [illegible] between the scenes, and [illegible] two ladies in front of the [illegible] insatisfactory as [illegible] the best which our theatres [illegible]."

[illegible] two [illegible] heroines in [illegible] roles, the weakest part

[illegible] tribe' has plenty of 'opportunities' for what we might call the Barnard Statesman [illegible] and to the [illegible] hands [illegible] out from short sleeves, the slovenly clothes, the [illegible] which so worried poor Mrs. Lincoln and the general behavior, Mr. Rea is far more Barnard than St. Gaudens." But Mr. R[illegible] whose performance was remarkable, penetrating and well sustained, brought out all of Lincoln's "great character and left philanthropic passion."

"The Big Chance," [illegible] by Grant Morris and Willard Mack, which will [illegible] at the Majestic Theatre tomorrow night, was produced at New Haven, Ct., [illegible] 12, 1918. There was much talk about the production for it was rumored about that the story of the play resembled somewhat that of "The Crowded Hour," which was soon to be produced. When the play was produced at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre, New York, Oct. 28, 1918, the chief comedians were Willard Mack, John M[illegible], William E. Meehan, Mary Nash, Kathar[illegible] Harris Barrymore. Then there were the jointless Emily Lea, the [illegible], and Messrs. Wells and [illegible], the dancing athletic porters. Miss Delano, played by Miss Nash, is [illegible] to sound the keynote of the play [illegible] the war as "God's a[illegible] giving to give men who ha[illegible] to [illegible] chance to [illegible]. Early in January William J. Kelly [illegible] Willard Mack and Aileen Po[illegible] [illegible] to succeed Katharine Ba- [illegible]."

Mr. Morris had much to say about the character of his before Mr. Mack made some changes. He purposely put the Delano girl on a considerably lower plane in the first act in order to make a contrast by showing the stages of regeneration. "As the play now stands she is practically the same girl in the second act she was in the first." Mr. Morris also complained of changes in the character of the aviator. "In the first act emphasis was laid on his daredeviltry and his carelessness with life and his warm-heartedness." In the original the tough was the son of Mrs. Mal[illegible], who, thinking him at first a 'pretty worthless skunk,' rejoiced in his regeneration when he returned home in his uniform. "Not only did I have in mind the regeneration of the Wastrels and the girl, and also the lifting up of the commonplace mothers of the country, who for the first time in their lives have been given a chance to exult and know the feeling of real pride in the accomplishment of their hitherto useless offspring. . . . The character of the girl's lover was created as a weak, spineless jellyfish. It never was in him to do anything because he lacked moral fibre. I made him consistent to the end. Why this scene was changed I will never know. . . . The character as originally written was for an English remittance man, but at the last minute, Cyril Keightley retiring from the cast, it became necessary for Mr. Mack to take the role and play it as an Irishman rather than an Englishman."

"Adam and Eva," the comedy by Guy Bolton and George Middleton, authors of 'Polly with a Past,' has been trial to compositors and proofreaders, for there has been constant dispute as to whether "Eva" should not be "Eve." The play was produced at Detroit Feb. 27, 1919, and has been seen in Cleveland, Washington and Baltimore.

Pinero's play, 'The Magistrate,' to be revived at the Copley Theatre this week, was announced as an "original farce" when it was produced at the Court Theatre, [illegible]. Arthur Cecil then took the part of Posket, Fred Cape that of M[illegible] Bullamy, Mrs. John Wood that of Agatha Posket, Marion Terry that of Charlotte. The part of Achille Blond was taken by Albert Chevalier. As Mr. Paul Potter recently said of the farce: "Though conceived in the French manner, the play dealt with people and things that everybody in London understood. They knew the two magistrates of the Marlborough street police court; they knew the questionable supper rooms in Beak street; their wives were often such women as Mrs. John Wood loved to impersonate; their waiters were all of the Albert Chevalier type. So it was a night of national rejoicing; and London, at last, has something of its own." The play ran 500 nights at the Court Theatre. When Mr. Cecil went on a holiday, Beerbohm Tree took his part.

The farce was played in New York at Daly's Theatre, Oct. 7, 1885. Ada Rehan wished to play the part of Cis Farringdon, the bad boy, first played by Mr. Eversfield. Pinero naturally objected, saying that the fun would disappear if Cis were a girl. The cast at Daly's was this:

Mr. Posket	James Lewis
[illegible]	John Drew
Capt. Vale	Otis Skinner
C[illegible] Farringdon	Hamilton Bell
Agatha Posket	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible] Kin[illegible]

[illegible]

"The Magistrate" [illegible] music [illegible] Lionel Monckton, Howard Talbot, lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank [illegible] was [illegible] at the [illegible] 1917. The [illegible] was [illegible] without exception—"Bright [illegible] of the old dialogue flow [illegible] in a sparkling current of war-time allusions and 'gags.' But still the more it changes the more it remains the same thing." The musical comedy [illegible] playing in England.

In this country "The Boy" is known as "Good Morning, Judge." The title for the United States was the first "Oh Joy," but Pinero objected. Other titles, suggested but discarded, were "Naughty, Naughty" and "Be Good, Boy." The musical comedy came to the Shubert Theatre, New York, Feb. 6, 1919. George Hassell took the part of the magistrate Meebles.

A quotation from an article by Mr. Lawrence Reamer of the N. Y. Sun is pertinent.

"In mentioning the invariable Nemesis which makes the morality of the best French farce sometimes perceptible, it was not intended to imply that the sin of commission need be important. Arthur Pinero imitated very skilfully the drama of this school in 'The Magistrate.' But here the iniquity of the fair sinner is not serious. Indeed Mrs. Posket has done no more than lie about the age of her son. It seems white enough as lies go, but what a trail of disaster follows behind it. What a tangled web the wife must the magistrate begins to weave when she first practises to deceive. There is the raiding of the supper club and then comes the scene in the police court and the humiliation before her husband. Surely that is strong enough of evils to start in a little lie about a boy's age. But it is inevitable in the mood of that Gallic farce which seeks to punish the evil-doer. Even the Nemesis of Mrs. Posket stalks behind her and for the white lie she suffers—and pays."

An Account of Josiah Ritchie, Extraordinary Showman

Josiah Ritchie, known as "Uncle Ritchie" died last month in his 80th year at South Norwood, England. In private life he was a successful business man, who had prospered in the profession of practical dentistry, but he was better known as a showman, long associated with the Royal Aquarium at Westminster. The Daily Telegraph of Feb. 21 published an entertaining account of his career.

"He was essentially a practical man. His eye was ever upon the pay-box. If business 'boomed' he did not disdain to stand at the turnstile and take money. If patrons of the Aquarium, having deposited their shillings at the front door, displayed a coyness in walking up to the side-shows, Mr. Ritchie did not let his 'position' as managing director prevent him from exhorting them to witness the wonders he had in reserve. He turned an unprofitable business into a profitable one, and at the finish, when the goose seemed in- disposed to lay golden eggs, he disposed of the whole affair, lock, stock and barrel to the Wesleyan Connexion.

"Somewhat amusing is it at this time of day, to look back upon the lofty aims of the Royal Aquarium at its inception, and the imposing list of fellows. The late member for Northampton, Mr. Henry Labouchere, was chairman of the executive, and the subs[illegible] 'brushes.' that official had with Mr. Robertson, the managing director afforded great entertainment to the public. Nothing could have been more moral, correct, or reputable than the initial program. Mr. William Edgcumbe Rendle, whose daughter married the late Sir Augustus Harris, put up a splendid roof, Mr.—afterwards Sir Arthur—Sullivan conducted a good orchestra, and a fearsome array of tanks promised a variegated collection of fish, many of which appeared in the catalogue and nowhere else. A 'fine arts committee' was to provide an impressive collection of pictures, and an art union was also planned. The aims of the aquarium were as noble as its organ. Our foremost vocalists—including the one and only Sims Reeves—appeared on the central stage. But the place would not pay. After the secession of Mr. Robertson from the directorship came successively Capt. Hobson and Mr De Pinna and Capt. Molesworth. While the 'fish' in the vaunted tanks were often non-existent and in no water at all, the aquarium was in the lowest water possible. Opposition to the license of the place and objection to the sensational nature of certain of the entertainments were of precious value as advertisement. The aquarium, however, was more talked about than patronized.

"By the time Josiah Ritchie appeared on the scene the tone of the establishment had relapsed from the highly educational to the dubiously indifferent. Mr. Ritchie thought it high time to 'see about it.' So, with the consciousness of his 4000 unproductive shares strong upon him, he expressed his keen sense of [illegible] at a shareholders' meeting. The immediate reward of this action was [illegible] upon a com[illegible]

[illegible] until in 1902 it was announced that the Wesleyans had acquired the property for £330,000.

"On a Saturday night, Jan. 10, 1903, the familiar resort put up its shutters, and passed away from the ken of the Londoner and the provincial. In the preRitchie days there had been many sensations among the performances—usually with a ridiculous side to them. The exploitation of Zaco's back may be recalled as an instance of civic folly when larger events in the world have dropped into oblivion. Zazel fired from the cannon, was a good Parisian 'boom' and many other 'marvelous' performers might be cited. Mr. Ritchie himself was not of [illegible] disposition, and was ever ready to put on anything and everything—if there was money in it for himself and his company. Some of the salaries given to the artists were on a scale of modesty bordering on meagreness; but the manager was prepared to 'plank it down' if anything unusual was procurable. He recognized, for instance, the commercial possibilities of 'Looping the Loop,' as rendered by Mr. Arthur Wolf—otherwise 'Diavolo'—in the July of 1902. He knew what coin could be swept in by 'wobbles'—those dreadful all-day pedestrian exercises, when weary men toiled round the central area of the building for six days on end. He familiarized us with the aquatics of the Beckwiths, he showed us those depressing personages who proceeded to 'fast' for unconscionable periods. The 'fast' man was always the slowest thing in the world of entertainment. In addition to these weak men he produced a number of strong men.

"He was prepared for all comers—lions, tigers, kangaroos and defunct whales, the latter more odoriferous than instructive. Blondin and Ella Zuila walked the tight rope; Minting cycled up a spiral column; Ben Fuller, who met his death by foolishly leaping from the Tower bridge, dropped into a tank from the roof, twice daily, with as much indifference as if he were dropping into a public-house. Then there were the lady cycle riders circling round the ring for hours at the imminent risk of breaking their necks, and mesmerists and wonder-workers in various departments of the building. It was Kennedy, the mesmerist, who had for his assistant one of our foremost and most highly-paid comedians. All the sensations of the lower deck, were, so to speak, modulated and condoned by the solemn deliberations of that highly-scientific and abstrusely-learned association, the Balloon Society, on the deck above. Chrysanthemum shows, rose shows, pigmies, giants, salamanders, wizards, and comic singers made up a wonderful phantasmagoria in the scheme of this modern Richardson. 'Uncle Ritchie' was a showman born. He had the 'show' instinct in his blood, and was acute enough to have the show money in his pocket. Like another celebrated entrepreneur he did not look a showman but he knew the game. When money was forthcoming at the gates his dearest friends were excluded from the free list. He turned a 'white elephant' into a talking business proposition, and if the Royal Aquarium was never identical with anything that ever existed, 'Uncle Ritchie' may be credited with all his hardness and steadfastness of manner—with being in many respects quite dissimilar from any being ever associated with an amusement enterprise."

Notes About Stage, Actors, Music and Musicians

"A Certain Liveliness," by Basil Macdonald Hastings, was produced at St Martin's Theatre, London, Feb 18. It is described as a revue with no n[illegible] to speak of, a revue with a plot that goes on all the time, a revue that does not review the theatres. "We go to an imaginary kingdom, and it looks as if we are in for single-hearted satire on the tendencies of our time. In the kingdom of Gnauteh a democratic puritanism rules. There is total prohibition of everything luxurious, from tobacco to silk stockings. Women do not know what a frill may be, but they have the vote. So Gnauteh seethes with discontent. They have not feminists indeed, but Refeminists, who want to be deprived of all that the feminists won and use the old methods of sitting on doorsteps, throwing their destroying golf links, to make men take away their votes. Also Gnautch wants the old pleasures and luxuries, and is on the verge of a revolution for the lack of them. The wicked premier—satire on politicians' cabinets here comes in—uses this discontent to force on the abdication of the King. The King, says he, is the hidden hand which will not let the people enjoy themselves. But the King, in the nick of time, contrives to show himself a disciple of wine, woman and song, and keeps his throne. This is all mixed up with elaborate love [illegible]

[illegible] tion, and some [illegible] about whether the King will fight for his crown." Seymour Hicks, King; Lady Tree, the Queen Mother; Sydney Valentine, Mr Seed, the prime minister; Muriel Harvey, the Refeminist. Four of the characters were respectively named Exelaunei, Enteuthen, Stathmous, Treis, which takes one back to Xenophon's Anabasis.

The London Daily Telegraph of Feb. 22, speaking of the Covent Garden Opera season says: "A very great, an exceptionally great, attempt is being made to induce Toscanini to come to London as conductor-in-chief. Now, Toscanini is undeniably the foremost operatic conductor of the hordes produced by Italy, and his coming, for the first time, to Covent Garden would in itself set a seal upon the opening season of the post-war opera. Sir Thomas Beecham, no doubt, will conduct on occasion, and there will be others."

R. A. Streatfeild, music critic and writer about music, died in England last month. He had been in failing health for some considerable time, but the report was that he had largely recovered, and was to be found at his old place in the British Museum. Streatfeild, a particularly charming man, was a brilliant writer, full of a rare enthusiasm, and of the broadest mind. To the world at large he is possibly best known as the literary executor of Samuel Butler; to the musical world by his fine work on Handel, who was a god from highest Olympus to him, and by his "The opera and Contemporary Italian Musicians." To a multitude of British Museum musical visitors he was second in popularity only to Mr. Barclay Squire, with whom he worked over a quarter of a century or so in that institution. Ever ready with his store of knowledge he will be greatly missed by many of us.—Daily Telegraph.

Mr. Robin H. Legge Frees His Mind About Folk Song

Mr. Legge of the London Daily Telegraph (Jan. 18), in an article entitled "Music and Reconstruction," had much to say about national and foreign music:

"Is it or is it not a perfect fallacy that German music has become unpopular? I take leave to doubt this statement from the very bottom. A little case in point is to hand in the last edition of my own post-bag, which arrived as I was beginning this article. I received by one post no fewer than four letters from singers, all of high and deserved repute, asking my opinion as to when I thought they dared to sing Schumann, Schubert, and so on, in German again! At the beginning of the war there was a trifling rumpus against Wagner's music, but the fact remains that in the course of about a month two years ago I received upwards of 50 letters from soldiers, then engaged in fighting the Hun, who begged me to use any influence I might possess to induce Sir Thomas Beecham to produce 'Tristan' during the leave period, then about due, so that the writers might hear that work when they were in London. Nor will it be forgotten that last year the same Sir Thomas made his greatest success with opera in English with 'The Valkyrie.' Once more, has the foreign yoke been superseded by the Russian? The Russians, like some German composers, gave us something of the highest form of the particular art they represented, something which we could not do ourselves, in the same style at any rate. But is that disparaging of English music, of English art? I fail to see it. And if the public, I mean the discerning public, not the groundling whose ignorance is due as a rule far more to the habits of his 'betters' than to anything inherent in himself, find attraction in such invasions as that of the Russian dancers, would it not be better for us to try to discover in what lay the reason for the superior attraction, so that we might at the same time find out wherein lay our own defects?

"I would positively dislike to be told that our public prefers the Russian dancing just because it is Russian. Not that it would affect my own opinion one way of the other, but I might lose a friend in whom previously I had implicit confidence! I am prepared to agree that we have suffered this foreign yoke too long, if it be a yoke. But what I am not at all disposed to agree to is the variety of reasons invariably given for the yoke. I no more believe that our public prefers foreign music to native, because it is foreign, than that in some countries cows have the inconvenient habit of jumping over moons. Nor, I regret to say, does the everlasting plea for the foundation of an English school through the means of native folk songs move me to the repentant tear. It is absurd to argue, as is usually argued, that because the Russian school is based upon folk song (I am not now going to argue that) therefore we can revive our own folk song in order to construct our own school of the century mentioned above. My circular tells me that Mr. Cecil Sharp and others have collected over 5[illegible] tunes in England alone, and that there are still many more to be garnered. Do you remember that little story of Tschaikowsky, who utilized in one of his quartets a folk song he had heard, from his sick bed, a house painter singing at his work? I am getting well into the sere and yellow of life, but never yet have I heard folk song sung [illegible]

[illegible] then, galvanize into [illegible] apparently dead that [illegible] to be excavated by experts [illegible] the [illegible] Surely 500 tunes is [illegible] a flea bite in the ocean, as Mrs. Ramsbottom said, to the myriads that would have been easily found had there been real vitality in them. There would have been millions, at least, of variants—sung in every little village and community.

"Really and truly I hate to say it as my own impression, I fear the defect lies not in our own disparagement of self—that does not really occur—but in the fact that we try so hard to be something else than that the good God made us. The native musicians who have written because they could not help writing, who wrote 'inevitably' the only music that matters, can easily be counted without excursions into the region of higher mathematics. Face the music of the obvious fact that it is rare to find one of ourselves who could have done for us what Bakst, Rimsky-Korsakov, and so on did for Russia, and try to find out why this is so, and what help he got from his compatriots! But for pity's sake let us get away from the cult, for it is fast becoming a cult, of the disparagement-of-ourselves fetish. That we could find the equal of the foreigner in all walks of art is quite another story. The first thing we have to find is the sense of vitality of the living organism of our music. And that, I regret to be persuaded, cannot be found in a thing that has to be sought in the highways and byways by experts. Find the vitality I speak of and all these other things, reconstruction, 'schools,' and so on, shall be added unto you."

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Remember that all races and all languages of today are called upon to die as surely as the Pelasgians and Ligurians who once covered Europe have died. We work for people not yet born, who will discover us some day by our sepulchres as we have discovered the quaternary man.

Mr. Howell's Meditations

Pondering this thought, let us take comfort by reflecting on Mr. James Howell's meditations committed to writing on March 17, 1639.

He took a solitary walk, for the "countenance of the weather" invited him. "It was a still Evening; it was also a clear open Skie, not a speck or the least wrinkle appeared in the whole face of Heaven, 'twas such a pure deep Azure all the Hemisphere over, that I wondered what was become of the Three Regions of the Air, with their Meteors." Going into a close field, Mr. Howell cast his face upward.

"I fell then to think that at the Second general Destruction, it is no more for God-Almighty to fire this Earth than for us to blow up a small Squib, or rather one small Grain of Gunpowder. As I was musing this, I spyed a swarm of Gnats waving up and down the Air about me, which I knew to be part of the Universe as well as I and methought it was a strange Opinion of our Aristotle, to hold, that the least of those small insected Ephemerans should be more Noble than the Sun; because it had a sensitive Soul in it. I fell to think that the same proportion which those Animalillios bore with me in point of bigness, the same I held with those glorious Spirits, which are near the Throne of the Almighty."

Mr. Howell walked a little further in the field. "I spyed a young boisterous Bull breaking over Hedge and Ditch to a Herd of Kine in the next Pasture; which made me think that if that fierce, strong Animal with others of that kind, knew their own strength, they would never suffer Man to be their Master. Then looking upon them quietly grazing up and down, I fell to consider that the Flesh that is daily dished upon our Tables, is but concocted Grass, which is recarnished in our Stomachs, and transmitted to another Flesh. I fell also, to think what advantage those innocent Animals had of Man; who, as soon as Nature cast them into the World, find their Meat dressed, the Cloth laid, and the Table covered; they find their Drink brewed, and the Buttery open; their Beds made, and their Cloaths ready; and though Man hath the faculty of Reason to make him a compensation for the want of those advantages, yet this Reason brings with it a thousand perturbations of Mind, and perplexities of Spirit, griping Cares, and anguishes of Thought; which those harmless silly Creatures were exempted from. Going on, I came to repose myself upon the Trunk of a Tree, and I fell to consider further what advantage that dull Vegetable had of those feeding Animals, as not to be so troublesome and beholding to Nature, nor to be subject to starving, diseases, to the inclemency of the Weather, and to be far longer-lived. Then I spyed a great Stone, and sitting a while upon it I fell to weigh in my thoughts that that Stone was in a happier condition in some respects than either those sensitive Creatures, or Vegetables I saw before; in regard that that Stone, which propagates by Assimilation, as the Philosophers say, needed neither Grass nor Hay, or any aliment for restauration of Nature, nor Water to refresh its Roots or the heat of the Sun to attract the Moisture upwards, to encrease growth as the other did. As I directed my pace homeward, I spied a Kite soaring high in the Air, and gently gliding up and down the clear Region, so far above my head, I fell to envy the bird extremely, and repine at his Happiness, that he should have a Privilege to make a nearer approach to Heaven than I.

I think I could turn and live awhile with the animals, they are so placid and self-contained.
I stand and look at them sometimes half the day long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
* * *
Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

Unnatural History

As the World Wags:

Now that the war is over, and the tree-squeak may again be mentioned without danger of being suspected of anti-Bolshevist sentiments, by all means let us learn all there is to be learned about these creatures. I, too, have been panting for knowledge ever since the subject became so suddenly taboo. Perhaps, while the subject is being thrashed out, your paper might be censored for East Cambridge. While we are on the subject, will not the editor tell us what his Uncle Thomas had to tell about that fearsome animal, the whimbamper? In Buckland's entertaining "Curiosities of Natural History" I find the following: "A most marvellous snake was brought to the village of Islip, my father's parsonage, for exhibition, the charge for seeing it was one penny. The handbill was as follows: 'To the lovers of natural curiosities. Just arrived, one of the largest Hottentot adders ever brought into England, being one of the most curious species in nature. A native of the Hottentot country, and that quarter of the globe alone, it has been well denominated the Hottentot adder, from the fact of its being a most ferocious animal, and attacks the poor Hottentot natives when on their way home from market. This singular curiosity is upward of three feet in length, having a very curious tail turned round, is supplied with four feet, and on each foot five hooks, and is beautifully scaled like a salmon. The face resembles that of a human being, and has a fan under the jaw, with which it fans its victims to put them to sleep. It was brought in a vessel to Liverpool, where it was bought by the proprietor, who now goes round to exhibit it to the public for their inspection.'"

Boston. GLEANER.

Poor Boston!

As the World Wags:

A propos of Venus' proportions, at one of the institutions of higher learning in Boston, I heard an instructor in anatomy deliver himself of this: "You have all heard of the 'twice around the thumb around the wrist' theory, have you not? While I was abroad I actually measured the Apollo Belvidere and found that he did indeed have exactly those proportions; and a friend of mine, who was in France, later, told me that the Venus de Milo supported the theory by her measurements." Now who was the goat in that yarn? The instructor, the students, or I? Not one of us smiled.

Another Boston friend was conducting me about the Public Library that I might see the last Sargent pictures; as I rested my neck by reading the fascinating red cards, I murmured apologetically, "By the way, what are Gog and Magog: men or cities?" She looked at me blankly for a moment and then came this, "Why, my dear, aren't they the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet?"

But even that ingenuous reply was as nothing to the remark made by a young lady who says she just dotes on politics, when she saw a service flag with "Tuscania" above it: "Why, I didn't know Tuscania was in the war, too."

Alas for the Hub! Do you suppose President Wilson's jaw dropped when he saw the first sign possible on leaving the Back Bay station, in the very heart of Boston? There it stands, strung across the shop: "STATIONARY."

Worcester. H. B. H.

Mch 18 1919

The sport of governing men is truly without grandeur, men are so stupid. A candidate may be likened to a bald hairdresser who sells a tonic to make the hair grow. The voter is the man that buys the bottle.

The Village Forum—IV.

As the World Wags:

The fabric of discussion as it was the vehicle for the expression of the thoughts of the conclave at the store last Saturday night was embroidered with the touch of mysticism and the esoteric, although subject number one still remained the warp and woof of it, particularly the woof.

"I see a feller makes the p'int in the paper," said Mr. Higgins, "that this here new 65th Congress that's jest blowed-up in our midst is jest five times the President's favorite 13."

"I didn't see nuthin' sayin' it was five times as pop'lar with him as the one afore it," said Mr. Pepper. "And as fer p'ints, if he's so stuck on his 13 why didn't he make them p'ints of hisn 13 instead o' 14, and weed out one on 'em?"

"Wal," replied Mr. Higgins, "ye know how 'tis yerself when yer weedin' yer own stuff. Yer go pullin' away thinnin' out and makin' room, and then ye come to a fine young spr'ut that oughter come up reely, and ye sort o' hate to pull it and ye leave it. And ye know it won't come to nuthin' much set close like 'tis neither. I s'pose he felt sort er that way about the p'ints. Ye hate ter pull where yer've planted."

"Mebbe so," said Mr. Pepper. "But it's funny about this 14 number. Ye don't hear tell much about it, and yet here 'tis twict 7 and that's a great number."

"Seventh son of a seventh son," suggested Joe Sperry, who had just come from the postoffice.

"Sartin," said Mr. Pepper, "seers and prophets all on 'em. But ye don't seem ter get no prophets breeding sixes and sevens. And now there's three that's lucky, and nine that's fuller more trouble 'n Grassmere. But this here 14 yer didn't hear much about up ter them p'ints. If ye set eggs it's allus 13 or 15 dependin' on the breed, skippin' right over, though I never heard tell any reason for it."

"There must a been one," said Mr. Higgins.

"Yes," said Mr. Pepper, "and it must er been somethin' agin hatchin'."

"This here league's got 26 p'ints, ain't it?" inquired Mr. Sperry.

"Yes," said Mr. Pepper, "and that's two full settins, too much to stick. You'd prob'bly lose the whole on 'em."

"Speakin' o' figgers," said Hen Peters, "I see where a feller's jest come back off'n the road to Boston and says he's given 37 speeches while he was away." Hen likes figures and even kept a farm account for two weeks on one of the new forms the county agent sent out.

"What was the speechifyin' about?" asked Mr. Sperry, "this here new league?"

"What'n hell d'yer s'poşe, these days?" asked Hen. "He must be a pretty slick talker ter get 'em off like that."

"No doubt about it," said Mr. Pepper. "I see about that, and I see on the next page that 37 senators had signed up agin it already. There must ha' been one on 'em at each speech."

"Who was the feller," asked Mr. Sperry. Sperry's a silent man, and the thought of such a flowing eloquence seemed to fascinate him. "I s'pose he was out sellin' goods and took the league along as a sorter side line. It's funny he didn't land mor'n 37 too, for those fellers are great at advertisin'."

"That's right, Bert," said Mr. Higgins, "I aint in the market fer sech things myself, no more is Sahry, but the way they show off them neglygees and lingerees adornin' the female form divine in the Sunday papers is sure allurin'."

"That's about all the divinity ye get Sundays, aint it?" inquired Mr. Pepper. "I aint seen ye at meetin' since snow come."

"There ain't no doubt it's got drawin' power, that sort er thing," continued Mr. Pepper. "Why, that old Turk Mayhommit advertised the same way and look what he done. Every feller who heerd him talk about his new-fangled religion gets all het up about it, jest like Higgins here, and out o' Araby the blest they go, a-b'ilin' over all creation, sp'ilin' good Christians and raisin' hell general."

"That's so," said Mr. Sperry. "P'raps if this feller'd played the lingeree up a little more he'd a got 47 senators. They're jest humans."

"What is this neglygee and lingeree, anyway?" inquired Hen Peters.

"Accordin' to the pickchers," said Mr. Pepper, "it ain't much of anythin'."

"I see in the Cabinet the 'Heart o' the World's' coming to the movie over'n Milford," said Mr. Sperry, who has just received his copy of the well-known weekly at the postoffice.

"It must be a good show," said Hen. "The President had a lot to say about it over'n New York. He prob'ly'd seen it the night before, an' it come right to Milford after he'd seen it."

"I guess I'll go over," said Mr. Sperry. "I see the 'Heart o' Maryland' and it was great."

"Acourse the 'Heart o' Maryland' was in Maryland," said Hen Peters. "I wonder where this here 'Heart o' the World' fillum's located."

"'Bout half way between here'n Chiny," said Mr. Pepper, "'n a leetle to the left." ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

Ballade of Breeches

As the World Wags:

Irvin Cobb, in a recent magazine article, makes the prediction that there is coming a radical change in masculine attire; that among other things, men will discard their ridiculous and graceless trousers for the comfortable and becoming breeches that fasten just below the knee.

Harken to the prophecy
Of a gent that you all know;
Irvin Cobb he says, says he:
"Shapeless trousers all must go!
Men dress like a holy show;
How much better if they would
Dress as men of long ago—
Banish bagging pants for good!

... g at the ...
... in the ... t ...
... g s ... to see
... ow with ... tis ... so
... es neither beg no ...
... n t do so if they could!
Give our comely calves a show
Banish bagging pants for good!

Men will g rh more gracefully.
M ... ne attire will glow,
... en hose again will be
Vogue and grave brocade, also
Ruffled laces when we throw
Trousers to the tall tall wood:
Howsomever they must go—
Banish bagging pants for good!"

ENVOI.

Mister Cobb, I cry yea Bo!
Let us dress as sane men should;
Graceless trousers all must go—
Banish bagging pnnts for good!

CHARLES WILCOX.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Big Chance," a comedy drama in four acts, by Grant Morris and Willard Mack; produced by A. H. Woods in New York, Oct 27, 1918; first time in Boston:

Larry Thorndyke ....William J. Kelly
Mrs. Malloy ....Anna Mack Berlein
Margaret Malloy.
Katharine Harris Barrymore
Eddie Crandall ......William E. Meehan
Charles Hickson ....Harry Robert
Mary Delano ....Mary Nash
"Pinkey" Granville .....Ramsey Wallace
Ann Hickson ....Ben Hendricks
Jack Burns ....John Sharkey
Sergeant Todkins ....T. S. James
Fritz ....Nathaniel Sack

Mary Delano, the girl who leaves the position of mill operative in New Bedford to be the mistress of a young ne'er-do-well in New York, is much like the other young women of her ilk who have been painted broadly and ... in certain plays. The chief difference is that in "The Big Chance" Mary Delano is a bit finer and braver than any of the four men who love her and hang about her. She is so big and so brave that she induces these four men, an Irish-born remittance man, a professional tipster, a rather dull spender, and lastly her lover, after he has served the major part of a five years' sentence for forgery, to get into the war and thus to redeem themselves for the wasted years behind them. She, too, goes along, as a Red Cross nurse, though that does not show until the final act. In the great conflict, "Pinkey" Granville dies an aviator's death. The lover goes to a German bullet after a last scene with Mary, in which he accuses her of disloyalty. He leaves little of tangible virtue as consolation to a bereaved lady. She, it is assumed, is to find ultimate happiness with Larry, the cleanest chap of the quartet of admirers.

It is a war play, apposite enough two years ago, even a season since. Somehow, now, it fails to arouse that perfervid response to dramatic oratory of militant theme which would have been a natural sequence in the midst of the war. Last night's audience appeared more partial to the excellent scenes of comedy, to the many instances of bright Irish humor. Its applause in the tense moments seemed to be intended more as a tribute to Miss Nash and her associates for their worth as players than ... spontaneous rejoinder to the appeal and effect of the spoken word.

It is possible to view the play in the light of interesting and varied entertainment, of admirably sketched characters. Mrs. Berlein's portrayal of Mrs. Malloy was quite of the brilliancy of Marie Bates in "The Music Master." Mr Meehan, always a favorite here, was instantly liked for his capital delineation of the part of the tipster who turns out a plucky sergeant. Between these two, with Miss Barrymore as the daughter of Mrs. Malloy, lay the comic burden of the action.

Miss Nash has in each act at least one richly dramatic moment; in the first when she excoriates the hypercritical uncle of the caddish chap whom she loves, in the second act when she makes the remittance man long to have his family see him with the "V. C.," when she compels "Pinkey" to admit he always wanted to fly, and when she causes Eddie to recollect that once a German bartender hit him over the head with a mallet; in the third act when she forces Charley to rush to a recruiting office on the night of his release from prison; and in the final act when she learns through the telephone at the regimental dugout headquarters that Charley Hickson has been killed.

Mr. Kelly as Larry was admirable throughout, always natural, always within the character. Through the whole cast there is not one weak spot. Those who like good acting and sprightly humor deftly eased into situations more or less sordid and grim, will find ample diversion in "The Big Chance."

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—"Adam and Eva," a comedy in three acts by Guy Bolton and George Middleton. The cast.

James King ....Mr. John Flood
Corinthia ....Miss Jean Shelby
Clinton DeWitt ......Mr. Reginald Mason
Julie DeWitt ....Miss Roberta Arnold
Eva King ....Miss Ruth Shepley
Aunt Abby Rooker..Miss Adelaide Prince
Dr. Jack Delamater..Mr. William B. Mack
Uncle Horace Pigrim.
Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk
Adam Smith.............Mr. Otto Kruger
Lord Andrew Gordon. Mr. Courtenay Foote

The authors of "Polly with a Past" have written an amusing play, which, at its first appearance in Boston last evening, after a brief tryout in several other cities, was well received. It is decidedly witty, and is built around a plot that ends in a quite satisfactory manner, without leaving a single character that shows a yellow streak.

"Adam and Eva" is a little sermon, preached without preaching—a sermon that probably the majority of people will find acceptable. It may also be taken, if one likes, as an advertisement for the back to the farm movement. But there is no moralizing to spoil the comedy as a genuine evening's diversion.

James King, the rubber monarch, is blessed with a large and expensive family. They plot with Dr. Delamater to convince father that he is ill and must go away for his health. This scheme, however, just suits him, for King has long wanted to see a bit of adventure. So he goes to South America, while his manager of company properties there, Adam Smith, is entrusted with the management of the millionaire's home affairs—is, in fact, placed temporarily in authority over the King household as its "father."

The young man has romantic dreams of fireside bliss, and his employer anticipates that the boy will acquire some valuable information about the cost of feminine apparel, as he pays the family bills and settles the family problems. The unusual and amusing situation thus created develops many complications and leads to surprising consequences.

Otto Kruger as Adam Smith protrayed the modest, unassuming young substitute "father" with excellent appreciation of its values, and Miss Ruth Shepley as Eva was winsome and charming. John Flood as King was splendidly suited to the requirements of his role, and Ferdinand Gottschalk as the invalid Uncle Grouch was funny throughout. All the others of the cast, especially Miss Roberta Arnold, gave full support to the leading actors.

COPLEY THEATRE—"The Magistrate," by Arthur Wing Pinero, performed by the Henry Jewett Players. The cast:

Cis Farrington...................Noel Leslie
Beattie Tomlinson.........Mary Hamilton
Wyke ....Owen T. Hewitt
Popham ....Viola Roach
Agatha Posket......Jessamine Newcombe
Mr. Posket ....E. E. Clive
Mr. Bullamy ....Fred W. Permain
Charlotte Verrinder ....Phyllis Relph
Colonel Lukyn ......H. Conway Wingfield
Capt. Horace Vale ....Cameron Matthews
Mr. Wormington ....Leonard Craske

This play was built for an English audience many years ago. But times change, and American audiences have become familiar with different methods. It is like taking a trip through a museum and examining fossils and skeletons in glass cases to witness an English play of the style of "The Magistrate," but such trips and such plays are well worth taking occasionally.

The performance of this old play last night was amusing to a big audience. The trials of a magistrate at the hands of a youthful spendthrift and sport, his stepson, and the agitation of the wife that her son's true age may be divulged and the secret of her own age be known along with it, are amusing enough in themselves, regardless of the oft-repeated "asides" and conventional situations so different from the snap of modern comedy.

To the credit of the company, every line and situation is made convincing, and each player is in character. To Mr. Clive falls the strenuous role of the magistrate, and he is perfect in it. Mr. Leslie as the over-aged youth who leads him astray acted very naturally, while the two chief feminine roles, played by Miss Newcombe and Miss Relph, were capitally done. Mr. Wingfield proved himself a finished actor in the role of Col. Lukyn. The others of the company gave excellent support and "put the piece over" in such a way as to provide an excellent evening's entertainment.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"A Butterfly on the Wheel." Drama in four acts by Edward G. Hemmerde and Francis Neilson. The cast:

Jacques ....Walter Coupe
Pauline ....Bertha Blanchard
Jean Dubois ....Samuel Godfrey
The Hon. Mrs. Geo. Admaston ("Peggy"),
Ruth Robinson
Roderick Collingwood ......Dudley Ayres
Lady Atwill ....Eleanor Brent
Lord Ellerdine ....Aubrey Bosworth
The Rt. Hon. Geo. Admaston, M. P.,
Mark Elliston
Parks ....Samuel Godfrey
Sir John Burroughs ....Mark Kent
Sir Robert Fyffe, K. C., M. P.,
Morton L. Stevens
Gervaise McArthur, Esq., K. C.,
Frederick Allen
... M'nzie, Esq., K. C.
Walter ...
... Curtis, Esq., K. C. ... H...

"A Butterfly on the Wheel" was highly successful when it was first produced in New York. The powerful trial scene was the central feature.

This scene is accurate in detail and artistic in staging. It comes after the Rt. Hon. George Admaston, M. P. discovers that his wife, "the butterfly," has been guilty of an indiscretion and shows the probate divorce and admiralty division of the high court of justice in England, Court 11. Everything is set for the climax. The audience sees the little witness in the box. It is her turn to testify and the prosecuting attorney puts her through a severe examination which overwhelms her. She appeals to the court but in vain. At last she faints. This brings the trial to an abrupt end.

While no time is lost in telling the story there is enough by-play to furnish the necessary light and shade. In the character of Lord Ellerdine the authors, one of whom is an ex-actor and now a member of parliament, have drawn a new type of "silly ass." It is he who in the end solves the only real problem in the play. This concerns the writer of the anonymous letter which is sent to George Admaston telling of his wife's affair.

The play at the Arlington Theatre next week will be "Glittering Gloria," a popular farce by G. M. S. McLellan, author of "Leah Kleschna" and "The Belle of New York."

TOPS KEITH'S BILL

"The Sirens" Is from Pen of a Boston Boy

Frank Dobson and a large company in "The Sirens" is the headline feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was unmistakably pleased. The piece is, strictly speaking, a musical farce, with here and there a touch of burlesque. The situations are often funny, the main idea, an old one, is developed in a new dress and not without much to commend it, and the author has shown some skill in contrasting types. The musical numbers are all catchy and have a relationship to the general scheme, and there is a snap to the performance that adds to its enjoyment. Added to this, there is a stage setting that is pleasing to the eye, and there is a large ensemble of pretty girls, all eager for the dance.

The outstanding feature of the performance is the work of the principal comedian, Mr. Dobson. Besides being a comedian of a many-sided talent, Mr. Dobson is an indefatigable worker. Never tiring, all his work has the air of spontaneity, unmistakably convincing, but without the slightest indication of studied preparation. A musician, too, his entertainment with the banjo was altogether too short. Many of the cast gave pleasure in bits of burlesque, song and dance. Nat Harris conducted. This is the second production within a fortnight taking headline honors at this theatre from the pen of Frank Stammers, a Boston boy.

Other acts on the bill were Three Daring Sisters, in an aerial thriller; Ben Bernie, fiddler and monologist; Bobbe and Nelson, a team of clever comedians who entertain as well in song; Larry Reilly, the young Irish singing comedian, in a Celtic sketch, "The Minstrel of Kerry"; Josie Heather, assisted by William Casey and Bobbie Heather, in a cycle of song and dance; Le Maire, Hayes and company, blackface comedians; Stella Tracey and Carl McBride, in song, chatter and dance; and Raymond Wilbert, in a hoop-rolling novelty, rich in technical skill, but marred by irrelevant talk and "asides."

MME. GALLI-CURCI

Mme. Galli-Curci strengthened her hold upon the admiration of the musical public of Boston by her concert in Symphony Hall last evening.

Her program gave abundant opportunity for the dazzling flights which are associated with her name, including the Faust "Jewel Song," and the Romeo and Juliette "Valse" for voice alone, and, with the flute, "La Perle de Bresil" and the "Shadow Song" from Dinorah. The range of selection was extensive enough to take in also "The Lass with the Delicate Air" by Arne and the impressive "My True Love Lies Asleep" by Murdock, a song in monotone. The singer gave a brilliant display of accuracy of intonation, facility and ease of execution. No run was smeared, no staccato blurred, no trill slighted; every note and embellishment received its true value; in the most ornate passage there was no perceptible gathering of forces for special effort. The tenderness of Scott's "Lullaby" was contrasted with the tumbling speed of Burleigh's "Song of the ...

... with ... the audience required the ... of the latter. Nor was the ... ed until several more ... g, including "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," and "Home Sweet Home," with the singer herself at the piano.

The accompaniments were played with rare tact and expression by Mr. Homer Samuels, and Mr. Manuel Berenguer was obliged to add to his program numbers. The same artists appear in Symphony Hall this evening in the program postponed from Sunday afternoon.

Mch 19 1919

A little more cider too,
A little more cider too.
A little more cider for Miss D...n,
A little more cider too.

New Hampshire Cider

As the World Wags:

Regarding New Hampshire cider, may I add to the letter written by Mr. Gaylord Quex, that not only was Deacon Cross affected by the long-kept and tangy cider, but many young lives were affected by its use?

Born and reared among the apple orchards of the Granite state, my own people God-fearing, liberty loving Americans, I yet can see the misuse of cider, for it is the most maddening of the "lighter" drinks, inflaming desires, aggravating surly minds and producing a state of constant irritability.

Turn if you will to the criminal records of the state, and especially to those cases of common fighting, assault and even murder, you will find that, in the main, cider was at the bottom of all the trouble.

Many orchards now are going back to mere decay; there is no sound of the creaking cider mill, with its ever-tired horse going the ceaseless round, but the memories of the daily trips to and from the "Little Red Schoolhouse," right by the mill, which during the fall months was never idle, neither night nor day, are still with me.

Such quantities of apples were there ground as to fill many cellars with the real old-time juice "with a bead on it." and create at the rear and sides of the mill immense mounds of pomace, while at the always open south-front door many youngsters awaited their turn (for there was but one glass, and that not too clean) and in the interim learned to practise deception to cover their visits to the mill, and they then and there acquired a taste never to be forgotten.

Cider is not a toy. It is a harmful beverage, and is by long odds the greatest crime-producer of all small drinks.

Houlton, Me. MRS. L. A. CHESS.

Pro and Anti

It is true that cider is not mentioned in the King James version of the Bible, but in Wyclif's translation "Sicera" of the Vulgate, "strong drink" is rendered "cider," spelled sither, cither, cyther, cyser or sider. And so Bishop Alcock in 1497 wrote "Saynt John Baptyst, which ete neuer flesshe, dranke no wyne nor cydre." It has been said that the ancient Romans knew cider, but cydonia means quinces, and cydoneum the wine made from quinces. In "The Thousand Nights and a Night" Harun al-Rashid entertained by the false Caliph, refused wine. "Quoth the sham Caliph, 'I have drink other than this, a kind of apple wine that will suit thy companion.' So he bade them bring the cider . . . then they continued to drink and make merry and pass the cup till the wine rose to their brains and mastered their wits, and Harun al-Rashid said to the Minister, 'O Ja'afar, by Allah, we have no such vessels as these. Would to Heaven I knew what manner of man this youth is'" In a note Burton translates the Arabic, Sharab-al-tuffah, "melapio or cider." Now "Melapium" is a kind of apple that partakes of the flavor of a pear, a pearmain.

Robert Burton considering diet and melancholy, remarked: "Cider and perry are both cold and windy drinks, and for that cause to be neglected." He, however, disapproved all black wines, overhot, strong thick drinks, but he found beer a wholesome pleasant drink. "for the hop that rarefies it hath a especial virtue against melancholy." He also said: "To such as are cold, or sluggish melancholy, a cup of wine is good physic." Burton's book was first published in 1621. Jorevin de Rochefort, travelling in England in 1672 tasted cider on the banks of the Severn. It would appear from what he says that he had never seen any before. It has been said that cider was almost unknown at Paris i...

[illegible] The Parisian [illegible] that God had inflicted this [illegible] on [illegible] as a sort of curse or punishment, but cider must have been common in France at an earlier date for [illegible] in 1415 were obliged to gauge "all liquors sold wholesale, as beers, ciders, vinegars," etc.

Mrs. Chess should have read the poem "Cider" written by John Philips. He was a good man, the son of Dr. Stephen Philips, arch-deacon of Salop. As a boy, he was serious, seldom mingling in play with other boys; he would retire to his chamber "where his sovereign pleasure was to sit, hour after hour, while his hair was combed by somebody whose service he found means to procure." (And so Isaac Vossius delighted in having his hair combed when he could have it done by barbers or other persons skilled in the rules of prosody. "I remember," wrote Vossius, "that more than once I have fallen into the hands of men of this sort, who could imitate any measure of songs in combing the hair so as sometimes to express very intelligibly Iambics, Trochees, Dactyls, etc., from whence there arose to me no small delight." Hairdressers today apparently have read the poems of Miss Amy Lowell and other practisers of free verse.) Dr. Johnson praised Philip's "Cider," because it was grounded in truth; because it was at once a book of entertainment and of science, and in conversation he related that one Miller had told him that in this poem all the preocpts were just "and indeed better than in books written for the purpose of instructing; yet Philips had never made cyder."

Robert Southey, another good man liked right old English liquors. "Of Cider, whether of Herefordshire, Somersetshire or Devonshire growth, no matter. Stire, Cokaghee, or Fox-whelp, a beverage as much better than Champagne as it is honester, wholesomer and cheaper." He certainly did not look with favor on drinks that were "maddening." Macaulay called Worcester "the queen of the cider land."

It is true that King John came to his end by eating peaches and "drinking of new Cider, or as we call it Sider," but, it was the combination that killed him; as in Normandy we once suffered great inconvenience from eating shrimps with cider; nor would we recklessly recommend cider-wine as prepared in Dorsetshire: "Put racked cider in a big pan or tub, add sugar to it, and let it stand some weeks; put in a jar with ginger, etc., and cork."

What was "Cider-and"? In Fielding's "Joseph Andrews," Mrs. Tow-wouse, the landlady, "asked the doctor and Mr. Barnabas what morning's draught they chose, who answered they had a pot of cyder-and at the fire."

This is enough for the day. Let us tomorrow note some curious facts about cider in the early days of New England.

ANOTHER BIG THRONG HEARS GALLI-CURCI

Mme. Galli-Curci gave in Symphony Hall last evening the concert program which was postponed from last Sunday afternoon. As on Monday evening, an audience that packed the house gave her an admiring and affectionate reception.

She sang last night "L'amour de moi," from the 15th century French; "The Pretty Creature" (Storace); "Non mi dir," from Mozart's "Don Giovanni"; "Romance" (Debussy); "Little Dorry" (Sepplii); "Garden Thoughts" (Samuels); "Carceleras" (Chapi); selections from Hahn and Taffanel; "Que je t'oublie" (Duckstone). Two songs that gave especial pleasure were "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark" and the mad scene from "Lucia," with flute accompaniment by Mr. Berenguer. She responded to the enthusiastic applause at the close of the concert with "Annie Laurie" and "Home Sweet Home."

Feb 20 1919

MAIER GIVES

By PHILIP HALE

Guy Maier, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Liszt, Funeral piece and Song of Salvator Rosa; Brahms, Intermezzo and Variations on a Theme by Handel (fugue omitted); Dohnanyi-Maier, paraphrase of the Wedding Waltzes from the pantomime, "The Veil of Pierrette"; Pattison, Gavotte; Schumann, Romance and "The Bird as Prophet"; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 12.

Liszt's "Funerailles"—No. 7 of his "Poetic and Religious Harmonies"—is not too familiar here. It has been said that Liszt wrote it in memory of Chopin, but the music was "inspired" by Hungarian political troubles in 1849-[illegible] and the tragic fate of his friends Prince Lichnowsky, Count Batthyanyi and Count Teleki. Did not Mr. Hofmann play this funeral music here some years ago? "The Veil of Pierrette," which includes the waltzes paraphrased by Mr. Maier, is a pantomime, with scenario by Arthur Schnitzler, the Viennese dramatist. It was produced at the [illegible] Opera House in January [illegible]

The "Funerailles" is a good example of Liszt at his worst, [illegible] of labored pomposity and tinkling sentimentalism. The composer is seen with one eye on the sepulchre, the other on the gallery. This music recalls the story of the Frenchman who inquired anxiously of a friend whether he had shown sufficient grief at the funeral of his wife. "I never saw a man so overcome," said the friend. "Did you go to the burial?" "No, I was not able to show this last courtesy." "Ah, you should have seen me at the cemetery. I raised hell at the grave."

Mr. Maier's paraphrase of Dohnanyi's waltzes is a showy piece, well-calculated to excite applause; but Mr. Maier's piquant sauce compounded of octaves, runs and arabesques does not conceal the fact that the meat of Dohnanyi has little natural substance and flavor.

Mr. Maier, who has served well in the war by aiding in amusements for soldiers—we hear, he will soon return to Europe—is well known here as a pianist. He has many excellent qualities—fluent mechanism, an agreeable touch, good taste in phrasing. At times yesterday his fortissimo chords in the bass were pulpy, when they should have been firm. He should rid himself of a superfluity of gesture. Tossing the hands aloft is no longer considered the mark of a proficient pianist. This trick went out with long hair a la Liszt.

The audience was of good size and there was plenty of applause.

Yesterday we published a letter from Mrs. Chess pointing out the horrors of cider-drinking in New Hampshire. We added notes of a pleasant character showing what the ancients thought about the beverage. Today let us come nearer home.

In New England

A poem published in the Hampshire Gazette in May, 1792, described lovers of cider as having a rosy countenance, ruddy nose, and running eyes.

Paul Dudley of Roxbury, writing to the Royal Society in 1722 and 1724, said that our apples and pears were as good as those of England, and our peaches better. "Peach trees bore commonly in three years from the stone." In 1721 Roxbury made 10,000 barrels of cider. Many "Summer sweetings" were planted. Swine were fatted with the apples, and apple molasses made from the cider.

Henry Wolcott of Windsor began to sell cider in 1648 at 2s. 8d. a gallon; in 1650 at 1s. 8d.; in 1653, 1s. 4d. and 30 shillings a barrel. He also sold boiled cider. In 1678 cider at Northampton was 10 shillings a barrel, and before 1700, 6 or 7 shillings. Sylvester Judd in his "History of Hadley" states that cider was not very abundant and beer was a more common drink in the Hampshire towns until after 1700. The early drinks in New England were wine of several sorts, including sack; beer, ale; strong water or aqua vitae: brandy distilled from wine, a liquor made from malt or grain, and named usquebaugh. Wine and beer were the chief drinks, until rum—"Barbadoes liquor commonly called rum-kill-devil"—was imported from the West Indies. Note by Judd: "This liquor was strangely misnamed. Instead of killing the devil, it has greatly extended and strengthened his kingdom." A farmer and his wife thought there was no harm in selling a few quarts of poor cider to the Indians. The General Court of Connecticut in 1654 deplored "the great and crying sin of drunkenness reigning amongst them." This was attributed "to the sale of cider and strong beer to them which had not been forbidden, and these were now prohibited as well as wine and spirits." This penalty was £5 for every pint sold to an Indian. As Mr. Daniel Gookin wisely remarked in his "History of the Christian Indians" (1677): "A very little strong drink will intoxicate their brains; for being used to drink water, they cannot bear a fourth part of what an Englishman will bear." At Norwich, Ct., in 1722, Mr. Samuel Bliss paid a fine of 20 shillings for selling one Apenuchsuck two pots of cider in one day, and the Indian was sentenced to a fine of 10 shillings, or "to be whipt ten lashes on ye naked body, and to pay the cost of his prosecution."

Bostonians, according to an item in the old Farmer's Almanack of 1817, had a fine taste in cider. The month was September:

"'There are a power of things,' said Uncle Zachariah, 'to be attended to this month, and what is of much consequence, is our cider. My neighbor Dupy has got a nack of making his cider so good and nice, that he gets about double price for all of it. The Boston folks have got a taste of it, and they are full of notions, as the saying is, you know, and they love good things and will give a good price for them too. Now no sooner is my neighbor Dupy's cider ready for market, than they grab it as quick as a hound will a woodchuck and pay him his price down upon the nail. Zachers, John, let's try what we can do.'"

In Barlow's husking scene ("Hasty Pudding," written in 1792-93) cider is the only drink for the festivities, but Dr. Nathaniel Ames of Dedham in October, 1767, stated that at his husking the swains could not carry in the husks "without a Rhum bottle, they feign great exertion but do nothing till Rhum enlivens them when all is done in a trice."

Captain James on his way up the Kennebec River at the end of the 18th century took supper at Captain Parkers. It was a "delicious meal" of "tea and toast, lamb steaks and eggs, and a moderate quantity of cider and grog." Family prayers followed.

And now read this advice in the first number of "The Old Farmer's Almanack," 1793. We quote from Prof. Kittredge's delightful volume, "The Old Farmer and his Almanack." "See that your cellars are well stored with good cider, that wholesome and cheering liquor, which is the product of your own farms: No man is to be pitied, that cannot enjoy himself or his friend, over a pot of good cider. The product of his own country and perhaps his own farm; which suits both his constitution and his pocket, much better than West India spirit." In the same articles of advice Mr. Thomas recommended for winter reading these books "Worthy the perusal of every American," Ramsay's "History of the American Revolution," Morse's "Geography" and Belknap's "History of New Hampshire." Good old days.

It was the demand for cider to drink and to distill that induced farmers of Hampshire county to set out large orchards. In 1771 the cider made in Hadley, South Hadley, Amherst and Granby averaged 41-3 barrels to a house. Pelham made more cider that year than any one of these four towns: "In later years, when a great quantity of cider was distilled, much more was brought up from the cellars of these towns yearly (the four towns first mentioned) by the mugful than all that was made in 1771. Mr. Wolcott of Windsor, Ct., for some years had no mill. His apples were pounded by hand. In Northampton and Hadley the apples were crushed with pounders in troughs. There were no cider mills, apparently, previous to 1700. In 1863 Mr. Judd remarked: "Cider mills so numerous in Hampshire, 50 years ago, are rarely seen now." We well remember a cider mill in Northampton in the Sixties, and we can taste that cider now. Here is an entertaining note by good Mr. Judd: "It was estimated in Boston in 1728, that a family of 9 persons, 'of middle figure,' consumed in a year, 12 barrels of beer, 4 barrels of cider and 6 gallons of wine."

There is an old saying, "all talk and no cider." It is said to have originated at a party in Buck's county, Pennsylvania, which had assembled to drink a barrel of superior cider; but unfortunately the subject of politics was introduced and speeches were made.

Let us close appropriately with a remark attributed to Artemus Ward: "What we want is more cider and less talk."

Feb 21 1919

Lambert Murphy, Tenor,

By PHILIP HALE

Lambert Murphy, tenor, gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall. Charles Albert Baker was the pianist. The program was as follows: Mozart, "Il mio tesoro"; Edward Purcell, "Passing By"; Handel, "Deeper and Deeper Still" and "Waft her, Angels"; Panizza, D'una Prison; Lalo, "Vainement ma bienaimee" from "Le Roi d'ys"; Dupont, Mandoline; Paulin, Les Cygnes Noirs; Massenet, "Voir Griselidis" from "Griselidis"; Gretchaninoff, Over the Steppe; Rachmaninoff, the songs of Gursia, In the Silence of Night; Poudrain, Cheauchee Cosaque; Hadley, A Spring Night; Pitt, Hildachen; Burleigh, Under a Blazing Star; Speaks, Serenade; Ward-Stephens, Christ in Flanders.

Two of the songs brought a peculiarly pleasant recollection with them. We remember the lamented Charles Gilbert, although he was a baritone, singing Lalo's Aubade at a Symphony concert and Ellison Van Hoose singing the air from "Griselidis" at a Symphony concert long before Mr. Hammerstein produced the opera in Boston.

There were interesting and unfamiliar songs on the program. The "Mandoline" of Dupont, who died too soon. Rachmaninoff's "Songs of Grusia." Paulin's "Cygnes Noirs" is less conventional than other songs of the composers that have been heard here. There are more poetic settings of "D'une Prison" than that of Panizza's. The opening measures are charming, but soon the composer falls into the commonplace and without due respect for the text.

Mr. Murphy is by no means a stranger here. One of the features of last season was his impressive delivery of the narrator's music in Bach's Passion according to Matthew. His voice during the years has gained in strength. Whether this is to his advantage is a subject for discussion. He was eloquent in lyric tenor. Last night he often sang with a dramatic intensity that was almost boisterous, and in the whirlwind of his passion his voice occasionally lost quality. Thus we much preferred his singing of Edward Purcell's beautiful, simple "Passing By" to his shouting at the end of Poudrain's "Cossack Ride." Although the aria from "Don Giovanni" showed Mr. Murphy's admirable control of breath and ease and agility in the florid passages, there was a restlessness and a desire for a strong contrast in dynamics that were anything but Mozartian. This also may be said: that at times in his desire to be ultra-dramatic Mr. Murphy did not focus tones and in the lower part of his voice he was throaty.

It seems ungracious to speak of the defects, all of which could easily be remedied when the recital as a whole gave pleasure by the taste and the skill that were generally displayed. Handel's recitative was declaimed with marked intelligence and the aria was sung with genuine feeling. Tonal and rhetorical effects in other songs were often happily blended. The air of Massenet was sung with a lover's exaltation. In Rachmaninoff's "Songs of Grusia," the singer did not o'erstep the line that separates the concert hall from the operatic stage. His diction throughout was refreshing by its clearness and due emphasis, as far as verbal meaning and understanding were concerned.

Mr. Baker's accompaniments added to the enjoyment. The large audience was enthusiastic.

MARKET FLUCTUATIONS

The verses for the day were written by A. W. B. They were published in the London Daily Chronicle. There was this prefatory note: "It is stated that there are in Great Britain today about a million and a half more single women than single men."

Chloe in my youthful prime
Treated me with coy disdain;
Hers was then the halcyon time
Mine the torment and the pain,
Seeing that a score or two—
Nay, a hundred—came to woo.

Now there dawns another day;
Mine it is to look askance
While a million maidens pray
For a fraction of a chance—
Would, I mean, had not my fate
Raised my market price too late.

Soft Drinks

Mr. Thomas J. Farrell, assistant manager of the Waldorf, is reported as giving a list of "temperance" drinks.

"Hessian rum is made with prunes, oats and water. Oat meal will do. The quantities must be learned by the experimenter. A wait of two weeks is necessary before imbibing." The name is against this beverage.

"Grape juice, yeast and water—and time, just a few brief days. Although I have yet to meet it face to face, I doubt not that it is good. There remains the chance of experimenting with rye, barley, rice, the breakfast foods and cottonseed. And it is certain that with the addition of raisins, prunes, yeast, and such, they will give more or less satisfactory results."

No one has mentioned bimbo, the temperance drink imbibed mornings by the late John P. Squibob: "Three parts of root beer and two of water gruel, thickened with a little soft squash, and strained through a cane-bottomed chair."

On April 13th

As the World Wags:

It was with feelings similar to those which come with the sight of the first blue bird some little time ago that I saw the name Jane Winterbottom appear again in your column. As I read during the winter of the outrageous neglect of the comfort of passengers on the Chestnut Hill cars she was a good deal on my mind as I thought of her peculiar sensitiveness to local atmosphere, even though I remembered the asbestos pad which Uriah Cole Hepburn had sent her with his charming verses the year before. As days went by and no word appeared from her either in approval or complaint of the new transportation, I feared the worst, for the Winterbottom were never backward about coming forward if there was anything that needed saying. But with sense of relief came new preboding from Jane's interest in Georgette crepe. It seemed to mean that she had either suffered a bereavement, though I had not seen the name of that hardy stock in the Transcript Deaths, or that she was intending to leave off her winter flannels, abandoning the union for a league of lingerie of more diaphanous texture. Miss Jane, the time is not yet. If my constitution could stand it that of a Winterbottom could, but none can. There is a suburb of this town called Chestnut Hill and its inhabitants say that the 19th of April is the established shuckin' time in their midst. A seed

... for ... the ... summer ... from ... of New York ... miles a day. The two ... are about 9 miles apart in the ... and I therefore come to the ir... conclusion that April 13 is the ... time in the sister ... of ... south, a date in high favor with ... administration.

"Now ..." Miss Jane has probably ... spending the period of hibernation ... upon her asbestos pad upon the ... sands of Palm Beach. Hence the ... silence and the interest in illu... textiles. None the less, I hope she ... take my advice in good part and do nothing rash, and soon she may sit upon the top of spring, clad according to her ... ideas of comfort.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

Lynn Fauna

As the World Wags:

As students of unnatural history from the State of Maine have mixed into the discussion of our local phenomena, I would say that as Maine is so far up under the pole star they may have ... animals we do not possess, but ..., of course must not be mixed with ... local fauna. A side-hill badger is a ... indeed, and no gouger; in fact, he ... fair and gouges not.

As the word humstrum comes from the ... Chinese, I must consult my laundry man as to whether the original ... was a musical instrument or an animal.

As a further addition to the pseudo-fauna of Lynn Woods, my friend Striker, the water guard of Breed's pond, whose duties are mainly shooing German spies and herring gulls away from our drinking water, tells of seeing side-winders, just after dusk, crawling up the side of Lantern Rock. At first he thought them members of Tom Veal's gang of pirates, climbing up to hang out ghostly lanterns to guide Capt. Kidd's pirate ship up Saugus river, but on nearer approach, he found the lights came from the glaring eyes of a pair of immense sidewinders. He then hastily withdrew. While Striker was willing and ready to talk with gentlemen from the world of shades, the possibility of a mix-up with sidewinders was too much for his nerves. Now no inhabitant of Pine Hill or Penny Brook dares approach Lantern Rock after dark, unless fortified by a potion of moonshine to steady his nerves.

I hope "K. W. W." will not be discouraged in his studies by carping critics from Maine, but, as our old school agent down on the Penobscot used to advise us, "continner on."

Lynn. LAIUS BOREALIS.

The humstrum is a musical instrument. It was known in England in the 18th century, if not earlier. Grose described it in his "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" (1785): "A musical instrument made of a mopstick, a bladder, and some pack thread, thence also called bladder and string, and hurdy-gurdy; it is played on like a violin, which is sometimes ludicrously called a humstrum; sometimes instead of a bladder, a tin canister is used." The orthodox dictionary definition is a "musical instrument of rude construction or out of tune; a hurdy-gurdy." The poet Gray in a letter spoke of "cracked voices . . . accompanied by an orchestra of humstrums." A spinet or a piano forte was sometimes called jestingly a humstrum, as was music itself when it was indifferently played. The word is compounded of the verb "hum" and the verb "strum," "the combination being favored by the jingling effect of the whole." In a poem by William Barnes of Dorsetshire we read that at Christmas tide.

> The humstrums here did come about
> A-sounden up at ev'ry door.

A large sort of Jews' harp is sometimes in England called a humstrum. A poor pianist is known as "a humstrum performer" and we find particial adjective "humstrumming" — ... about in enforced idleness. Humstrum in Aberdeen dialect once meant a slight fit of peevishness. There is a blood-curdling picture of Dungeon Rock and Pirate's Cave, at Lynn, Mass., in "The Pirates' Own Book" page 257.—Ed.

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MISS CALLA SCORES SUCCESS IN CONCERT

Miss Jeraldine Calla, soprano, won a distinct success last night in her initial concert before the Boston public give last night at Jordan Hall under th auspices of the Philomatheia Club, wi Miss Anna Gulick, pianist, assisting.

In soft, rich, well modulated tone Miss Calla rendered an attractive an varied programme, which brought ou unstinted applause from her audienc She offered a selection of songs rangin from Verdi arias to Scottish and Irish folk songs.

Miss Gulick, in a programme larg of Debussy and Grainger, shared th honors of the evening with Miss Calla receiving an equally enthusiastic wel come.

Miss Margaret Gorham Glaser was th

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MISS GULICK IN

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Anne Gulick, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: Bach, English Suite in A minor; Ravel, Sonatine; Chopin, variations brillants. Etudes, op. 25, Nos. 2, 3, 7, Fantaisie-Impromptu, Ballade in F major; Schubert, Impromptu in G-flat major; Schubert—Fischoff, Ballet music from "Rosamunde"; Henselt, "If I Were a Bird"; Stojowski, Chant d'Amour; Paderewski, Cracovienne fantastique.

The program was an agreeable one, although one was surprised to find the choice of Chopin's Variations. Neither those on "La ci darem," nor those on an air from Herold's opera "Ludovic," are in any way representative of Chopin's genius. It might be said, however, that it is pleasant to recognize the fact that Chopin, after all, was mortal; that he, too, could write uninterestingly, and in this respect he ranked with nearly all celebrated composers from Bach to Debussy. No sane person wishes the complete works of any composer or author. Entire proceeds of the recital to the Boston chapter of the American Red Cross. It is to be regretted for the sake of the pianist and the Red Cross that the audience was not larger. The pianist alone deserved more hearers. Although it is not the custom to write in detail about a concert in aid of a charity, a few words may be permitted.

When we last heard Miss Gulick we found her playing rather matter-of-fact. Yesterday this impression was eradicated. While she wisely did not attempt to play Bach's second English Suite as though it had been written for a modern grand pianoforte, her performance throughout was vital, varied and charming. The beautiful Sarabande was interpreted in the appropriately subdued emotional spirit, for musical emotion in the 18th century did not scream; the second Bourree was doubly fascinating by reason of the pianist's touch and musical understanding; the remaining movements had the requisite fleetness, and there was ever present proportion with sufficient dynamic variety. In a word the Suite was played as though an accomplished harpsichordist of Bach's time had accommodated herself to the more modern instruments, realizing the greater opportunity thus given to her for individuality, the revelation of her own nature, her fancies; caprices, desires.

Equally delightful was Miss Gulick's reading of Ravel's Sonatine, which was first played here by Mr. Platt ten years ago. The same excellent qualities pertaining to mechanism were displayed in this extra-modern music. The structure of the movements was defined—they sadly err who find no form in music by Debussy or Ravel—but there was no keyboard analysis, no painful dissection. The music was liquid and free with subtle tints and demi-tints, yet back of the freedom was the firmness and the control of a pianist that could afford to be elastic and poetic in the interpretation. As in Bach's music she rejoiced in frank statement, so in Ravel's she found pleasure in subtle hints, indirect confessions, passing revelations of a beauty that is never aerial, surely never earthy.

At a "Peace Jubilee Concert" that took place in Providence, R. I., on March 14 a soprano sang "Ah, Perfido!" Did the song have reference to William Hohenzollern? It is surprising that in the home of the Providence Journal there was no outcry against the chorus singing "How lovely are the messengers that preach us the gospel of peace." "Honor and Arms" was an eminently fitting selection. Did "Rise up, arise" and "Sleepers wake, a voice is calling" refer to the United States in the early years of the war?

America, the Invader

A correspondent, inclosing an advertisement from the London Times (weekly edition, Feb. 14), gives additional proof of the American invasion of London. The heading is "Wherever there is Dancing, there are these." Among "these" we find "The Slinker Slouch," a fox-trot; also "The Wiggle-Waddle," recommended as "a London rage." Byron wrote bitterly against the old-fashioned, decorous waltz. What would he say if he were allowed to see the modern hauling about, prancing, leaping, squirming, wrestling, hugging in ballrooms frequented by the daughters, mothers, aunts and grandmothers among "our best people," to borrow a praise dear to haberdashers?

"Father" Songs

As the World Wags:

Although the country was flooded with "mother songs" in the seventies and eighties, father was not entirely neglected. While trying to produce lach... ... the ... of ... from ... to the outside of the world. Many of these songs are gems of doubtful value but, like the Beadle novels, they present true pictures of the times. Trifet's "Budget of Music" (Boston, 1888) contained a number of the "father" songs, and in all of them the 'ead of the 'ouse suffered severely at the hands of the song-writer. Here is a sample verse and chorus from "Father Is Drinking Again," by R. G. Bickmore:

> I've been wandering all day in the snow
> and the wet
> To try my poor father to see;
> He's been gone all night and mother's been
> told
> In the bar-room unconscious he'd be.
> She sent me to find him and bring him
> to her,
> All alone in the cold and the rain—
> O God, in thy mercy, come and help the
> poor child
> Whose father is drinking again.
>
> CHORUS.
>
> O why did he leave us last night all alone?
> Why from strong drink will he not refrain,
> And with us be cheerful and happy at
> home,
> And not be a drunkard again?

Those were the days when father strayed from his own fireside with such frequency as to cause Charles H. Gabriel to write "Stay at Home Tonight." The following is the chorus:

> The storm without is blowing, the snow
> is falling fast,
> The winter winds are sweeping with
> fierce and angry blast;
> Our hearths are warm and cheerful, our
> hearts are warm and bright—
> We plead with you, dear father, to stay
> at home tonight.

Melrose. W. L. L.

Who wrote the ballad of the heart and home containing those beautiful lines:

> Father's nose is growing paler
> Since he has left off the booze.

Will some one send us the ballad in its fulness?—Ed.

In Westminster

As the World Wags:

Now that the subject of side-hill gorgers, tree squeaks and wampuses is revived, I report from Westminster. A few miles north of the Centre village, on a side-hill and surrounded by woods, is a cave called "The Bear's Den," which would seem to have been an ideal breeding place for side-hill gorgers, or "gougers" (as the Biddeford Journal calls them). This den is gouged out of solid rock, and of ample size for a large, portly man to crawl into for 10 or 15 feet. A small boy can easily turn around at the bottom end.

Mysterious gnawings of trees in the vicinity have been seen and heard by a hard-working farmer by the name of Swett, who formerly lived near by, and the inference is that the S. H. Gorgers gorged on tender beeches and white maples as well as rock, but truth and conscience compel me to tate that several porcu-pines were caught there soon after by one Atwood, who resided on the Old Poor Farm near the den.

As to the more common tree-squeaks there are nests of them in and about the region called Tophet in this town. The wailing bark and gnashing of the tree-squeak are often heard there, but I never knew them to attack a person with malicious intent. Their bark is worse than their bite.

Wampuses are not common here, but tradition has it that our town is the home of the original meeting house crank and the gullible boy that was sent by a sporty carpenter to borrow said crank. He was probably sent first to the Westminster bakery ("Oldest in New England") and, not finding it there he was redirected to the general store, and then to other places where there would be practical jokers to keep up the game, winding up at the blacksmith shop of Greenleaf Lamb on Beacon street, where the patience of the boy and the temper of the blacksmith would be exhausted. Westminster has no use for meeting house cranks now, but still has a few cranks, of a mild form, who are useful to start things moving, especially at the annual March meeting of the town. C. F. G.

Westminster.

Are there no strange animals in the huge swamp near Westminster? If we are not mistaken 10 forts were built for protection in the year following the settlement in 1737.—Ed.

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"She Walked in Her Sleep," a farce by Mark Swan, will be seen for the first time in Boston tomorrow night at the Plymouth Theatre. It was produced at Stamford, Ct., on April 1, 1918. A high explosive, sealed in a tube, is left with a young married chemist for analysis, with a contract for its exclusive manufacture by the government. A girl who walks in her sleep enters the room and bears off the tube. She returns and stays awhile to the horror of the chemist, whose mother-in-law finds her in her son-in-law's bedroom. The ... bulist is the daughter of the man that gave the chemist the explosive. It is easy to see that complications follow. The first time ...

... the ... of ... the ... Phil ... the ... to ... it ... Italian ... to which ... soloist.

It is hardly necessary to speak of "The Rainbow Girl," which will be seen at the Tremont Theatre tomorrow, for the pleasant memory of the engagement at the Colonial Theatre, which began Feb. 25, 1918, is in the minds of many. The book by Rennold Wolf was found on Jerome K. Jerome's story, "Fanny and the Servant Problem," and the farce, "The New Lady Bantock," derived from this story. The music is by Louis A. Hirsch. "The Rainbow Girl" was produced at Philadelphia early in December 1917, when Billy B. Van had the chief comedy part and Dorothy Follis played the heroine. In Boston Miss Follis was replaced by Beth Lydy. The part of the butler was taken by Sydney Greenstreet.

The play at the Copley Theatre this week will be "A Night Off." A German farce, "Der Raub der Sabinerinnen," by Franz von Schoenthan, was adapted by Augustin Daly, entitled "A Night Off, or a Page from Balzac," and produced at Daly's Theatre, New York, on March 4, 1885. The cast was as follows:

Justinian Babbitt	... Lewis
Harry Damask	... Crane
Jack Mulberry	Herbert Gresham
Lord Mulberry	Charles Leclercq
Prowl	... McLean
Mrs. Zantippe Babbitt	Mrs. Gilbert
Nisbe	Percy Haswell
Angelica Damask	Laura Hanson
Susan	... Lewis
Maria	... Upham
Marcus Brutus Snap	Henry Dixey

When the season closed March 18, Edgar Fawcett supplied an epilogue in verse. This was spoken by the members of the company who had taken part in the play.

"A Night Off" was performed at the Copley Theatre on June 17 of last year.

Is it possible that the public support of Pinero's delightful farce, "The Magistrate," was not great enough to warrant Mr. Jewett in putting the farce on for a second week?

We read that in London when it was produced (1885) the Court Theatre was crowded for more than a year. There was no cessation even during the summer holiday vacation. We also read in Mr. Salaman's preface to the published play: "'The Magistrate' enjoyed an exceptionally long run in New York as well as in Boston, and in the latter city it is now performed every year, being included in the regular season of classic English comedies at the Boston Museum."

There certainly could be no complaint concerning the quality of the performance at the Copley. The farce was briskly acted and with the seriousness that is necessary to the success of farce. Those that saw the performance were loud in praise.

Last Tuesday Mr. Wilton Lackaye took the course of a debate on the question "Is the Modern Stage Worth While?" before members of the Catholic Actors' Guild in New York defended the stage against an attack made by Fr. John Talbot Smith. Mr. Lackaye declared that the stage was nothing more than a mirror of the time, and if there is anything the matter with it there's something the matter with the time. "Since the stage is not only an art, but a business, it must furnish amusement for the public. If plays on vice succeed, it is only because vice is in the hearts of the people, and I for one maintain that every decent man and woman should say, 'I will not go to a rotten play.' How about some house cleaning at home? I don't know a manager who would not rejoice in putting on a clean play if the people would go, but at the same time I don't know a father or mother who will not put $2 in the hand of a 16-year-old girl and send her down to see some dirty farce. For myself, I have two ambitions—one to amuse myself and the other to keep my self-respect—and as an actor and a man who loves his art, I demand that the people shall not go into a theatre to see dramas based on vice. It's up to the people. There is no question that the plays are piffling today. The plays are piffle because the audience is piffling. The people make the demand and the best we can do is to try and stand halfway between the public demand and to play such pieces that nobody will come to see us." We have quoted from the account of the debate published in the Morning Telegraph of March 19.

In this debate one woman, not an actress, gave it as her view that the public does not know what it wants. Who would blame Mr. Jewett if he were to echo this woman's view? He has given plays after plays, new ones, old ones, the great majority of them well worth while, no one of them would excite the disapprobation of that rigid moralist, Mr. Lackaye. The Copley Theatre has a loyal public, one might say congregation; but the great public apparently prefers comedies in which the scene is laid in a bedroom, in which the leading actors are ... suggestive and ... of the ... innate ...

[illegible]

[illegible] ard Leonard in the Morning Telegraph has written in the manner of Gertrude Stein.

THE OPERA

Marcel waves stretching out into oceans
Tophats silhouette silhouette what a
    funny nose against the curtain
Overture one two three one two three
    one two three
Tinkle music music that tinkles is old-
    fashioned
[illegible] and tiers benedictine in whiffs
But the ballerina's costume is frightful
Absolutely frightful frightful absolutely
Soprano contralto tenor bass O you
    quartette
Who wants ice cream between acts?

To the Editor of the Herald:

The dispatch in Tuesday morning's Herald, telling of the sudden death of Frank Dumont, came as a shock to me, as I had mailed him a letter as late as 8 o'clock Sunday evening, and shall probably never know whether he received it or not, as he dropped dead on Monday afternoon.

His passing probably means the passing of permanent minstrelsy, as he had the only establishment in the world that was devoted entirely to Negro minstrel performances. He was the owner of by far the best collection of minstreliana, having made it his hobby for years. I had never met him personally, but we had struck up quite a friendship through a correspondence that lasted 11 years or more.

A most interesting event happened lately, which is worth recounting. Mr. Dumont had always kept the programs of the performances he witnessed when a boy, as well as those in which he himself was concerned. But, as he once wrote, his old mother couldn't read, and once she burned up what she called "a lot of old newspapers," and all of Frank's cherished programs went up in smoke.

He felt particularly bad about losing a bill of Arlington and Donniker's Minstrels in 1862, because that was the first company he ever traveled with, and his name was on the program as a boy balladist, singing "Annie of the Vale." For years he tried to find a copy of that bill, and had set all his friends to hunting for it. Various clues were discovered and followed up, but without success. At the great collection at Harvard Mr. Robert Gould Shaw himself and all his assistants were on the lookout, but no Arlington and Donniker's bill for 1862 turned up. When the Evert Jansen Wendell collection was added to the Shaw treasures it was thought the desired program might come to light, but it did not.

Then all of a sudden it appeared. Mr. Willard Greene was making his first visit to the Harvard collection three weeks ago and in looking over the minstrel bills he discovered the elusive program, hiding behind others that had often been looked over in search of it. It was in excellent condition, having been pasted on another sheet of paper.

Mr. Shaw had a photostat copy made of it and presented the original to Dumont, who received it but a few days before he died. His letter of happiness and gratitude was almost pathetic in its intensity. My letter to him was to congratulate him, and incidentally to suggest that when the Dumont collection found a final resting place, it should be in the Harvard collection, by far the greatest in the world, where it would receive intelligent and appreciative care. Those who have never visited the theatrical collection in the Widener Library at Harvard will find a great treat in store when they once do so, for all are welcome there and its treasures are almost countless.

To change the subject. When I was at the funeral of the veteran artist at Mount Auburn, recently, I was thinking of his intimate friendship with those two great actors, Edwin Booth and Charles Fechter, when it suddenly came to me that never again will be buried there a man who has personally known so many of the great men who rest there. Mr. Brackett knew all of the great authors and artists of his time as well as many of the actors, and a roster of the visitors who came to the Tremont street studio that was his for 41 years would include a large proportion of men known in the liberal arts. In Mount Auburn are his friends Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Edwin Booth, William Warren, Charlotte Cushman, Louis Agassiz, Charles Sumner, Fanny Fern, Francis Parkman and many, many more.

Brookline. QUINCY KILBY.

How English Actors and Musicians Fallen in the War Were Honored:

On Feb. 17 the bishop of London unveiled and dedicated a tablet erected in the vestibule at Drury Lane Theatre in memory of the actors, musicians and workers for the stage who met death in the war. The tablet, near the box office contains the names of 250 men. "On the back of it is a record of the visit of the ex-Kaiser to Drury Lane on the occasion of the production of 'Money.' The [illegible]-panel plaque has been reversed and the [illegible] of the [illegible] on it, so that what was formerly a compliment to the former German [illegible] has now become a memorial to those who have fallen in the war with Germany. The centre panel contains the following record, the last six lines being written by Mr. Louis Parker:

1914-18.

Actors, musicians, writers and workers for the stage who have given their lives for their country.

Honor to the immortal dead—that great white company of shining souls who gave their youth that the world might grow old in Peace.

'Their name liveth for evermore.'

These nobly played their parts: These
    heard the call.
For God and King and Home they gave
    their all.

Since ye who pass in quest of happy
    hours,
Behold the price at which those hours
    were bought!
Strew here the fragrance of memorial
    flowers,
The silent tribute of a grateful
    thought. LOUIS N. PARKER."

"The bishop said that within a few hours of his appointment as bishop of London Mr. Stead stood in his room and said, 'Are you going to be my bishop?' He replied, 'Yes, Mr. Stead, everybody's bishop if they will let me.' For nearly 18 years now he had tried to be everybody's bishop, and to none more so than to the great profession represented by those present. He was with dear George Alexander a few hours before he died, and almost the last words he said, and with great difficulty, were: 'How sweet of you, bishop, to come to see me.' He had been with Beerbohm Tree in joy and sorrow; and both in public and in private had he always spoken of their profession as one of the greatest influences upon the life of the great diocese committed to his spiritual charge. That day he had come to join them in a very tender act of chivalry, and gratitude, and love. We owed a great deal to their profession during the war for many things. How many thousands of pounds had they raised by their acting, without charge, for the Red Cross? How many wounded soldiers had they cheered by their acting, again and again? In their theatres they had acted a part in the war second to none. Close the theatres during the war? He opposed it from the very beginning. Why, it was in theatres like that that those poor men from the trenches could come and forget for a few hours the bloodshed, the mud and the misery. It was here that the mother or father or wife, whose strain was unendurable, could find a few hours' relief in some moving scene.

"But of all those who had played their part in this great profession in the war none had played it like those 250 whom they commemorated that day, and at the head of whom stood the son of the managing director of that very theatre. It was very suddenly that the curtain was rung up in August, 1914; and it was a very unaccustomed part that they were called upon to play, but most nobly they had played it. They did not live to see the end of the play, but it was because of what they did, and others with them, that the curtain rang down on the defeat of the most villainous part ever planned and the most villainously carried out, and on the saving of the freedom of the world. Let the note of triumph conquer the note of sorrow. We must not look upon them as cut off in their prime, or as having died before their time. We did not look upon one who in great plays appeared only in the first act; he had done his part, but the play went on. These men had done an eternal deed. They were not dead; they had gone home. We must not sorrow for them as men without hope. Rather let us think of their heroic death, and what we believed was their happy life."

An orchestra played Edgar's "Sursum Corda." "O God Our Help in Ages Past," the National Anthem and "Land of Hope and Glory" were sung, and "The Last Post" was sounded by Drum Major Tarr and a party from the Grenadier Guards.

Notes About the Stage, Actors, Music and Musicians

Lillah McCarthy will begin her management of the Kingsway Theatre, London, about May 1, with the production of a new play by Arnold Bennett entitled "Judith." The piece is founded on the apocryphal Book of Judith. The first and third acts are laid in Bethulia, the second near an Assyrian camp outside the besieged city, and in the tent of Holofernes. The scenery is by Charles Ricketts. Miss McCarthy, who will take the part of Judith, will give the play at Eastbourne, April 7.

Margot Kelly of the flaming head of hair is in "Oh, Joy," in London.

When "Nurse Benson," which has been running for 300 performances in London, is put aside, Miss Marie Loehr will produce a play by B. Macdonald Hastings, based on Joseph Conrad's "Victory." H. B. Irving, about two years ago, acquired an earlier version, but the piece has been largely rewritten. "In the present form 'Victory' contains three acts, the first taking place in Schomberg's Hotel in Sourabaya, and the second and third on the adjacent [illegible] is [illegible] final tragedy in the lives of Lena and that strangely fascinating being, Axel Heyst. In the early part of the play we meet Lena as a member of Zangiacomo's ladies' orchestra, and are witnesses of Heyst's odd wooing of this wayward, mysterious, but lovable, girl. And what more interesting than to make the acquaintance of the various other characters—Mrs. Schomberg, fat, middle-aged, lymphatic, yet furiously jealous of Lena; her husband, true type of the brutal Hun; 'plain Mr. Jones,' who plays so important a part in the development of the story, and his henchman, Ricardo. Grant that the role of Lena is as dramatically strong and psychologically absorbing in the play as in the book, what a chance for Miss Loehr!"

Mr. Robert Loraine is credited, by one who should know, with an inclination to discount "the immense question of Cyrano's nose." The actor, we gather, intends to confine himself to "an obtrusive ugliness rather than to a pantomime proboscis." Be this as it may, there is no getting away from the fact that Cyrano's nose plays a prominent part in Rostand's famous piece. The original Cyrano of real life, Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac, fought no fewer than a thousand duels, the majority of which were incurred on account of his monstrously large nose. No; that feature of Cyrano cannot be avoided.—The Stage.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" was revived at the Porte St. Martin, Paris, early in February. Pierre Magnier took the part of Cyrano. It is said that Rostand chose him. A Parisian critic said: "There have been only two Cyranos in France—Coquelin and Le Bargy," but he admitted that Magnier gave a creditable reading.

The Bishop of Birmingham, England, spent much time with Charlie Chaplin at Los Angeles. "He is," said the bishop, "a delightful personality, well informed, and a most interesting conversationalist. He is in private life quite a good-looking young man, free from artificial posing, and has a fine vein of spontaneous humor, and he is, moreover, a clean, good-living young fellow." Now we can all go to see him without remorse.

London managers are "turning their thoughts in the direction of Shakespeare."

The Serge Diaghileff Russian ballet will end on March 29 the engagement at the London Coliseum that began Sept. 5.

Messrs. Hutchinson, publishers, will issue in the spring Max Beerbohm's "Life of Sir Herbert Tree" and "Old Days in Bohemian London: Recollections of Clement Scott" by his wife.

"The Lilac Domino" celebrated its anniversary in London on Feb. 21.

The Stage characterized "Friendly Enemies," produced as "Uncle Sam" at the Haymarket, London, as "Propaganda Plus Potash and Perlmutter." It admitted that the comedy is "earnestly designed and genuinely entertaining."

Nepoty's version of "The Merchant of Venice" has been revived at the Theatre Antoine with Gemier as Shylock—"his every pose and gesture suggest an etching by Rembrandt"—and with Mr. Raband's music." Nepoty's translation is said to be execrable. He has added passages of his own. "Thus, we see Antonio write the letter to Bassanio, Portia and Nerissa rehearse their parts as lawyers to the terror of Launcelot, while Bassanio's choosing of the casket is ridiculously handled. But all this is amply repaid by the beautiful staging of Gemier, one of the few original producers the French seem to possess. The settings were taken from old Italian masters."

Henry Bernstein has become the owner of the Gymnase Theatre for a period of seven years.

The Porte St. Martin will produce next season "The Last Night of Don Juan," which Rostand wrote for Le Bargy, if the difficulties between that actor and the Comedie Francaise can be settled.

The Daily Chronicle of London has discovered Al Jolson, whom it calls "America's George Robey." It gives this biographical sketch: "Jolson's real Jewish name is Aza Yoelson. Born in Washington in the eighties, he did his first singing in the Synagogue, but as a lad he led a wild, roving life, figured as a Hester street urchin in Zangwill's 'Children of the Ghetto,' sang at the docks and wharves and at soldiers' camps, joined a circus, was left stranded penniless at York, Pa., and got to Baltimore on the cowcatcher of a locomotive. When he got his chance in New York he jumped right into fame."

On Feb. 24 new sets of mannequins in frocks, exotic and fantastic, were shown in "Chu Chin Chow" at His Majesty's Theatre, London. "The first set of mannequins wear fantastic Persian frocks, the predominating color of which is mauve. The most beautiful figure in the group brought a burgundy and gold effect on the stage, and her shawl-cloak of gold starred on blue gave a charming note to the scene. The second set are futuristic; the dominating note of the scene is black and gold, but when the mannequins turn their backs they show wings that gleam like those of gold bats and huge butterflies. The third set are barbaric, suggesting Nautch girls with crinolines from their knees. The quaintest set is the fourth, which is Chinese, though at times the movement of the skirts suggests the age of Elizabeth. Through the sets there is a wealth of gold used as tassel [illegible] fringe and [illegible] colored beads to decorate, as in the case of great bronze black drops on one of the gowns in the second set."

"Monsieur Beaucaire," an opera made by Frederick Lonsdale out of the play, music by Andre Messager, will be produced at Birmingham, Eng., on April 7. It is said that Mr. Lonsdale has followed closely the lines of Tarkington's novel, dispensing with the first act, "which, as a matter of fact, was an innovation introduced by the American adapter." As it now stands "Beaucaire" is in a prologue and three acts. "The first takes place in Lord Winterset's rooms; the second is the ball scene, where the famous minuet is danced; the third passes in the gardens, where Beaucaire matches his skill against that of seven opponents, and the last gives us a glimpse of the celebrated pump room at Bath. As a point of interest it should be stated that, with the exception of one, all the numbers are so contrived as to carry on the action of the story." The lyrics are by Adrian Ross. Maggie Teyte will take the part of Lady Mary; Marion Green, that of Beaucaire; our old friend Lennox Pawle, that of Bantison. Robert Parker will be the Lord Winterset. Beau Nash will be played by Robert Cunningham.

Gerald Cumberland in his book, "Set Down in Malice," just published by Grant Richards, quotes Elgar as having casually remarked to him that one well known musical critic could not hum a melody correctly in tune. We know a celebrated violinist of whom the same can be said. We quote from a review published in the Daily Telegraph: "When musical Manchester was divided in twain as to whether Cowen or Richter should have the conductorship of the Halle concerts, the enterprising young journalist called on the former. ('Faultlessly dressed, immaculately groomed,' exclaims Mr. Cumberland, 'how could he have written "The Better Land"?') 'If I am wanted, I shall stay,' was all he got out of Richter's competitor. But when the interviewer, remarking that he meant to make his article as interesting as possible, added: 'But you see, you have said so little,' Cowen was equal to the occasion. 'Does that matter?' he replied. 'I have always understood that you gentlemen of the press can at least—shall we say embroider?' About Richter, by the way, and his boorishness the writer is delightfully plain-spoken. He was 'arrogant and spoiled and bad-tempered.' And 'so tremendously German.' 'Why don't you occasionally give us some French music at your concerts?' he was asked. 'French music?' he roared. 'There is no French music.' That was Richter all over."

The London Daily Telegraph says that six months ago the English diction of Mme. d'Alvarez—she is well remembered here—was criticized adversely. "Now, on a sudden, almost, she seems to have aquired, even as Mr. Ben Davies long ago acquired (if he was not actually to the manner born), the traditional oratorio style of diction and of 'meaning,' by which one means that she realizes a vital tale to tell when she sings 'He Shall Feed His Flock': it is the tale that counts, not the mere prima donna, and that she told very beautifully, just as Mr. Ben Davies, brought up in a severer school than today, tells his tale in the tenor arias and recitatives. Indeed, these two afforded a living example of the vitality that exists in the neglected art of recitative singing, and their exhibition of the art of tale-telling vocally was very delightful."

Cyril Scott's new string quartet is highly praised by some critics for its real musical beauty and excellent workmanship; but the London Times had this to say: "The capricious harmonies not brought about by legitimate musical means, tire the ear; it is too much like a child playing with a kaleidescope. It is a feast of kickshaws, and however good the cooking, one comes away hungry. At the same time the table was arranged with taste and there were adjuncts which spoke of refinement."

Bonci, the tenor, will visit this country next season.

It is reported in Italy that Mme. Bori has recovered her voice.

Every great actress who lives long enough winds up her career by playing the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet." Ellen Terry, who will be 71 this week, is following in the footsteps of many famous predecessors. Playgoers who still regard themselves as middle-aged will remember Miss Terry's appearance as Juliet at the Lyceum, when Mrs. Stirling was the nurse. Mrs. Stirling was then 67, and played the part again two years later to Miss Mary Anderson's Juliet. Actresses, as all of us, have their seven ages, and in the sixth, as a substitute for the "lean and slipper'd pantaloon," the genius of Shakespeare has given them this gracious role in his most poignant tragedy.—London Daily Chronicle, Feb. 24.

Several protests have reached me from frequenters of the Albert Hall, who bitterly deprecate the report that by way of a peace celebration at that institution there is to be a Handel festival. I quote from one of these, for I cordially agree with it: "Great as this German (Handel) was, it would be a [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] ov[illegible] for the [illegible] Stanford's 'Ve[illegible] [illegible] choral work, 'The [illegible] and,' and so on would be [illegible] more suitable. Both these composers are quite as masterful as the older German composers, Elgar in fact [illegible] many of them." I quite agree that if the rumor be true, there is something that requires explanation. It is preposterous that on our great [illegible] festivals our own music should be persistently ignored, when, as here, we do possess really fine examples.—London Daily Telegraph, Feb. 22.

The Morning Telegraph (N. Y.) of March 8, published this account of an old-time Georgia fiddler contest, held at Atlanta. The account was dated March 7.

The strains of "Old Dan Tucker" and "The Devil's Dream," mingled with "[illegible] in the Bread Tray," featured the opening session of the Georgia Old Time Fiddlers' Association's annual [illegible] here last night. More than a thousand lovers of ancient music kept time to the mountain tunes and shouted their approbation.

"Fiddlin'" John Carson was master of ceremonies, and 50 fiddlers were "ready to go" when red-necked Jim Lawson rang the bell that started the contest. Laughin' Gid Tanner, Uncle Jack Goolsby and Shorty Harper, favorites, were there. So was Uncle Bob Portrfield, 83 years young, and a champion buck and wing dancer. Bud Tate brought with him a fiddle made from a Georgia gourd, and stated emphatically he would give every man "a run for his money."

The stage was reminiscent of the old days with its log cabin, picket fence and several chickens running around. A regular "moonshine" still was tucked away in one corner—but it wasn't working. No tune will be played which is less than 50 years old.

Fiddle fans will get a chance to hear the old-timers "cut up" until Saturday night, when the contest closes.

Today I sold a piano for £30. I would not have got above 18 guineas for it before the war."—A salesroom manager in the Daily Chronicle.

Once, in the happy, warless days,
The [illegible] shepherds sang the praise
[illegible] pianos at a price
Of eighteen guineas, with a nice
Check action.

Today, the price-lists reach me not,
For Dives comes and buys the lot.

But [illegible]
Are [illegible]

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Alexander of Macedon, and he that dressed his mules, when once dead both came to one. For either they were both resumed into those originall rationall essences from whence all things in the world are propagated; or both after one fashion were scattered into Atomes.

Pauline

Newspapers of New York recording the death of Pauline Markham stated that she came to that city "in the early seventies with the famous 'Black Crook' company of Niblo Garden fame."

Now "The Black Crook" was produced at Niblo's Garden on Sept. 12, 1866. Pauline Markham came to New York with the Lydia Thompson Burlesque Company—known as "The British Blondes"—which was first seen in this country at Wood's Museum, on Sept. 28, 1868. Among her associates in that company were Ada Harland, who became the wife of Mr. Brander Matthews; Lisa Weber, who afterward had a company of her own which included Pauline; the Logan [illegible], Harry Beckett, Geo. C. Davenport, Louis J. Mestayer, Sol Smith, Jr., and James Barnes. The burlesque was "Ixion." Lisa Weber grew too fat for burlesque, so she was seen in variety theatres before she died at Buffalo in 1887. She married W. S. Mullaly, the musical director. Pauline Markham was first seen at Niblo's Garden on Jan. 30, 1869, with the Lydia Thompson company, in "The Forty Thieves," when she played Abdallah. Eliza Weathersby joined the company in June. Early in 1870 Pauline was at Niblo's, not in "The Black Crook," but still a member of the Lydia Thompson company, in a burlesque, "Pippin," in a play, "Mosquito," which was "written expressly for Miss Thompson by Alexander Dumas," and in other burlesques.

In 1868 there was a school in New York called the Yale School for Boys. It was not necessarily a feeder for Yale College. The boys went to Columbia, Harvard, to any college one wished. The head teacher was named Colton. He was a brother of George H. Colton, [illegible] of the [illegible] a [illegible] as [illegible] of genius" in his successful establishment of the magazine in a year stated that the circulation was about 2500. "So marked and immediate a success has never been attained by any of our five-dollar magazines with the exception of the Southern Literary Messenger."

Colton the school-teacher, was an eccentric man. When we boys came together in the morning, he began as follows: "Now we'll have prayers. If anyone of you doesn't believe in prayers, I'll show him." Then he went into a corner, stood with his face to the angle and his back toward us, and prayed loud and long.

This school was on Broadway in Apollo Hall, not far from Wood's Museum, which, as we remember, was on the west side, just below 30th street. It was first called Banvard's Museum, and it was opened in 1867. It was here that "the peerless" Morlacchi, long a favorite in Boston, danced in "The Devil's Auction." George Wood became manager in August 1868. Blanche and Susan Galton and Thomas Whiffen made their first appearance in this country at Wood's Museum, shortly before the arrival of the British Blondes.

We boys, after recitations, used to hang about this theatre. Young as we were, we were impressed by the huge chignons, striking costumes, high color, breezy bearing, loud laughter, of the Blondes as they came to the theatre or left it. And thus we first saw Pauline and Lydia. Tostee and her opera-bouffe company were then playing "La Grande Duchesse" at the Grand Opera House. Those were happy days, in spite of Colton and his brusque treatment of us.

In 1869 Richard Grant White wrote articles about theatrical matters for the Galaxy magazine. It is a pity that they, with his articles on opera in New York contributed to the Century, have not been reprinted in book form. His extravagant praise of the British Blondes excited the wonder of all that knew him as a fastidious Shakespearian scholar, but the articles were, and are still, readable and valuable. Nor did the disdain to consider thoughtfully the Clodoche troupe of dancers, who appeared with Lydia, Pauline et al. in "Sinbad the Sailor."

It was Richard Grant White that said of Pauline Markham, she had supplied the lost arms of the Venus of Milo. He said other uncommonly pleasant things about her, although on the stage she was rather phlegmatic, certainly not sparkling. Did White write the curious biographical pamphlet about her? It is attributed to him. The fact that the author refers sarcastically to a Shakespearian critic who bored Miss Markham by his attentions does not forbid the belief in White's authorship. His preface to the "New Gospel of Peace" is a masterpiece of disingenuousness, of implied denial.

Would audiences today crowd theatres to see Lydia, Pauline and the rest of them as they were in '68? Would they endure the burlesques stuffed with atrocious puns? Lydia, Eliza and Lisa would surely be applauded, but let us remember the words of the brainy Emily Soldene spoken in 1906 when she had a remarkable benefit:

"The old style of beauty was plump. 'Physique' was the great thing. Now they like them slender and petite and mincing and chirpy."

Rabaud in New York

Mr. Krehbiel of the New York Tribune said of the first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York last week that it stood out "brilliantly and bravely among the scores of meetings of its kind which the people of New York have been asked to attend." And this was due, he said, "solely to the sound, wholesome, unaffected, convincing, gratifying, ear-and-intellect filling manner in which the music was played."

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

John O'Sullivan, tenor of the Chicago Opera Company and formerly with the Paris Opera, appeared before a Boston audience at Symphony Hall last night. He is a dramatic tenor. His voice is rich and of remarkable range. He studied in France and sang there for many years before coming to this country as an opera singer.

From the time Mr. O'Sullivan made his first bow until he concluded the program he was obliged to respond to many encores. His selections in French were well received, but the song that touched the heart of the audience and to which they gave the loudest applause was "When Ireland Stands Among the Nations of the World." The last number on the program, an excerpt from "Pagliacci," was also dramatically given. As an encore he sang the Marseillaise, the entire audience standing.

He was presented with a handsome basket of roses by the County Cork Men's Association and Knights of St. Finbar and, after bowing in recognition of the gift, he said, "My heart is too full. I do not know how to thank you."

His accompanist was Marcel Charlier, conductor of the Chicago Opera Com[illegible]

[illegible] He [illegible] Jaques [illegible]

SCHUMANN-HEINK

Mme. Schumann-Heink was greeted with friendly and demonstrative cordiality yesterday afternoon by an audience that filled Symphony Hall to the overflow mark, when she gave a concert assisted by Charles Carver, bass; Frank La Forge, pianist, and Wallace Goodrich, organist.

The program included: Vitellia Aria (from "Titus"), Mozart. Mme. Schumann-Heink; "Come Beloved" (from "Atalanta"), Handel; "The Plague of Love," Dr. Arne; "Polly Oliver," Old English, Mr. Carver; "My Son," Carrie Jacobs Bond; "Indian Love Song," Thurlow Lieurance; "Sanctuary," La Forge; "Before the Crucifix" (with organ and piano accompaniment), La Forge, Mme. Schumann-Heink; Aria from "Ernani," Verdi, Mr. Carver; "My Heart Ever Faithful," Bach; "Have You Seen Him in France?" Ward-Stephens; "Taps," Pasternack; "When Pershing's Men Go Marching Into Picardy," Rogers, Mme. Schumann-Heink.

Though the musically over-wise may sadly shake their heads and think solemnly of pitchers that go too often to wells, when Mme. Schumann-Heink, singing for her thousands of admirers, shows in some florid passage that the most perfect instrument will finally bear signs of wear, her friends keep on flocking to hear her and delighting in the thrills her splendid voice gives them and in the frank warm-heartedness that breathes through all her work.

Her earnestness and emotional fervor in the pieces with a patriotic appeal, "My Son," "Have You Seen Him in France" and the like and the beauty and tenderness she gave to the Indian love song and "Taps" were quite sufficient to make her hearers entirely indifferent to super-wisdom.

She was effectively aided by the sympathetic and appropriate accompaniments of Mr. La Forge, two of whose songs, "Sanctuary" and "Before the Crucifix" she sang. In the latter Mr. Goodrich was at the organ. The strong appeal of both pieces moved the audience profoundly.

Mr. Carver is very young and very dull. His voice is excellent and he sings pleasingly with ease even at the lowest depths.

Both singers added readily and generously to the program in response to energetic demands. Mme. Schumann-Heink sang "When the Boys Come Home" and, as a passage from "The Star Spangled Banner" sounded in the accompaniment, the audience rose, evidently thinking the anthem was coming next. Singer and pianist caught the idea and on finishing about the boys went on into the national air, in which the audience joined with unusual vim.

Mar. 25 1919

"She Walked in Her Sleep"

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "She Walked in Her Sleep," a farce in three acts, by Mark Swan. Produced by George Broadhurst at Stamford, Ct., on April 1, 1918.

Charles Prescott	Robert Ober
William Bruce	Arthur Aylesworth
Dr. Roscoe Keith	Joseph Crehan
Ted Lennox	Arthur De Lord
John Arnold	Walter Walker
Serena Lennox	Isabel Irving
Daphne Arnold	Marjorie Davis
Maude Bruce	Helene Lackaye
Mamie Cassidy	Eva Williams
Katherine Prescott	Leila Frost
Bellboy	Albert Bushee

This farce may be justly dressed as a bedroom play. The classification need not necessarily be injurious to the dramatist, the comedians or the audience that laughs. There are serious bedroom plays, as Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," which Tennyson was reading the night he died. "Othello" has a celebrated bedroom scene. There is a bedroom scene in "Romeo and Juliet," tragedy and opera.

In this farce there is nothing to satisfy prurient curiosity, nothing to shock those eager to be shocked. Some, therefore, allured by the title, will at the end of the farce no doubt leave the theatre bitterly disappointed. (Cheer up! "The Girl in the Bath" may yet be brought from London across the Atlantic.

Daphne Arnold had the habit of walking in her sleep. Her father gave Prescott and Bruce a tube containing an explosive of enormous force. They were to analyze it. "There was millions in it" if the government would take it. German spies were dogging Arnold's heels. Daphne in her sleep walked into Prescott's room and bore away the tube.

Now Prescott was married to a foolish young woman. Fortunately, his mother-in-law, Mrs. Lennox, was eminently sensible. Unfortunately Daphne before she left the room [illegible] on P[illegible] [illegible]'s bed. Mrs. Lennox prevent[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] unnecessary to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that follow [illegible] [illegible] when it is stated that [illegible] [illegible] jealous wife, that the [illegible] Mamie Cassidy, a fresh [illegible] [illegible] marvellous stock of East Side [illegible] complicated matters; that the [illegible] analysists kept telling lies that made their plight worse, that Daphne had married young Lennox without her savage father's knowledge.

Think for a moment how a dramatist of the Palais Royal would have handled this story! (If we are not mistaken a comedy with a similar motive was brought out in Paris a few years before the war.) Mr. Swan is to be commended for his discretion. It is true that Daphne appears on the stage in a dainty night gown. Miss Marjorie Davis, who took the part, and played throughout in a spirit of innocence, as modest as she was pretty, looked none the worse. What if she had worn pyjamas! Or had walked in her sleep in the Elizabethan costume for the night!

The judgment on a farce of this nature is pronounced by the audience, not by the reviewers. It would be foolish, then to examine closely the structure of this little play or to inquire into the precise nature of the dialogue, when the verdict of the audience was expressed in no uncertain way by giggling, by snickering and by uproarious laughter. Mr. Aylesworth's most commonplace remarks, not intended by dramatist or actor to be funny, were always greeted with a roar.

Miss Irving and Mr. Walker showed in their respective roles the fruits of long and honorable experience. They played as farcical roles should be played, with the utmost seriousness. Miss Davis, as we have said, was innocence personified, nor was there for a moment the suspicion of sophisticated innocence. Miss Lackaye, stately, handsome, well-costumed, might have spared us her gurgling laugh and other mannerisms. Miss Eva Williams by her protracted vaudeville act convulsed the audience. The other members of the company worked hard.

Welcome Home!

A fine, manly, modest young soldier in uniform has been calling at houses in Brookline, offering for sale little banners bearing the inscription "Welcome Home, Victorious Heroes." The price of each one was 35 cents, and he frankly said that 15 cents went to him. His home is in Brooklyn, N. Y. He has no money and he can not obtain work. He said he was only one of many doing this. Without whining glad that he had been a soldier, he nevertheless said in the course of conversation, "It seems to me that some people don't wish to welcome us. I called at one door, and the woman looked at me and shouted: 'Get out of here right away, or I'll set the police on you.'"

For the Thirsty

As the World Wags:

A new place of amusement is projected at Revere Beach. It is rumored, the opening to take place on July 1 next. Externally it will present many of the accustomed traits of an ordinary beer saloon. Two portly figures in plaster [illegible] on high large [illegible] plainly marked 'less than one-half per cent. alcohol' are to flank the entrance, at once adumbrating the entertainment within and defending its patrons against misconception of its real character. Inside will be encountered a series of capacious halls reproducing various familiar scenes of a [illegible] past. The first represents an old-fashioned beer halle. Around the walls are ranged large casks, and from a long bar at one side ruddy and rotund servitors stand in the act of filling steins from taps. Realistic groups of topers are arranged at many tables in the centre and waiters are seen as if in the act of serving. Hurrying from this maddening scene one enters a long corridor lined with beautifully carved tuns of wine such as one remembers to have seen in Heidelberg and elsewhere, at intervals one looks down long vistas at one side or another, lined with wine bottles in racks in interminable perspective. Opposite each one of these distracting views is a convenient exit. The corridor finally leads the spectator into an accurate reproduction of one of the vast champagne cellars that one remembers at Rheims or Epernay, where, in the dusky twilight, are dimly discerned millions of bottles of this aristocratic beverage. The atmosphere here is come [illegible] [illegible] by means of a device [illegible] contrived to produce the proper effect without the employment of the least trace of illegal fluid and the illusion is said by all who have had experience of the process to be at [illegible] perfect.

No admission whatever is to be charged to this entertainment, but a fee is collected upon the exit of each patron, the amount proportioned directly to the length of the stay, precisely as in the old days. If a patron [illegible] not like the show or is discouraged by the [illegible] temptations of the [illegible] [illegible] he pays a nominal [illegible] [illegible] if he continues to [illegible] [illegible] to the [illegible] [illegible]

... where the ... in mind ... present ... the continu... this process is ... with great psychological skill ... his musical taste. Outside a band ... a series of airs calculated to ... the public by suggestion, such as "... fill the flowing bowl," "We won't go home till morning," "Sparkling and Bright," "How dry I am, how dry I am, God only knows how dry I am," "O give us a drink, bar-tender."

CECIL THURSTON.

Boston.

George Riley, Naturalist

As the World Wags:

The mystery of tree-squeak is out. In an ancient Natural History, by George Riley (mark well the name) he is described: "Although it ascends a tree with great difficulty, yet it cannot descend without forming itself into a ball, and dropping from the branches to the ground, where the shock causes it to remain for a considerable time in a perfect state of inactivity. To travel from one tree to another, at the distance of 100 yards, is, for this animal a week's journey. Every effort which the sloth makes to move appears so painful and difficult as to cause it to utter the most pitiful cry; which is wisely given it for its protection, for, being defenceless, as well as incapable of flight, it could never escape destruction was it not that their cry is so hideous and lamentable in its tone as to cause every beast to avoid the sound. How ought we to admire the wisdom and providence of the Almighty, who, by the breath only of this defenceless animal, has raised a bulwark for its protection! We should do injustice to the great Creator of the Universe, who never created anything in vain, could we suppose any animal was ever so formed as to be incapable of comfort, although the sloth carries every appearance of misery in its nature, there cannot be a doubt but it has satisfactions peculiarly suited to its station."

Riley also states that flamingoes are found in vast numbers in Canada; and that "it is asserted by some" that in America the moose grows to a height of 12 feet; so we must accept his statements with that caution which is the best test of the true investigator.

Brookline. DR. OF PHYSICK.

Short Words

As the World Wags:

This was I told:

"Last fall, while the government was still eagerly pursuing spruce airplane lumber, I had official inspection and engineering duties in a logging enterprise in the Great Smoky mountains in the Cherokee country; between Tennessee and Carolina. The woods gang were all Indian. I heard no English except grunts, for some days, and supposed nobody could speak it. But I came upon a gang one afternoon clearing the way for a rail line along the side of a mountain, and heard some of the finest English I had heard in months. Half a dozen men were working round a big boulder about the size of a limousine, working against each other and so awkwardly that they were in much danger of smashing some of themselves, also wiping out entirely another gang, further down. The foreman, also a Cherokee, caught sight of their fumbling performance, and in the clearest of English snapped out sharply, 'Stop where you are! Stand still!'

"They stiffened like bronze statues. Evidently he was accustomed to being obeyed to the letter. Then in succession, with definite pauses between, came the orders, 'You two, come this side! You, clear away those small stones and trash! You five, put your bars under together and wait till I tell you to lift! You, block up when they lift so they can catch again. Now, lift—and block! Lift again!' And in less than a minute that boulder was leaping down the side of the mountain mowing down the underbrush and snapping off trees six inches through.

"Later, when alone with him, I complimented the foreman—and got another dose of unexpected English. 'They exasperate me at times,' said he. 'They have small initiative. They decline to use a modicum of intelligence.' Evidently, his vocabulary was not confined to monosyllables. I learned afterwards that he was a college graduate—better educated than I had ever been."

I always enjoy Anglo-Saxon monosyllabic discourse. Perhaps, there are others; so I pass this along. W. C. T.

Brookline.

COPLEY THEATRE—"Nancy & Co.," presented at the Copley Theatre last night is described as "an eccentric piece" and the eccentricity is as much in the characters as in the situations the play presents. It is pure fun from the rise to the fall of the curtain, fun in dialogue, in character and situation.

The story hinges on the fact that a married woman has written a play, which has been put in shape for production by a bachelor who has recently become engaged. She deceives her husband and the bachelor deceives his fiancee, as both have agreed to keep their part in the affair an entire secret until after the play is produced. The husband becomes suspicious, the father of the fiancee, a meddlesome widower, suspicious himself, abets the husband, and many complications ensue.

This was the cast:

Capt. Paul Renseller	Noel Leslie
Betsy	Viola Roach
Mr. Ebenzer Griffing	H Conway Wingfield
Daisy Griffing	Mary Hamilton
Keife O'Keife	Cameron Matthews
Mr. Sikes Stockslow	E. E. Clive
Oriana Dangery	Phyllis Relph
Mrs. Huldah Dangery	Florence Leclercq
Tippy Brasher	Fred W. Permain
Nancy Brasher	Jessamine Newcombe
Julian	Nicholas Joy

The widower believes he has unmasked a scoundrel; the husband believes he has been betrayed; the seeker after the fiancee's hand believes he has been cheated, and it is a question who has made the greatest fool of himself. There are several confessions on that score. In the last act the questions that have been postponed "till tomorrow" are answered. Nancy Brasher, who wrote the play, clears herself and is reconciled to her suspicious husband, her assistant in staging the play is reconciled to his fiancee, the discarded suitor is reconciled because he bound himself to a rash engagement; the only unsatisfied person in the end is the meddlesome widower, and, as stated at the end of the program, "Love's Labor Won exactly As You Like It, and All's Well that Ends Well after The Tempest."

PETROVA DISPLAYS TRUE VERSATILITY

Mme. Petrova heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was deeply interested. Her act which is announced as a "symphony of beauty, color and song," is one of the most fascinating performances seen at this theatre in a season.

Most of her admirers have only seen or heard her emotional side; last evening she displayed her artistry in songs of the lighter vein. She has a pleasing voice and sings in three distinct registers, with good tone and true art. Her simulation of the voice of the parrot was remarkable in its fidelity.

In an excerpt from one of her favorite tragedies she had the advantage of an appropriate setting and there was a pleasing perspective and good lighting effects.

In her concluding feature she read an original piece involving childhood and told the audience something of herself.

Other acts were Van and Schenck, in a singing act; Strassell's Animals; Harry Breen, "nut" comedian; Alan Brooks and company, in a sketch; Marion Harris, vocalist; Toto, clown contortionist; Laughlin and West, in a singing and dancing act; and Kennedy and Nelson, acrobats.

TREMONT THEATRE—"The Rainbow Girl," a musical play in three acts, first presented in Boston Feb. 25, 1918, at the Colonial Theatre; book and lyrics by Rennold Wolf, founded on Jerome K. Jerome's humorous story of "Fanny and the Servant Problem," and the farce, "The New Lady Bantock," derived from it; music by Louis A. Hirsch. The cast, in all essentials unchanged since the first performances, is herewith restated for those viewing the piece for the first time:

Daisy Meade	Laura Hamilton
Buck Evans	Billy B. Van
Gus Norton	Robert G. Pitkin
Lord Wetherell	Harry Benham
Mollie Murdock	Beth Lydy
Miss Terriss	Miriam Medie
Miss Gwendolin	Marguerite St. Clair
Clergyman	Fred Solomon
Miss Dudley, the elder	Jane Burby
Miss Dudley, the younger	Margaret Merriman
Martin Bennett	Sydney Greenstreet
Susannah Bennett	Maquita Dwight
Honoria Bennett	Kathleen Lindley
Ernest Bennett	Harry Delf
Jane Bennett	Lenora Novasio

Mellowed by a year's aging, re-spiced to enhance its original agreeable qualities, which were many, "The Rainbow Girl" reappeared in our midst last evening to claim old friends, to gain new ones. The players seemed to realize at once that they were among well wishers, for they gave of their best, which was very good indeed. The performance ran with perfect smoothness. It is more than a year since "The Rainbow Girl" was first seen in Boston, but since then the piece has conquered in every large city it has visited in the course of its 57 weeks of existence—even New York. For it is commonly known that as a rule New York frowns on that which Boston accepts, and vice versa. Apparently here is one of the few entertainments to gain the mutual approbation of both these centres of gayety.

Greetings extended to Mr. Van, to Mr. Benham, to Mr. Greenstreet, to Mr. Delf and to Miss Lydy, to Miss Burby and Miss Merriman, who play the spinster sisters so charmingly, and to Miss Novasio, Mr. Delf's dancing partner, seemed particularly spontaneous. Each has given added substance and finish to his or her characterization. Mr. Van was never more uproariously comic than last evening in his amusing scene with the elderly sisters, who are deluded into mistaking the low comedian of the Frivolity Theatre for a New Zealand bishop; or later, in his tipsy scene in the Wetherell Hall breakfast room. Mr. Greenstreet, as the p... butler, intensified the impression ... ated here a year ago that he has made Martin Bennett one of the enduring satirical and humorous figures of the comic opera stage. Mr. Benham and Miss Lydy again were vocally adequate, and Mr. Delf and Miss Novasio again scored heavily with their two eccentric dancing duets. The chorus, mostly girls, of course, was worthy of the Urban settings and of the Mitchell-Gresham stage direction, and this means that their behaviour was ladylike, indeed, though not too ladylike. They possessed "pep" and youthful attractions in plenty. It is worthy of note that the production has not been allowed to become shabby. The costumes were so fresh and uncrumpled, so to speak, that it is suspected that they are recently new.

Renewed hearing of Mr. Hirsch's score lends consistency to earlier beliefs that here is a comparatively young composer of operetta who should go a little farther, at least. He has a fecund melodic inventiveness, especially notable in a trio of numbers, "Just You Alone," "My Rainbow Girl" and "I'll Think of You." There are many others, but these three run through the performance, always agreeably, always skillfully varied in treatment. This score is one of the vital assets of "The Rainbow Girl." Another is Mr. Wolf's intelligent story and his sprightly verses. And a third and important one is the ensemble, from top to bottom of the program. Removal of this or that player or singer or dancer from a cast so admirably competent would be a great pity. It is not all musical comedies of which this truthfully could be said.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Glittering Gloria." Farce in three acts by C. M. S. McLellan. The cast:

Jack James	Dudley Ayres
Archie Toddles	Morton L. Stevens
Zebedee Posket	Mark Kent
Col. Pasquale Gallegher	Mark Elliston
Algernon Entwistle	Aubrey Bosworth
Samuel Slapton	Jack Dunton
Robert Shreve	Walter Coupe
Mr. Griddleton	Charles Patterson
Gloria Grant	Ruth Robinson
Mrs. Jack James	Eleanor Brent
Dorothy Ket...thy	Bella Cairns
Sarah	Bertha Blanchard

"Glittering Gloria" takes its title from the nickname of a favorite of the London music hall stage, and she becomes the centre of many humorous complications immediately after the rise of the curtain. The crucial scene comes when two young men happen by chance to be wearing red neckties in the presence of a bulldog. They barely escape by taking refuge in two trunks that are immediately carted off to the railroad station, and that situation and many others in the course of the three acts of the play arouse continuous laughter.

As the heroine, Ruth Robinson was captivating. She made Gloria sincere as well as comic. Mr. Ayres was easy, with a genuine comedy touch, as Jack James, Mr. Stevens was equally successful as his friend, while clever bits of acting were contributed by Mr. Kent, Mr. Elliston, Mr. Bosworth, Miss Brent, Miss Blanchard and Miss Cairns.

"The Witching Hour" will be the play at the Arlington Theatre next week.

mch 26 1919

MISS COX GIVES PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Persis Cox, pianist, gave a recital last night in Steinert Hall. Her program was as follows: Couperin, Rondo and "The Little Windmills"; Franck-Bauer, Prelude, Fugue and Variation; Scarlatti, Presto; Schubert, Andante Scherzo from Sonata in B flat major; Hopekirk, First Suite; Coleridge-Taylor, "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child"; Carpenter, Polonaise; Scriabin, Prelude, op. 11, Etude, op. 8; MacDowell, Moto Perpetuo, "A Deserted Farm," from "Uncle Remus"; Albeniz, Seguidilla.

Miss Cox is to be thanked for having the courage to play only two movements of a sonata. The movements she did play are not very interesting, although the andante attracts attention by the fact that it does not remind one in any way of Schubert's characteristics as a composer. She is also to be thanked for playing music by Scarlatti other than the greatly abused Pastorale and Capriccio.

The Suite of Mme. Hopekirk and the pieces by Coleridge-Taylor and Carpenter were played here for the first time, the program said. Mme. Hopekirk's Suite is agreeable music, free from affectation of the archaic, yet sufficiently in the spirit of the old forms. It is melodious, well rhythmed, and in the Sarabande and Minuet there is here and there a Scottish flavor. The pieces by Coleridge-Taylor and Carpenter have much less character. That of the former, though short, is diffuse and spineless, while Mr. Carpenter could not get away from his chief theme.

Miss Cox has a pretty mechanism, best displayed in smooth runs. Her performance as a whole last night might be described as precise, pedagogic. She gave more pleasure by her playing of Couperin's charming "Little Windmills"—an 18th century anticipation of Impressionism—Scarlatti's Presto, and Mme. Hopekirk's Suite than by her reading of Bauer's transcription of Franck's organ piece—Mr. Bauer should have let it alone—and the fragments of Schubert. She has not yet learned to sing emotionally a melody; her attack of a gentle melodic phrase is too pronounced; she is inclined to accent heavily the first note of each measure. At times, as in Bauer's transcription, her left hand was ahead of her right in attack. While her touch, with the exceptions noted, is generally pleasing, it has little variety. Her interpretation is near rather than emotional or imposing. It seemed as if her first thought was to play the notes correctly, as she had been taught. Hence her performance soon became monotonous. Yet anyone that played Couperin's "Little Windmills" with so great appreciation and understanding of the music, should be capable of doing justice to other composers.

There was a friendly audience of fair size.

Janin said to us today in a burst of frankness: "Do you know why I have lasted 20 years? Because I have changed my opinions every fortnight. If I should always say the same thing, no one would have any interest in my feuilletons, no one would have any curiosity. One would know me by heart before reading me."

Thought for the Day

On March 26, 1615, Mr. James Howells, not feeling well, and gloomy in mind, lying in the Fleet prison, thought of setting his little house in order, of his last will and death-bed desires. His thoughts ran upon Grumnius Sophista, who, having nothing else to dispose of but his body, bequeathed all the parts thereof in legacies: "as his skin to the tanners, his bones to the dice-makers, his guts to the musicians, his fingers to the scriveners, his tongue to his fellow sophisters (which were the lawyers of those times)." So Mr. Howells became fanciful and left his Italian to one, his Spanish to another: "my French to my most honored lady, the Lady Car, and it may help her something to understand Rabilais." Noble dames were not prudish in those days, and much later the pious Cowper and gentle Miss Unwin enjoyed "Tom Jones" together. Nor did Mr. Howells wish his grave to be strewn with flowers. "I would have desired him (Sir H. F.) to have grafted thereon some little tree of what sort he pleased, that might have taken root downward to my dust, because I have been always naturally affected to woods and groves, and those kind of vegetables, insomuch that if there were any such thing as a Pythagorean Merempluchosis, I think my soul would transmigrate into some tree, when she bids this body farewell."

Conductors

There is naturally a certain amount of curiosity about the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra next season. The Sinfonia of March 1, a weekly review, and the official organ of the Pasdeloup concert in Paris, published this significant paragraph:

"M. Andre Messager has resigned his position of conductor of the Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire. The baton is now in the hand of M. Philippe Gaubert, who has already performed the duties of assistant conductor. Will it stay there? Will it finally come into the possession, as is whispered, of M. Henri Rabaud when he returns from America? This is the secret of the gods."

An American, now in France, long associated with musical affairs and musicians in New York and Boston, an experienced judge, attended a Pasdeloup concert in Paris early this month. The concert was conducted by Rhene-Baton, who was mentioned by some in Boston a year ago for the position that has been admirably held by Mr. Rabaud. Our correspondent writes: "I was not at all impressed by Rhene-Baton. He is a stout, middle-aged man, decidedly of the Midi. His head is large and copiously thatched with black hair, shot with gray. His features, such of them as appear above a bushy beard, are large, heavy and dark. His ears are enormous and cling closely to the side of his head. There is no grace or charm about the man and musically he did not carry me away. His orchestra is of mediocre quality; for example, in the upward whirling passage for violins in the Leonore No. 3 overture, just before the coda, he used only two desks of violins. He likes contrasts and in exciting passages sweats vigorously."

Our correspondent heard a more famous orchestra. "The Colonne-Lamoureux orchestra is a crackerjack, one of the best I have ever heard, always allowing for the unpleasant quality of French brass. The strings are silken in quality, the wood-wind is a dream, and the orchestra plays with superb precision and spirit. Don't let the Boston Symphony orchestra worry about wood-wind. You can't throw a stone

... Lost ... Paris ... has ... in the provinces. As ... the thermometer, if he is a dead ... signs of it Sunday. He ... a rippling performance of the ... Symphony, his 'March to the Scaffold' and 'Sabbat' being positively thrilling."

It may be noted that at this Colonne-Lamoureux concert March 2, Henri ... baritone once of the Boston Opera House, who served gallantly in the French artillery during the war, ... charming wife was at the head of the nurses in the military hospital at Lyons, sang Tiersot's "Rhin Allemand" (Alfred de Musset's words), which was then performed for the first time.

The Cow Eats Grass

As the World Wags:

Mr James Howells's meditations on the grass, animals and mortality, which you published last week remind me of what I heard when I was a young school teacher some years ago, living in the home of a fine old family in Plymouth county. One morning the daughter of the house came late and languid to breakfast. She pushed aside one dish after another, and finally left the table. "What is it, dear?" asked her mother. "Are you sick?" "No." "O dear, is the cow eating grass again?" "Yes," said daughter, who left the room. "The cow eating grass." What did it mean? Later I learned that the daughter had pondered a quatrain which had taken away her appetite for good. The mother told me this quatrain was an old New England saying, and was surprised that I had never heard it. I have not heard it since.

The cow eats grass:
Man eats the cow:
Man dies and goes to grass.
The cow eats grass.

A. W. W.

Boston.

Modern Frankness

As the World Wags:

You referred recently to Mrs. Towwouse in "Joseph Andrews" and her "cyder and." That passage has bothered me, too.

Do you remember the passage where Fanny's assailant tears the handkerchief from Fanny's breast, and Fanny's confusion, after Joseph had smashed him good and hard, at a display which she had not noticed while the excitement was on? "The snowy hue of her bosom was ... changed to vermilion at the instant when she clapped her handkerchief round her neck."

What would Fanny think of the equanimity with which such exposures are made today, even in the street and in trolley cars, were she permitted to revisit this earth "'twixt the glimpses of the moon"? E. S.

Arlington.

The woman of today acts in accordance with a verse of Tobias Smollett's, although she probably is not acquainted with it.—ED.

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky!"

THE AVENUE

Walking, walking.
Walking everywhere
Rapidity missing because of the too tight skirts
Should they vote?
Great slabs of crystal and cerise chiffon behind
Why why is the girl's hair red?
Whistles cut the traffic into bits
Traffic flung to four corners corners four
Expensive orchids faces vapid
Vapid vapid but who knows where is best for tea?
Follow the crowd.
—Ba[illegible] Leonard in the matter of Gertrude Stein.

Mch 27 1919

What would William Cullen Bryant say to this heading for a review of a piano recital published in the N. Y. Evening Post which was his pride? "Playing like the Devil." And the review was concerning the surprising talent of Miss Guiomar Novaes, pianist.

In Praise of Cyder

As the World Wags

In your thrilling articles about cider ... should have urged the Forum at [illegible], N H, to purchase J. W[illegible]'s "Treatise of Cider" (London), ... William B Alwood's "Study of ... Making," J. N Trowbridge's "Cider Makers' Hand-Book" and "As Long as there is a Single Apple Tree left" by my friend Joseph Henry Curtis, ... John Evelyn's "Pomona," concerning fruit trees in relation to cyder, an appendix to his "Sylva," should also be in the Forum's library. You should ... have ... the medicinal ... of cider. A friend of mine, Miss ... Caldo..., a young lady of ... small

[illegible] the Village Forum [illegible]

Mr ... the serpent ...
To ... greed ...
And ... filled with ...
An "original package" of cyder.

Other times have produced other manners
And they've done ... since ... Champagne.
But beneath total abstinence banners
They'll come back to cyder again.

Then a toast to this cup patriarchal!
That time cannot alter nor stale—
A toast to its sweetness and sparkle—
Its abundance that never can fail.

"Hurrah!" with full, wide-open vowels
To this most universal of drains,
In its youth stimulating the bowels,
In its age ditto, ditto the brains.

Beverly. GEORGE P BOLIVAR.

The Village Forum V

As the World Wags.

The epistle to the Amherstians from the gracious pen of Gaylord Quex, Esq., was only received through your courtesy and was read to the assembled Carbonari around the coal burner at the store last night. No pen of stabbing steel could point its classic periods or limn its graceful flight. Only a gray goose quill from Addison's own quiver could run so smoothly o'er the page.

I had foresworn the bearing of messages to and from the outer world as my forebear the founder of the well-known express company used to do in the infancy of that great enterprise, since becoming involved, as an innocent bystander or one who would render service well at times, in a controversy between a Prof. Worcester of Webster or Webster of Worcester and Mr. Bert Pepper of Amherst, each of whom insisted upon using me as long-distance transmitter to the other. A dispute over a question of ornithology arose between the two eminent authorities which seems "likely to lead to rupture," as provided in Article 15 of the proposed constitution of the league of nations, or even apoplexy under one whose works and machinery might be less perfectly co-ordinated. It does not seem to be one which the parties "recognize suitable for submission to arbitration and which cannot be satisfactorily adjusted by diplomacy," under Article 13, as neither party has much submission in his makeup, nor could the dispute be adjusted satisfactorily to both parties as provided in the article. In no case would I accept the reference as arbitrator. So a war of words ensued, as might well be expected when one combatant is the human incarnation of two dictionaries and the other of the temperament his cognomen suggests. There are times when nature should be left to take her course, even though it may involve the destruction of both parties to a cause too intricate for man-made laws to grapple with, and having set the gentlemen at each other's throat I gracefully withdrew.

But so generous were the words of Mr. Quex, so informing in their substance, so sympathetic was he towards the hard lot of the New Hampshire farmer and the proper hardness of the native beverage of the Adams family in all its branches, that I threw my resolutions to the winds, braved again the minions of the postoffice secret service, and bore the message. Of its reception, I may say that had I borne a jorum to the quorum of the forum around the stove it would have been no more gratefully received. At the close of the reading the ancient chorus, Evoe, Evoe, Evoe, Baccho O! arose until the welkin in the stove pipe rang, and on motion of Mr. Pepper both Gaylord Quex, Esq., and Deacon Cross were elected to full membership under article seven of the constitution. It was the sense of the meeting that Deacon Cross had solved the question of hibernation in a way that left the woodchuck asleep at the switch. ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

Mch 28 1919

BLACKMAN

By PHILIP HALE

Alexander Blackman, violinist, gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall. Herbert Ringwall accompanied him. The program was as follows: Vitali, Chaconna; Goldmark, First movement of the Concerto; Martini-Kreisler, Andantino; Grasse, Waves at Play; Hochstein, Menuet; Blackman, La Castanara; Saint-Saens, Romance; Vieuxtemps, Ballade and Polonaise.

Mr. Blackman at an early age took a prize as a student at the New England Conservatory of Music. He gave a recital in Boston two years ago last month when his performance argued well for his future. Was he unduly ambitious last night in choosing the music by Vitali and Goldmark? The [illegible] ... the music is wholly without ... and without ... the hearer may still find enjoyment.

Last night Mr. Blackman's performance was of uneven merit. In the Chaconne this unevenness was especially noticeable. The gentler variations were generally effective. In the more imposing measures there was often undue stress, a violence incompatible with the spirit of the music itself and of the period in which it was written. And so here, as in the movement from Goldmark's concerto, there was now pleasing delicacy and now a force that sometimes, aggressive, approached coarseness.

Mr. Blackman has still years before him to gain repose and learn authority. There is no doubt that he is musical, that he himself feels the music he plays. Unassuming, honest, he has worked diligently. He should listen more carefully to his tone and cultivate assiduously pure tonal beauty.

The audience was enthusiastic.

There was a melancholy interest attached to Hochstein's Menuet. David Hochstein, who gave a recital here in November, 1915, soon afterwards went to war. He was killed in action at Bois de Rappes, Oct. 15, 1918, one of many musicians that died in the struggle.

We found this model obituary in an old English volume of deaths and events: "On March 15th, 1788, died Mrs. Ithell, wife of Benedict Ithell, deputy paymaster of Chelsea College, respecting whom, or Mr. Ithell, nothing more is known than that Mrs. Ithell's death this day affords the opportunity of stating that she was wife to M. Ithell and that Mr. Ithell, ... from his ..., to have been of Welsh extraction."

Eheu Fugaces!

As the World Wags:

So Pauline Markham is dead, is she? "Pauline the fair," Pauline the lovable, Pauline the lily maid of Astolat." How old was she? Lydia Thompson, the centre of the cycle in those ..., died a few years ago at the age of 8[illegible].

Yes, oh yes, we used to think them all pretty—Pauline pre-eminently. I wonder how they would look now. We were not far from 20 then ... of us. That was some ... years ago, but I remember her arms to the ..., also her legs, as they were then called (limbs, now, I believe) also her nose and her ..., etc. ... But was she really and truly blonde, or just a Princeton blonde yellow at the ends and black at the roots? And what was the song [illegible] story which originated ... connection with her about a New ... dog with his throat cut? Ask "Eaize." S. T. [illegible] X.

Boston, March 25.

The New York newspapers said that Pauline Markham, Mrs. John Gravel in private life, died from hardening of the arteries at her home, No. 4?8 West Twenty-third street, at the age of 72. We do not believe that she was older. We saw her in 1868 in New York—saw her more than once in the street, and she was certainly young, fresh, eminently desirable to use the Biblical phrase. Lydia Thompson died on Nov. 17, 1908, in London, at the age of 72, not ... From 1852 to 1856 she shone as a dancer, dancing even in European opera houses. There is a charming engraving of her made when she was in Dresden. Her last appearance in the United States was in "The Dazzler," in 1891 or '92. She was married only once; her husband was Alexander Henderson. Her last appearance on the stage was in 1895, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in London. Her daughter, Zeffie Tilbury, has played here in various comedies. When Lydia was here in "The Dazzler," she donned in one scene her "Robinson Crusoe" costume, for old time's sake, she said. She was a fine woman in every way. Ed.

Mr. H. T. Finck's Tribute

The concert, which closed with Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko" and Weber's "Freischütz" overture, demonstrated once more M. Rabaud's rare ability as a conductor. His readings of French work, in particular, have been a great treat, and he has done wonders in drilling the new Boston Orchestra which, at the beginning of this season, after losing 30 of its best men, seemed in a discouraging plight. All praise and honor to Henri Rabaud.—N. Y Evening Post.

"Fascination"

As the World Wags

I quote from a letter of Mr. Herbert Maxwell of Monmouth, [illegible] N. H., published in Nature. Mr. Maxwell is discussing the extra[illegible] ... the ... by ...

[illegible] ... high speed, ... rolling ..., and again racing in circles. How long the performance had been going on before I happened to become a spectator I know not, but it went on ... for perhaps seven minutes during which time the blackbird ... and the stoat continued in violent movement. Every moment I expected that ... would spring upon the bird, which it might easily have done, but no ... of the kind happened. Suddenly in the middle of the performance, the ... flew away, and the stoat, apparently not caring to exhibit without a 'gallery,' resumed its normal gait and disappeared in the bushes."

Is not this probably based on the relation of a treesqueak and a ...?

Boston. S. T. W.

A Pen Sketch

As "S. T. [illegible] X" is evidently an amateur of beauty we call his attention to a portrait of a lady sketched by Jules or Edmond de Goncourt on March 2, 1869: "Two eyes of the ... of the precious stone, ... an eye-corner, a neck and a breast ... ing serpentine undulations, at once fascinating and terrifying, with a face that shows no age but seems like that of a troubling fay, now seen young and now old: this is Mme. ... ."

Freeing Song

If it be true that a melodious Irishman helped De Valera to escape by singing the details of the plan outside the prison wall, it is possible he got the idea from a short story written, some years ago, by the late Tighe Hopkins.

Therein, the novelist tells how two prisoners communicated with each other during chapel by improvising words and singing them into the hymn. Rhyme and metre were preserved, and the attendant warders were unable to detect the two plot singers amid a congregation of warbling gaol-birds. The story was called "Miss Pocket in B. Wing."—London Daily Chronicle

Then there was Blondel singing outside the prison where Richard the Lion Hearted was confined, a fact or a tradition used by Gretry for his opera.—Ed.

Mch 2[illegible] 1919

19TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Gabriel Faure, Prelude to "Penelope" (first time in Boston). Beethoven, Piano Concerto, No. 5, E flat major (Harold Bauer pianist). Hill, "Stevensoniana," four pieces after poems from R. L. Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" (first time at these concerts); Berlioz, Grand Fete at Capulet's House from "Romeo and Juliet."

It is no easy to find the Gabriel Faure of the songs, the chamber music, the "Requiem" and the stage music for "Pelleas and Melisande" in this prelude. Does it foretell the prevailing mood of the opera? But Ulysses and Penelope are united at the end, after 20 years. Is it expressive of Ulysses's wanderings? But Circe and Calypso were more than kind to him, according to tradition he had sons by the two, and Nausicaa, one of the loveliest maidens in all literature, would gladly have wedded him. Does the prelude tell in tones of Penelope's anxious years, vexed by the suitors? Tradition has not spared her, she has not 'scaped calumny. Is the theme first given to the trumpet the theme of Ulysses? Or is the prelude simply a preface without definite purpose or plan, only music before the curtain rises? However these questions may be answered, this one thing is certain: That the chief musical ideas are not emotional, the chief interest is in the workmanship, although the horn figure at the end, the phrase that apparently has much to say and yet for some reason is half reticent, may haunt the memory for a time. It seems that in this prelude fastidiousness has nearly run into dryness, but Faure was nearly seventy years old when the opera was produced and there has been only one astonishing composer of gray years, the Italian named Verdi, the Verdi of "Otello," "Falstaff" and the four sacred pieces.

Mr. Hill's suite is based on verses for children by Stevenson: Marching Song, The Land of Nod, Where go the Boats? and The Unseen Playmate. The question rises: Do children like this "Garden of Verses," or are the poems better appreciated by older persons? The ... of the Wonderland, the Alice ...

[illegible] to men and women [illegible] to their children. Not long ago we heard a little girl declare as a matter of course that Lewis Carroll's books were "silly." Possibly she preferred the later novels of Henry James. In like manner music for children is relished only by thoughtful elders, witness some of Schumann's pages. Would a child, one that is not afraid of music, find much pleasure in Mr. Carpenter's Suite, "The Adventures of a Perambulator"? We doubt it; but she might prick up her ears when she heard the xylophones at work. Of course the answer is that Mr. Carpenter's Suite was not written for children. Mr. Hill, too, wrote for mature hearers, but we think that a normal child would like the March, and at the end shout: "Play it again."

This Suite shows fancy, delicate humor, true invention and no mean skill in the instrumentation. A full modern orchestra is employed, but not to stun and dismay. As is the case with Ravel, the modern orchestra is here used to obtain light, tricksy, even gently emotional effects. The March is delightful throughout. In the Lullaby Mr. Hill shuns without too much effort the obvious; it is not an easy task to invent a new form of cradle songs. The Scherzo, without being too realistic suggests the spirit of "Where go the Boats?" and the rippling river; only in the finale do we find a little hesitation, a little vagueness, awakening the wish that this movement were more closely knit together, of more continuous flow. The audience was greatly pleased by the Suite and called on the composer more than once. Mr. Hill was fortunate in his interpreter and the players.

The performance of Beethoven's concerto was a remarkable one, one that may be justly described as noble. Unless there is nobility in the reading of this music the concerto is merely a vain thing. Mr. Bauer, who this season is in the height of his power, played with the finest understanding, with a bravura that was not merely pyrotechnical, with impressive authority and with the classic sentiment that is the poesy of romanticism. Nor can too much be said in praise of the orchestra performance inspired by Mr. Rabaud, a performance wonderful by reason of rhythmic intensity, which was never feverish, an infinite variety of tonal force and color, and a wholly sympathetic, supporting, and relieving relationship with the pianist. Mr. Rabaud with his admirable band and Mr. Bauer here vied, one with the other, in the glorification of the composer. Thus played, this concerto is justly called "The Emperor."

The music for Romeo, alone, sorrowing in the garden, is still beautiful. Mr. Longy still plays the lament poetically. One wishes, however, that Berlioz had written more intoxicating or more sensuous music for Capulet's ball. So one lightly says; but stop; this music was first heard 80 years ago; marvellous music for that period.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Mozart, Symphony in D major (K. 504); Malipiero, "The Pauses of Silence"; Seven Symphonic Expressions (first time in the United States); Saint-Saens, Violin concerto, B minor, No. 3 (Jacques Thibaud, violinist); Liszt, Mazeppa, Symphonic poem No. 6 (after Victor Hugo's poem).

The London Daily Chronicle finds that one of the most characteristically American incidents in "Friendly Enemies," which as "Uncle Sam," is meeting with great success at the Haymarket Theatre, is the way in which Pfeiffer's rubber shoes are taken off for him by his wife. "Pfeiffer is like all other Americans, who would sooner think of going out without a collar than without their "gums" in winter or wet weather. Why is there such a prejudice against rubber overshoes in this country? If any climate calls for them surely ours does, yet you may walk the length of Fleet street in a good old winter drencher without seeing one pedestrian rubber-shod. We have never taken kindly to them, and probably never shall until they figure in the wardrobe of a social or political somebody, to make them de riguer."

There are many Americans, male and female, who, disliking rubbers, do not wear them. There are men that think them a mark of effeminacy. It is not an uncommon sight to see young women walking in this city, with silk stockings and low shoes, defying the pouring rain, soppy sidewalks and muddy crossings. Or do all Americans call rubber overshoes "gums." We believe it is in Philadelphia that Miss Rittenhouse cleans her gums on the mat. Prof. Whitney explained the word "rubbers" saying that when caoutchouc first came to this country, we could find no better use for it than the rubbing of pencil marks. Richard Grant White insisted that the proper word [illegible]

[illegible] neither necessity nor propriety in entering into the question of the fabric of what we wear for the protection of our feet and of saying that a lady is either rubbing her rubbers or cleaning her gums on the mat; no more than there is in our saying that a gentleman is brushing his wool (meaning his coat), or a lady drying her eyes with her linen (meaning her handkerchief)."

But an overshoe may be of felt or some other material than rubber. Thus the Kensington galosh or overshoe, shown in the early 60's of the last century, was of solid leather. A galosh was originally a wooden shoe or sandal fastened with leather throngs; a rustic patten or clog; or a shoe with a wooden sole. When did the word come to mean an overshoe? Pepys spoke of "My Lady Batten walking through the dirty lane with new spick and span white shoes, she dropped one of her galoches in the dirt." India rubber galoshes were apparently first in favor in England about 1850. In a military dictionary of the 70's, we read: "Leather galoshes are large, loose, untanned leather boots, intended to be worn in magazines, powder houses, and are made to cover the ordinary shoe or boot." In 1827 white kid leather shoes were "calashed" with black velvet. In 1856 there was mention of winter boots "coloshed" with calf leather. In 1883 a London shopkeeper advertised "Calf Galoshed Clump Sole 10 Button Boots."

"Rubbers" and "gums" are centainly Americanisms; but "golosh" does not necessarily mean a "rubber."

One reason why a reasonable person might object to "rubbers" is the present poor quality of the article. Worn only a short time, they leak at the heel.

"Father" in Song.

As the World Wags:

As "W. L. L." points out, the fathers of the '80s were very abandoned persons, thoroughly bad lots, and such as survive to this day must shudder at their dread past. It is painful to dwell on the sufferings of the mothers of the '80s. I well remember the sweet and very falsetto tenor of Haverly's minstrels wringing our hearts and harrowing our souls with the pathetic song, "The flower from my angel mother's grave," the mother without any doubt having been driven to a premature gave by her husband's rackety habits. And there was another ballad that never failed to bring copious tears, righteous indignation and bitter invective. It started this way:

"Father, dear father, come home with me now."

I don't recall that he went home as requested. From what we know of the fathers of the '80s he probably did not, but stayed on till they closed, an uncertain hour in those evil days of before the 11 o'clock law, near-beer and Scotch highballs at 60 cents each. How happy we should be that we live in these better days.

It is also a matter of record that the father of the '80s was a lazy fellow, too. The poet sang that

"Everybody works but father
He sits at home all day
Toasting his feet by the fire
And smoking his pipe of clay."

Doesn't your mind's eye picture him! He wore carpet slippers and a three days' growth of whiskers, his trousers bagging, being none too securely upheld and was very snuffy and spotty withal, but enormously contented, curse him!

G. S.

Newton.

Was "Everybody Works but Father," a song of the '80s. Was it not of a later date?—Ed.

Early Tank

As the World Wags:

H. G. Wells is generally credited with having forecasted the "tanks" in a story which appeared in an English magazine—the Strand—between 10 and 15 years ago. It now appears as if this instrument of war was under consideration as far back as the 16th century. In a document entitled "Secret Inventionis, proffitabill and necessary in theis dayes for defence of this Island, and withstanding of strangers, enemies of God's truth and religion," dated the 7th of June, 1596, and signed by John Napier, mention is made of "a round metal chariot, so constructed that its occupants could move it rapidly and easily while firing out through small holes in it." The Napier who drew up and signed this document was the John Napier, eighth of Merchiston, who invented logarithms. The plan itself was thought out to meet the contemplated invasion of England by Philip of Spain.

All the world has been amazed by the abject surrender of the German fleet, but from recent developments it is beginning to look as if the Germans, like Hamlet, had a method in their madness—or cowardice, rather. From their standpoint it would probably embarrass the allies far more to throw [illegible] would be the case if the Germans themselves had sailed out for one last fight to sink with colors flying. By making a gift of the fleet to the allies they probably hoped to stir up discord very much as the apple—"the prize of beauty"—that was thrown to Juno, Minerva and Venus, started the Trojan war.

Incidentally, can anyone explain why the conjunction of apples and femininity has always had such catastrophic consequences to mankind?

CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Boston, March 25.

JAZZ AT BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

The Boston Opera House, once the haughty home of a thousand-a-night tenors, of golden-wigged divas given to embonpoint and of thrills, roulades and florid arias, resounded yesterday afternoon and evening to jazz.

For Lt. James Reese Europe and his famous 369th United States Infantry band, noted for its inspiriting influence on the American lads who pounded out victory after victory against the Huns to the dashing rhythm of its music, had taken possession for two days, or a series of four concerts. Two to be given this afternoon and evening will complete the engagement, which will be remembered with keen enjoyment by those fortunate enough to be of the audience.

Like Sousa's First Aggregations

Lt. Europe's organization comprises 50-odd musicians and vocalists. As a band, it is strongly suggestive of Sousa's first aggregations, players of fine musical intelligence trained to every mood of their director, a unit in precision of attack, in maintenance of tone balance, in nice regard for dramatic climaxes or digressions. In other words, Lt. Europe's band, while heralded as foremost exponents of that odd perversian termed jazz music, deserves distinction also as a body of legitimate musicians. Doubtless it could do full justice to intricately scored works. That it chooses for the nonce to interpret richly and with rare gusto the more popular and therefore less exacting melodies does not belittle its status in a broad musical sense.

The players were assembled by Lt. Europe from all parts of the country. In their ranks yesterday were noted at least three vocalists identified with the Clef Club, the aggregation of colored troubadours who, introduced in Boston with the Rock & White show, gave this city its first hint of genuine jazz. Two of the numbers on the program were by William Tyers, conductor of the Clef Club, and each was typically jazzy.

In each department are men gifted with musical comicality. The principal clarinetist produced many quaint effects, the brothers Wright raised the roof with their spectacular drumming feats, seven saxophonists piled harmony on harmony. Felix Weir, violinist, and Leonard Jeter, 'cellist, gave a stringed version of Negro spirituals in a manner almost worthy of the Longy Club, a quartet of trombonists made the moaning of that instrument less a torture than an affliction. Al Johns gave a pianologue, a sort of musical humoresque, and Lt. Europe at the piano, and Lt. Noble Sissle, drum-major of the band when it was in service overseas, as composer and soloist combined, pleased with tunes deftly sung and as lightly accompanied.

Then there was Creighton Thompson, amazingly like Al Jolson in voice and mannerisms, singing some of the Jolson songs, such as "Rock-a-By Your Rock-a-Bye Baby with a Dixie Melody," and "I'll Say She Did." Also, seven singing serenaders, in camp-meeting ditties, closely harmonized. Once a tenor voice broke in on the band from the left of the stage; later a male quartet as insistently interrupted from the right.

Always, with such incidentals, and with its own fund of novelties, did the band stir its audience, keep it alert and wide-eared. Lt. Europe, for his part, set forth skilfully every musical trick in his bottomless bag. More generous even than Sousa in his response to encores, he made the program almost unbroken, save for the one intermission. And the audience wished it to be so, which is the surest tribute it could bestow.

When the boys of the 26th get home, the band of the 369th probably will be far away. But what a combination that would make, to see them marching through the streets of Boston to one of those jazzy two-steps, played only as Europe's band would play it!

All those who enjoy an amusing comedy, with a dash of originality in it, a comedy amusing in itself and amusing by reason of the comedians, should see "Adam and Eva," by Messrs. Bolton and Middleton at the Park Square Theatre. The fraudulent announcement of a fortune lost in order to awaken shirkers and wastrels to a sense of responsibility is not a new theatrical device, but the idea of an extravagant family [illegible] ing business in acting as a father, who the tired and worried head of the family goes to Brazil, where he expects to find rest and refreshing solitude, instead. It is carried out so plausibly by the comedians that it seems reasonable.

There is only one out about the comedy. Corinthia, the serving maid, should have married Adam Smith, the father pro tem. She was worth a dozen Evas. Comely, sensible, devoted, capable of self-sacrifice—and how finely Miss Shelby made the great sacrifice—quietly without a touch of melodramatic business—she should have been Adam's ideal wife of whom he talked so much. Nine men out of ten, no doubt, would choose an Eva in preference to a Corinthia. Perhaps the dramatists wished to give the impression for an act that Adam might make the sensible choice. In an old-fashioned comedy or operetta Corinthia would have turned out to be a foundling, acknowledged by wealthy or noble parents in the last act. As this comedy now stands the curtain falls on Corinthia left to nurse only her grief, and Lord Andrew with only his livery stable to console him. Eva certainly treated the Scottish nobleman shabbily.

When we saw Miss Shelby as Corinthia we remembered a curious passage in Hazlitt's essay "On Great and Little Things."

"Some gallants set their hearts on princesses; others descend in imagination to women of quality; others are mad after opera singers. For my part, I am shy even of actresses, and should not think of leaving my card with Mme. Vestris. I am for none of these bonnes fortunes; but for a list of humble beauties, servant maids and shepherd girls, with their red elbows, hard hands, black stockings and mob caps, I could furnish out a gallery equal to Cowley's, and paint them half as well. Oh! might I but attempt a description of some of them in poetic prose, Don Juan would forget his Julia. . . . I agree so far with Horace, and differ with Montaigne. I admire the Clementinas and Clarissas at a distance: the Pamelas and Fannys of Richardson and Fielding make my blood tingle."

What would Hazlitt have said of Corinthia, whose elbows were not red, whose hands were not hard? As for the black stockings, if Corinthia wore them they were preferable to the silk stockings of Eva.

A comedy with Adam and Eva, but with no serpent. There is an apple, but it is eaten by the couple in the New Jersey paradise without harm to any except Corinthia and Lord Andrew.

How well the comedy is acted! What a pleasure to see Mr. Flood as a realistic American "prosperous" father, with a sense of humor whetted by the extravagant family, a humor not without the irony born of despair. Mr. Gottschalk is as delightfully droll as ever. Mr. Kruger cannot be too highly praised for the case, the quietness, the winning reasonableness of his impersonation. Mr. Foote's Lord Andrew is admirably conceived and carried out. And so one might go through the cast. Miss Arnold's joyous outburst at the thought of a honey farm because she knew all about bees, having read Maeterlinck's rhapsody concerning the flight of the queen bee and her lovers, will long be remembered. Ten to one Dr. Delamater did not tear up the check when, learning from Adam that King was financially ruined, he promised to do so.

"Oh, Look," a musical comedy by James Montgomery, based on his farce, "Ready Money," with music by Harry Carroll, will be produced at the Shubert Theatre tomorrow. It first saw the footlights at the Shubert Theatre, New Haven, March 4, 1898. Harry Fox was then, as now, the leading comedian. The New York Times said of the show that it had a real plot. "There are plentiful neat verbal twists, happy little tricks in stage business, tuneful tunes and lilting lyrics."

Shaw's "Arms and the Man" is revived at the Copley Theatre this week. Mr. Jewett must have a peculiar pleasure in the stage management, for when the comedy was produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, in September, 1894, with Richard Mansfield, H. M. Pitt, Walden Ramsay, Mrs. McKee Rankin, Amy Bushy and Beatrice Cameron, Mr. Jewett took the part of Sergius Saranoff.

Mansfield, Arnold Daly, John Craig, possibly one or two others, have been seen here as Bluntschli. When the comedy was performed at the Copley on Nov. 27, 1916, the cast was as follows:

Maj. Paul Petkoff.....Lionel Glenister
Maj. Sergius Saranoff...Cameron Matthews
Nicola.....Fred W. Permain
Capt. Bluntschli.....Leonard Craske
Officer.....Leonard Grey
Catherine Petkoff.....Isabel Merson
Louka.....Gwladys Morris
Raina.....Jessamine Newcombe

Mr. Shaw in his preface to "Pleasant Plays" tells how he hastily completed his first attempt at a pleasant one. "It ran from the 21st April to the 7th July." This was at the Avenue Theatre, London, in 1894. "To witness it the public paid precisely £1777 5sh. 6d., an average of £23 2sh. 5d. per representation (including nine matinees), the average cost of each representation being about £80. A publisher receiving £1700 for a book would have made a satisfactory profit on it; the loss to the Avenue

[illegible] not altogether [illegible] to the [illegible] who were willing to [illegible] within a fortnight [illegible] straggling in during twelve [illegible] people can easily be [illegible] to understand this necessity [illegible] would have been financially [illegible] to the management and [illegible] to the author."

When the comedy was revived at the [illegible] Theatre, New York, by Arnold Daly in May 1915, the Evening Post of New York remarked: "The present [illegible] is not the most felicitous of all [illegible] moments for its revival—the [illegible] realities of war are too closely in [illegible] to be regarded easily as [illegible] matter—but, after all, the border [illegible] between farce and tragedy is [illegible] exceedingly thin, and it is the [illegible] serious subject that lends itself [illegible] readily to burlesque."

At present, the comedy has a peculiarly pertinent interest. Mr. Shaw in his preface admitted that his Swiss officer is not a conventional stage soldier. He suffers from want of food and sleep; his nerves go to pieces after three days under fire, ending in the horrors of a rout and pursuit; he has found by experience that it is more important to have a few bits of chocolate to eat in the field than cartridges for his revolver. When many of my critics rejected these circumstances as fantastically improbable and cynically unnatural, it was not necessary to argue them into common sense; all I had to do was to brain them, so to speak, with the first half-dozen military authorities at hand, beginning with the present commander-in-chief. . . . One strongly Liberal critic . . . declared when 'Arms and the Man' was produced, that I had struck a wanton blow at the cause of liberty in the Balkan peninsula by mentioning the fact that it was not a matter of course for a Bulgarian in 1885 to wash his hands every day. My Liberal critic no doubt saw soon afterwards the squabble reported all through Europe, between Stambouiloff and an eminent lady of the Bulgarian court who took exception to the neglect of his fingernails. After that came the news of his atrocious assassination, and a description of the room prepared for the reception of visitors by his widow, who draped it with black and decorated it with photographs of the mutilated body of her husband. Here was a sufficiently sensational confirmation of the accuracy of my sketch of the theatrical nature of the first apings of western civilization by spirited races just emerging from slavery. But it has no bearing on the real issue between my critic and myself, which was whether the political and religious idealism which had inspired the rescue of these Balkan principalities from the despotism of the Turk, and converted miserably enslaved provinces into hopeful and gallant little states, will survive the general onslaught on idealism which is implicit, and indeed explicit, in 'Arms and the Man' and the realistic plays of the modern school. For my part I hope not; for idealism, which is only a flattering name for romance in politics and morals, is as obnoxious to me as romance in ethics or religion."

This is strange reading in 1919.

George Copeland, who now makes his home in New York, to the loss of musical life in Boston, met with great success in Detroit, Mich., on March 13-15, when he played Joaquin Cassado's 'Hispania,' a symphonic fantasia for piano and orchestra at concerts of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra conducted by Mr. Gabrilowitsch. This was the first performance of the work in America. The work, still in manuscript form, had been performed publicly only once before by the composer in Paris, nine years ago. Mr. Copeland showed this brilliant fantasia to Dr. Muck, who at first professing interest in it, kept it a long time, and, like the chancellor in Tennyson's poem, "dallying, put the question by." The newspapers of Detroit were loud in praise of pianist and composition, although in one instance the praise was strangely worded. Thus the Detroit News began: "George Copeland as a soloist appears to have a tremendous virtue which elevates him above several other pianists, who, being more deft at the keyboard than he, are nevertheless lacking in this talent." Listen to this rhapsody over the fantasia: "There is a treasure of melodies and they are wine and the odor of exotic flowers; they recall pictures of the [illegible] meadows of Sevilla, the gypsy dances, the click of castanets, strumming of guitars and the voluptuous glamor of seguidilla, fandango, and [illegible]a and the 'ole!' of the dusky Valencian gentlemen in attendance—pictures possibly culled from books, but [illegible] real where the heart is a vagabond." This rhapsodist called attention to [illegible] effects in the violins and a [illegible]."

Notes on Concerts and Musicians of the Week

[illegible] Raisa will sing here in concert next Thursday evening. She was heard here for the first time as a member of the Chicago Opera Association at the [illegible] Opera House on Feb. 18, 1918, as [illegible] Op[illegible] [illegible] in [illegible] which was then performed here [illegible] the [illegible]. On [illegible] she was heard [illegible] in "The Jewels of the Madonna." She made a most favorable impression as singer and actress, by the volume and beauty of her voice and the intensity of her acting. She was born at Bielostock in Russian Poland—25 years ago, it is said. As her race was persecuted, she fled to Italy, where she studied with Mme. Marchisio. In August, 1913, she was engaged by Mr. Campanini for the Chicago company. She sang for the first time at Parma in the fall of that year. On Nov. 29, 1913, she appeared in Chicago as Aida. Last summer she was at the Colon Theatre in Buenos Ayres. Giacomo Rimini, who will sing with Miss Raisa next Thursday night, was born at Verona, where he came before the public when he was 22 years old. That was seven or eight years ago. He has sung in Italian cities, at Mexico City and at Buenos Ayres. He made his first appearance in Boston as Amonasro Feb. 18, 1918. Later he took these roles: Enrico Ashton, Re Raimondo (in "Isabeau"), Tonio, Hoel, Rafaele, Figaro.

Sergei Adamsky, who will give a song recital in Jordan Hall next Wednesday afternoon, was born in Russia. He began the study of music at Warsaw. He left Russia in 1909. After studying for a short time in Vienna, he went to Italy. From there he went to Egypt and made a concert tour. Returning to Italy he continued his studies. A second concert tour took him to Greece. About six years ago he arrived in New York. For a season he was with the Aborn Company; for another season with the Century Opera Company. Preferring concert work, he came to Boston two years ago. Arthur Hadley and Edna Sheppard will play a violoncello sonata by Camille Chevillard. Mr. Hadley is well known here. Miss Sheppard, having been graduated at the Conservatory of Music in Peoria, Ill., pursued her studies in Boston. She has often played chamber music with Mr. Hadley and has also played with the Worcester Symphony Orchestra.

Arthur Shattuck, pianist, who will give a recital in Jordan Hall next Saturday afternoon, played in Boston for the first time on Nov. 22, 1915. He gave a concert on Feb. 12, 1918, with Charles W. Clark, baritone, with charitable purpose. Mr. Shattuck, though born in Wisconsin, is of a New England family. He went to Europe when he was 13 years old and lived almost continuously there until 1914. For 10 years he studied with Leschetitzky in Vienna. At the age of 20 he made his first public appearance at Copenhagen with the Royal Orchestra. Later he played in the principal cities as far north as Iceland and as far south as the Balkan countries and Egypt. His home is in Paris. His princely generosity in giving the whole of his income—his father was one of the organizers of the great Kimberly-Clark paper mills at Neenah, Wis.—to the United States government during the war, was characteristic of the man.

To the Editor of the Herald:

There seems to be little doubt in my mind that the play, "His Royal Happiness," so recently produced in London, is identical with the play by Mrs. Everard Cotes that was originally played here at the Worcester Theatre on the evening of Dec. 28, 1914. I have read the announcements and reviews of the piece in some of the London papers, and while I have never seen that the English play was taken from Mrs. Everard Cotes's play, the plot, situations and characters seem practically the same.

The play had a deservedly short life here in America, living, I believe, only two weeks. It was faultlessly produced by Miss Annie Russell, who spent much time and money on its production and gave it an exceptional cast including Frederick Warde, Oswald Yorke, Littledale Power, Lionel Craske, John Daly Murphy, Ffolliot Paget and Mrs. De Kay, who returned to the stage in this production after a retirement of many years. But the play was doomed to failure not only from its very poor construction, but from its most improbable plot. Contrary to the reviewer of the London Times, the American people are not interested in the home life of royal or presidential families, they find much more interest in the doings of the family from the house next door. And if the truth must be told the American "motherly set" as the Times reviewer so aptly puts it, are much more interested in the home life of their favorite movie hero than the home life of the President.

If the play succeeds in London it will simply be the case of another American failure winning success in England's capital.

FRANK HANSON ORDWAY.

Worcester.

Oliver Ditson Company has published "My Favorite Folk Songs," selected by Mme. Marcella Sembrich. In a prefatory note Mme. Sembrich says that folk songs are "reflections of the feelings and predilections of many people whose characteristic manners of musical expression they preserve and exemplify." If a pure[illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] would neglect the [illegible] vocal. While Mme. Sembrich chose many songs that she liked best, many that pleased her audiences, she tried to make the selection for this volume widely representative, following the theory that folk songs are creations of the folk and not of the individuals inspired by conscious art. "Modern civilization has atrophied the faculty which created the folk song almost everywhere, but its spirit is stirring today as never before with [illegible] over a century. Never before have the composers of all schools been so influenced by it, and never before, since the long ago when it was created, has it so fully fulfilled its mission as a medium of popular national expression." This preface, by the way, is dated November, 1917. The collection includes songs of these nations: American three (two Indian, one Negro); Austrian, two; Bohemian, two; Bosnian, one; Bulgarian, one; Canadian, one; Chinese, one; English, three; French, four; German, five, Grecian, one, Hungarian, one; Irish, two, Italian, seven; Norwegian, two, Polish, three; Russian, four; Ruthenian, three; Scottish, three; Serbian, one, Swedish, four; Spanish, three; Syrian, one; Turkish, one. The "American" songs are "Laughing Water," "Little Papoose," both harmonized and with an English text by Mr. Harvey W. Loomis, and "Deep River," arranged by Mr. William A. Fisher. The volume, which belongs to the "Musicians' Library," is handsomely printed. The original text of the European and oriental songs is accompanied by an English version.

The Herald has received from Oliver Ditson Company "The Call to Freedom," words and music by Victor Herbert, a patriotic ode for soprano solo and men's voices; "Thirty Vocalises" for medium voice by Herbert Sanders, and "Teachers' Manual Third Year—the School Credit Piano Course" for the systematic training of ears, fingers and mind in piano playing and musicianship.

[illegible]

A young woman named Elizabeth Jones sang not long ago in New York. The question was raised whether any one named Jones could please an audience by bursting into song. There was Hannah Jones, born at Skewen, near Swansea, a contralto, who won prizes in London 30 years ago and was valued highly as an oratorio singer. There was Mr. Hirwen Jones, who sang in oratorio, concert, light opera, having visited German cities with D'Oyly Carte's Continental opera company. Many by the name of Jones have been sound musicians. Their names are duly recorded in books of reference, from Robert Jones, the lutenist and composer of the 17th century—he was graduated Mus. Bac. at Oxford in 1597—to Sidney Jones, who delighted us all by his music for "An Artist's Model," "The Gaiety Girl," "The Geisha," "San Toy." Jones—an excellent name, and we will maintain it with our sword. But the manager prevailed and Miss Elizabeth Jones will sing after this as Evelyn Gwyn.

Another young singer in New York was Marie von Essen. She now sings as Mary Kent. And so for a time Miss Julia Heinrich appeared on the concert stage as Julia Henry. The reason for these changes are plain, but were the changes necessary?

Edward MacDowell said more than once that Russian composers had a great advantage over the English and American by reason of their sonorous, imposing names not easily pronounced; that an audience would be prejudiced in favor of a composer whose name ended in "sky" or "off," whereas it would sit with folded hands and dull ears if the composer were Thompson, Johnson, Brown, Jones, Smith. On the other hand, there are successful singers today with names that are not strange or mellifluous, not like Swinburne's Atalanta's, as blessing to speak: Mr. Lambert Murphy and Mme. Culp—let us hope that if she returns, she will come with a changed heart and not rail against the country that has fed her—sing as well and draw audiences as well as if their names were Italianized.

Illustrated Magazines

As the World Wags:

I wonder if any one else derives the same sort of malicious pleasure from magazines that I do. I am not given to the reading of fiction. I have long since given up the attempt to keep informed by articles dealing with the problems of war and peace, democracy and bolshevism, reconstruction and prohibition. Head lines and what little front page reading I can do on the trains must suffice. Occasionally, however, I buy a Saturday Evening Post, amuse myself by criticising the illustrations. It's really quite entertaining. I wonder, sometimes, whether editors as a rule, require artists to read manuscripts before attempting to illustrate them. Frequently the pictures are absurdly out of accord with the text. It must be vexing to the author who has taken pains to consult the Pictorial Review—or his wife—in order that the flimsy georgette waist and whatever sort of ethereal skirt goes with a georgette waist of the blond "vamp" [illegible] married in an old colonial farmhouse. At the close of the ceremony the angry pursuers burst into the house and confronted the pair. The groom stood at bay with his back to the fireplace. The illustrator, however, showed the bridal party on the front steps, while the irate old man stood up in a buggy shrieking words which the author had described as having been uttered indoors.

Then there was the serial story of the young American who went to England early in the war, and getting into all sorts of trouble because of his failure to carry a passport, was concealed by a charming Lady Something in a game warden's cottage. To this cottage in the woods a picnic party came and the man took refuge in the garret, where he watched the guests through a tiny aperture under the eaves where a stone had been dislodged. The picture showed him hanging out of a window about three feet square, visible to all the countryside.

In another tale a man stretched out in a dentist's chair, upon hearing a remark which startles him, suddenly sits bolt upright. The illustrator, choosing the startling words for his title, pictures the victim cowering as if dodging a blow in an attitude which threatens to land him in a heap on the floor.

One of the evening papers runs a series of animal stories for children. The other night humming-birds were described, but the sketch which accompanied the article showed a most remarkable pair of birds, supposedly ruby-throated humming-birds, but with short, blunt bills like sparrows'. All the humming-birds I have ever seen have had very long, slender bills, of the general shape of a darning-needle. Is there another variety of ruby-throat that has a short bill? If so, how do they probe the depths of the trumpet-flower and honeysuckle? I have consulted Chapman, Blanchan, Wright and Burroughs in vain.

There is one other type of picture I may mention—that which has little or nothing to do with the accompanying text, but seems to be used only for the purpose of dressing the page. Such sketches are economical to a publication, for they can be used over and over again. This class of illustration is of two sorts. The one—an impersonal kind of thing, such as a man sitting in a chair, a girl in her nighty, two men and a newsboy in front of a subway entrance—simply depicts a situation which occurs, or may be assumed to occur, in almost any story. The other is the cloudy, ultra impressionistic drawing accomplished by inflicting a half-dozen vicious strokes on a gray paper with the broad side of a stick of charcoal, rubbing in with the fingers, and picking out the high lights on a human face with white chalk. Such pictures can be used on any occasion because no one can say with authority that they do not fit the text. I frequently find old friends with new titles in the aforesaid Sat. Eve. Post.

I might offer further examples, but these are perhaps sufficient. At least they are sufficient to provoke the inquiry—Are artists required, or merely privileged, to read stories before attempting to illustrate them?

Malden. PHINEAS PHIPPS.

Civilized?

As the World Wags:

A company of hundreds of Filipino soldiers are now singing on the floor above my office "America" with fine, tuneful voices and wrenching my heart strings. Only a few years ago they were wandering nude under their own palm trees. Today they are well trained sailors and soldiers on their way to the United States. Wonderful, is it not? Hawaii is the place to see all sorts and conditions of men. E. A. P. N.

Honolulu, March 13.

Yet there are some who like to think of these islanders before they were corrupted by "civilization."—Ed.

The Good Old Days

As the World Wags:

As late as the 80s there was a wholesale liquor house on Broad street, with an annex called "The Frog Pond," located in the cellar of the building. Barrels of various strong waters lined the walls. Hanging from a nail was a four-ounce tin cup. Customers helped themselves, handing a dime to the man in charge. The limit of the drink was the capacity of the cup. Will those who shudder at the approach of July 1st join me in singing:

Shun the cup, the death-fraught cup,
That dooms the soul to hell,
And drink the draught, the cooling draught
That comes from the cooling well.

Boston. J. D. K.

JASCHA HEIFETZ

Jascha Heifetz, the brilliant young violinist, gave his last recital of the year in Symphony Hall yesterday. Boston grows more enthusiastic for this artist at his each appearance, and yesterday's audience, both in numbers and in the reception accorded the player, rivalled that of a McCormack concert.

As in his previous concerts the program was arranged to show Mr. Heifetz's wonderful [illegible]. The opening selection [illegible] Tartini [illegible] [illegible]

...nts f... n ... ... in F sharp minor, opus ... He included ... with a group of shorter selections, including Chopin's "Nocturne in E flat major," two dance numbers from Brahms, Tschaikowsky's "Andante Cantabile," arranged by Mr. Heifetz's teacher, Leopold Auer, and "Souvenir de Moscow," by Wieniawski.

The audience was reluctant to allow the young player to leave, and long after he had left the hall, after four generous encores, men and women rushed against the stage, hoping for one more treat.

April 1 1919

In one Western city there is talk of a sumptuary law against high heels for women, but in Detroit the common council has refused permission to construct sidewalk gratings, for the council hold that as women are "addicted to high heels and cannot be persuaded to revert to the 'common sense' variety" they are always exposed to the danger of tripping, spraining and breaking ankles if sidewalks are uneven. (Sidewalks are always dangerous. Who has not stuck his folded umbrella, serving as a walking stick, in a crevice, and sighed over the damage done, or at least looked foolish?)

High heels are not a purely modern abomination. The corked shoes for women in the 17th century were high heeled. William Warner in "Albion's England" represented two old women bewailing the ruin of the country through fashionable excess.

When we were maids (quoth one of them)
Was no such new-found pride,
Then wore they shoes of ease, now of
An inch-broad-corked high.

Then there were the chopines, sometimes in Venice half a yard high, so that the women were said to consist of three parts, one part wood, one of dress, and the third part woman. A visitor asked how he liked the Venetian dames, would have none of them, for they were half flesh, half wood. Why do not the women revive here the fashion of scarlet heels? There are other ways of making oneself conspicuous by startling shoes or boots—"footwear" to use the term dear to "our best people."

This reminds us that in Luverne, Minnesota, a bootblack displays the sign "Majestic Shining Parlor." He must do a rushing business for this address is on his letter paper and envelopes. He should be the proprietor of an "Emporium." "Parlor" is too modest a word.

Still Soaring

We read yesterday a harrowing account of a sirloin steak, of the best quality weighing one pound. The steak at San Francisco was sold for 32 cents, at Minneapolis it sold for 28 cents; at Chicago, 37. At Philadelphia, 49 was the price; in Providence, 65; in Boston, 56; in New Orleans, 32.

We will here remark that while the fish investigation is volubly going on in Boston, the price of fish is still outrageously high.

What would the authors of the Croaker poems published 100 years ago in the Evening Post of New York have said to these prices? We quote from their "Ode to Fortune"—nay, the whole ode deserves quotation:

Fair lady with the bandaged eye!
I'll pardon all thy scurvy tricks,
So thou wilt cut me, and deny
Alike thy kisses and thy kicks;
I'm quite contented as I am,
Have cash to keep my duns at bay,
Can choose between beefsteaks and ham,
And drink Madeira every day.

My station is the middle rank,
My fortune—just a competence—
Then thousand in the Franklin Bank,
And twenty in the six per cents.;
No amorous chains my heart enthrall,
I neither borrow, lend nor sell;
Fearless I roam the City Hall,
And "bite my thumb" at Sheriff Bell.

The horse that twice a week I ride
At Mother Dawson's eats his fill;
My books at Goodrich's abide,
My country-seat is Weehawk hill;
My morning lounge is Eastburn's shop,
At Poppleton's I take my lunch,
Niblo prepares my mutton chop,
And Jennings makes my whiskey punch.

When merry, I the hours amuse
By squibbing Bucktails, Guards and Balls,
And when I'm troubled with the blues,
Damn Clinton and abuse canals.
Then, Fortune! since I ask no prize,
At least preserve me from thy frown!
The man who don't attempt to rise
'Twere cruelty to tumble down.

This ode should be put by the side of Holmes's "Contentment."

Cultured Boston

As the World Wags:

"Cultured Boston"—'tis a pompous term, but deceitful withal; for we are not cultured. We are not possessed of even the elements of taste; and originality is without our ken.

For I would not speak of hoi oligoi, which flitteth about Marlboro street and the narrow confines of Beacon Hill, but of hoi polloi, which worketh for its daily bread, and goeth to and from its daily task in a car of the Boston Elevated Railway Company (may the gods have pity on its bones).

Indeed, who can call a city cultured when the people thereof care not for the classic stage, but give their money to inferior actors? It is true that to see the acting of honest plays one must go to a small theatre apart from the centre of the city, for there are few who care for such.

And these other plays, which hoi polloi payeth its corn-money to see, are but the skeletons of their New York selves. I mean this in both a literal and a figurative sense; for men say that the New York scores suffer expurgation, and I find it easy to believe that those who act have suffered phthisis, or some such emaciating disease. Yet hoi polloi is satisfied, and hummeth to itself the contemptible tunes for many seasons thereafter.

And this is not the only way in which those who make sport of our simpleness do impose upon us. For I am told by one who has travelled far, and seen much, that when a railroad car becometh old, and infirm, and ready for the shard-heap, it is straightway sent to our city and employed for our transportation until it verily falleth into many parts; when these parts are fitted together, and used again.

As a return, the men who manage the affair hang up strange banners, and which mean nothing, from the roof-timbers of our station, and mingle signs of "Ypres" and "Chateau-Thierry" with those of "Outward Baggage" and "Information." In very truth, it giveth to the place an air of barbaric rudeness; but if one openeth his mouth in astonishment, such a blast of impure air doth enter that he straightaway closeth it again.

Ye tribe of "intellectuals," smug satisfied in your little corner of the wide world, when will ye see yourselves as ye are? When will ye realize that your shine has become tarnished, and that others, lowly what time ye were great, gleam in new-found brilliancy? When will ye awake and strive to attain that is rightly yours? SATYROS.

Cambridge.

DOLLY SISTERS

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Oh, Look!" a musical comedy in two acts, suggested by James Montgomery's farce, "Ready Money"; lyrics by Joseph McCarthy, music by Harry Carroll, staged by Robert Milton and Edward Royce; produced in New York March 7, 1918; first time in Boston.

Neil .... Lewis Sealy
Sam Welch .... Robert Ames
Tubby Turner .... Louis Haines
William Stewart .... Hal Van Rensselaer
Genevieve Tyler .... Roszika Dolly
Grace Tyler .... Yansci Dolly
Mrs. John H. Tyler .... Beth Franklin
Marjorie Elliott .... Selma Magnusson
Stephen Baird .... Harry Fox
James E. Morgan .... Edward Poland
Jackson Ives .... Charles Lane
Capt. West .... Hugh Cameron

Again a musical comedy with a plot, even though appropriated from previously staged entertainment. This time the chief digressions are for the dancers rather than the vocalists; and the premiere dancers in "Oh, Look!" are of course the famous Dolly sisters. To be sure they have many lines in the play, sentimental lines, naively delivered. When the orchestra breaks into a sprightly tune the sisters abandon the spoken word for the poetry of motion. They dance on chairs, they swing dervish-like about a full stage. They point their toes to the theatre dome. They dance in white, in pink, in—what is that new color—henna? And whenever they dance the audience sits back and sways with them, and applauds like mad when they are done. For, when all is said, the Dolly sisters have no equals as twin dancers, whose every dual motion is as that of one person.

Now for the plot. Stephen Baird, young, with entree into society, beloved by Grace, has infinite faith in a gold mine called the Skyrocket. He holds this faith alone, and is down to his last quarter when a clever chap named Ives comes along with $20,000 in money which he printed, and which he proudly claims surpasses the original. Ives forces this money on Baird, with the result that the young man is showered with stock subscriptions. A very droll detective, played in capital manner by Mr. Cameron, interrupts this new prosperity, but only for a short time. The mine actually yields gold, Baird gets his girl and a fortune of his own, and all ends merrily.

Mr. Fox is in his happiest moments when delivering comic asides incidental to the song "A Kiss for Cinderella," in which members of the company sketchily enact a parody on the Barrie play. He gets full value out of the song "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," though in sentimental numbers he insists on substituting syncopation. As a farceur his stock in trade appears limited. To make amends, he prolongs a comic scene dangerously near to the spoiling point.

Mr. Lane justified his reputation as an easy, finished player, striking the most effective note as the master counterfeiter. Mr. Cameron made the detective the dominant comedy hit of the evening. The girls of the chorus were extremely attractive and unusually adept in the dances.

Mr. McCarthy's verses ran smoothly. Mr. Carroll's score fitted nicely into the all-round lightness of the entertainment, especially was it pleasing in the dance numbers. The tunes which seemed last night destined to be popular here were Mr. Fox's "Rainbow" number, "An Old-Fashioned Girl" and "A Kiss for Cinderella." It was inevitable that the scenes should be laid somewhere on Long Island: the remarkable feature was that the three settings were exceptionally restful and in rare good taste.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"The Witching Hour." Drama in four acts by Augustus Thomas. The cast:

Jack Brookfield .... Dudley Ayres
Judge Prentice .... Mark Kent
Frank Hardmuth .... Mark Elliston
Tom Denning .... Frederick Allen
Clay Whipple .... Aubrey Bosworth
Harvey .... Charles Patterson
Lew Ellinger .... Morton L. Stevens
Mr. Emmett .... Samuel Godfrey
Judge Henderson .... Henry T. Crossen
Jo, a Servant .... Walter Coupe
Mrs. Helen Whipple .... Ruth Robinson
Mrs. Alice Campbell .... Eleanor Brent
Viola Campbell .... Bella Cairns

Among Augustus Thomas's many successful plays, "The Witching Hour" ranks high. It not merely reveals the hand of one who has watched life and who is able to turn it to dramatic uses, but discloses also the ingenuity of one practised in the technicalities of the stage. For Mr. Thomas was once an actor. "The Witching Hour" contains many individual and life-like characters. Its scenes are in Louisville and Washington, and the action passes from a gambling house in the first-mentioned city to the private residence of a judge in the latter and then back again to Louisville. A killing takes place which is unpremeditated and unintentional, and therefrom arises a series of mysterious events in which mind plays upon mind, and the mysteries of telepathy are ingeniously and entertainingly expounded. "The Witching Hour" combines many elements; it is drama and melodrama, comedy and tragedy.

As an interpreter of character Mr. Ayres has never given expression to his skill more satisfactorily than in the character of Jack Brookfield. This is the role played by John Mason when the play was first presented, and Mr. Ayres ably walks in the footsteps of his predecessor. Mr. Kent contributes another of his sound and sterling portraitures as Judge Prentice; Miss Robinson is an effective Mrs. Whipple, while Mr. Elliston, Mr. Stevens, Miss Brent and Miss Cairns add notably to the success of the performance.

Next week at the Arlington Theatre Willard Mack's crook play, "Kick In," will be acted for the first time in Boston

'ACTING SONGS' KEITH FEATURE

Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, fresh from Broadway triumphs, in "acting songs," are the principal feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that applauded warmly.

The act is typical of the style employed by Mr. Lean in musical comedies, and there is much attention paid to the conversational style of song, in which the principal comedian is especially gifted.

Much interest was displayed in the appearance of Mr. Lean's associate, Miss Mayfield, who succeeds his former partner, Florence Holbrook. Miss Mayfield is not only interesting in song and as the actress, but she is fortunate in physical charm.

The lyrics and music, which were furnished by Mr. Lean, are all interesting in text as well as tune, and there is a light touch that adds to the enjoyment of the several numbers. Especially worthy of mention were the song aboard the ocean liner farewelling New York, and the telephone song, in which Mr. Lean plays a game of poker, the while answering the phone in the vernacular of the game.

"Not yet, Marie," another of the many sketches in vaudeville from the pen of Frank Stammers, is a snappy musical sketch and has much merit in dialogue. The piece is also interesting in presenting two good comedians, and as in all Mr. Stammers's sketches, there are plenty of pretty girls. The locale portrayed is that of an artist's studio, and the girls frolic about in many changes of costume. Edward Sedan conducted.

One of the best acts of the bill is that of Mayo and Lynn, in an act of conversation and song. Mr. Lynn, who has moved up to big position on the bill from inconsequential parts in musical sketches of a season ago, is unique in the excellence of his portraiture of the "silly ass" type. Mr. Mayo is the possessor of a rich baritone, and sings with fine musical intelligence.

Other acts on the bill were Emily Darrell, in a monologue; Owen McGiveney, in a tabloid version of "Oliver Twist," playing all the characters; Jim and Betty Morgan, singers and instrumentalists; Eadie and Ramsden, in a comedy sketch, and Leo Zarrell and company, acrobats.

"Arms and the Man" Capably Performed by the Jewett Players

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—"Arms and the Man," a comedy in three acts by George Bernard Shaw, performed by the Henry Jewett Players.

Paul Petkoff .... E. E. Clive
Nicola .... Fred W. Permain
Sergius Saranoff .... Cameron Matthews
Capt. Bluntschli .... Leonard Craske
Russian officer .... Noel Leslie
Catherine Petkoff .... Phyllis Relph
Louka .... Viola Roach
Raina .... Jessamine Newcombe

An audience that completely filled the theatre enjoyed heartily the play; enjoyed Mr. Shaw's cynical shattering of illusions and ideals; enjoyed the general excellence of the performance. Some might have wished perhaps that the part of Bluntschli had been played by an actor of more pronounced individuality, but the Swiss soldier's lack of enthusiasm, his horror of heroism, and even mock-heroics, his magnificent interest in his own welfare, his stolid behavior except when he was worn out by loss of sleep and exposure to fire—these were easily and shrewdly portrayed by Mr. Craske. A man of marked individuality would necessarily be aggressive in this part. Bluntschli was anything but aggressive. He had the soul of a Swiss landlord, if only by inheritance. His philosophy of life was not far removed from Nicola's. This part of Nicola, by the way, was played with singular understanding by Mr. Permain, whose make-up and delineation of character were alike remarkably effective.

Yet the merit of the performance consisted largely in the smooth working together of all the comedians. It has been said that Mr. Shaw's women in the play are lay-figures. This is not true. Raina in her affected romanticism, her gushing, her mental twists and sudden changes of opinions, her coquetry, is a woman of flesh and blood. Miss Newcombe made one realize this. Nothing could have been more delightful than the manner in which she came down from her high horse as soon as her chocolate cream soldier had accused her of being a humbug. Throughout the comedy her varied intonation, her rhapsodic utterances, her facial mobility, her management of gesture and pose gave life to the character and accent and emphasis to the dramatist's lines. The part of her mother is more conventional. Catherine might be any Englishwoman of a certain class, rejoicing in her "library" and electric bell. Louka is frankly melodramtic, but not necessarily a maid of the Balkans. She might figure as a serving girl, conscious of her beauty, ambitious, despising her mistress and making eyes at an officer or a nobleman in any popular Drury Lane melodrama. Miss Roach played in a spirited manner, and was, like Mr. Shaw, without illusions.

The remarks about bravery in action, the soldier's life, the relationship between private and officer, have a queer sound at present. To the pacifist this play should be a book of golden texts; but too often, the pacifist is without a sense of humor, the last one to appreciate the wit and humor of the dialogue: he would take Mr. Shaw seriously. Before the war, Remy de Gourmont wrote in Mr. Shaw's vein about war, soldiering, the life in barracks. The war came, and the French essayist saw a great light. He changed his tune. Mr. Shaw kept on in the same key but added variations to his theme. Of the two, Remy de Gourmont proved himself the sounder philosopher; a patriot, too, a lover of humanity.

When Mr. Shaw named Bulgaria as the scene of action, he gave to his comedy an opera-bouffe flavor. There has been nothing droll about the Balkans since 1914. There is tragedy there today. Yet in tragedy farce may enter and accentuate dismal situation and struggling heroism. The cynic sees only the farcical side. He puts the first grave digger above the Prince of Denmark.

Mr. Giorgio Polacco, applauded in Boston as an operatic conductor, as a guest conducted the concerts of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra on March 24-25. The biographical sketch published in the program book contained this statement: "A similar honor was tendered him since he accepted the engagement with the Chicago opera this season—the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which he felt bound to decline because of his previous arrangement with Maestro Campanini."

Was Mr. Polacco offered this position in Boston, or did the trustees only talk about him; as they talked about others; as they are now talking about the conductor for next season?

Mr. Robin H. Legge of the London Daily Telegraph, in a letter dated March 4 and published in the Musical Courier of New York (March 27), writing about the Covent Garden season beginning in May, says: "But the soundest

[illegible] He has accepted the [illegible] "to" while it may be [illegible] Pierre Monteux will come also to [illegible] the French opera."

[illegible] added wood-wind instruments [illegible] his performance of Gabriel [illegible] overture to "Penelope" last week [illegible] in conversation with the composer in Paris, the latter advised it. Mr. Rabaud has also taken the liberty [illegible] instruments to those named in the score of his own symphony. In [illegible] Ravel assented gladly to similar additions when one of his works was performed by Mr. Rabaud. It is one thing to double parts in this manner; it is another to change harmonies and re-orchestrate, as Dr. Muck was fond of doing, as Gustav Mahler did in Vienna and New York.

Whining "Creators"

On April 2, 1876, Edmond de Goncourt [illegible] this characteristic and egoistic whine in his journal: "How quickly in [illegible] trade as creative workmen one [illegible] for success by physical weakness [illegible] nervous derangement! Today I [illegible] the fortunate Daudet cry out despairingly: 'I have afternoons of such sadness that I then wish I were a woman that I might weep.'" Probably Goncourt caught this trick from Flaubert, who sweated over a matter of punctuation and had a fit if he detected "of" [illegible] "off" in one sentence. Balzac, the [illegible] Dumas and Gautier were far more productive. They were spurred on by [illegible] not merely by ambition, but they did not groan and weep and wring their hands. Their motto was: "All in the day's work." Nor did they prate about "creation"; they simply wrote.

The Colonel and Artemus

Col. Henry Watterson in his entertaining account of Artemus Ward says that Artemus in 1860 was called to New York "to take the editorship of a venture called Vanity Fair. This died soon after, but he did not die with it. A year later, in the fall of 1861, he made his appearance as a lecturer at New London, and met with decided encouragement. Then he went on tour, returned to New York," etc.

Those statements are not accurate.

Vanity Fair was something more than a venture. The first number was published on Dec. 31, 1859. On Dec. 27, 1862, the publisher announced that on account of "the present exorbitant rate for paper" Vanity Fair would be discontinued as a weekly. It was a brilliant periodical, the most brilliant comic weekly that has yet appeared in this country. Puck at the zenith of its fame and power depended on H. C. Bunner, and the caricaturists, Joseph Keppler, Gillam and Wales. Among the contributors to Vanity Fair were George Arnold, poet and humorist, Charles Godfrey Leland, T. B. Aldrich, William Winter, Charles Dawson Shanly, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Fitz James O'Brien and others famous in the days of Henry Clapp. Ada Clare—she contributed to the first number—E. G. P. Wilkins, Symonds, Neill, journalists and [illegible] in Pfaff's cellar.

Frank Wood, not Artemus Ward, was the first editor of Vanity Fair. The first article by the latter that appeared in that weekly with his name was "Artemus Ward Visits Brigham Young," and it was published on Nov. 10, 1860. His last article was published on Nov. [illegible] 1862, "A. Ward in Canada."

Col. Watterson concludes by saying that Artemus was buried in Kensal Green. Was not his body afterwards brought back to his birthplace? Is not his tombstone in the cemetery at Waterford, Me.?

Heroic Dentistry

It seems that in England there are men living who had teeth pulled out by the village blacksmith. A survivor of the operation wrote last month to the London Daily Chronicle about the blacksmith-dentist. "His principal qualification for the job was a strong pair of [illegible]. After gripping the offending tooth with the pincers, he would screw the long handles in a vise, so that the patient could not move. Then, putting a bar of iron in the fire till it was blazing hot, he would dab it at the victim's nose. He would, of course, violently draw back leaving the tooth behind. It was all done very quietly and cleverly."

With the surgery, the treatment of corns recommended by the Arabian physician, Albucasis, who died at Cordova in 1106 or 1107, might be classed. He gave the sufferer the choice of fire or hot water. If fire was preferred, an iron proportionate to the size of the corn was heated red-hot and applied to it, and the burning carried to such an extent that it caused suppuration. If the patient chose hot water, a funnel of copper or iron, or a vulture's quill was applied to the corn and then filled with boiling water. By these means, Albucasis remarks, the corn may be eradicated. [illegible] his "Al-Tacrib," which is divided into 32 parts, a book that should [illegible], to be consulted [illegible].

MR. ADAMSKY

By PHILIP HALE

Sergei Adamsky, tenor, assisted by Arthur Hadley, violoncellist and Miss Edna Sheppard, pianist, gave a concert in Jordan Hall last evening. The list of songs was as follows: Osma, two Spanish songs from the cycle "Cretares di mi Tierre;" Chaloff, the Harvest Moon; Titcomb, A Maytime Lament; Caccini, Amarille; Giordano, improviso from "Andrea Chenier;" Rachmaninoff, the songs of Grusia, God Took Everything From Me, Anguish; Moussorgsky, Where Are You, Little Star, The Pompous Little Man; Gretchaninoff, Tears, The Siren, Russian Folk Songs, Rubinstein, The Birch Tree, Schischkoff, Gypsy Romance; "Ivan," arranged by Tschaikowsky; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Lullaby; Cossack song, Volga Boat Song, arranged by Adamsky. Mr. Hadley and Miss Sheppard played Chevillard's violoncello sonata in B flat.

The program was an unusual one and it contained some interesting songs that were unfamiliar. Chief among them were the two by Osma, which inspired the wish to hear others of the cycle, so full of character and color were they, so well contrasted. Mr. Adamsky was more fortunate in the arrangement of the first section of his program than in his selections for the second. Beautiful as the first four Russian songs are, each by itself, the prevailing mood of melancholy common to them all became monotonous before Moussorgsky's "Pompous Little Man" with its deliberate stiffness changed the current of musical expression. In the first section Titcomb's pretty little song was perhaps especially appreciated by the very friendly audience, although the fine old air by Caccini showed in full the beauty of the singer's tones and his skill in sustained song.

Mr. Adamsky has a charming voice, when he does not attempt to be intensely dramatic. In purely lyrical passages he works a spell by sheer tonal beauty; but he has more than a voice, he sings tastefully, with a good control of his natural resources. When he goes beyond them he is not so fortunate either in vocal mechanism or in rhetorical expression. Miss Sheppard accompanied sympathetically.

The father of Camille Chevillard, the conductor, was an accomplished violoncellist. Perhaps for this reason the son thought it his duty to write a sonata for his father's instrument. The result was not successful. As is all the music of Chevillard that we have heard, this sonata is labored and dry. It was played here, the program stated, for the first time. We doubt if it will tempt other musicians.

Do not the pictures of authors, male and female, published in the newspapers, often deter one from reading their books, or, if the books have already been read, lead a man to wonder at his enjoyment in the perusal? It is hard, for instance, having seen the grotesque appearance of Sainte-Beuve to accept him as an eminent critic. How few modern poets look as if they were the darlings of the Muse! This one might be a carefully dressed broker; that one might be ranked with Walt Whitman's "powerful and uneducated" persons. Poe, Tennyson, Byron, Longfellow, Bryant, Whitman, Goethe, Dante had the advantage of a natural "make-up" for the part. Take Samuel Butler, the Butler of "Erewhon," not "Hudibras"; might he not from his portrait be taken for a shrewd, matter-of-fact wholesale grocer or railroad president? Sir Thomas Browne, judged by his portrait alone, was lovably whimsical. Of course newspaper portraits of authors are often libellous; yet we are sorry, when due allowance has been made, that Leonard Merrick's has been published, for "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" is one of the most delightful romances in English literature. Mr. Merrick is being discovered daily! Yet his novels and short stories have been for several years in the Tauchnitz edition.

Reed's Tanks

As the World Wags:

When I was a kid in the 70's, a penny dreadful boy's weekly was current—I've forgotten the name of it—in which a series of stories ran for years entitled: "Frank Reed's Steam Man," "Frank Reed's Steam Team," "Frank Reed's Steam everything else, even to balloons and submarines. I distinctly remember one describing Frank Reed's steam tank. It wasn't called a tank in the story, but the illustrations were remarkably like our tank, and Frank and his brave boy comrades navigated [illegible] of [illegible] through [illegible] fought [illegible] the [illegible] and other [illegible]. Do [illegible] remember these stories [illegible] or perhaps some other amiable and harmless old crank who reads the column may? Frank's tank had port-holes through which murderous machine guns poured their deadly stream of bullets while the redskins leaped in the air and expired in heaps.

Boston. L. R. ROBINSON.

The Universal Accompaniment

As the World Wags:

Oh lady dear the love I own
No voice may tell save ("telephone!")
I swear that unto thee alone
My burning heart would ("telephone!")
A life's devotion shall atone
For aught I've done to ("telephone!")
Ah be not then a heart of stone
To all I dare to ("telephone!")
My faults, my failings, dear, condone
And deign a gracious ("telephone!")

It was too much. Ah hear our moan;
May his soul rest in ("telephone!")

Boston. ECHO.

William Barney

As the World Wags:

On Feb. 23 there was found on the road from Wachusetts lake to Princeton and Wachusetts mountain the body of William Barney, an aged recluse who lived alone in a small house on a spur of the mountain, where he had resided for some years. He had been down for his mail, and it coming to snow and he being old and feeble he had been overcome. He perished in the storm. Mr. Barney was well known in Westminster and Princeton. He was extremely deaf and a little demented, which was ascribed by some to an unfortunate love affair. He was said to be the possessor of a large fortune which, according to popular belief, he refused to touch. The facts as near as I can secure them are as follows:

Mr. Barney came of a well-to-do family in New York. He must have had a collegiate education as he entered on the practice of law after his retirement from the army in 1863, when, a first lieutenant in the 1st New York mounted rifles, he was discharged on a surgeon's certificate of disability. He joined the G. A. R. post, April 12, 1890, on transfer from the department of Wisconsin. A great stickler for all the forms, he had a comprehensive knowledge of French and Italian, but his penmanship was atrocious. As a lawyer in New York he became prominent. He was associated with Tilden and others in the prosecution of the Tweed Ring. A great admirer of Tilden, he tried to explain to me Tilden's use of the word "usufruct." Mr. Barney's father became involved in a law suit over the St. Louis and Iron Mountain railroad with Jay Gould, and I think Jim Fisk. Mr. Barney conducted the case which involved a very large sum. From the nervous strain, overwork and a sunstroke, he broke down and really never recovered. For some time he lived in the Adirondacks, but came here about 1889 or 1890. He was always well supplied with money. What property he had was in the hands of trustees, one of whom was Mr. Bullock of Worcester.

My only object in writing this letter is to rescue in as far as I can from oblivion the name of an honorable, upright, Christian gentleman, an unqualified American and patriot, and a Democrat of the old school. S. H.

Westminster.

Justice to a Classic

As the World Wags:

A slight was put upon a literary gem by a recent world-wagger under the title "Father in Song." To borrow a phrase from a high national authority, "may I not" give the correct version as vividly recalled? It was thus that the heart-felt poem ran:

"Everybody works but father;
He sits around all day,
Feet upon the mantle,
Smoking his pipe of clay.

Mother takes in washing,
So does sister Ann;
Everybody works but father
He's my old man."

Newton. H. S. K.

Mr. A. B. Roberts of Windham, Ct., writes that the song enjoyed its popularity about the years 1905 and 1906.—Ed.

April 4 1917

Miss Rosa Raisa and Giacomo Rimini at Symphony Hall

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Rosa Raisa, soprano, and Giacomo Rimini, both members of the Chicago Opera Company, gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall. Miss Raisa's selections were as follows: Pergolesi, Se tra m'ami; Arensky, Osien; Brahms, Cradle Song; Mozart, "Voi che sapete"; Bellini, "Casta Diva," from "Norma"; Sans-Souci, When song is sweet; Garat, Dans le printemps; Nogero, El Ariero. Mr. Rimini's were these: Rossini, "Largo al factotum"; [illegible]

[illegible] Miss Raisa [illegible] of the [illegible] Company, the full and [illegible] voice, her [illegible] and her dramatic intensity were at once recognized. Her most ardent admirers feared, however, that the beauty of her voice would be impaired in a few years if she did not husband prudently her resources, so prodigal was she with her strength, so flaming was her spirit. She was indeed a dramatic soprano, but she sang in dramatic situations; she did not merely declaim and in a climax shriek.

Where it was announced that she would sing here in concert, there was natural curiosity about her ability as a singer of songs. Would she contentedly let her rich voice roll through the hall, or would she stand forth as an interpreter, as a mistress of nuances and finesse? It should always be remembered that voice in interpretation is not the chief requisite. The most remarkable interpretative singers in concert during the last dozen years have not been conspicuous for tonal charm. Ludwig Wuellner, for instance, had a harsh voice, and he sang badly, according to the rules, but who has forgotten the manner in which he vitalized Schubert's "Doppelgaenger," Sinding's bitter music to Heine's bitter song of a wanton, Strauss's song of the women wailing over Adonis?

Miss Raisa at the very beginning last night awakened lively expectation by the delightful manner in which she sang the beautiful air of Pergolesi. Fortunate in her choice of tempo—the pace is usually too fast—she sang expressively without any attempt to modernize the plaintive air or to infuse an incongruous spirit. And then she disappointed by fairly shouting Arensky's song, by forcing tone—not an interpretation, but a megaphonic delivery. In Brahms's "Cradle song" the native beauty of the voice made the hearer forget that the performance was objective; that there was little or no true "intimacy" in the reading. The same might be said of Cherubini's canzonetta. There was no suggestion of the shy but appealing eroticism of the music that at last blazes into passion and then dies out, as if the Page thought he had been too bold with the Countess.

It was pleasant to hear "Casta diva" again, one of the longest sustained melodies, if not the longest, in operatic literature. The last time the opera was performed here, Lillie Lehmann took the part of Norma. She sang the florid passages in the old grand style, but she began her career as a coloratura singer, and when we first heard her in Berlin in 1882 she did not take dramatic roles at the Royal Opera House. Miss Raisa, in her performance, sang the measures of the cantilena purely and effectively, with commendable control of breath, except for occasional undue emphasis on unimportant notes at the end of a phrase, a sign that here her breath was not firmly controlled. This fault was noticeable at times in the simpler songs.

On the whole, Miss Raisa shone by Nature's gift of a voice, not as a lyric interpreter.

Mr. Rimini delivered Figaro's song volubly and loudly, without dynamic variation, and for this the large audience applauded him to the skies; also probably because he is "a fine figure of a man." While he was rattling through Figaro's justly celebrated ditty, we could not help recalling his illustrious predecessor, "Signor Bimbinger, the baritone singer, with such a magnificent voice." Was it Bimbinger, or Binbinger? Alas, the sliding years! But Signor Bimbinger—we prefer the "m"; it is more sonorous—surely resembled Mr. Rimini, who sang his other songs for the most part with full voice. When he came to the Spanish air of Alvarez, he displayed taste and feeling.

Those will be happy days when one will read only fine things of literary worth. All the other books are only means. They are forgotten when they become useless means, and books are not slow in becoming useless.

On April 4, 1823, three women in England were tried for maliciously cutting and stabbing an old woman, with intent to kill her, because she was a witch. The great Erskine was in the case which was tried before Mr. Justice Burroughs. It seems that an old conjuror named Baker had given a recipe against witchcraft, but for some reason it did not work. We publish it for what it is worth, not vouching for its efficacy.

"The gar of mixtur is to be mixt with half pint of gen (i. e., gin), and then a table spoon to be taken morning, at eleven o'clock, four, and eight and four of the pills to be taken every morning, fasting, and the paper of powder to be divided in ten parts, and one part to be taken every night going to bed, in a little honey." Unfortunately, we do not know the nature of the pills and powder, and gin is now at a prohibitive price. Just what does "gar [illegible]" mean here? "Gar—'em—ken—us—ale" is [illegible] [illegible] ale.

Mr. Baker gave [illegible] with the r[illegible] "The paper of [illegible] [illegible] a small [illegible] at a time, on a [illegible] with a little [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] "Where were the [illegible]?"

Poem for the Day

[illegible] Cooke of Boston sends us a poem of his composition which was published in Contemporary Verse.

APATHY

The [illegible] crashes its cymbals of violence [illegible] my head,
And the lightning scrawls a vivid pattern of doom
Across the sky; the timid, like sheep in a panic, cry with terror;
But my soul is too heavy with the weight of fallen stars
To be stunned by a confusion of elements;
I sit numbed without either the desire to live
Or the energy to die.

—LeBaron Cooke.

'For that tired feeling take ——." But advertisements are not allowed in this column, Mr. Cooke.—Ed.

Valuable Experience

Hostess (to Colonial soldier): To think that you have been all through the great war. What a wonderful experience. It ought to be very valuable to you when you return home.

Colonial soldier: Yes, ma'am. I have learned every card trick worth knowing. —London Daily Chronicle.

"Whom" for "Who"

As the World Wags:

WHOM'S WHOM IN LITERATURE

Sir: In Henry Watterson's "Looking Backward," in the Sat. Eve. Post, I find: "[Spencer] whom I fancied must be a literary man," and "whom I rightly judged might be he." Wouldn't you think sixty or seventy years of writing would break up such a habit? L. C. L.

The above clipping is from what I observe to be referred to usually as "The Line." Will you be good enough to elucidate—in words of one syllable, as nearly as may be—the particular crime which "L. C. L." has discovered in the workmanship of the colonel.

This query renders needless the confession that in childhood, when I should have been absorbing language, I was merely acquiring a wide knowledge of "broken english" as spoken by sailors of many nationalities. Later, in an encounter with a scholar named Simon Kerl I was proven a mental defective along certain lines. When men discuss the finer points of grammar I am as confused as when they talk of the calculus.

But so long as grammar is not mathematics, wouldn't most any of us be reasonably safe in assuming that what Henry Watterson writes after 60 or 70 years of practice, and the editors of the Sat. Eve. Post approve, is English good enough for anybody.

Also I have been disposed for a long time to ask you if you know anything at all about "the old woman's soap." For more than 30 years I have been greeted with the remark, "Yer always comin' and goin' like the old woman's soap.' But I have never been able to find one man who used the phrase so glibly able to tell me a thing more.

T. INKER McEREL.

Stockton Springs.

We regret to see that Mr. McErel writes "proven" for "proved." Would he say: "Spencer, whom must be a literary man," and "Whom might be he"?—Ed.

African?

The Biddeford Daily Journal of March 12, considering thoughtfully the structure and characteristics of that musical instrument, the humstrum, asks for further information. "We first heard the humstrum as a musical instrument referred to by a Negro, who had a favorite song in which the word appeared. This Negro was one of the many that came north at the end of the civil war; he was a typical plantation darkey, naturally bright, but uncontaminated by association with 'white folks,' and the song was plainly a bit of Negro folksong. Now the question is: Where did the Negroes of the South get that word 'humstrum'? Was it known in Africa before it was known in England?"

The Negro may have heard the word by his master or "missus" on the plantation, as certain so-called "Negro folksongs" are variations or perversions of "sacred" tunes heard at camp meetings and of English ballads sung by the whites. We advise the editor to consult Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, who is interested in folksong, especially Negro music, or Mr. Percy Grainger, who has introduced some African instruments in his entertaining orchestral scores.

April 5 1919

It is with great pleasure that we publish this morning verses that are now of peculiar interest.

The Happy Household

As the World Wags:

I happen to find in an old scrap-book a fragment of verses which seem to be those asked for Saturday, the clipping is torn at the bottom, and there may have been other stanzas, but these tell the tale. Father is not here despised and held up to obloquy, you will perceive. He is the hero of the modest household.

Father's nose is growing paler
Since he has left off the booze
Not no more he knows the gaoler,
No more spouts his coat with the Jews.

Chorus.
Father now comes from his [illegible] strictly sober
Father gives mother his pay,
And he doesn't know ale that is brewed in October
From Malwein that's tippled in May.

Father now helps wash the dishes,
He walks with the baby all night,
They aint no more holes in his breeches;
He don't know what it is to be tight.

Chorus. Father now comes, etc.

Dear mother has bought a new bonnet.
The children have ice cream and pie;
And everything's lovely dog-gonnit
Since the day that dear father went dry.

Boston. W. E. K.

Again Pauline

As the world wags:

I do not recall the dog story to which "S. T. 1860, X," alluded in regard to Pauline Markham, but I have an abiding memory of the first time I saw her. It was after a dinner at that homelike old inn the St. Denis, with the late Warren L. Brigham, that accomplished young journalist who "died long ere his prime." The Blonde Burlesquers were then in the first flush of their capture of New York playgoers and when we arrived late at Woods Museum there was not a seat to be had. We managed to squeeze in as standees, however, just when the company was singing "The Bells they go Ringing for Sarah," with a partly hand bell accompaniment, and Harry Beckett as the most vigorous of the pealers. The blondes, however, occupied nearly the whole of our attention, and my companion declared enthusiastically that they were the most beautiful women in the world. They were surely unusally attractive and Pauline Markham, with the lost arms of the Venus of Milo and the velvet voice, was not the least fascinating among them, though she was far from being as sprightly and facile an actress as the fair leader, the ever pleasing Lydia Thompson.

Many times after did I see Pauline in Boston and elsewhere. She was a generous, good-natured, friendly soul, and during one of her engagements here she gave a locket with her picture in it to that attractive young actor, Harry Murdock, whose career was cut short in the Brooklyn Theatre fire many years ago. But, alas, for the fickleness of man! When I last saw the locket it contained the miniature of another person.

Lydia Thompson I never saw off the mimic scene. I called at the American House to interview her one day, but she had gone to a matinee, for after the custom of players generally, she often took her recreation in the auditorium when not engaged in entertaining the public herself. Her agent, however, received me, and in the course of our conversation he told me that her costume in "Robinson Crusoe," in which she was starring, was "biblical," a remark that I thought was somewhat sweeping and undescriptive, since it might take one back in imagination to the departure from the Garden of Eden.

We have had many burlesquers since the time of Richard Grant White, but no one to be so enthusiastic as he was over shapely limbs and mellifluous intonations. How many recall Fanny Addison, who married H. M. Pitt, the best impersonator of the old nobleman in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" that we ever had, or Elise Holt, or Eliza Weathersby, the first wife of Nat Goodwin, who I believe were at different times players with Lydia Thompson of happy memory?

BAIZE.

Dorchester.

Eliza Weathersby was not with Lydia at Wood's Museum in 1868. She made her first appearance with her at Niblo's Garden, June 14, 1869, as Habiz in "Sinbad the Sailor," and when Lydia was sick she played Sinbad. Elise Holt made her first appearance in New York on Jan. 17, 1869, as Gennaro in H. J. Byron's burlesque, "Lucrezia Borgia, M. D." James Lewis played Lucrezia. "South Street" of Roslindale has written asking whether we used the editorial "we" when we said that we saw the British Blondes in 1868 or "the collective term for the theatregoers within a 232-mile radius of New York." We saw the British Blondes, but we do not remember David Garrick and never had the pleasure of a conversation with Dr. Samuel Johnson.—Ed.

The Sleep Walkers

In the town where I was born lived a woman and her daughter, who walked in their sleep.

One night, while silence enfolded the world, the woman and her daughter, walking, yet asleep, met in their mist-veiled garden.

And the mother spoke, and she said: "At last, at last, my enemy! You by whom my youth was destroyed—who have built up your life upon the ruins of mine! Would I could kill you!"

And the daughter spoke, and she said: "O hateful woman, selfish and old! Who stand between my freer self and me! Who would have my life an echo of your own faded life! Would you were dead!"

At that moment a cock crew, and both women awoke. The mother said gently, "Is that you, darling?" And the daughter answered gently, "Yes, dear." —From "The Madman," by Kahlil Gibran.

Information Bureau

For J. P. A.—The term "Spartacist" was made known in Germany by one Kinkel in 1819, when he started his newspaper entitled Spartacus. It has been said that he borrowed the title from a German poem of that name, which was then popular. The word "Spartacist" is not in Muret-Sanders's great German-English dictionary. Johann Gottfried Kinkel, professor at Bonn, was sentenced to imprisonment for life on account of revolutionary principles. He escaped from Spandau to England in 1850. Having been a professor of German literature in London, he was called to the University of Zurich in 1866.

Poor Old Father

As the World Wags:

I stand corrected, but only so in a measure. "Everybody Works but Father" was a song of a later date than the 80's, but the father was a father of the 80's, grown older, snuffier and lazier and quite as repulsive to the virtuous occupants of the top-galleries of the theatres as he had been in his amboree days.

Times change, and people with them, except the gallery god. He sits in all parts of the house now, but his love of virtue and his hatred of vice (on the stage) are as strong as ever. I heard the villain hissed at the movies recently with all the venom of 40 years ago.

Newton. G. S.

Malipiero's "The Pauses of Silence" Given for First Time in Boston

By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in D major (K. 504); Malipiero, "The Pauses of Silence" (first time in Boston); Saint-Saens, Concerto in B minor No. 3 for violin (Jacques Thibaud, violinist); Liszt, "Mazeppa," Symphonic Poem No. 6 (after Victor Hugo's poem).

Malipiero, whose composition, "Pauses of Silence," was performed here yesterday for the first time in this country, belongs to a young Italian group that includes Tommasini, Respighi, Pizzetti, Casella and some others. Tommasini is known here by a string quartet played some years ago by the Kneisels. An orchestral piece by him was recently performed in Chicago; one by Respighi in New York. It is said that Malipiero has studied attentively the music of Moussorgsky, Stravinsky and young Hungarian composers. The orchestral piece heard yesterday reveals him as an original thinker, a man of pronounced individuality, not only a thinker but a doer.

"The Pauses of Silence." What does the title mean? The composer has sensibly offered no public explanation. Some one gave the sub-title: "Shudders, Songs, Cries, Laments," but we prefer the simpler "Seven Symphonic Expressions"; for these little pieces joined together by a motive, which, at once announced, calls attention, are evidently expressions of moods. If the hearer's moods happen to be in sympathy with the composer's, he may dilate with the fitting emotion. These short pieces suggest mental conditions, but fortunately there is no printed program or argument.

Mr. Philip Greeley Clapp in his interesting article about Malipiero and the "Pauses," published in the Evening Transcript of Thursday says: "Mr. Rabaud is reminded of the vast, hot, hazy and mysterious landscapes of the Campagna and Sicily, with their strange and vivid colors echoed in sound by snatches of tune from the pipes of unseen shepherds; though, of course, he absolves the composer of any intention specifically to paint these scenes." Certain pages of music lead one to think that this conjecture is not unreasonable, but other pages suggest the tonal portraiture of mental conditions, as we have said; or the music might borrow a title from Walt Whitman: "Sleep Chasings."

The seven "expressions" are interesting in many ways. Not only do they appeal to the student and the mature musician by the harmonic structure and the instrumentation, but they make a sensorial appeal to the unprofessional. The boldness of the man, a boldness that does not seem affected, but is natural to his speech; striking orchestral effects and equally striking contrasts in mood; passages of the utmost wildness following those of unconventional but genuine beauty—these impress, even at one hearing.

Mr. George Moore knew in his sojourn in Paris a strange musician, one Cabaner, poor but wearing silk shirts, generous, talking magnificently about his art. The music by Cabaner that we have seen is most commonplace, but he should be remembered by a remark to Mr. Moore: "To express silence in music, I should need at least three brass bands." This saying is not so paradoxical as it seems at first. There were moments yesterday when one might be pardoned for thinking that Malipiero had pondered Cabaner's theory.

Strange as the music [illegible] made its way, for it was applauded with greater fervor than is customary when a new composition, not by a local musician, is brought before the public. Mr. Rabaud is again to be thanked for acquainting us with contemporaneous works.

Mr. Thibaud first visited Boston in November, 1903, yet he played here with the orchestra yesterday for the first time. He was famous throughout Europe before he came to this city. The neglect of this thrice admirable violinist for so many years is unaccountable. We believe, however, that he was once engaged, five or six years ago, but he was obliged to return unexpectedly to Paris. Yesterday he played Saint-Saens' concerto with the elegance that characterizes the music itself; he played with the purity and finesse in the phrasing with the beauty of tone, with, in a word, the consummate art that long ago put him in the very front rank of the world's violinists.

Mozart-Liszt-Malipiero. The stubborn reactionaries might insist that these three illustrate the gradual debasement of music. Nearly every composer is of his own period. In the 18th century there was little or no feverish emotional expression. Liszt was pre-eminently a man of his day and generation, but he foresaw much that is even now hailed as modern. For a time he was overshadowed by Wagner, who stole unblushingly from his scores. "Mazeppa" still quickens the blood. It is not without circus-pomp, but this is preferable to Liszt's occasional excursions in the field of childish, rank sentimentalism. The superb interpretation of "Mazeppa" by Mr. Rabaud and the orchestra should have convinced even the stubborn that Liszt has not been ejected by Time from the hall of the imortals.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Magnard, Hymn to Justice (first time in Boston); Beethoven, "Pastoral" Symphony; Foote, Four Characteristic Pieces; Dubois, overture "Frithiof."

Simple Simon
laid me up
April 6 1919

Perhaps Mr. Jewett revived "Nancy and Co." to show us how easily a former generation was amused. When this adaptation of a German play was brought out at Daly's Theatre 33 years ago it was played by James Lewis, Otis Skinner, George Parkes, John Drew, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Virginia Dreher, Edith Kingdon and May Irwin. Did even they make the farce go? Apparently they did, for there were 77 performances that season. If an audience should see the farce acted today as it was then, would there be uproarious laughter? What could even John Drew do with the part of Nancy's colleague in play writing? Not even the doors, the famous doors of Mr. Daly, through which this one and that one are constantly bustling, could save the piece. "Arms and the Man" was a blessed relief.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Do you recollect how Edwin Booth emphasized the picture scene in "Hamlet"? Did not his methods vary, miniatures being used sometimes and portraits on the walls other times? Do you recall how Fechter featured this scene? What is Hampden's idea? What do you think is the consensus of opinion of the best actors and critics upon this point? ARTHUR E. CLARKE.

Manchester, N. H.

We have seen Hamlet played by E. L. Davenport, Fechter, Booth, Rossi, Forbes-Robertson, Mantell, Sothern, not to mention others. The only time we saw Edwin Booth in the role was when he played in Berlin with a German company. Let us first quote Furness:

"The original practice of the stage seems to have been to have the two pictures hanging in the Queen's closet. They are so represented in a print prefixed to Rowe's "Hamlet," published in 1709. Afterward it became the fashion for Hamlet to take two miniatures from his pocket; but as Hamlet would not be likely to carry his uncle's picture in that way, a Bath actor suggested snatching it from his mother's neck. Another arrangement was to have the new King's picture hanging on the wall, while Hamlet took his father's from his bosom. Fitzgerald, in his life of Garrick, suggested that the pictures be seen with the mind's eye only, and this is followed by Irving and Salvini. Fechter tears the King's miniature from the Queen's neck and throws it away. Edwin Booth makes use of two miniatures, taking one from his own neck and the other from the Queen's."

But Booth varied the business. The New York Sun in 1889, reviewing a performance by him, said: "Sometimes he refers to 'the counterfeit presentment of two brothers' as being portraits on the walls, sometimes as medallions worn by his mother and himself, and sometimes they are wholly imaginary. This week he has the dead King's likeness in a [illegible]

[illegible] and die ... on the Queen's breast.

Davies: "It has been the constant practice of the stage, ever since the Restoration, for Hamlet in this scene to produce from his pocket two pictures, in little, of his father and uncle, not much larger than two large coins or medallions. How the graceful attitude could be given in a miniature, I cannot conceive."

Henry Irving discussed the question, arguing in favor of a purely imaginative portrayal, in the February number of the Nineteenth Century, 1879.

Rossi, after careful reflection, hung the medallion of the late King to Hamlet's neck. The medallion of Claudius was on the Queen's bosom. At last Rossi trampled on his uncle's picture.

Fechter as Hamlet held up his father's likeness, while the Queen staggered from the stage. Then, kissing the picture, he murmured: "I must be cruel only to be kind."

Henry Arthur Jones read a paper on "Shakespeare and Germany" in London on March 4. He began by saying that the paper was first written when the Germans were hammering at Verdun and the German press was insisting that Shakespeare was essentially German in his ideas and conception of human affairs; that if he were now living he would be enthusiastically pro-German.

We quote from the account of the lecture published in the London Times:

"Every dramatist's work revealed his attitude to the great issues of life, and of all the dominant prepossessions of Shakespeare's soul none was more imminent or constantly operative than his uncontrolled love for England. 'Gracious England,' 'England's blessed shores,' a hundred similar phrases revealed his devotion and admiration. It was scarcely likely that the Germans would ever act 'King John' or 'Richard II.' at any Shakespearean festival they might organize. Let the Germans imagine anything rather than that Shakespeare would sing their praises. If he had any affection for Germans, he had a strange way of dissembling it. It is true, certainly, that Mine Host of the Garter said that Germans were honest men, but there was a very different criticism of them in 'The Merchant of Venice' and in 'Cymbeline.' They would remember Portia's reply to Nerissa when asked how she liked the young German: 'Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk; when he is best he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst he is little better than a beast.' That is obviously Shakespeare's own opinion, for there was no dramatic necessity for it. He would scarcely have written it if he had any good feeling for any living German. That passage was written in the prime of his early manhood. His views obviously did not change, for when he wrote 'Cymbeline,' years afterward, he described Iachimo as 'a full-acorn'd boar, a German one.' It was only fair, however, to say that Prof. Bradley did not think the expression had any personal application, because at that time Germany was breeding boars on a very extensive scale. But this was the poet whom the Germans claimed as their own, a poet who ignored them except when he turned aside to abuse them.

"Very different was Shakespeare's attitude to France and the French. As a matter of fact, his references to France were far more numerous than those to England. If France were to advance a claim to Shakespeare as her poet, she could put forward a case superior out of all measure to that of Germany."

The London Times was not pleased with Mr. Florent Schmitt, who took part in a concert of the Allied String Quartet in London March 12.

"They were perhaps reserving themselves for Florent Schmitt's pianoforte quintet, with the composer at the piano—50 minutes, and enough material for three symphonies. As for saying anything about it, one might as well try to describe the universe, as the Chinese aspirant for government employ is popularly supposed to be locked up for three weeks with unlimited paper to do. It is fearfully exhausting to listen to, and fearfully well worth it, but it would take about three hearings to feel at all at home with. The pianist kept his instrument much in the background for some time, rather disappointingly, one thought, but later, when it began to come out more, one felt this reserve had been a wise precaution against monotony. The Finale struck one as particularly fine; it has the calibre—whether the form or not, one could not say without nearer acquaintance—of a first movement, but all three are big in conception, and have solid links with the musical past.

"A new song of his, 'A Star,' to Mr. Aubrey's words, is the sort of thing one might produce one evening to amuse a circle of intimate friends, but not suitable for a program. Another, 'Le fils de la vierge,' as it was rather confusingly printed, was interesting, and well sung by Miss Olga Haley. But if she was unable to reach the note of climax in 'Ondine's Lament,' or to do justice to the ... 'Ah, would he upbraid,' it would

[illegible]

Notes About the Stage, Actors, Music and Musicians

A new play "Carnival," adapted by H. C. M. Hardinge and Matheson Lang from an Italian work "Sirocco," will be produced at Birmingham, Eng., on May 5. The story is of Venetian theatrical life, and the chief character is an actor-manager, who is backed by an Italian count, in love with Simonetta, the actor's wife. The crisis is reached in the last act, which takes place in Simonetta's dressing room during a performance of "Othello." "There you have something very closely resembling a duplication of the tragedy actually enacted on the stage."

A four-act play, "The Black Feather," by W. A. Tremayne, which has been seen here, will be brought out in London on April 30.

Lauretto Taylor expects to be in London the end of May and hopes to appear there in "Happiness."

"Sweet Lavender," once popular at the Boston Museum, has been revived in London.

Mary Moore (Lady Wyndham) makes her return to the stage for the first time since her husband's death in Gladys Unger's new comedy, "Our Mr. Hebblewhite."

Bessie Abott, the opera singer, left about $65,000 personal property and about $87,000 in real estate.

George Grossmith appears to be cross because he is alleged to be about to abolish the pit. In Sunday's Express he says: "If the pit must be guarded merely for old times' sake and sentimental associations, why must we not at once carry it right forward to the orchestra rails — abolishing the stalls altogether—and reintroduce the sale of oranges and nuts?" Now this is all wrong, George. Your naval duties must have taken your mind off the commercial markets. Oranges and nuts cannot now be purchased at such a price as would yield a profit commensurate with the loss of the abolished stalls, and you should always remember in your grateful heart that when the pit laughs the stalls smile, and when the pit yells the stalls condescend to laugh with full confidence, and your play is made.—The Stage.

Some of us remember sadly the appearance of Miss Justine Johnstone in "Oh, Mama!" last December, at the Wilbur Theatre. She was fair of face, and nature had been kind to her below her chin, but as singer and actress—oh, mama! The New York Sun of March 23 published this interesting account of her present artistic intentions: "Just as the fame of Peggy Hopkins is slowly rising—over the foot of the bedstead, as it were, in the second act of 'A Sleepless Night'—there is a setback to the world of art in the announcement that her predecessor, Justine Johnstone, has retired temporarily from the stage, which she did so much to adorn. Miss Johnstone is just now resting in her New York apartments preparatory to taking the next step in her profession. It will be, of course, a step upward and onward, although its direction has not been definitely settled. But it will not be guided by the Shuberts.

"Miss Johnstone, thinking of the present state of the comedy Francaise after the cruel war, is not certain but that it is her duty to go to Paris, put her shoulder—even her bare shoulder—to the wheel and do what she can to restore the ancient glories of the House of Moliere. Then there has arisen nobody to take the place of Sarah Bernhardt and Miss Johnstone hesitates. It may be true that her French has a West Forty-fourth street accent, but Miss Johnstone's motto in matters of art has ever been that she has seen her duty and done it. So she may be said to fill the slippers of Mme. Bernhardt.

"Then there are other lands beckoning. Toxen Worm has suggested that Miss Johnstone go to Stockholm and restore to the drama of Ibsen some of the pep in which it has been of late sadly lacking. Then there has been no successor as yet to Ellen Terry, as the star of the Shakespearean stage in England. What really ought Miss Johnstone to do?

"So she sits and ponders. Shall it be Paris, London or Stockholm? In the mean time, the Shuberts, who don't, by gosh, give a red apple where it is, are absolutely certain they will have nothing to do with it anyhow."

Mr. Quincy Kilby wrote about his friend Frank Dumont, for years a favorite in Negro minstrelsy, for the Herald of Sunday, March 23. The New York newspapers said Dumont was born in New York 71 years ago. Mr. Rice, in his "Monarchs of Minstrelsy," gives Utica as Dumont's birthplace. In the fall of 1862 he was known on the stage as Master Dumont and was then with Arlington and Donniker's minstrels. Associated with many companies, he established his own house in Philadelphia 23 years ago. Mr. Charles J. Dumas wrote about him in the New York Sun of March 25: "In one of his letters to me he said he had recently passed his 70th birthday, and I expected to meet a grizzled, feeble veteran of the stage. To my astonishment I beheld an alert, clear skinned, bright eyed man who appeared to be at least 20 years younger than he actually was. In his thick, straight, brown hair there was not a [illegible] ... appear on ... stand ... Mr. Dumont ... usually ... the first part of the performance, but that a slight cold prevented him from doing so that day. In the course of our chat he told me he had a collection of playbills dating back nearly 60 years that, he said, money could not induce him to part with. It occurs to me, now that he is no more, that historians of the American stage should make an effort to obtain this collection and keep it intact."

Stephen McKenna, addressing the Manchester (Eng.) Playgoers' Club, reviewed what he regarded as the almost insuperable difficulties in the way of the repertory theatre. "Because of the requirements and conditions of the dramatic market he had looked upon the repertory movement as doomed to failure, and the war had possibly administered the coup de grace. It was unfortunate, he said, that champions of repertory had overweighted their programs with intellectual drama, and would not so far demean themselves as to accept Mr. George Edwardes's definition of the function of the theatre as the provision of harmless and bright entertainment. Mr. McKenna spoke of the deadening effects of the long-run play, the commercialism of managements, the growth of theatrical syndication, and of the sumptuousness with which plays were now being produced. He instanced the success of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, as having a great national impulse behind it, and was part of the great Irish literary movement. Some impulse as strong as that must be found if a successful experiment in repertory was to be carried through in this country."

PERPETUAL COMMOTION.

The point about a pianola is that it does not get tired.—Mr. Justice Avory.

My neighbor hath inventive skill,
With many a subtle notion;
His genius may—I fear it will—
Devise perpetual motion.
His automatic bellows still
Are pumping "Do, mi, soh, lah,"
Across my study window-sill
From out his pianola.

A week ago he left his flat
For Brighton's balmy breezes;
It boots me not to grouse at that,
But this my gizzard seizes—
That when he took his "little lot"
He packed the Gorgonzola
And farmed the parrot—but forgot
To stop the pianola!
—A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.

The adventures of "Casanova" will not figure for the first time in opera in Paris, as has been stated. Lortzing's "Casanova" was produced at Leipsic in 1841.

J. S. Shedlock, for many years a musical critic in London; writer of books about music, and editor of music, is dead. Well informed, not too conservative, not too eager to discover a genius every month, he wrote sane articles for the Academy, the Athenaeum and the Queen.

We do not know if the composer of it would describe the new Delius Violin Concerto, which was played at the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert on January 30th, by Mr. Albert Sammons, as British music, but he was apparently content that it should have its first perfomance at the hands of an Englishman at a concert of the oldest English musical society. It is a work which, although demanding from the soloist the highest degree of technical and interpretative command, is entirely lacking in the element of "virtuosity." From first to last, nothing is written for display; everything is for expression. It was written in 1916, at Grez-sur-Loire; therefore in the very middle of the great war, and one would expect the best music of such a period to evince just that absence of showing-off which characterized the best fighting, the finest suffering, the most splendid endurance. The concerto seemed, on the first hearing, to be truly inward music—the utterance of deep feeling and high thinking—to be indeed the very antithesis of folk music, which is the expression of simple feeling and familiar action, and not of thought at all. It is true that there is in the latter part of the work an episode of folk-dance character, but it comes like an experience remembered, not like an actual happening; and when it becomes insistent, it is dominated by the more ethereal elements, and vanishes as the solo instrument brings in the mood of wistful tenderness with which this wonderful work closes.—The Music Student (London).

Elsie Janis has written a book, "The Big Show," in which she describes her work of six months in France. She gave 670 concerts to the troops.

The State Society, London, will produce next month "The Faithful," a tragedy in three acts by John Masefield, and in May "The Player Queen," a comedy in prose by W. B. Yeats.

Miss Fanny Coleman, the veteran actress, whose death is anonunced, made her first and last appearance at the Haymarket (the old and the new) with just 50 years between them. During the whole of her stage career Miss Coleman steadfastly refused to see an interviewer, believing that good work was the best advertisement. Her first character was as a Ge... peasant

[illegible] ... London ... March 1.

Miss Jehanne Chevillard gave a piano recital in London ... she obviously had an eye for stage effect. "The darkened hall with one shaded lamp spotting the instrument throwing its light on a pianist of no mean personal charm made a very pleasant picture for the eye." This did not blind a critic from thinking that her playing, while often ingratiating to the ear, was rather unequal.

I suppose it would be rude for a mere Sassenach to say that there is, clearly, some good in Ireland still, for the 23d Feis Ceoil, or Irish Musical Festival, is to be held in Dublin from May 12 to 17; but the fact remains, and there are to be the usual competitions in all kinds of music. And what is, perhaps, the most remarkable feature of this Feis Ceoil is that whereas in the year before the war there were 532 competitors, last year there were no fewer than 689, the highest yet recorded, though, be it noted, the years of war were the most productive of entrants in point of number. This year the adjudicators are Dr. Terry for choral singing, organ playing, etc.; Mr. Gregory Hast for solo singing; Mr. Catterall for all that appertains to the string family, Mr. Marmaduke Barton, for the pianoforte. Messrs. Hume and Esposito for brass, other wind and reed instruments; Messrs. Darley and McCall, for unpublished Irish airs and Irish pipes and fiddles; and Mr. O'Neill, for the Irish language. I, speaking as a mere Sassenach, cannot refrain from remarking on the absence from the list of composers or arrangers of Irish songs to be sung for the Dennis O'Sullivan medal of the name of Herbert Hughes, for surely none has done better work in the arrangement of these things: but I am glad to note that it appears elsewhere. There was a credit balance of £173 on last year's festival—London Daily Telegraph.

Among the musicians, by the way, are a number of expert mathematicians and statisticians. For instance, Jimmy Lent, the trap drummer at the Hippodrome, declares that, according to actual count, he raises his drum foot 8808 times every performance, which amounts to 211,392 steps a week. These same steps in walking, he estimates, would constitute four miles and a half for each performance. Then there is A. J. Garing, who calculates that in the activities of musical director he makes 4246 down beats with his baton during the second act of "Everything," but James E. Mathews, the all-English manager of the Hippodrome, says he beats that record daily in rescuing and restoring his monocle to his eye.—Morning Telegraph (N. Y.)

The "Ancient Society of College Youths," which will attend a memorial service for bellringers fallen in the war at St. Clement Danes today, is the oldest association of bellringers in the world. It was established in 1637, two of the founders being Lord Brereton and Sir Cliffe Clifton, and gets a quaint title from the vanished city church of St. Martin Vintry on College Hill, where "youths" first practised. The "College Youths," some of whom are promising lads of four-score summers, have never rung a complete "peal" because to do this on a "full ring" of 12 bells would involve 479,001,600 possible changes, and take nearly 38 years.—London Daily Chronicle.

Once more the indefatigable Capt. Nettleingham has come forward with a little volume of "More Tommy's Tunes." A couple of years or so ago notice was given on this page of the first part of the book, which is described as "a collection of soldiers' songs, marching melodies, rude rhymes, and popular parodies, composed, collected and arranged on active service." This work, for so it may rightly be described, is growing nearer to completion by the second volume, though, be it said, Capt. Nettleingham has abundance of material for further issues if the demand prove sufficient. To the ordinary person, however, it would seem that such things really belong to the state, which should pay for the publication and retain the originals in the war museum. They have far more than a merely passing or temporary value. Their psychological interest is of the greatest. "I write," says Capt. Nettleingham, "at a time when three British divisions have held and defeated 11 German divisions round Ypres after the loss of Mount Kemmel. What do you think those men do besides fight? Feed? Yes. Sleep? Yes, when they can. Sing? Surely. Why, singing and whistling are their only recreation, apart from feet inspection, rifle cleaning, kit inspection and other such-like parades!" Are, then, the efforts of these men to cheer themselves, to help themselves, not of sufficient importance to the country to be officially preserved? Of course they are. But, apart from this, they have, musically, an added interest, in that in so many of the tunes occur snatches of the tunes that were in the hey-day of popularity yesterday, but have entirely disappeared today, they thus form a kind of contemporary record.—London Daily Telegraph.

Norman McKinnel's Plan for a Trade Union Theatre

A repertory theatre ready to present anything that the public wants, from "Oedipus Rex" to "Fast Lynne" and with a company of more than 400 members from which to cast the plays, is a project now being laid before the theatrical profession.

The originator of the idea is Mr. Norman McKinnel, who combines with the role of the villanous Hun in "The House of Peril" the position of vice-chairman of the Actors' Association, the trade union of the theatre, which already has over 4000 members.

Mr. McKinnel would go a step further than merely remedy the admitted grievances under which some of the humbler players suffer; he sees also in the association a great weapon for moulding the taste of the public and for really giving it in the theatre what it wishes to see. Only three classes of people, it is urged, are necessary to conduct a repertory theatre—the actor, the author and the audience. From the ranks of the association every kind of play could be provided with an excellent cast; the authors, it is believed, are willing to work in friendly co-operation; whether the audience will be attracted depends upon the efforts of the other two classes.

Previous attempts to establish a repertory theatre in London have failed, in the opinion of the actors themselves, because the drama it provided has appealed to too few. A theatre which has to be subsidized by enthusiasts has no hope of lasting success, and it is from this point that the new repertory movement would start operations. Enough money could be raised at a special performance to provide the initial capital at the outset, would not be spent on bricks and mortar.

"Give the public what it wants," says Mr. McKinnel, "and it will go to a tent to see it." The repertory theatre would have to be a matter of efficient organization rather than of elaborate building. If one begins to think of a West end theatre, with its prohibitive rental, a huge company, and an expensive staff then the difficulty may appear to be insuperable, but this is not what is aimed at. There will, it is felt, be little trouble with regard to the initial capital, if the new movement can fulfil its promise of presenting every kind of entertainment for which the public may call with an adequate cast.

A theatre established by actors, urges Mr. McKinnel, should be founded on Shakespeare, whose work should be their first asset. The play difficulty arises not so much from any lack of material, but in the selection of the suitable from the enormous mass of the merely possible. Probably the great bulk of the plays of the last 20 years, however successful at the time of production, are not worth reviving now. But there are some, of course, which are worth seeing again, and the new play by the new author should open up a wide field of activity. The movement being essentially a trade union one, a wide democratic basis would be necessary, but there should be room for all plays from melodrama to Ibsen.

This, briefly, is the scheme which has been laid before the theatrical profession for its consideration, and it remains to be seen whether it has enough initiative to carry the project out. What its originator would like eventually to see would be a repertory theatre established on trade union lines in every large centre of population throughout the country. But London offers a big enough field for the present.—London Times, March 12.

Notes About New Plays in Parisian Theatres

The Paris correspondent of the Stage has written about a comedy.

"At last we have a play of real value, 'La Cruche,' by Georges Courteline and Pierre Wolff, at the Comedie Francaise, and oh the relief from the ribaldry of current farces and the musical claptrap which is being served up to us on every side. I admit that I went to the Comedie Francaise with some misgivings as to the result of the collaboration of two authors so different in style. M. Courteline is perhaps the greatest living French humorist, the creator of countless legendary figures, and one whose studies of army and bureaucratic life are famous. His characters are always drawn directly from life itself, with a sympathy and understanding that are admirable in their simplicity. M. Pierre Wolff, president of the Association of Dramatic Authors, is a witty and accomplished playwright, and he evidently furnished the theatrical technique in which Courteline is rather defective, but the philosophy and psychology are Courteline's at his best, and it is a comedy in the highest sense of the word, because it is a humorous study of character rather than of wit and situation.

"Laurianne is a vain, tyrannical bureaucrat, smarting under the sense of failure, who ascribes his incapacity to win the 'Palmes Academiques' and all his other misfortunes to Margot, a little seamstress who has been his companion for several years. His friend Lavernie, a painter, remonstrates with him over his injustice to the girl who has given him her youth and beauty, but Laurianne declares he is sick of Margot, and the painter can have her if he likes. The painter, who really loves her takes him at his word, and when Laurianne [illegible] the artist's rudeness he is furious. Here all Courteline's knowledge of the embittered life of those who do not succeed, and his pity for the weakness of obscure individuals, are shown at their best. Left alone with Margot for a final explanation, Laurianne ends by begging her to return, offering to marry her, and Margot, who in her little drab existence is incapable of refusing anything to any one, departs with him. The opening and treatment of this scene and the scene in the first act, where Margot tells the painter in the moonlit garden her life story, are altogether admirable, and there is a world of pathos underlying the humor of the whole play.

"Corue brings out the comic and sorry sides of Laurianne's nature with a sureness that reveals his long familiarity with the parts of Moliere. Rafael Duflos (the only societaire in the cast) is somewhat cold, but authoritative, as the painter. His diction would gain by a clearer enunciation. Mme. Huguette Duflos, his charming young wife, shows great promise in her appealing performance of the pathetic little Margot; Mme. Robinne lends her beauty and talent to a trivial part, and Mlle. Roseraie sketches a laughable slavey."

This comedy was preceded by an elaborate one-act play, "The Smile of the Faun," by Andre Rivoirt. An old marquis, a disciple of Rousseau, has brought up his daughter in a garden with Pascal as a playmate. Their ignorance is disturbed by Francois, the ruined nephew of the marquis, who climbs the wall and tries to awaken love in the heart of the girl. He succeeds, but only to find her calling Pascal, into whose arms she falls, while Francois, discomfited, takes his leave.

PIANO RECITAL BY ARTHUR SHATTUCK

Arthur Shattuck entertained a large audience at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon in a piano recital that was unusual in its character and masterly in its rendition. It was representative of many of the composers who touch the sad chords of life—Glazaunoff, Grieg, Tschaikowski, etc.—with the result that there was a heaviness about the program quite unusual.

His wonderful firmness of touch was never better exemplified than in Tschaikowski's sonata in G major, while the Brahms waltz in A flat was delightfully dainty as contrast. The latter was true of his playing of Gluck's ballet from "Alceste."

April 7 1919

It was on April 7, 1629, that Mr. James Howell told of strange news from Lishon. "For they write of a spick and span new island that hath peep'd up out of the Atlantick Sea, near the Tarceras, which never appear'd before, since the Creation, and begins to be peepled already. Methinks the King of Spain needs no more countries, he hath too many already, unless they were better united."

Our old friend, Edmond de Goncourt, noted on April 7, 1886, a pathetic story of the artistic temperament, the sad ending of the painter Servin whose "Stable" could be mistaken for a painting by some Flemish master. Servin was constantly drunk, until a woman pitying him or loving him, recognizing his great talent, for several years acted as a stern nurse and kept him from strong waters. Unfortunately this good woman was subject to attacks of catalepsy, which lasted two or three days. Servin would wait for them as a devout Mohammedan waits for the end of ramadan. During these attacks Servin would disappear and go on a spree of 48 or 60 hours, at the end of which the woman would pick him up more dead than alive in some drunkery. In 1885, she fell in a fit so that her wrist stopped her mouth and stifled her. Freed from her loving watchfulness Servin proceeded to drink himself to death.

Westminster Legends

As the World Wags:

Answering your inquiry regarding strange animals "in the huge swamp near Westminster" (assuming that you refer to Tophet), I would say that, according to history, one of the 10 forts you mention was situated "at the dwelling of Capt. Dan'l Hoar" who owned 18 acres of meadow in said swamp and it is noticed that houses in the vicinity built by the earliest settlers are located on the hill-tops, no doubt to protect themselves from strange animals.

Now the ferocious side-winders, said to be around the bluffs of Lynn, are not indigenous to our swamps (being nothing there for them to wind on), and the mystery of the tree-squeak has been "given out" by G. Riley, naturalist, through a Brookline writer.

But in order to start something I would mention the order of Thysanura, including the machilis, sprag-tails, etc., as well as the common bug-bear and the ground-shake, shakum primigenius, all of which abound in the wilds of Tophet to this day. Truth is stranger than fiction. May I not append three legends concerning said locality, handed down to me by a great-grandfather.

Legend 1—Concerning the death of the last wolf in town, which happened in Cedar swamp, in this town, a few miles W. of Tophet. This lone wolf had been preying on the farmers' live stock, so the inhabitants organized a grand hunt for him, some armed with guns and others with pitchforks, etc. After a long chase the wolf was finally "rounded up" and killed just as the sun was setting at the close of a perfect day.

Legend 2—Concerning a hog that jumped his pen and escaped into Tophet. Being chased about the swamp by interested persons, the hog, attempting to leap between two trees (the trunks of which were nearer together at the ground than they were higher up) underestimated his spring and was hung up and stuck there. This was cruel and unusual.

Legend 3—Concerning a large and copious spring of water situated in about the centre of Tophet swamp, and a jug. This spring looks to be only 4 or 5 feet deep, but is said to have no bottom. At least, a long hay pole thrust down into it will not reach anything solid. Around this spring the early settlers used to mow meadow grass, and, as it was a hot place, in hay time it was thought necessary to have some liquid refreshment at hand. On one hot day a jug of E. India Rum was suspended by a hay maker in the spring by means of a string attached to a bush. By some means, the string broke, and the tightly corked jug, being full, naturally sunk out of sight in the soft mud. This jug of rum has never been found, but interest in it has not abated to this date.

There is a rumor that a committee will be selected from "The Sons of Rest" (in town) to investigate and try and recover this jug (as a souvenir or relic only) after July 1 next. C. F. G.

Westminster.

P. S.—If valuable space should be used in printing any part of the above discourse, I hope none of your readers will get the impression that Westminster is a low lying town. On the contrary, its centre village lies about 1060 feet above sea level, and town line where it crosses Wachusett mountain, 1400 feet. To prove the high altitude, I quote from town history the unusual and interesting fact that "Cedar swamp has three distinct outlets flowing in three directions, north, south and west, which constitute the headwaters of three important rivers of the state—the Nashua, Miller's and Chicopee rivers." C. F. G.

A Note on Barham

As the World Wags:

What is the proper pronunciation of the "Admirable" one?

In the Ingoldsby "Lay of St. Thomas a Becket" occurs the rhyme:

Like a small boy at Eton
Who's not quite a Crichton
And don't (sic) know his task and expects to be beaten.

By the way, is Barham's rebus a sell, or is there an answer to it?

"My first is followed by my second;
Yet should my first my second see,
A dire mishap it would be reckoned
And sadly shocked my first would be.

"Were I but what my whole implies
And passed by chance across your portal
You'd cry 'Can I believe my eyes?
I never saw so queer a mortal.'

"For then my head would not be on,
My arms their shoulder must abandon,
My very body would be gone,
I should not have a leg to stand on."

Boston. E. L.

We have usually heard the "Admirable's" name pronounced as if it were spelled "Kraitan." We were never good at working out charades and rebuses.—Ed.

JOHN McCORMACK DELIGHTS THRONG

Presents Varied Program at Concert in Symphony Hall

John McCormack was greeted by another audience that crowded all the space in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Donald McBeath, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist, assisted him. Mr. McCormack sang "Deeper and Deeper Still," Handel; "La Procession," Franck; "Memnon," Foote; "Love's Secret," Bantock; "Come, O Come, My Life's Delight," Harty; "The Bitterness of Love," James Dunn; "Tommy Lad," E. J. Margetson; "Roses of Picardy," Haydn Wood; "Thine Eyes Still Shined," Edwin Schneider, and a group of Irish folk-songs.

Though the singer's voice seemed at times tired and showed signs of strain and he apparently avoided high notes, his hearers were enthusiastic as usual and demanded extra numbers, which were given generously until the end of the program, when Mr. McCormack limited the added songs to two. The program as a whole was pervaded with a tinge of melancholy. "Roses of Picardy" brought a storm of applause.

Mr. McBeath played pieces by De Beriot, Wilhelmj and Friml and three additional selections.

April 8 1919

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Kick In." Drama in four acts by Willard Mack. First time in Boston. The cast:

Deputy Commissioner Garvey..Mark Kent
"Whip" Fogarty.....Mark Elliston
Jack Diggs.....Morton L. Stevens
Memphis Bessie.....Eleanor Brent
Myrtle Sylvester.....Bertha Blanchard
Old Tom.....Henry T. Crossen
Chick Hewes.....Charles Ayres
Molly.....Ruth Robinson
Mrs. Halloran.....Mae A. McCaskey
Daisy.....Bella Cairns
Charley Cary.....Aubrey Bosworth
Gus.....William Anderson

A new melodrama found its way to Boston and the Arlington Theatre last evening, and proved itself welcome. "Kick In," although it has found popularity elsewhere, has never happened to come here before and, its reputation having preceded it, there were large audiences at both the afternoon and evening performances. Willard Mack, its author, was an actor before he turned playwright. He also wrote "The Big Chance," "Tiger Rose" and several other plays.

"Kick In" is sterling melodrama from start to finish. One sensation follows another without a halt. The hero is a former cook who has been living straight for two years, and he and his wife are hounded by the police, suspicion being cast upon them when one of their friends cracks a safe and steals a $20,000 necklace. The plot involves the efforts of the two to extricate themselves which they eventually do to the satisfaction of all concerned, both on the stage and in the audience.

Everybody who liked "Within the Law" or "On Trial" or "Cheating Cheaters" is sure to like "Kick In." At every moment of its action the audience is kept in a state of curiosity and expectancy. The adventures of Chick Hewes and his wife are followed with all the eagerness of reality. They seem to be genuine people, and the audience can easily sympathize with them when they are pursued by fate and the law for deeds they did not commit.

Mr. Ayres gives a convincing portrayal of the character of Chick Hewes. As his wife, Miss Robinson reveals the strong emotions through which such a woman would pass. Mr. Bosworth gives a realistic portrayal of a young dope fiend and Mr. Kent acts the Deputy Commissioner to life.

LOUISE DRESSER

Louise Dresser and her husband, Jack Gardner, in "The Union," by Jack Lait, head the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a crowded house and warm approval.

The theme of the Dresser-Gardner sketch is the objectionable feature of married people in vaudeville being forced to separate. The development of the piece brings about a tryout of their new act, which brings in the specialties of the principals. It is an uncommonly good act. Miss Dresser, one of the prettiest women of the stage, sang as the comedienne, and Mr. Gardner, who rivals John Drew for sartorial elegance, entertained with nice bits of comedy. The principals were assisted by Lee Hoadley and Daisy Smith.

Walter C. Kelly, "the Virginia judge," is back again with many new stories. He was never funnier. His act is unique among monologues of the vaudeville stage.

The big laugh getter of the evening was the act of Nelson and Chain, in parodies and burlesque. Mr. Chain, who is a capable comedian, has a good voice, and Mr. Nelson is irresistible as the comedian and as the burlesque dancer.

Other acts were the Apollo trio, posers; Frances Nordstrom and William Pinkham, in a sentimental sketch; Mack and Vincent, singers and comedians; Cartmell and Harris, in a singing and dancing act; Cervo, accordeonist; and Sutter and Dell, in a bicycle act.

April 9 1919

SOPRANO PLEASES LARGE AUDIENCE

Mme. Caroline Hudson-Alexander, soprano, pleased a large audience in Jordan Hall last evening to such an extent that, although her recital program contained 17 numbers, she was required to repeat three of them, to respond to two encores and add a closing number to still the applause.

Mrs. Alexander has been heard in recital in Boston before, but never in such a varied or interesting program. She lived in New York until she was engaged as the singer at the Christian Science Church here. She has also been heard here in oratorio.

Interest was centred in the group of songs found in the Public Library and harmonized by Samuel Endicott, dainty things which were probably brought over by our French or English ancestors. Three songs of the revolutionary period by Francis Hopkinson were exquisite and well suited to the singer's full, rich voice. The three selections which best pleased the audience were Gretchaninoff's "O'er the Steppe," a dramatic, sombre but fascinating number; Henschel's "Spring" and "Elf and Fairy," by Densmore, sung here for

...ery ... tle-... of ... well ... and particularly pleasing ...'s "Chere Nuit," with its difficult ... notes, and "Kom Kyra" were excellent examples of Mrs. Alexander's unusually clear and pleasing voice. The sweetness of her head tones is so remarkable that one forgives her tendency to overwork them. Huyman Bultekan, her accompanist, received well-deserved applause many times.

April 11 191

FATHER FINN'S CHOIR HEARD

Interesting Concert by the Paulist Choirsters

The Paulist Choristers of Chicago, the Rev. Father Finn conductor, gave their only Boston concert of the season in Symphony Hall last night. The hall was crowded.

The programme, with additions by soloists and chorus in response to the applause, was as follows: Russian Carol, Rimsky-Korsakoff; "Kyrie," Terry; "Benedictus," Father Finn, by solist, Master McManus; "Sorrow," "Lullaby," Palmgren; "Emitte Spiritum Tuum," Schuetky; "The Day of Judgment," Arkangelsky; Fugue from "Sing Ye to the Lord," Bach; "Lift Thine Eyes," Mendelssohn, by 12 choristers; "Inflammatus," Rossini, by Soloists McManus and Dolan; "Cargoes," Gardner; "The Smoke Rose Slowly," Converse; "La Villanelle," Del Aqua, by Master Hallett Dolan; "Indian Lullaby," Vogt; "Mother o' Mine," Burleigh; "Deep River," negro spiritual, by Master Billy Probst; "Jerusalem," Gounod.

Since last year the choir has been augmented in membership.

Father Finn, a former Roxbury boy, has trained the juvenile voices to a high point of efficiency. He has himself a very fine ear for tonal values.

The quality of the voices, especially the sopranos, was excellent. Almost invariably the intonation was good and the interpretations authoritative and elastic in spirit.

The concert was under the auspices of the Back Bay Council, Knights of Columbus, and the proceeds will go toward the entertainment of the home-coming of the 26th Division.

CHORISTERS DRAW ENORMOUS CROWD

Concert Given to Assist Welcome Fund for Soldiers

Not a seat was vacant and several hundred persons stood along the side lines at Symphony Hall last evening to hear the Paulist Choristers from New York, the Rev. William J. Finn conducting. Billed as "the world's greatest choir," they came to assist the welcome fund for returning soldiers and sailors, under the auspices of Back Bay Council, K. of C.

While the program was made up largely of church music, popular songs were interspersed. "Old Black Joe" and "My Old Kentucky Home" chumming rather strangely with the Emitte Spiritum Tuum and Benedictus.

Although the choir has been on tour, it showed last evening a lack of responsiveness to the conductor at times, indicating a reliance upon the signals from his left hand rather than complete knowledge of the music and accents on their own part. The audience appeared more interested in the boy soloists than in the choir itself, Master Billy Probst, hailed as the "Boy Galli-Curci," receiving unusual applause.

In the Finnish music of Palmgren and the difficult Russian hymn of Arkhangelsky the choir was at its best, and the explanation proffered by the conductor added to the interest of the audience in these hymns.

MARJORIE CHURCH GENUINE ARTIST

The remarkable technique and genuine artistry displayed by Marjorie Church in a concert of piano music at Steinert Hall Thursday afternoon merited a far larger audience than that which greeted her. While her program was not as ambitious as many that have been given in this hall, it was distinctive of the more satisfying music of the day, varied and pleasing.

A notable feature was the inclusion of 1. preludes by Chopin in which Miss Church seemed at her best. Three waltzes by Ravel and Ebell's Tarantella were particularly well played.

MAGNARD HYMN AT SYMPHONY

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henri Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon.

The program was as follows: Magnard, "Hymn to Justice" (first time in Boston); Beethoven, "Pastorale" Symphony in F major, No. 6; Foote, four character pieces (after the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam); Dubois, Overture to "Frithjof."

"Hymn to Justice" Impressive

The "Pastorale" was the fifth of Beethoven's symphonies to be played this season. Mr. Rabaud brought forth two more French composers, and in the music of Arthur Foote completed the list of our local composers, to all of whom he has paid his impartial respects.

When the Flonzaleys played the serenade from Magnard's quartet this season it seemed as if the proud and terrible event of his death in defending his home against the Germans would make more of an impression upon the world than his music. Yesterday it seemed otherwise. The "Hymn to Justice" requires no outer tragedy to emphasize its nobility, and Magnard could scarcely have left a finer monument.

To his friends it must breathe to the life the nature of this austere idealist, but suspectible artist. Justice shows an alternately grim and merciful aspect, which finally ascends to the triumphant hymn. From the standpoint of style and workmanship it is sonorous, straightforward and conventional music. There is even a hint of galloping Valkyries in the strings. Commonplace music has often taken similar lines. A hymn tune is only a hymn tune —unless there is a Bach or Beethoven or Franck to transfuse it with devout beauty. And Magnard may be added to the list. It is not hard to perceive in Magnard Franck via d'Indy. Not by skilful dispensation of brass did Magnard become impressive, but by the sheer force of passionate sincerity. To conceive the rugged theme which the basses give out was in itself a rare creative stroke, and in that phrase the work with three-quarters written, for songfully it unfolds of its own accord and carries all with it. Of the handful of French works which Mr. Rabaud may be eagerly thanked for acquainting us with, this is surely one, just as surely as Dubois's vapid overture to "Frithjof" is not one.

Mr. Foote's Four Pieces

Mr. Foote's four characteristic pieces are as pleasantly unpretentious as anyone could wish. For the most part simple melody and accompaniment, with nice orchestral effects in plucked strings or piquant percussion, ever neat and lucid—never new. It is music that always gratefully takes the expected turn. It is neither distinctive on the one hand, nor "catchy" on the other, but keeps a fastidious middle ground. It only lightly touches orientalism now and then, but oriental or otherwise, it remains innocuous.

For some of us at least, and we may count ourselves fortunate, the Pastorale symphony is a fresh and lovely as ever, unantiquated by later effects in tempests simply because it is the marvelous and self-sufficient Pastorale symphony. Mr. Rabaud conducted it with an understanding born of his close and particular affection for the music of Beethoven. For serene music of even flow he has also an aptitude. What might have been a slight stiffness and lack of detailed clarity on some of the earlier pages rose to fine and lilting animation in the country dances and a warmly sympathetic reading in the music of the storm.

Next Week's Program

The program for next week is as follows: Cesar Franck, Symphony in D minor (repeated by request); Laparra, "A Basque Sunday poem for orchestra with pianoforte (first performance), soloist, Raoul Laparra; Glinka, "Kamarinskaya," fantasy for orchestra on two Russian folk songs; Weber, overture to "Der Freischutz."

...SS GRETA MASSON AT JORDAN HALL

Young Singer's Concert Is Greatly Enjoyed

A charming young singer, with a full, fresh, and unusually pleasant voice came from New York yesterday in the person of Greta Masson, and at Jordan Hall entertained a typical recital audience. While her program was given mostly to th... ...ble... songs, as "Les ...

... more ... of ... Dr... ...maninoff, ... b... the ..., she repeated ... In Miss ...'s "Il ... d... ... b..." she revealed ... clarity and ... e... a.

Her enunciation was perfect and her ... tones clear and velvety. She enjoyed the privilege of having John Densmore, composer of "Elf and Fairy" and "Love Lightly," at the piano when she sang them. The expression which Miss Masson gave to her songs added greatly to their interest, and the contrast between "The Soldier's Bride" of Rachmaninoff and that of the flitting butterfly by Chausson was notable, while the pretty Negro melody in the semi-jazz style, which she gave as a final encore, gave further point to her versatility.

April 13 1919

Apropos of a revival of Sheridan's "School for Scandal" at the Court Theatre, London, March 17, Mr. W. L. Courteney of the Daily Telegraph wrote entertainingly and instructively as follows about the play and the traditions connected with it.

One remembers what Charles Lamb said about this play: "Amidst the mortifying circumstances attendant upon growing old, it is something to have seen 'The School for Scandal' in its glory. . . . It is impossible that it should be now acted, though it continues at long intervals to be announced in the bills." Lamb as we know, believed in the purely artificial character of the comedies of Congreve and Wycherley and Sheridan. That is to say, the characters were not intended to be flesh and blood, but lived in an airy and irresponsible fashion in a world of their own, where the ordinary laws of morality had no existence and exercised no obligation. When the critic says that the play cannot be acted any longer, he means to imply that the world has grown so serious, or else so dull, that we treat these characters of the comedy as though we were likely to meet them round the street corner, and therefore are shocked at their very grave delinquencies and sins. According to Lamb, for instance, we do not really believe in the existence of the two brothers, Joseph and Charles, any more than we do in the trials and sufferings of Sir Peter Teazle. We cannot therefore hate Joseph any more than we can love Charles, but it is a joy to go and see comedies in which these and other artificial characters transport us out of ourselves and the workaday world, even though they may possess charming external manners combined with an entire lack of internal grace.

It is an odd theory, and is by no means convincing. But it is clear, from what Lamb says, that the acting of some of the original comedians in Sheridan's play followed these lines. Sir Peter was originally played by King; Lady Teazle first by Mrs. Abington, then by Miss Farren; Charles Surface by Smith, succeeded by John Kemble; Joseph by Jack Palmer. Now, in its original form on the stage, it seems pretty clear that the real hero was accounted to be Joseph—which marks an odd difference between the modern and early representations of the comedy. We ask, in the first instance, who was Sir Peter, who was Lady Teazle, who was Charles, and then who was Joseph. But both Lamb and Hazlitt are agreed in thinking that it was the character of Joseph which was the gem of the play. Lamb goes into ecstasies over the performance of Palmer. "When I remember the gay boldness, the graceful, solemn plausibility, the measured step, the insinuating voice, the hypocritical assumption of hypocrisy, which made Jack Palmer so deservedly a favorite in that character, I must needs conclude the present generation of playgoers to be more virtuous than myself, or more dense. I freely confess that he divided the palm with me with his better brother; that, in fact, I liked him quite as well. . . . The highly artificial manner of Palmer counteracted every disagreeable impression which you might have received from the contrast, supposing them real, between the two brothers. You did not believe in Joseph with the same faith with which you believed in Charles. The latter was a pleasant reality, the former a no less pleasant poetical foil to it." The criticism sounds a little strange in our ears, but it assuredly has this much of truth, that Joseph must be an extremely plausible and agreeable companion, not in any sense a scowling villain; that he must deceive those around him quite as much as Iago did by his blunt, soldier-like ways; and that the last thing in the world must be the conception of Joseph as a sinister or dull fellow.

Apparently Palmer got his effects by possessing two voices, both plausible, hypocritical and insinuating, but his secondary or supplementary voice still more decisively histrionic than his common one. It was reserved for the spectator; and the dramatis personae were supposed to know nothing at all about it. The "lies" of young Wilding and the "sentiments" in Joseph Surface were thus marked out in a sort of italics to the audience. In other words, Jack Palmer clearly got at once into relation with his spectators, and this kind of secret correspondence with the company before the curtain, although it ...

... m... ...ress who ... the ... on the stage to enlist the sympathy of the house. Lady Bancroft, for instance, was very remarkable in this respect. If she appeared to take the audience into her confidence, the audience were prompt to take her to their hearts. Palmer seems to have had much the same grit, which he employed in Sheridan's comedy with the utmost success—in order, among other reasons, to disguise from those around him the fact that Joseph was an immoral man.

Charles's character is drawn on much simpler lines. Of course, it is well known that Sheridan devised his figures to suit particular actors and actresses, as, indeed, dramatists have done in all ages, whether dramatic critics like it or no. And this fact enabled the author to answer at once a question which a friend pressed upon his notice. "Why," the question ran, "does not your comedy contain a love scene for the two characters Charles and Maria, whose marriage brings it to an end?" Sheridan replied that it was a notorious fact that Smith and Miss Hopkins could not make love. Now Smith was the original Charles Surface, as I have said, and Maria was first acted by Miss Priscilla Hopkins, who became afterward wife of John Philip Kemble. Kemble was not very popular in the part of Charles; Smith had the advantage because he had no sombre recollections of tragedy to get over. His Charles could have a gaiety of person and demeanor quite unvexed by memories of Hamlet or of Richard III. Yet Charles Lamb gives Kemble very high praise. He made of his very defects a grace; his exact declamatory manner only served to convey the points of his dialogue with more precision. Not one of his sparkling sentences was lost. "I remember minutely," says Lamb, "how he delivered each in succession, and cannot by any effort imagine how any of them could be altered for the better." The modern playgoer will associate the part with many successful impersonations—with Sir Charles Wyndham above all, and in more recent times with Mr. Robert Loraine. It will be interesting to see how Leon Quartermaine compares with his predecessors in so sparkling a personality.

There is an odd criticism in Hazlitt's references to "The School for Scandal." "The character of Lady Teazle," says Hazlitt, "is not well made out by the author, nor has it been well represented on the stage since the time of Miss Farren." The modern view would be rather that the play stands or falls by the character of Lady Teazle, an opinion which is borne out by many representations—those, for instance, of Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Miss Marie Lohr. The question is how youthful Lady Teazle should be, how much of a provincial should come into her ordinary manner how quickly she surmounts her country education by that very different kind of worldly education she received in the scandal-mongering school of Lady Sneerwell, ...

simple and innocent to be so easily deceived by the pretensions of Joseph; she must, of course, be a good deal younger than her husband, who is in reality a fretful old bachelor bridegroom, making from the wordly point of view one of the mistakes of his life. The screen scene is naturally the great test, not only for Joseph, but also for his victim, for it is that which is to reveal to us how guilelessness can be entrapped by the plausible sentimentality of a wily deceiver.

Criticism has often gone wrong about this particular scene, and in no case more emphatically than in Mrs. Oliphant's biography of Sheridan. When she comes to deal with the screen scene —which is, I suppose, one of the most effective episodes in the whole range of comedy—after describing how Sir Peter had come to Joseph's library and being told that there is a little milliner hidden behind the screen, suddenly had, when the screen is overturned, found himself face to face with his own wife, Mrs. Oliphant comments: "It would no doubt have been higher art could the dramatist have deceived his audience as well as the personages of the play, and made us also parties in the surprise of the discovery." Obviously, Mrs. Oliphant never realized the fundamental differences between the art of the novelist and the art of the dramatist. One of the first rules of the stage is not to keep a secret from the spectators. The spectators must know the facts, even though the characters may be left groping in the dark. Indeed, the audience finds special pleasure in the perplexity of the people in the play; it wonders what will happen when Othello discovers the villainy of Iago, or when Sir Peter Teazle finds out that Joseph Surface is a rogue. All the subtlety and excitement of the screen scene depend on the audience knowing that it is Lady Teazle who is hidden behind the screen, and the entire ignorance of both Sir Peter and Charles. Here is a great opportunity for Sir Peter, and all those who have been associated with the part, such as William Farren, John Hare, Cyril Maude ... Herbert Tree, have found in it the climax of their impersonations. A ... thing is that, as Hazlitt ... some of the characters: ... "T...

The Sc[illegible] ...ened "Know Your Own Mind," yet they were [illegible] it for want of grouping and relief. Sheridan brought them out and exhibited them in all their glory. "If that gem, the character of Joseph Surface," Hazlitt continues, "belonged originally to Murphy, the splendid and more valuable setting was Sheridan's. He took Murphy's Malvil from his lurking-place in the closet and put him upon the stage. That is to say, he gave interest, life and action, or, in other words, dramatic being, to the mere conception and written specimens of a character." And Hazlitt ends with memorable words: "This is the merit of Sheridan's comedies, that everything in them tells; there is no labor in vain. His comic muse does not go about prying into obscure corners or collecting idle curiosities, but shows her living face and points to her rich treasure—the follies of mankind. Her eyes sparkle with delight and her heart runs over with good-natured malice." That is all admirably said, for "The School for Scandal" is, if not the most original, perhaps the most finished and faultless comedy which the English stage possesses.

Mr. Ryan Writes About Theatrical Families in Boston

To the Editor of the Herald:

Of the old Boston Theatre, at the corner of Federal and Franklin streets, before it was transformed into the Odeon, where the Lowell Institute had its first home, I have little recollection, but after it was again made a playhouse I have distinct remembrance. As a boy I saw many plays there, before it was torn down and its site used for commercial purposes.

I also knew many players who lived in the vicinity, including, among others, those who boarded with old lady Mestayer, as she was called, in an old-fashioned mansion house next to the residence of the Catholic bishops, Fenwick and Fitzpatrick, on the opposite, or southwesterly, corner from the theatre. Among the guests of Mrs. Mestayer were her son, Charles Mestayer, and his wife, who later, after his death, became Mrs. Barney Williams and traveled with her second husband as the impossible Yankee girl from Saco, Me.

At about this time, however, she was shining as the leader of "The Female Forty Thieves" at the Beach Street Museum, and was evidently the breadwinner, for her matrimonial partner was a cripple.

I have no memories of him on the stage, if, indeed, he were ever there professionally. His brother, Louis J. Mestayer, was then a favorite leading juvenile man at the Boston Museum. He was as pretty as a picture, and therefore much admired by the ladies, a matinee idol, only we did not use that term in those far-off days of "Aladdin" and other spectacular productions. I do not recall him as a powerful performer, but he was bright and facile and never offended, if he did not stir the blood to fever heat.

His sister, Emily Mestayer, was the mother of Willie Mestayer. Her married name was Mrs. Haupt. She was an agreeable performer, with a pleasing singing voice, and she much resembled her sister, Mrs. Charles R. Thorne, Sr., of whom more anon. The mother of these players welcomed also under her hospitable roof as a boarder J. A. Smith, famous as a stage fop, and many more histrions long since forgotten. Of her own professional life I have no knowledge, but she once told a friend of mine that she was the first woman to ride in a circus in this country. I should judge from her name that her husband was of French origin, but his history belongs to a period even beyond my youthful experiences.

Mrs. Mestayer was a devout Catholic, and the late Benjamin E. Woolf, the musical and dramatic critic, told me that she made strenuous exertions to convert him to her belief. As he professed to be an agnostic and was a Jew by birth, she failed, of course, to impress him with her religious convictions.

A stone's throw from Mrs. Mestayer's house in Sullivan place her daughter, Mrs. Charles R. Thorne, made her temporary home. Her husband's enterprises included managements, at different times, of the old Boston Theatre, the Howard Athenaeum and the Beach Museum. I recall him as a favorite melodramatic actor, and his wife as a handsome and competent leading woman, both in comedy and serious character.

This couple happened to be the innocent cause of the last theatrical riot in Boston. The lady declined, for a good and sufficient reason, which need not be specified, to play the part of Jack Sheppard, for which she had been cast, and Miss Louisa Gann, afterward Mrs. Wulf Fries, was offered as a substitute. But the audience would not accept the change, and when it was stated that Mr. and Mrs. Thorne had withdrawn from the company benches were torn up from the pit and other outrages committed which compelled the closing of the theatre for the night.

Mr. Thorne had no theatrical ancestry. His father was a prosperous business man in New York, a banker or broker, and he tried to make one of his grandsons follow in his footsteps, but he failed to make him desert the drama.

While Mr. and Mrs. Thorne lived on Sullivan place I had a boy friendship with one of the [illegible] who was afterward [illegible] before the footlights as Charles R. Thorne, Jr. His brother "Tom" I also knew slightly at the old Adams school on Mason street. He died in India and, according to his family, was a remarkable performer. I never saw him act, but, if he was an intuitively natural actor like his brother Charley, in characters that did not require any great intellectual grasp he must have been a player of unusual promise.

Their sister Emily was a pretty little girl at the time of which I write, but she did not inherit the dramatic talent of the family, and was therefore a failure as an actress. She was married first to George Jordan, who left the compositor's case to shine as one of the "good lookers" of the dramatic stage and to become a favorite in juvenile roles. Emily, however, subsequently became the wife of John Chamberlain, the Washington bon vivant, who was intimate with many a famous congressman of convivial and sporty tastes in the long ago. He was said to be the original of Bret Harte's John Oakhurst, but that was only imaginary. Edward Thorne I never knew as a boy. He was accounted a good player, but not the equal of his brother "Charley," who was a walking gentleman at the Boston Museum in his young manhood. While there he married a daughter of William Calder, one of the old time city police detectives.

An amusing story is told in this connection. Young Thorne later went to San Francisco, and evidently his matrimonial obligations sat lightly upon his shoulders, for when it was announced some years after that he was to join the Boston Theatre company his father-in-law met Mr. Orlando Tompkins, then one of the large shareholders in the playhouse and later one of the lessees, and said:

"I understand Charley Thorne is coming back and is going to support Edwin Booth."

"Yes," was the reply, "he is to be in the company at the Boston."

"Well, if he doesn't support Booth any better than he did my girl, the star will have darned poor support," concluded the sarcastic parent.

"Charley" Thorne was later separated from this wife for no apparent reason except that a richer woman of Philadelphia had fallen in love with him. He was not always attractive to the fair sex, however, for Rose Eytinge, who was with him in the company at the Union Square Theatre, New York, disliked him exceedingly. He realized this and said to her on one occasion: "Well, don't eat me." "No danger," was her quick response, "I am a Jewess and my religion does not allow me to eat pork."

Edwin L. Davenport, Boston born and bred, seemed to be a prophet without honor in his own country, for he met his warmest appreciation in England where I believe he went in support of Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, one of the first of our so-called society actresses. While abroad he married Fanny Vining, a popular actress, and all their children were, at one time or another, upon the stage. Fanny was, of course, the most celebrated, but Edgar was a capable actor and made a good record when he was a member of the stock company at the Boston Museum.

May, always pleasing, married William Seymour, who was the capable stage manager at one time of the Boston Museum. Lily, another, died young, and Harry, I believe, is still well liked in the profession. The Davenport family lived for some time on Centre street, Roxbury, where a generous hospitality prevailed.

I think that Edwin L. Davenport's versatility detracted from his success. If he had confined himself to the acting of a few characters he would have won greater fame and fortune. His range in both tragedy and comedy was too extensive, but there was little fault to be found with his artistry, except that he was now and then a bit self-conscious. As a manager he was too liberal and therefore he was never as financially successful as some others, even at the Howard Athenaeum where he won especial favor by his intelligent efforts. He was the soul of good nature, a charming companion and a delightful raconteur.

The Phillips boys, Frederick and Adrian, were schoolmates of mine when they danced with their foster sister Arvilla, between the pieces at the Boston Museum. They were the brothers of the more celebrated Adelaide, who was also, when I was a boy, in the company at the same moral playhouse. This was some years before she developed, with generous assistance from Jenny Lind and others, into a full-fledged dramatic singer.

The Phillipses, when I first knew them, lived on Washington street, near the corner of Lagrange place, which had not then developed into a street.

The father of the family liked to see the young people work, although he did not apparently labor hard himself. After fortune began to smile upon Adelaide the family removed to Neponset, before it became a part of Greater Boston. Here the paternal Phillips was noted as a lone fisherman. Later on Adelaide bought a farm at Marshfield, near the estate of Daniel Webster. It is still held by her heirs, a brother and a sister. The latter promised to be a success as a public singer, but she evidently preferred a more quiet life, for she retired early from the experimental concert stage.

The two brothers that I knew presumably did not like the glare of the footlights, for Frederick became a doctor in the navy and Adrian married Arvilla and went into the express business.

I have often wondered if they remembered when they had only a presentable coat between them and one had to remain in the house while the other went out on ceremonious occasions.

The Phillipses were a loyal and affectionate family, and had their ups and downs like the rest of us.

The Riddles, now that George Riddle has passed away, are rarely recalled. The old Riddles, who were the patrons and friends of Edwin Forrest in his early and struggling days, I never knew, but their son Edward, the father of George, who was a well known and popular Boston auctioneer, I recall as a visitor at my father's house with his brother James. They were lively lads, as the saying goes, and the latter was especially given to practical joking. Their sister, Mrs. W. H. Smith, was an excellent actress in her way, but she was more than fair, fat and forty when

Julia Pelby, the youngest member of the family, had some vocal talent, but she never acquired any great fame, and she finally became the wife of Jacob Thoman, once well known at the Boston Museum, when his first wife, a kinswoman of William Warren, was a great local favorite.

It is a far cry to the Kemble family, and I never saw any of them on the dramatic stage, although Charles Kemble and his daughter, Fanny, acted at the old Tremont Theatre, on the site of the present Tremont Temple. Mrs. Kemble, as she called herself, after she dropped her married name of Butler, I have heard read Shakespeare with rare pleasure, but I imagine she was not a really great performer even in her heyday as an actress, a calling she despised, though she came from a race of actors of more or less renown, for the heart giveth grace unto every art as the poet says. Tom Moore, the poet, ridiculed her pathetic efforts.

Mrs. Scott Siddons, the great-granddaughter of Sarah Siddons, the most famous of the Kemble family, I have often seen act. She was a beautiful woman, but as an actress she did not inherit a spark of the genius of her distinguished ancestress, and there were ever those who said her nose was too long to make her a model of personal pulchritude.

John Vandenhoff and his daughter starred here a little before my time, as a theatregoer, but George Vandenhoff, his son, I knew both on and off the stage.

He was a scholarly actor, but never very deep or satisfying, and his bearing lacked the grace and ease which comes from long and patient training on the stage. Indeed, he forsook the law for his father's profession, owing to some disappointment which he did not make public. He made his home in Boston for a while, and was married in old Trinity Church on Summer street, where Rufus Choate was one of the wedding guests. He eventually left the mimic scene entirely to become a public reader and a teacher of the dramatic art.

C. H. Vandenhoff, a careful and promising actor, once well known in Boston, claimed to be his natural son.

It is a little singular that the Kembles and the Vandenhoffs drifted away from the religion of their fathers, for both John Philip Kemble and John Vandenhoff were originally intended by their parents for the Roman Catholic priesthood.

James Wallack, who was the founder of Wallack's Theatre in New York, was thought in his early days to be an imitator of John Philip Kemble, but I recall him most distinctly as Martin Heywood in "The Rent Day," a character that would hardly be in the line of the magnificent actor who was said to be jealous of Mont Blanc because it outrivaled him in greatness. Wallack's son, Lester, who succeeded him in the management of the New York house, was a favorite in Boston during his many engagements here, but he was a far more mannered and artificial performer than his father and was rather vain of his good looks and his hyacinthine curls. As the hero of "Rosedale," a play he adapted from the novel of "Lady Leigh's Widowhood," he was a great favorite.

His cousin, James W. Wallack, Jr., as he was erroneously called, was an actor of far more depth of feling. He had a beautiful voice, which he sometimes played with in an elocutionary way that detracted from the realism of his efforts. His interpretation of Fagin in "Oliver Twist" at the Howard Athenaeum many years ago did not exhibit this fault. This was a wonderfully faithful reproduction of Dickens's old thief trainer, particularly in the prison scene. Mr. Wallack was for a time associated with Charles Fechter during the latter's brief managerial reign at the old Globe Theatre in this city. His father, Henry Wallack, was the stage manager for Mrs. Barrow during a somewhat short but brilliant comedy season which that accomplished actress gave at the Howard Athenaeum some 60 or more years ago. He was the first man to give a recitation from memory of a Shakespearian tragedy here. This was at the Meionaon, and was not a great success.

He was a careful actor, without the striking attributes of other members of his family, and his Falstaff performance, though it was far behind the unapproachable fat knight of the elder Hackett. His daughter, Fanny, I chiefly remember in "Clari, the Maid of Milan," at the old National Theatre, a play that has immortalized its author, John Howard Payne, with its ballad of "Home, Sweet Home."

My first recollection of the elder Junius Brutus Booth takes me back to the time when I was still of grammar school age, and some 70 years younger than I am today. He was then playing at the Boston Museum, and was boarding at the old Pemberton House, near the corner of Court and Howard streets. Edwin Booth, then a boy, was his dresser, and somewhere about this time he made his first appearance as an actor in Boston, as Tressel in "Richard III.," with his father, of course, as the humpbacked tyrant. This was years before he became a star, much to the disgust of the eccentric Boston critic, the late W. T. W. Ball, who declared in private, in language not over polite, that Edwin was only a weak copy of his "awful dad."

Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., somewhat near this period, was in the company at the National Theatre, appearing as Mike Martin in a local drama of the same name. He was a handsome fellow in those days, of a more robust type than Edwin; but he inherited only a little of his father's ability, and seemed to be incapable of concentration and continuous effort. His first wife, who was a daughter of Ben de Bar, the veteran western manager, was then in this city, and I recall her as an actress at the Howard Athenaeum. Mr. Booth left Boston suddenly, and so did a handsome, but inexperienced, young actress, who, I believe, later became his wife in San Francisco.

That admirable and finished actress, originally known here as Agnes Perry, did not become Mrs. Booth until he returned to this city as the manager of the present Boston Theatre. Of the unfortunate John Wilkes Booth little need be said except that he probably inherited the seeds of insanity that sometimes appeared to be lurking in his strange personality. He had more force and fire than Edwin, but he lacked the intellectual polish that gave grace to his older brother's interpretations. His debut in this city was made at the Boston Museum, where, in fiery combat on Gloster field, he recalled his father's almost crazy energy. He had much personal magnetism, but he could not be called a scholarly performer in Shakespearian characters, and shone best as Raphael in "The Marble Heart," to the great gratification of innumerable feminine admirers.

A third Junius Booth was in the company at the Boston Museum within the memory of present playgoers. He seemed to be an amiable young gentleman, but he was a poor actor, and he chose to leave the world suddenly. His brother, Sydney, is still on the stage, and seems to have far more innate histrionic talent.

The Jones family found its foremost representative on the mimic scene in Avonia Jones. She became the wife of that picturesque romantic actor, Gustavus V. Brooke, who, also, went down in "the salt foam of the swelling waters." He was the first to bring the drama of "The Corsican Brothers" to Boston. This was at the National Theatre many years before the impulsive Charles Fechter produced it here at the old Globe Theatre with an unusual distribution of characters. The father of Avonia was that eccentric actor who left this city as George Jones and returned as the Count Johannes. He may have been an acceptable performer at the National Théatre when he was the first representative of Claude Melnotte in Boston. I did not see him in that effective lover who, like many a soldier of the present day, rose from the ranks in a comparatively brief time to a high military position, but when the count played Hamlet at the Howard Athenaeum I was not impressed with his effort. He wore decorations galore which he had received abroad, but I have never seen any records of him among the great European dramatic lights. The narrow limits of the stage, however could not hold his vaulting ambition. He became later a lawyer, and distinguished himself by getting into legal hot water, much to the amusement and, sometimes, the anger of his legal brethren. He unravelled the mystery of the celebrated Malden murder in the wrong way, and did other things that were equally ridiculous.

His first wife was known on the stage as Melinda Jones, and she was accounted an accomplished actress. Like Mrs. Joe Gagery, she was a fine figure of a woman, and when the count's second wife brought an action for divorce against him on the ground of cruelty, her forerunner in the matrimonial way said in my hearing: "Well, I must say he was never cruel to me."

As I looked at her magnificent proportions, I said to myself within myself, after the manner of the farceur, "Certainly not."

May I not, with apologies to President Wilson, end this somewhat rambling screed at the Federal Street Theatre, where I began? It was there that the Ravel family originally presented to my astonished juvenile vision "Mazulm, the Night Owl," and "The Green Monster." Great were its members in bewildering pantomime, and they spoke, though they

said nothing, with a Gallic touch that makes the English dumb show seem slow and, as the great dramatist remarks, inexplicable.

And today, when I am nearly run down by all the children gliding over the concrete sidewalks, I am reminded of the fact that the Ravels brought roller skating here in "The Skaters of Wilna" some seven decades back, at the old Federal Street Theatre. It took many years to [illegible]-Ravel it for general sport, but it is evidently here to stay, though my old legs may tremble desperately at the sound of its reckless whirring.

Dorchester. JOHN W. RYAN.

The London Times (Feb. 15) on New English Chamber Music

"Stanford's third Trio is so polished in detail, the effects are so nicely calculated, the part-writing is so suave (the strings are mostly in sixths and tenths throughout), and it gives so little countenance to those indiscretions into which this generation is prone to rush, that it will hardly anywhere bring a blush to the cheek of the young person. The texture is decidedly full, and there are fewer than usual of those airholes which the composer has been wont both to preach and to practice.

"Howells's first Pianoforte Quartet (Stainer & Bell) was written in 1916 and is now printed as the first publication under the Carnegie trust. It seems altogether worthy to represent English music. it is English, if that means rhythmical and adventurous, and representative, since it swims on the full tide of the new manner. It is difficult to speak confidently about the first movement without hearing it, but the second is extraordinarily strong throughout, and the last, of a burly 'Dorian' character, is highly exhilarating, like the last of Vaughan Williams's 'Five Mystical Songs.' The harmony moves in weighty masses, not of chords, but of sections, and the counterpoint has the courage of its convictions. The themes are unpretentious in themselves, but are made significant by their treatment; they are diatonic and of small compass, and their phrases often end, by an attractive mannerism, on an unaccented beat after the fashion of Schubert's 'Gehimes.' The appeal of the work will be rather deep than wide.

'Ireland's second Trio, in one movement, was written in June, 1917. He strikes out a new line by giving the themes as a rule to the strings in octaves, varied by double octaves. The hard, uncompromising harmonies stand as rebels alike from the smooth persuasion of German and the airy suggestion of French treatment; and, as regards these, the melodies go their own way, agreeing where they can and, where not, agreeing to differ. Strength thus makes up for the lack of grace. [illegible] be born of either, no doubt, and of the two one would prefer it to come from strength; but it comes still better from that simple inevitableness which is the child of both.

"There is not much to say about W. H. Reed's Violin Concerto in A minor. The harmonic grip is weak and the passes are unconvincing, but it is, of course, admirably suited to the instrument, and since it was clearly written to give a fiddler something he would like to play, it may be said to achieve its purpose."

The Times says of Tobias Matthay's 31 "Variations and Derivations" (theme original) for the piano: "They are an amazing thing to have invented, and will be still more amazing to memorize and play * * * the time signatures are printed between the staves; one day still more printer's ink will be saved by the omission of these anachronisms." Of Mr. Goossens's books of sketches (Chester, publisher) the reviewer says: "In his four 'Conceits' he makes clear his method, which is to maintain throughout the clash of the semitone for its own sake, apart from any justification in the part writing. Subsidiary devices are to place (in 'Dance Memories') the two hands in two unrelated keys, and (in 'A Walking Tune') to give the major to the right and the relative minor to the left; once where they might accidentally have harmonized, the 'bell' theme is slightly altered to avoid such a calamity. If he ever writes a big work he will have, of course, to descend to consonance in order not to repeat himself; but meanwhile these uncannily clever trifles, in Kaleidoscope,' are excellent fooling; the 'Hurdygurdy Man,' the 'Wooden Soldier,' and others are not [illegible] [illegible] A. Rowley has arranged for piano [illegible] 'Harpsichord Music' (Whittingham) [illegible] A piece by Hook seems to have been written after hearing Mozart's Sonata in A (published six years before) and a march of Jer. Clarke's has just the ring of that one of Charles Avison's which Robert Browning made famous. These will be treasure-trove for teachers of small fingers. Some 'Old English Harpsichord Dances,' arranged by A. Moffat, do the same sort of thing in a rather 'grander' way. Two Bourrees of Purcell's (why not keep his own word 'Borry'?) a Ballo' by Thos. Chilcot (surprisingly good) a country dance of Maurice Greene's, and others are very welcome revivals; and we wish success to this effort of two publishers to present these

[illegible] and top [illegible] old fashions [illegible] ordinary people wear."

5 / [illegible] / 7

I last saw her on the stage, and my memory of her in juvenile roles is somewhat hazy. Her sister, Mrs. J. M. Field, was a ladylike performer, and she was the mother of Kate Field, a brilliant woman, who never quite fulfilled her youthful promise. She tried the stage without success, as did also her cousin, George Riddle, whose reputation rests on his skill as a teacher of elocution.

Kate's father was a skilled histrion, and his performance of Captain Hawkshaw was a pronounced hit. He also shone somewhat as a writer for the New Orleans press over the signature of "Straws, Jr." Mrs. Smith, by the way, was the mother of Henry Sedley, who married the sister of Mrs. Edwin Forrest. His father's real surname was Sedley, though he was always known as W. H. Smith during his long career as a manager both at the Boston Museum and elsewhere.

The charming Mrs. Sedley Brown, later Mrs. Sol Smith, was her daughter. She did not begin to act until her first husband met with business reverses.

Mrs. Rosalie Pelby managed the old National Theatre at the corner of Portland and Traverse streets after her husband, William Pelby, had ceased his labors. I never saw him act, but an old criticism that came under my observation says that he was an excellent actor, especially in the part of Hamlet. Mrs. Pelby I saw in the character of Moll Pitcher, and her daughter, Ophelia, who made an unfortunate marriage when she became Mrs. Anderson, I saw once or twice after she returned to the stage. Her son, who was called Forrester Pelby, was with me at the old Adams school on Mason street. He was a fine looking boy, but I lost sight of him after he grew up, and I do not believe he adopted the profession of his mother and grandparents.

April 14 1917

The newspapers have had much to say about the "delousing" of the returning troops. The word is not a pretty one and it is not to be found in the dictionaries, but the war has brought with it many new words, some of which will disappear, some of which will soon be regarded as orthodox and of good and regular standing.

No soldier need be ashamed of necessary submission to the process. It may console him to recall the case of Thomas Otway, an Oxford man, the author of "Venice Preserved" and "The Orphan." As a cornet in a regiment of horse, he joined in 1678 the army under Monmouth in Flanders. It was reported that he came back from Flanders "mangy and covered with vermin." Rochester taunted him with this in his "Session of the Poets." It should also be remembered that when the troops were disbanded and recalled, the money voted by the Commons for their payment was misappropriated. The soldiers were paid only by debentures, and the credit of these was so low that they were hardly salable.

It was observed in the 16th century that "lice cometh also of that cloth that is trained in the wool with the fat or grease of an horse or of a swine, and therefore the Northern cloths worn of a sweating body do breed lice in 12 hours." The "humor" of an individual had much to do with the character of the pest. Lice gendered of sanguine humor were red and great; of phlegmatic white; of choleric, yellow, long, swift and sharp; of melancholic, ashen colored, lean and slow in moving. Any one of these pests "grieveth more in the skin with the feet and with creeping, than he doth with biting. . . . And the leaner that a louse is, the sharper she biteth and grieveth." There were many approved remedies even in the elder Pliny's time, thus: "The old skin or slough that snakes do cast off, in the spring, whosoever drinketh in his ordinary drink, it will kill all the vermin of the body within three days."

For the Times

As the World Wags:

"Rain before seven and clear before 'leven" Is one of the maxims they force us to shelve.
To be up with the times we must sacrifice rhymes.
It is "rain before eight" now and "clear before twelve." QUINCY KILBY.
Brookline.

"The Boy's Own"

As the World Wags:

Mr. L. R. Robinson is right in the suspicion that "some other amiable and harmless old crank" remembers the various steam mechanisms used by Frank Reed in stories published during the 70's in a "penny dreadful boy's weekly." For I remember 'em well; and as a result of 25 years endurance my wife is prepared to attest that I am amiable

[illegible] of the piano [illegible] "[illegible]" at all, as it cost [illegible] cents. In those days I had to work hard for an hour to earn that vast sum or to walk from the shop near Bromfield street to my home in Jamaica Plains in order to save it, so as to have the funds to buy a 'Boy's Own.' And I had to have it. GEO. F. BACON.

Moultonboro, N. H.

The Illustrators

As the World Wags:

Phineas Phibbs had summat to say about illustrations which failed to be illustrious, so to speak, in that periodical which would most astonish its alleged great-grandfather, the Saturday Evening Post. A recent drawing of a mountaineer chap and his girl approaching his "one-room log cabin," accompanied by a "tawny hound"—one of those long, rangy, coon-chasing dogs that can rear up and put their feet on your shoulder and lick you affectionately on the eyebrow. Well, the dog in the picture was a barrel-bodied, peglegged, short-eared mongrel, as black as tar, instead of brown. And the "one-room cabin" had three rooms. But what would make a real mountaineer whoop was no fewer than three big stone chimneys to this one cabin!

That artist ought to have to build a stone chimney. I tried to once, in grand-dad's sugar camp. I thought I had assembled stone enough for a moderate-sized union station; but when I got them all mortared together, and some more besides, that bercussed chimney was not quite four feet high! But what hurt my feelings worst was that the real brick-layer who did over the job with brick laughed at my ambitious trowel, and pointed out to me that it was not a brick-layer's trowel at all, but a plasterer's.

An aimless and useless spur of picket fence in this same drawing, running to the house, was a minor lapse; but the dog, the triple rooms and the three chimneys certainly distinguished it, as a work of pure imagination rather than illustrative reality.

But perhaps that's the game, to give the reader's imagination something to chew upon and wrestle with. That purpose at least is served by such curious misfits and misinterpretations by the artists. W. C. T.

Brookline.

"In Blindman's Land"

As the World Wags:

The genealogical page of a local daily is a perennial fountain of amusement to anyone having even a little history, since the contributors seem to know none. Let a single instance suffice, to wit: Answer on April 7 by author of a long series of articles on "Royal Families of England," who was asked "How George III of England could lay claim to the throne of France." He answers by a cock-and-bull story of a claim by descent, whereas almost anyone knows that the Georges made no such claim but regarded their pretence to the French crown as of so little value that they dropped it at the first good chance. The claim has a much more interesting history, running nearly 500 years, including the hundred years war and the pathetic loss of the last of the French mainland in Queen Mary's time; but all this made no impression on one gathering myths about the "Royal Families of England."

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

DE GOGORZA SINGS

Olga Samaroff and Emilio de Gogorza gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Helen M. Winslow was accompanist. Mme. Samaroff played Novelette in D major, Schumann; Intermezzo, E-flat major, Brahms; Turkish March, Beethoven-Rubinstein; Sonata, B minor, Liszt; Three Preludes, Chopin; Caprice Burlesque, Gabrilowitsch.

Mr. de Gogorza sang: "Sebben Crudele," Caldara; Recitatif et Air of Thoas in "Iphigenia in Tauris," C. Gluck; "On the Seashore of Endless Worlds," Carpenter; "The Seminarian," Moussorgsky; "The Pipes of Pan," Elgar; "Phidyle," Duparc; "Voici que le Printemps," Debussy; "Par le sentier," Dubois; Zorzico, "Tavira o la Romeria" (Basque Song), de Ercilla; "Clavelitos," Valverde.

The hall was well filled. Both artists were in the mood for their best achievements. Their programs were well arranged to test their abilities in many differing phases. The audience was expectant of rare musical offerings. It was not disappointed and the outbursts of enthusiasm that followed all the numbers were demonstrative to a degree rarely equalled even at the Sunday afternoon concerts. Both musicians were generous in giving extra pieces and many of these were as important and imposing as the regular numbers.

No appearance of Mr. de Gogorza would be complete without "Drink to Me Only" and he sang that in his inimitable style. He was at his best in all the varying moods of his selections—in the simplicity of Caldera's 17th century melody, the solemnity of Gluck's aria, the mysticism of the "Seashore of

[illegible] [illegible] intensity of expression, revealing with splendor the heroic portions of the Liszt sonata and singing with extreme delicacy its contrasting song passages. In all her pieces her unexcelled mechanical precision and skill shimmered and radiated, always used as an aid to her interpretation of the music and never as mere display.

[illegible] 15 1919

True interest in life comes from its obscurity. Life is undecipherable, illogical, uncertain, and for this reason the most exacting love it with a sad passion.

Malipiero

As the World Wags:

This is what Malipiero's "Pauses of Silence" meant to one listener at the 20th Symphony Concert:

From eternal silence the soul, the word, speaks. Silence is summoned to pause by the trumpet-voice, the asserting personality. The inarticulate universe replies—"with no language but a cry." The heavens and the hells answer, beseeching the word to utter their desire—through it alone can they find voice; or storming upon it in rage that they may beat it out of being. The trumpet-voice, the personality, amidst the strife of sound, asserts itself, a seven-fold I AM. F D S.

Boston.

Pauline and the Museum

As the World Wags:

The mention of Pauline Markham reminds me that when she played at the Boston Theatre in Lydia Thompson's company she looked with approval on a handsome stage attache and presented him with a beautiful cameo ring, inside of which was inscribed "Markham to W. E. S." In the course of time Mr. W. E. S. borrowed $10 on the ring and never paid it back. In after years the ring came into my own possession and today lies among my treasures, beside the ring which John Wilkes Booth gave to Orlando Tompkins exactly 54 years ago today, eight days before Booth consummated the saddest tragedy our country has ever known.

I yesterday obtained possession of a bill of the Boston Museum, 70 years old, "printed at the museum in presence of visitors upon Ruggles's patent printing engine." Little heed is paid to the dramatic company, but on the reverse side is a catalogue of more than 300 lines in excellent rhyme of the "Rare, Curious and Valuable Collection of Curiosities and Works of Art." The concluding lines are:

"To all this add the vast Dramatic Hall,
With spacious stage, traps, trick-machines and all,
On which neat Vaudevilles, spectacles and plays
Revive the past and type the present days.
Five nights each week performers here commune,
And Saturday and Wednesday afternoon.
And give you entertainments rich and large,
For your applause, and for no other charge.
This beauteous granite edifice you'll meet
Near Tremont row, on famous Tremont street,
And View contented all its vast contents,
For the small fee of five and twenty cents.

Do you notice how prominent the word "Vaudeville" is? And people thought it was brought into prominence by B. F. Keith.

I noticed that a Saturday morning paper spoke of "Oliver Optic (Charles Follen Adams)" What about William T. Adams? And what about Yawcob Strauss? QUINCY KILBY.

Brookline.

"The Love of Mike"

As the World Wags:

"Just after the successful production of 'The Gilded Age,' " says Henry Watterson, in his entertaining reminiscences, "I received a letter from him (Mark Twain) in which he told me he had made in Col. Mulberry Sellers a close study of one of his kinsmen, and thought he had drawn him to the life. 'But, for the love of Mike,' he said 'don't whisper it, for he would never understand or forgive me.' "

"The Gilded Age" was produced in 1874, or thereabouts, and in those days nobody ever appealed to "the love of Mike" or Pete, or any other second rate figure in the canon. Did Mark Twain ever use the expression in any letter he wrote in the 70's? In fact, is it more than 30 years old? There is plenty of evidence throughout these reminiscences that their author does not mean them to be actually historical. [illegible] [illegible] to him [illegible] to [illegible]

... if the famous actor ... early determination to ... he might have produced the great American novel for which the world has long been waiting.

Boston. W. E. K.

"The Gilded Age" was first performed early in 1873 at San Francisco. It was not performed in New York until Sept. 16, 1874. It is not safe to be cocksure about the age of any "modern" phrase, gag or catch-word.—Ed.

Scalteen

As the World Wags:

A friend of mine who traveled through Ireland about 20 years ago once told me about running across an old scalteen maker. Scalteen, it seems, is a beverage made by brewing whiskey and butter together. As concocted by the old man that my friend met, it had a soft, creamy flavor. It must have been delicious, for my friend smacked his lips unconsciously when he told me about it. I should judge from his story that the art of making scalteen was all but a lost one then. I cannot but hope, however, that some one will direct me to a scalteen maker before July 1.

Boston. TARBELLUS.

"Scalteen" is whiskey boiled with sugar and butter. In Munster it is burnt whiskey. For a New Englander of the eighth generation hot buttered rum is the only drink when the weather is severe and he is scourged by a sorry rheum. In summer the words of Maginn still have force: "As to the beautiful mutual adaptation of cold rum and cold water, that is beyond all praise, and indeed forms a theme of never-ceasing admiration, being one of nature's most exquisite achievements. —Ed.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Seven Days' Leave," a military drama of today, by Walter Howard. The cast:

Percy Skindles	Bryce Kennedy
Kitty Sharrow	Florence Eldridge
Mrs. Keys	Victory Bateman
Mrs. Skindles	Lydia Lambert
The Rev. John Sharrow	J. Irving White
Col. George Sharrow	Robert Homans
Capt. Cornelius Keys	Galway Herbert
Lord Pendennis	Frank Hollins
Lady Mary Heather	Jean Stuart
Stephen Darrell	Walter Sherwood
Mme. Constance Morrell	Suzanne Jackson
Capt. Paul Lamonde	Edwin Forsberg
Maj. Terry Fielding	Edward Mackay
Edgar Parsons	Russell Johnstone

This play, which had its American premiere in Boston more than a year ago, returned last evening in somewhat different form, Americanized and melodramatized. It moves with far more snap than before, and the addition of the submarine detector in the first act clinches the interest more strongly. It deals with the successful efforts to capture two German spies at work in England under the guise of Belgian refugees—efforts in which an American officer serving with the British army is the chief figure and in which his love for his fiancee and for his country are at odds.

The story is grippingly dramatic, culminating in a series of spectacular scenes that include the dash of a presumably naked woman into the sea to warn the submarine, the firing upon it by an American cruiser—with the guns in the turrets and machine guns on deck working most realistically—and the race for the buoy with its warning signal, between Lady Mary Heather and one of the spies.

Edward Mackay now plays the role of the American major, Suzanne Jackson that of the female spy and Robert Homans the British colonel, and they are excellent in their character portrayal. The same is true of Frank Hollins as Lord Pendennis.

'THE MIDDLEMAN'

Henry Arthur Jones has written a number of good plays, but perhaps none of them has surpassed in popularity "The Middleman," which was given its first presentation at the Copley Theatre last night. Humor and pathos, serious emotion and comic incident are so blended that it is difficult to slassify the drama, but the story is so plain that it is easily understood.

The cast of the Jewett players was this:

Joseph Chandler	Fred W. Permain
Batty Todd	Cameron Matthews
Sir Seaton Umfraville	Nicholas Joy
Dareper	Donald Call
Mrs. Chandler	Mary Hamilton
Maude Chandler	Phyllis Relph
Lady Umfraville	Catherine Lexow
Felicia Umfraville	Eleanor Ellis
Epiphany Danks	Leonard Craske
Capt. Julian Chandler	Noel Leslie
Mary Blenkarn	Jessamine Newcombe
Cyrus Blenkarn	H. Conway Wingfield
Nancy Blenkarn	Viola Roach
Jesse Pegg	E. E. Clive
Postman	Noel Leslie
Button	Viola Heath
Vachell	Leonard Craske

The play would be interesting to the Bolshevist enthusiasts because the villain happens to be an employer and the hero a workingman.

Cyrus Blankarn, an old potter, who has made a fortune for his employer and has always been kept in pecuniary subjection to Joseph Chandler, the successful manager ... who has strived for 20 years to perfect a certain process for making china ware. His daughter falls a victim o Chandler's son and leaves home. Blankarn leaves his employer and spends his last coin in perfecting his process. This means his commercial success and the ruin of the heartless employer.

H. Conway Wingfield had an opportunity, as Blankarn, to make the most of his dramatic abilities, and Fred W. Permain as Joseph Chandler was a most excellent foil. The other parts were well taken.

The passionate climax at the end of the fourth act was an excellent example of dramatic repression.

There was a crowded house and the audience was appreciative—so much so that several dramatic incidents failed to receive their deserved applause, not from lack of appreciation but because the listeners were too enthralled with the progress of the play to think of delivering the need of applause. There was enough at the end of each act, however, to assure the players that they had achieved a success.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"The End of the Bridge." Drama in four acts by Florence Lincoln. The cast:

John Garret, M. D.	Dudley Ayres
Felix Marriott	Mark Elliston
Peter	Marion Goad
Ludwig Straus	Mark Kent
Bartlett	Morton L. Stevens
Mary Stanley	Bertha Blanchard
Joan Mannering	Ruth Robinson

This Harvard prize play is enjoyable throughout its four acts. Its portrayal of the doctor who sacrifices his ambitions and fulfills his duty to a friend by caring for his daughter and eventually marrying her, is rich in dramatic instinct.

As played at the Arlington Theatre yesterday, the play met with its customary appreciation. Mr. Ayres was excellent as the doctor and was well supported by Miss Robinson as the young woman who later becomes his wife. Miss Good played the part of the boy Peter with a delightful juvenile touch. The other roles were well impersonated.

The play at this theatre next week will be Charles Hoyt's New England comedy, "A Temperance Town," with William C. Masson in the role of Mink Jones.

GUS EDWARDS

Gus Edwards, song writer, producer and theatrical manager, assisted by Vincent O'Donnell, Alice Furness and Beatrix Curtis, heads of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Las tevening there was a good-sized audience and much applause.

Mr. Edwards's act, which is devoted to a medley of his songs, is less interesting than many of the vaudebille offerings booked under his management. An attractive feature is two pretty girls who visualize the idea of Mr. Edwards's songs a few years back and flit about with the enthusiasm of youth. Vincent O'Donnell, the diminutive comedian, pulls all the laughs.

One of the funniest acts is the sketch of the Lander brothers, in "Pills for Ills." Harry Lander as the tramp is not only funny in make-up, but gets away from the conventional style of stage hoboes.

Much interest was manigested in the appearance of Edmond Hayes in "Moonshine." This is a departure for Mr. Hayes, who has entertained lately chiefly in low comedy. Last evening he appeared in a serious melodramatic role and his performance was interesting in its sincerity and as portraiture of type.

Other acts were Julius Tannen, monologuist; Maria Lo, in artistic posings; Val and Ernie Stanton in uproarious chatter and "nut" comedy; Wright and Dietrich, in a singing act; Snoozer, a remarkable canine act, and Catherine Powell, in novelty dances.

April 18 - 919

"April 17, 1877. There was talk this evening of German implacability, of the impossibility of appealing to the humanity of these inaccessible men. Cherbuliez tells me, however, that among the Teutons there is a quarter of an hour in which concessions may be granted: the time that runs between dessert at dinner and the tenth puff of a cigar. Saint-Vallier told him that only at that time could he obtain in the course of his negotiations what he did obtain."—Journal des Goncourt.

A BALLAD OF BONE DRY TOWN.

On Fancy's pinions borne apace
A decade hence my Muse hath flown.
Dawns nineteen twenty-nine of Grace
On beat'fic Bone Dry Town.
No babel here the ears fatigue.
Each day is ope'd with public prayer,
Held by the Anti-Cussing League,
And none is ever heard to swear.

One never argues here. One sighs
In sweet content where'er one goes;
No Demon Rum sign irks the eyes,
No cigarette smoke smites the nose.

... demoniac tide,
... the subway's frantic rage,
And all the people peaceful ride
Upon the Water Wagon stage.

The young folks here ne'er heard of hops,
Ne'er tasted ciderized mince pie;
No alcoholic lollypops
The Anti-Cough Drop League get by.
Sweet Virtue rooms all up and down,
And yet—and yet, I would not stay,
The only Live One in the town
Dropped dead ten years ago today!

—CROAKER SECUNDUS in the New York Evening Post.

"Arbs" and Witches

Some days ago we spoke of the trial at the Taunton (Eng.) assizes on April 4, 1823, of three women who had cut and stabbed an old woman reputed to be a witch, with intent to murder her; and we published the recipe given against witchcraft by one Baker, in or near Wiviliscomb, a recipe mentioning a paper of "arbs" to be burnt. We then inquired what these herbs could have been.

Mr. J. C. L. Clark of Lancaster writes:

The worthy conjuror's plan was to fight the devil with his own tools. Cf. "The Lancashire Witches," by W. H. Ainsworth, bk. i. ch. x.: 'Whilst the storm was at its worst, while the lightning was flashing fiercely, and the thunder rattling loudly, Mother Chattox, with a chafing dish in her hand, advanced towards the fire and placing the pan upon it, threw certain herbs and roots into it, chanting thus:

Here is juice of poppy bruised,
With black hellebore infused;
Here is mandrake's bleeding root,
Mixed with moonshade's deadly fruit, etc.

And at the end of the witch's chant:

In the heated pan they burn,
And to pungent vapour turn.
By this strong suffumigation,
By the potent invocation,
Spirits, I compel you here!
All who list may (my?) call appear.

In place of this wicked incantation Mr. Baker advises the reading of vehses 1 and 2 of the 68th Psalm:

"Let God arise: let His enemies be scattered: let them also that hate Him flee before Him.

"As smoke is driven away, so drive them away: as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God!"

Perhaps the anti-diablerist associated the Psalmist's reference to wax burning before the fire with the well known practice in witchcraft of melting wax images of those whom it was sought to destroy. Probably Mr. Baker's arbs, unlike those of Mother Chattox and her kind, were wholesomely medicinal and fragrant.

It should be noted that many plants used by witches in working their spells were also thought to be counter charms, as vervain, which, as old Aubrey said, "hinders witches from their will." Rue is another plant that works both ways. If one wears it with agrimony, maidenhair, broom-straw and ground ivy, he will at once detect the presence of a witch.

Z. Y. of Boston writes: "There were no board schools of value in those days and the simple folk talked weird dialects. 'Arb' for 'yarb,' that is 'herb,' is perfectly good Devonese. 'Gar-em-Ken-us Ale' sounds like a drunken man's Gambrinus Ale, which may have been a favorite tap, just as a recent reference to the waterside combination of Cornish Mahogany and Fair Maids may have meant Metheglin and Fumadoes, in degenerate form."

Concerning Mr. Aab

As the World Wags:

I wish to take exception to Mr. Charles-Edward Aab's letter of April 14, in which he assumes that the author of a series of letters on the "Royal Families of England," now running in the Boston Transcript, is ignorant of history: this assumption he bases on what he calls a "cock-and-bull story" of George III's claim to the English crown, and accuses the author of the letters of "gathering myths." I know nothing whatever about the merits of the case but I do know that the author whom Mr. Aab criticises is an unusually careful genealogist and is well-versed in history, and feel that it is unjust to him to publish such a letter, in a paper which he will probably never see, instead of coming out in the open with a letter to the author himself asking for his authority. Mr. Aab has in his haste to show his omniscience entirely overlooked the fact that the author of the "Royal Families" letters does not state the George III's claim was based on his descent, but merely gives his descent as a possible reason for such a claim. It is quite likely that the other author knows as much as Mr. Aab himself about the matter, but thought his correspondent would be more interested in the genealogy than in political matters, and I feel sure that anyone knowing him by correspondence, as I do, would be willing to take his word for any statement.

Boston. HAROLD BOWDITCH.

Shakespeare's Hard Luck

Mr. Arthur Bourchier said recently in London that having seen "Twelfth Night" and "Henry IV" played in Germany a year before the war, he had been astonished to find both Malvolio and Falstaff made up with an extraordinary resemblance to the Kaiser.

April 15 7,5

As for friends, lampreys and turbots beget them and they spawn not amid the solitude of the Apennines. To dine in company with more than two is a gaulish and a German thing. I can hardly bring myself to believe that I have eaten in concert with 20—so barbarous and herdlike a practice does not now appeal to me—such an incentive to drink much and talk loosely; not to add, such a necessity to speak loud, which is clownish and odious in the extreme.

China and the League

As the World Wags:

In the columns of a contemporary of the Herald appeared tonight as the heading of a Washington communication from high authority, "China of League Dinner Preserved." It was printed in two lines, "China of League" first; then "Dinner Preserved," and the momentary effect upon the mind was as if an irresistible force had collided with an immovable body. As the excellent Ruggles would say, the old bean refused to function at such a sudden transition from the diplomatic to the cullnary.

Then it appeared that the paragraph concealed the information that the dinner service used at the White House at the occasion on which Mr. Wilson interpreted the league of nations to the foreign relations committee of Congress as the post-prandial entertainment of his guests was to be set apart with other sets used by Presidents on historic occasions, never to be used again, having been used but the one time.

Just what record History has jotted down in her diary about that evening is not yet disclosed, but would it not be more in keeping with the unique quality of the event if the china were broken as wine glasses were wont to be broken after drinking the Queen's health? I knew a family where the mustache cup from which its deceased head had partaken of his morning coffee was preserved on the sideboard for many years, and the reminiscences were not wholly agreeable as it caught the eye. Much is to be said for the destruction of fragile articles which have served a special purpose. Doubtless there are other old customs like that of the wine glasses which will occur to you.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

A Sad Story

Richard Guinnet, Esq., of Great Huntington, Gloucestershire, died on April 16, 1717. He held Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas in high esteem, but "their union was suspended from prudential reasons." He waited for her 16 years, and when his physician then told him he could not live long, Mr. Guinnet urged immediate marriage. She said, "to prevent his importunity," she would be his in six months. He replied, with a deep sigh: "Ah! madam, six months now are as much as 16 years have been; you put it off now, and God will do it forever." The narrator adds: "The poor gentleman retired to his seat in the country, made his will and left Mrs. Thomas £600; and sorrow was her 'food ever after'; he died within the six months. He was a man of piety, prudence and temperance and the author of a little piece, entitled: 'An Essay on the Mischief of Giving Fortunes with Women in Marriage.'"

As for Mrs. Thomas, her ending was pitiable. "Besides pecuniary distress, she endured for several years great personal misery, from a chicken bone, swallowed inadvertently."

The Invalid

On April 16, 1870, Edmond de Goncourt observing his brother Jules, slowly dying of overwork, remarked that he tormented himself with imaginary ills, looking at red or white produced on his skin by a wrinkle in his shirt with a dolorous expression of fright.

Queer Announcements

As the World Wags:

Some time ago an extract from a London newspaper found its way into the column, a report of a benevolent "drive" for the relief of war sufferers in France. Among the contributions and gifts was a half dozen fresh eggs labelled, "A City Man's Willing Effort." Certainly a remarkable performance for a city man or even a rural brother. The paragraph was properly headed "Doing His Bit."

The Port Elizabeth Advertiser of Cape Colony, South Africa, during my connection with another newspaper in that town, 1899 to 1902, the period of the Anglo-Boer war, published some queer announcements, of which the following may serve as a sample:

CLOSING OF DAIRY.

"Miss White desires to inform her customers and the public that owing to ill-health the supply of milk will be discontinued."

In the same journal some penny-a-line commenting on the departure on a European trip of a gentleman well known in business and sporting circles, thus held forth:

[illegible] that while abroad he [illegible] a series of researches of [illegible] character. We trust he [illegible] desuscitated from his [illegible] recreative peregrinations."
ORIAN.

Bertha von Hillern

As the World Wags:
In one of Col. Watterson's articles he [mentions] Bertha von Hillern, "a poor [illegible] student seeking money enough to take her abroad," engaging in Louisville to walk 100 miles around a fixed track in 24 consecutive hours. She did it. Her share of the gate money was [illegible]
Did not Bertha von Hillern give walking exhibitions in Boston many years ago? I think she nearly broke up one exhibition by demanding pumpkin pie at night or early in the morning and refusing to continue until the pie was procured. It was procured and the manager saved the day.
GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.
Beverly.
Will some one tell us the year when pie comforted and sustained Miss von Hillern?—Ed.

LAPARRA POEM

By PHILIP HALE

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Rabaud, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Franck, Symphony in D minor (by request); Laparra, first performance of "A Basque Sunday"; poem on four folk songs for orchestra and piano (Mr Laparra, pianist); Glinka, Kamarinskaya; Weber, overture to "Der Freischuetz."

Mr. Laparra is not unknown here. His opera "La Habanera," produced in December, 1910, at the Boston Opera House, won the admiration of a few. The grim story and the absence of any celebrated singers no doubt accounted for the apathy of the general public. On some the opera exerted a peculiar fascination, by reason of the originality and the individuality of the music. Although the composer was a prix de Rome, there was no evidence that he had worshipped in any Parisian chapel, whether it had been dedicated to Massenet, Franck, d'Indy or Debussy. The music was wedded to the text: it served as commentary; it emphasized situations and strengthened moods: it was now appropriately melodramatic; it was now intensely tragic; it was always dramatic. As the murderer in the play was haunted by the spectre of his victim, slain while the habanera was sounding in the square, so the hearer after the passing years still sees the awful apparition, remembers the silent group in the second act, hears again the habanera, also the music in the church yard. The opera brought a region of Spain and a phase of Spanish life and customs vividly before the spectators. They that had traveled in Spain recognized the realism of the composer, a realism still more vivified and heightened by the necessary imaginative, poetic touch.

Mr Laparra was also known here before yesterday by some songs heard in concert halls, by piano pieces played by Mr. Bauer, and by the concert of last November in which his "Musical Journey Through Spain" was performed by him and the singer, Mme. Helen Stanley.

Familiar with Biscay and the Biscayans, Mr. Laparra in his "Basque Sunday" has not deliberately taken thematic material from folk-tunes, he has not slavishly followed Biscayan rhythms; but as Grieg in Norway, he has written in music his impressions, shaped and colored by the region, its people, its life and customs. As depicted by him in tones the Biscayan village would not be a desirable resort for the nervous, nor would the Biscayan Sunday win the approval of any "League for Preserving the Sabbath." Not even the sound of the organ and the mention of church in the first movement would reconcile the members of this league to the yells accompanying the game of pelote in the scherzo, and the drinking, bawling and boisterous dancing in the finale. This disapproval should not keep one from enjoyment of the music itself.

Again we find the strong and pungent note of individuality. Again we find refreshing audacity in musical treatment. Again we find boldness in melody, in the harmonious scheme, in the employment of orchestral instruments. The first movement, "Towards the Church," is curiously fashioned, with its mixture of ecclesiastical feeling and rought joy of living. The tonal picture of the Game of Pelote, which may be taken as a scherzo, is singuarly picturesque, with its mad theme for the bassoon, the exciting background for the violin solo and piano. The third movement, "Before a White House," the house where the Basque's forefathers' fathers were born and died, has a strange, romantic beauty, full of simple sentiment expressed by the solo string quartet, sentiment that is sincere affecting. The Finale "At the Feast," is a frenzied piece of maddening dance rhythms

[illegible] favor. [illegible] d[illegible] White House [illegible] ed the [illegible] the end several times and heartily.

Francks's Symphony, heard at the first concert of this season, led by Mr. Monteux, was played yesterday by request. The performance was a most impressive one; not only with respect to the more salient and familiar features of the nobly spiritual composition, but by reason of beauties in the detail that had escaped the attention of previous conductors or had been ignored by them. Yet these points were made by Mr. Rabaud, not with the air of a discoverer, but as if they must have been recognized by any intelligent and sensitive musician. Mr. Rabaud was as fortunate in entering into close communion with Franck as he has been with other composers of the French school, as he has been with Beethoven; for it is not too much to say that Beethoven at these concerts has been revealed in all his tenderness, his strength, his grandeur by Mr. Rabaud. Yesterday after the symphony he was thrice recalled, not in a perfunctory, or merely complimentary manner, but enthusiastically.

Hearing Glinka's fantasy on two Russian folk songs, one is amazed at the praise bestowed on it by Rubinstein and Tschaikowsky. No doubt Glinka himself would have rubbed his eyes if he could have read what his successors wrote about the fantasy; but let us not forget that "Kamarinskaya" was composed in 1848 and Glinka was more or less of an amateur.

Is the overture to "Der Freischuetz" aging fast? Yesterday the quartet for horns was none to well played. The once famous pizzicato for the appearance of Samiel no longer thrills me; Max playing on the clarinet does not move us. Would we be excited by the scene in the Wolf's Glen, even with the excellent pyrotechnical display at the Dresden Royal Opera House? Romanticism, though attacked at the time for its extravagance, has its day. When a romantic work is purest, it becomes classic. Witness Beethoven, Berlioz, Chopin, Schumann.

This concert will be repeated tonight. The concert of Friday next, on account of the parade, will take place on Saturday afternoon, April 26. The program of that concert and of the one in the evening of the 26th is as follows: Rabaud, Symphony No. 2, E minor (first time at these concerts); Mehul, "O des Amants, le plus fidele" from "Ariodant" (Sophie Braslau); Bach, Polonaise, Rondo and Badinerie from Suite in B minor, No. 2, for flute and strings (Mr. Laurent, flutist); Moussorgsky, Songs with orchestra: Death's Serenade, The Banks of the Don, On the River Dnyeper (Miss Braslau); Beethoven, overture to "Egmont."

Pillaut, a musician, told Edmond de Goncourt on April 18, 1889, that there was a village in the department Oise, where musical instruments of wood had been made for nearly 300 years; a village where there was no farm, where the peasants did not sow, work or reap, but all sat on benches, making clarinets composed of 30 odd pieces. And Goncourt thought that this fantastical village should have been described by E. T. A. Hoffmann in one of his wild tales.

"The Old Woman's Soap"

As the World Wags:
Having first seen the light of day on the west bank of the Penobscot, a few miles north of Stockton Springs, and later having had serious encounters with one Simeon Keal, my sympathies lead me to help Mr. T. Inker McKerel out of his trouble about "The Old Woman's Soap." Our section of the state was once a region of wood fires and, therefore, wood ashes; these ashes the farmers' wives utilized in making soft soap for home use: bleaching out from the ashes the potash salts, with water, to make lye; which in turn they boiled with waste grease saved for this purpose. The result was a semi-liquid brown substance which usually was strong enough of alkali to skin an elephant. Now and then, through poor management or weak lye, the proper chemical reaction between lye and grease did not take place; then the soap was said "not to come." Probably the old lady of the saying was a poor soap maker and was never certain of her results.

Speaking of ashes, a boyhood chum of my father once received a terrible punishment for spilling some ashes on the floor while cleaning out the kitchen stove. The parental dictum [illegible] "Now, Isaiah, pick up those ashes ash by ash!"
A. P. S.
Lynn.

The old Farmer's Almanack of 1818 gave a recipe for soap made of snow. The recipe was taken from the Baltimore Federal Gazette: "Take and cut into very small pieces one pound of good hard soap; dissolve it with a slow fire, when dissolved, put six or eight pounds of clean snow with it; and after having boiled them together well for three hours (or until it shews a lather on its surface) add a wine glass of fine salt and let it get cold, when it will be found the finest soap and to weigh as much as the snow did [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] anything of the kind [illegible] on [illegible] to preserve it [illegible] the [illegible] you put down hog's in[illegible] be as careful to keep it tight as any other meat, and you will have no disagreeable smell nor waste of grease by vermin." To make boiled soap: "For a barrel take 35 pounds of scraps or other grease that [illegible] daily in a family, put half the quantity into a five pail kettle, a pailful of strong lie, boil it thoroughly with a moderate fire or it will run over, then keep adding strong lie until full, put it in a barrel and add weak lie. Then take the other half of the grease and proceed as before." Cold soap: Twenty-five pounds of clear grease, heat it, turn it into the barrel, heat strong lie and turn in, let it stand through the summer. Strong lie and good grease will insure you good soap, cold or hot."—Ed.

Peerless Lydia

As the World Wags:
I have been much interested to note in this column lately references to some of the divinities of my boyhood, foremost among whom was the peerless Lydia Thompson. The first time I ever saw her was in the autumn of 1860, at the Lyceum Theatre, London. Mme. Celeste, an old-time London favorite, had quarrelled with Ben Webster, who was the lessee of the Adelphi, near by, and opened the Lyceum in opposition. She revived a number of old French classical plays (in English), in which she had once been famous. The venture was not very successful, for the lady was well stricken in years.

As an added attraction, the fair Lydia was engaged, she being then all the rage as a dancer, though she had done next to nothing as an actress at that time. The sketch in which she appeared was mere patchwork, contrived to give her the opportunity to show her skill in different dances. A brilliant young singer made her debut in this skit, and sang between the dances. I recall that Lydia Thompson appeared as a short-skirted ballerina, a role which it was generally asserted she greatly disliked. Then she gave the Highland Fling; an Irish jig, dressed as an Irishman; a jockey dance, which had quite a vogue, in which she cracked a whip and kicked metal heels very attractively. The crowning effort, and that which made her famous, was her whirlwind Sailor's Hornpipe, danced in the smart uniform of a British naval middy. Who that ever saw that dance will forget it?

Naturally, Lydia had both rivals and imitators. The most successful of these was a Miss Hudspeth, daughter-in-law of Phelps, the tragedian; but London, always faithful to a deity it has once enshrined, never faltered in its allegiance to Lydia Thompson. I know nothing of her early career, but it was said that as a child she used to dance in public houses; but such yarns are common in regard to many celebrities.

The statement was made that Miss Thompson was married but once. Isn't this an error? In the early sixties an item appeared in all the London papers of the death of a dashing rider from a fall in the hunting field. It was added that he was the husband of Lydia Thompson. Henderson, if I am not mistaken, was a theatrical man, and did not become connected with the fair blonde till much later in life.
B. B. E.
Malden.

Lydia came to the United States in 1868, under the management of Alexander Henderson. She married him later. He died at Cannes, France, in 1886. She never remarried.—Ed.

Varia

As the World Wags:
Feeling that to lose our "As the World Wags" column, would be to lose much that is contributive to the real significance as well as the fine lilt of life, and, therefore, desiring to prevent its editor from spending the rest of his time vainly sending a plummet after that "lost jug" of "Legend 3," allow me to humbly submit the following mental antidote—a gleaning of Robert Browning's from a book of Rabbinical writings called "A Collection of Many Fables."

A traveler halting upon a water's bank, believing it to be shallow, exclaims "I'll bathe there!" "Do not so!"

Warned me a voice from heaven. "A man let drop
His axe into that shallow rivulet—
As thou accountest—seventy years ago:
It fell and fell and still without a stop,
Keeps falling, nor has reached the bottom yet."

I, also, beg leave to call your attention to some expressive facts about Og king of Bashan.

The rabbis say that the height of his stature was 23,033 cubits (nearly six miles). He used to drink from the clouds (hence the resultant stature and longevity)—and toast fish by holding them before the orb of the sun.

He asked Noah to take him into the ark, but Noah would not. When the flood was at its deepest it did not reach the knees of this giant. Og lived 3000 years, and then was slain by the hand of Moses.
N. N. P.
St. Albans, Vt.

[illegible] [illegible] the first [illegible] [illegible] have a [illegible] comedy with a [illegible] comedy of contemporaneous middle-class manners, extravaganza, musical comedy, a revival of an old favorite there is even a "bed-room' farce. Then there is as ever, vaudeville. There are fine d plays to suit all tastes.

"Happiness," which will be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre, has a history. On March 6, 1914, Miss Laurette Taylor and the "Peg o' My Heart" company, at a matinee at the Cort Theatre, New York, gave three one-act plays by J. Hartley Manners: "Just as Well," "Happiness" and "The Day of Dupes." There were then only four characters in "Happiness." The cast was as follows:

Philip Chandos .... H. Reeves-Smith
Fritz Scowcroft .... Peter Bassett
Mrs. Chrystal-Pole ...... Violet Kemble-Cooper
Jenny .... Laurette Taylor

There was the rich woman of 27 bored to extinction and selfish; her hard-working, common millionaire father, Chandos; a useless person, ashamed because his father had gained his fortune dishonorably. There was also Jenny, a little milliner's drudge, happy on Sundays. Mrs. Chrystal-Pole, talking with Jenny, saw a great light. "When Philip comes to take her to the opera, she bids him, all astonished, to stay to dinner with her new acquaintance, whom she proposes to keep as her companion in the hope of learning from her, a pauper, the secret of a happiness denied to her riches."

On Jan. 10, 1917, this little play, with "The Secret Way," by Preston Gibson, and "Woman's Wiles," by William A. Young, was acted by amateurs at the house of Mrs. Herman Oelrichs in New York, when the part of Jenny was played by Miss Helen G. Alexander. The other characters were: Mrs. Crystal-Pole, Mrs. James Lowell Putnam; Scowcroft, Gordon Knox Bell; Chandos, E. C. Wilmerding.

This little play was extended by Mr. Manners into a comedy in three acts and an epilogue. New York first saw it on Dec. 31, 1917, at the Criterion Theatre. There were then 12 characters on the stage. The chief parts were as follows:

Philip Chandos .... O. P. Heggie
Fermoy MacDonough .... J. M. Kerrigan
Joan Scowcroft .... Herbert Druce
Mrs. Chrystal-Pole .... Violet Cooper
Miss Perkins .... Lynn Fontanne
Mrs. Wreay .... Catherine Proctor
Jenny .... Laurette Taylor

The acts were then described by the dramatist as "phases." The titles of the plays divisions were "Looking Forward," "The City of Youth," "Pressing On" and "Happiness."

When Miss Taylor began her tour in "Happiness,' beginning at Syracuse, N. Y., in September, 1918, her company included Percy Ames, J. M. Kerrigan, Beatrice Terry, Alice Esden and Thomas C. Cooke.

There was a play called "The Thunderbolt," produced in New York at the Union Square Theatre on June 4, 1883. It was written by Louis Frechette, who stated on the bill that he was poet laureate of Canada. Lewis Morrison took the part of the atrocious villain. The critics were not kind to the play, although it had been strongly recommended by Mr. Perry of the Boston Herald and Mr. Hoyt of the Boston Post. William Harris took the failure good naturedly. He said to a reporter of the Dramatic Times: "I was in favor of trying it on a dog, but they all dissuaded me from that. Both Hoyt and Perry said, 'Go to New York and have it done in first-rate style.' I could have done it in Worcester for two or three nights, and have lost, say $600 or $700; but I was talked into doing it here, and do you know what it cost me—why, a net loss of $5590. * * * You can hardly conceive of our playing on Thursday night to $45 and on the matinee to $33, hut those are the figures. Terrible, ain't they?" The New York Tribune described the play as "a sensation melodrama, containing an omnipotent Southern planter, a baffled murderer, a house on fire, a steamboat, an abduction and a rescue; these ingredients are commingled with a copious mucilage of inflammatory prose, and garnished with stage pictures of the moss-draped scenery of Louisiana. The piece derives its name from a complimentary title which has been conferred upon its chief person, Mr. Paul Rodette, surnamed 'The Thunderbolt' on account of his propensity for going off. The plot, crackling and snapping through five acts, is descriptive and illuminative of this alert and fugacious gentleman; and the purport, or lesson, of the play appears to be that a Thunderbolt is the noblest work of heaven, and that the South is full of Thunderbolts, and, therefore, a hallowed region. The particular Thunderbolt here commemorated is blazoned forth to the public eye by Mr. J. Newton Gotthold, an actor who resembles this sort of character very much as the placid German [illegible] resembles the aspiring [illegible]"

"The Thunderbolt" a drama in [illegible] acts by Arthur W. Pinero, which will be seen Tuesday at the Copley Theatre for the first time in Boston, is a [illegible] sort of [illegible] was [illegible]

[illegible] T[illegible], [illegible], on [illegible]y 9.

[illegible]s M[illegible]rtimer	L[illegible] Calvert
[illegible]	Kat[illegible] Bish[illegible]p
[illegible] Mortimer	Norman Forbes
Lo[illegible]sa	Alice B[illegible]t
Thaddeus Mortimer	George Alexander
Phyllis	Mabel Hackney
Joyce	Mignon Clifford
Cyril	Cyril Bruce
[illegible]ol Ponting	Wilfred Draycott
Rose	May Palfrey
Helen Thornhill	Stella Campbell
Rev George Trist	Reginald Owen
Mr. Vallance	Julian Royce
Mr [illegible]lkin	J. D. Beveridge
Mr. Denyer	F. I. Arlton
Heath	Richard Haigh
A Servant Girl	Gladys Dale
Servants	Sybil Maurisse and Vere Sinclair

The motif of this play is the "passionate hunger of a group of comparatively poor men and women for the money of a rich brother who has died apparently intestate." Their name is Mortimore, and they belong to one of the lower strata of the middle class; but, as the most masterful of them says: "We Mortimores are one of the oldest, and I'm bound to say one of the most respected families in Singlehampton." "It is a commonplace that a sudden prospect of money may, if there is a little uncertainty about it, convert quite decent people into the very reverse; and round the death-bed of Brother Edward the Mortimores all became bitter, squabbling, envious creatures—a grim comment on the words, 'Love One Another.' For there is an uncertainty—and presently the thun'erbolt falls."

Later in 1908 Mrs. Patrick Campbell took the part of Phyllis.

"The Thunderbolt" was performed for the first t'me in this country at the New Theatre, New York, on Nov. 12, 1910. When the Evening Post said of it: "The mirror is held up to local villadom and it reflects human nature. The real object of the onslaught of the play is the shameless and heartless hypocrisy constantly resorted to for the purpose of keeping up social appearances, which are in themselves often false, worthless and contemptible. The subject, of course, has been a favorite one with playwrights of many countries and generations, but it has not been handled in modern times with such inflexible veracity, unswerving purpose and constructive skill." The chief players at the New Theatre were Messrs. Calvert, Bruning, Anson, Gottschalk, Holland, Gillmore, Johnson, Olive Wyndham and Thais Lawton.

The play was revived in New York at the Lyric Theatre on Nov. 22, 1911, by the Drama Players, when Messrs. Kelcey, Lewis, Robertson, Emery, Hedwig Reicher and Effie Shannon took leading parts.

In November, 1911, John Ernest Warren wrote a letter to the New York Sun referring to an article in which it was said that "The Thunderbolt" is a variant of Belot's "Le Testament de Cesar Girodot." Mr. Warren in his letter intimated that Mr. Shaw took his "Candida" from Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea," and his "Arms and the Man" from an incident in a novel by Owen Meredith; that Pinero's "His House in Order" was taken from a German play acted by Mme. Modjeska, Barrymore and others at the Union Square Theatre about 1880. Modjeska did not play at this theatre before 1886; on Dec. 13 she played with Maurice Barrymore in "Daniela."

There is joyous expectation of Al Jolson in "Sinbad" at the Boston Opera House. The show opened at the Shubert Theatre, New Haven, Ct., on Feb. 5, 1918. At the Winter Garden, New York, Feb. 14, of that year, Roshanara, the dancer, Forrest Huff, Fritzi von Busing, Hazel Cox, Virginia Fox Brooks, Lawrence D'Orsay, Franklyn A. Batie, Kitty Doner, Constance Farber and many others, not forgetting the jumping dogs, were in the show, which has had an uninterrupted run of prosperity. Alan Dale, having praised Mr. Jolson—"he sang and he danced and he quipped and reparteed until he was obliged to ask for mercy"—said that the rest of the show was scenic and girlic. "The scenery was stupendous and the girls very unstupendous. This season's fashion in girl is small and 'cute,' with no figure. The girl who has a figure—and you know girls have been brought up to expect figures—is asked to so disguise it that she looks like a freak. She is straight up and down, and when she isn't she is just lumpy and 'peculiar.'" But that was over a year ago. Mr. Dale then wrote: "One can look forward to the return of feminine shapeliness and the exit of the ugly freakishness now popular." He concluded by saying: "I think that the Winter Garden has beaten its own record, and that is no easy feat."

How many shows have been entitled "Sinbad"? Who wrote the extravaganza thus named of the middle sixties? Some of us remember "Sinbad, the Sailor," in which Lydia and Clara Thompson, Pauline Markham, Maggie Desmond, Harry Beckett, W. B. Cahill, G. F. Ketchum, Ed Chapman, J. W. Brutone and others disported themselves. In New York the Clodoche dancers first appeared; the Lauri family and a female drum corps were in it later. On June 14, 1869, Eliza Weathersby was first seen in New York as Hafiz, and when Lydia was sick she took the part of Sinbad.

There have been several Sinbads in Great Britain: one at Drury Lane in [illegible]; "Sinbad, or the Dryland Sailor," burlesque, in 1884; "Sinbad the Sailor; [illegible] the T[illegible]r That Was 'Pitched' Into," burlesque, at Edinburgh, 1879.

"A S[illegible]" a farce comedy in three act[illegible], b[illegible] J[illegible]k Larrie and Gustav Blum, which w[illegible]l be at the Wilbur, was first seen i[illegible] New York at the Bijou Theatre on Feb. 1[illegible], 19[illegible]. It was then described as 'a new and very gay farce of beds and bedding.'" "At times it was really a trick to tell whether the laughter was with the pink-quilted plot or at it. That doesn't make much difference, and it is a fact that the efficient cast was usually in situations so comical one couldn't see how they themselves, or the authors, could find a possible way out." The chief comedians in New York were Peggy Hopkins, Lucille Watson, Carlotta Monterey, Ernest Glendenning, William Morris. "Some of the complications," said Mr. Heywood Broun, "arise from the fact that one of the married women uses her own name and not that of her husband. Although this is a custom by no means unusual, we do not remember its having been incorporated in a play before."

When "Flo-Flo," a musical comedy in two acts, book by Fred de Gresac, music by Silvio Hein, was produced at the Cort Theatre, New York, on Dec. 20, 1917, Vera Michelena took the part of Flo-Flo, the living model in a Fifth avenue lingerie shop, and James B. Carson, Oscar Figman, Finita de Soria, Wanda Lyon, Louise Beaudet, were in the company. The piece is an elaboration of a vaudeville sketch, "The Bride Shop," by Fred de Gresac. The New York correspondent of the Stage wrote that Flo-Flo "must have cost little to dress, for corsets and stockings comprise almost her entire kit. The chorus girls wear as little as possible, too, and I fear if our coal shortage increases they will all risk getting pneumonia whilst on duty at the Cort." The story, which will be revealed at the Tremont Theatre tomorrow, deals with the adventures of a young woman "who breaks off her engagement to a poor man to be engaged to a rich man." In the lingerie shop where she is buying her trousseau she meets the poor man again.

A revival of Hoyt's "Temperance Town" at the Arlington Theatre is now peculiarly appropriate. The last revival at the Castle Square Theatre was on Oct. 6, 1913.

Mr. Quincy Kilby Writes in Praise of the Copley

To the Editor of the Herald:

In a recent issue of another Boston paper I saw a statement with which I am strongly impelled to take issue. It was that the Copley Theatre "is no better a house of entertainment than it has been these three years."

I have been a rather regular attendant at that playhouse for most of that time, and although it started ambitiously in both aim and accomplishment, I can see decided improvement in many ways. In the first place, the company shows constant progress under the wise and efficient management of Mr. Henry Jewett, who seems to be able to keep his actors up to their best work, no matter how prominent or how inferior the parts for which they happen to be cast. He is the first manager who has come within my ken in this country who has been able to persuade a competent artist to play a leading role one week and a utility part the next, and to do both as well as he or she can. In other years we have once in a great while seen an all-star cast of some play, when for a special reason prominent actors were willing to assume even the smallest roles, but I do not remember any performance of such roles that remained in my mind as being at all commensurate with the actor's talent. But with the Jewett Players it is not at all an uncommon event to find painstaking performances of insignificant roles by leading members of the company. For one instance, Leonard Craske and Nicholas Joy among the villagers entering the church in "Bunty Pulls the Strings"—supernumeraries both, but with wonderful make-ups, and no pushing forward for undue recognition. Doing right what they had to do. It takes a manager back of an artist to obtain such results.

And the team work is continually more effective. I remember one of our best American character actors who always gave a notably good performance yet incidentally hurt the piece through playing for the benefit of his own part to the detriment of the ensemble, as I have known an actor to resign from a company because he was cast for a role unworthy of his position, though the play was to be given but a single performance, and that on a night when the audience was certain to be small.

In the matter of scenery and accessories the Copley has shown constant improvement. One never has a feeling of seeing makeshift scenery or furniture and accessories chronologically incorrect. It takes hard work and taste on the part of the stage staff to present a play as well as it is done there.

But what the theatre possesses far in advance of its predecessors is the quality of its audience—meaning as far as intelligence is concerned. In every part of the house, from orchestra front to balcony back, the patrons seem to bring their brains with them, and to thoroughly appreciate the finest points of the author, be he Shaw or Barrie, or Wilde, or Sheridan, or whoever. No 'loud' laugh that speaks the vacant mind." No tittering in pathetic scenes, as so many of the audience did in our old Boston [illegible]um day[illegible] [illegible] appreciation, [illegible]ilence in the quiet scenes and applause where it belongs.

And the best o[illegible] it is that the establishment is an artistic and financial success, and the management often has cause to wish the auditorium would hold more of the people who are striving to get in.

With my record of half a century of theatregoing, many years of which were spent in the theatrical profession, I can conscientiously claim that the Jewett Players are giving at the Copley Theatre the finest stock performances ever seen in Boston, and that their work is above the average of that of the better class of visiting companies. Long may they live to entertain us, and long may we live to appreciate and enjoy their artistic work.

QUINCY KILBY.

Brookline.

Notes About Mr. Rabaud's Symphony Played Here This Week

Mr. Rabaud's second symphony will be performed here at the Symphony concerts this week. It has been played here only once, at Mrs. R. J. Hall's orchestral concert on Jan. 21, 1908, when Mr. Longy conducted. The symphony was produced in Paris at a Colonne concert on Nov. 12, 1899, when the composer, then 26 years old, conducted it. For this symphony he was awarded the Prix Monbinne.

The symphony has been performed with marked success in several cities of this country. When it was performed at Chicago last November Mr. Hackett wrote in the Chicago Evening Post:

"Mr. Rabaud is related in his mode of thought to those men who have always written music in the sense that music is the expression of beauty through tone. He is able to create a melody, and the underlying thought of this symphony is melodic. . . . Mr. Rabaud can bring forth from his inner consciousness a melody of strength and beauty—therefore he does. He develops his themes with an exquisite sense of proportion which knows as well where to curtail as where to elaborate. . . . There is all through the music the sense of clarity and balance that is the mark of the man with the feeling for art. Mr. Rabaud used his learning to express his meaning and not to heap up great masses of tone interwoven with endless complications just because he had a modern orchestra to play with. The second movement was very beautiful and the third charming with its sparkling brilliance."

The symphony was by no means new to Philadelphia. Mr. Waldo of the Public Ledger reviewed its performance on last March 28 as follows:

"The masterwork of Rabaud has won the enthusiasm of our audiences on more than one occasion. It is a well-spring undefiled and constant of symphonic inspiration. The full value of the Andante was brought out with the chorale, like strains that revert to Bach of old and Franck in recent times and still are far from slavish imitation. The Scherzo is the happiest little skeedaddle of strings and flute and oboe and harp that ever was, and the Finale is a noble climax indeed."

Notes About the Stage, Actors, Music and Musicians

The New York correspondent of the Stage (London) recently wrote about English actors in this country: "This country (the United States) gives chances of proving their worth to many men who were side-tracked in England. That is perhaps an argument in favor of the 'I'll try you in the part' at rehearsal custom of the managers here. Many are called and few are chosen, but it gives a man many chances to demonstrate his ability. Many have 'made good' by this means, which may cause actors to be well content with the clause in the Actors' Equity Association contract, which gives managers the right to discharge without remuneration up to the 10th day of rehearsal. Of course, we all hope to see the day when some money—enough for pot-boiling purposes—is doled out by managers for time given to rehearsals, but I am afraid actors will not gain that condition until after those in the old country do so. Living expenses are so very high that giving rehearsals without payment is an extremely difficult thing to do, and many actors have to go into debt to do it. The rank and file of actors in the United States are not as well off as they are in England. If you take an average of five years' of effort, I will not say work, they have no savings. In England actors live a far more comfortable life. Actors and actresses who are really successful in this country, however, can undoubtedly save what is in English values a good deal of money. I hear a great many actors from England, who have become adventurous during the war, intend coming over here next fall. Good luck to them! But I hope they will bear in mind that $1 over here has the buying value that shilling or 18 pence has in England, that the newcomer can only act in English plays, which are rare nowadays, and that it costs £5 a week to live here economically. Rehearsals for musical comedies run into eight and often 12 weeks. English actors are very well accepted by their American brothers, if they try to understand this country from its own and not from an English standpoint, and many become 'one of the boys' at either the Lambs, the Players, the Friars or the Greenroom clubs, and [illegible] y [illegible]rs for casting a new play ju[illegible] a[illegible] readily as any one else. The Engli[illegible] [illegible] is always of value, but affectation or peculiarities of pron[illegible]nciation are a big handicap. I remember what a sweet speech Percy Knight had when he first came over here, but I don't think it helped him to get jobs. Then on one blusterous winter's day, whilst on tour, the train in which the musical-comedy company he was with got 'stalled' in the snow for hours, and he and a companion fought their way through the blizzard to the outskirts of Trenton—midway between New York and Philadelphia—with momentous results to Percy Knight, for, after laryngitis, he strained his voice on the opening night, and it has never entirely recovered, but has remained 'Knight's voice'—a rasping, thick tune it plays, but it is a voice which fits into American plays better than his original. And he earned the undying admiration of a number of ladies to whom he brought food on the stalled train."

There is speculation in Dublin concerning the future of the Abbey Theatre. Lennox Robinson will resume the managership for a short time. Some of the old favorites are expected soon to return. Not long ago Lady Gregory, because Miss Nic Shuibhalhaigh was detained in London, had the courage to take the part of Kathleen Ni Houlihan. It was her first appearance as an actress. The part was first played by Maud Gonne in 1902.

At Stockholm on March 14 a new play, "The Red Cross Nurse," the foundation of which is the heroism of Nurse Cavell, was performed. The author is M. Gustav Collijns.

Fred O'Donovan, pleasantly remembered here as one of the Irish players, is on the road in Great Britain with his own company.

H. B. Irving said recently in London that one reason for the popularity of Shakespeare in Germany was that he was presented in an unexpurgated form. Lord Howard de Walden declared that nothing could be more detrimental to the encouragement of Shakespeare than the tendency to turn him into a solemn effigy before which everybody had to bow down.

A new piano Sonata in B major by Bortckiewicz was produced in London on March 20. "Wherein at no inconsiderable length, particularly in the stressful first movement, he says little that has not been said before and conveys here and there a fugitive hint of the influence of Chopin."

Gustav Holst's new suite "The Planets" was produced in London on Feb. 27. We quote from The Musical Times of April: "The work was begun at the end of 1914, a fact which was clearly not without influence on its style. There are seven movements, 'Mars, the Bringer of War,' 'Venus, the Bringer of Peace,' 'Mercury, the Winged Messenger,' 'Saturn, the Bringer of Old Age,' 'Uranus, the Magician,' 'Neptune, the Mystic,' and 'Jupiter, the Bringer of Jolity.' The second and sixth were omitted on this occasion. The idea of the suite seems to have been conceived while the composer was studying astrology. Although the poetic basis is planetary, however, he wishes his work to be judged as music. So few of us know anything of the heavenly bodies, that there is no fear of his wish being disregarded. The orchestra employed is very large—four flutes, three oboes, cor anglais, three clarinets, bass clarinet, three bassoons, double-bassoon, six horns in F, four trumpets in C, two tenor trombones, one bass trombone, one tenor tuba in B flat, six timpani, big drum, side drum, cymbals, bells, triangle, tambourine, glockenspiel, celesta, xylophone, organ, and strings. Let it be said at once that the suite scored an emphatic success. 'Mars' is by far the most convincing orchestral battle-piece that we have heard. Comparisons with the passage in 'Ein Heldenleben' were inevitable, some hearers (of course) discovering similarities. But it seemed to us that Mr. Holst, in making an insistent rhythm the dominating feature, had got well clear of the Strauss example. Cacophony there is in abundance, but the most lasting impression is that a figure in 5-4 beaten out with most remorseless insistence. 'Mercury' proved to be the most engaging number, full of fancy, and wonderfully scored. 'Saturn' was impressively gloomy, and a trifle over-long in o[illegible] mood. 'Uranus' and 'Jupiter' were both on the strepitous side: but the latter contained so much of an attractive character that we believe it would be very popular. Toward its close a fine, long tune of Celtic type seemed a trifle out of the picture, but a good tune is always welcome, so we do not complain of it being dragged in by the hair, as this one seems to be. The suite was finely played, and loudly applauded."

The production of a Spanish opera "Maruxa," music by Amadeo Vives, was announced for last night at the Park Theatre, New York. Ramon Blanchart, formerly of the Boston Opera House, took a leading part.

The suggestion has been made in Birmingham, Eng., that the city should guarantee for a period a sum not exceeding £12[illegible] a year towards any deficit

[illegible] in ... Chronicle.

[illegible] we in English word of [illegible] that we must cry "Bravo." Regarding gender or number? The [illegible] a newspaper column in honor of a feminine nation this week—"Bravo, Italy"—looked more than usually barbarous. Italia has indeed been brava, and one would like to tell her so without outraging her grammar. But let the English admirer note that the Italian adjective is not the equivalent of our "brave." It stands for good quality in anyone—painter, diplomat, grocer, cook.—London Daily Chronicle.

The London Daily Telegraph says of Mr. [illegible]son Treharne's songs, published in Boston, that he has a fastidious taste in verse and an equally fastidious discrimination in musical invention. "Mr. Treharne, moreover, is versatile. He can set 'Sigh no more, ladies,' with admirable vivacity, and he can be as solemn as you please in treating such a theme as Miss Nora Chesson's 'Farewell.' But whether he be grave or gay, his music is always thoughtful, always stimulating and never either aimless or commonplace."

The Telegraph exclaimed apropos of Sir Henry Wood's orchestra: "O! that unruly brass! Can no ellmaxes be conceived in these days without the unwise sounding brass, brass which seems to seek to urge its own case to the utter disregard of the humbler strings? These be days of the triumph of the Ego, but an egoistic brass!"

Should the payment of choir boys be declared illegal, the choristers of some of the famous London choirs could make ends meet by a reversion to the practice which prevailed a few years ago of attending parties at private houses and assisting at glee clubs. "Overtime" of this description brought the boys quite a big income in the way of presents from their listeners, and such gifts no judge could class as wages. While a chorister at the Chapel Royal the late Sir Arthur Sullivan built up a fine collection of musical scores out of presents of this kind. "We went to the bishop's party on Thursday," he wrote in one of his letters home, "and I sang. The bishop was very pleased, and patted me on the head and gave us half-a-crown each. So I bought 'Samson.' Shan't I be well stocked with oratorios?"—London Daily Chronicle.

Mme. Melba was seen by a reporter for the Daily Telegraph (March 25) in London. "Well, what about your activities during the war?" "The less said about them, the better I shall be pleased. When I left England in June, 1914, there was not a thought of war. I left suddenly for Australia because of my father's illness. He recovered after my arrival, but two years ago he died, at the age of 89. As soon as war broke out I deeply regretted the fact that I was a woman; for I am a Briton first and a singer afterward. Most fervently I said: 'Thank God for a voice that may be turned to good account.' Whatever money I have been instrumental in raising for war charities, I wish it had been more; and do not think that my work is finished. When I am wanted I shall not be missing." She will give concerts in London and expects to sing in opera at Covent Garden.

Plunket Greene, the baritone, talking in London, said justly that "one latecomer to a concert upsets the magnetic current between the artist and the audience."

Even musically, the war will long leave its mark in far corners of the empire. An enthusiastic Welsh corporal, finding himself in company with a squad of Burmese, in garrison, took the trouble to learn some of their strange melodies and set them to orthodox music. Then he prevailed upon the Burmese to form a choir, taught them to sing parts, and eventually held a kind of Eisteddfod, at which they sang his versions of their native songs, both in the vernacular and in English with a strong Welsh accent.—London Daily Chronicle.

Ernest Newman, attacking the League of the Arts for Civic and National Ceremony in the Birmingham (Eng.) Daily Post, wrote: "If the President and officials of the divorce court are there they will, of course, sing with full conviction these lines from Tennyson's 'There is no land like England':

'There are no wives like English wives,
So fair and chaste as they be.'"

Opera now appeals to a growing class entirely outside musical circles. The "man-in-the-street" is taking an interest in opera more than he did, and is beginning to realize that it is not something over his head. Generally speaking, opera is now on a firm basis in England.—Sir Thomas Beecham in the Observer.

No artist is bound to go on the stage to make a fool of herself by taking part in a scene in which she has not rehearsed.—Judge Parry.

Elgar's new violin Sonata, produced in London on March 21, is said to be extraordinarily concise and clear. "There is from it an entire absence of the modern tendency to diffuseness, though the music is modern in the best sense of that abused term. And it is essentially Elgarian and as fresh as [illegible] he has written."

[illegible] ... So that [illegible] in the prose ... book is not good. On the other hand one can equally assert when the standing by the press is general that the book is not a poor one.'—Journal des Goncourts.

"Barvil" or "Barvel"

As the World Wags:

There is a well known fresh water fish, which, in the spring comes from the deep water of ponds and lakes and ascends our brooks and streams for the purpose of depositing its spawn. It is an active, gamey fish and attains often a weight of two to four pounds. It has a peculiar protuberant mouth through which it sucks its food. I have never known one to bite at a baited hook. From its singular way of taking in its food, the fish is often styled a "sucker." The flesh would be good eating, were it not for the "little million" of bones, many of them forked, with which it is pervaded and interpenetrated. These fishes are captured by the aid of spears and scoop nets.

I have lain down on a log by the water side and picked them out with the bare hand, being careful to select the biggest ones, and to grasp them firmly around the gills, so as to prevent any violent commotion.

We boys used often to go "barvelling" in the night, following along the brooks by the light of torches and spearing the unlucky fishes, which seemed confused by the unwonted glare.

The fish were generally known as "barvel" or "barvil," but I have never been able to identify them by the aid of any dictionary. One author gives "barvel" as Provincial English for a "leather apron." That does not help me any. The dictionaries, indeed, give "barbel," but that, I take it, denotes what is generally styled the "horn pout," which is a very different fish.

Who among the readers of the Herald can solve the doubt and give the scientific name of the "barvil," or "barvel"; whence this name and how extensively it is used? J. M. H.

Centre Tuftonboro, N. H.

We regret to say that we know very little about the "barbel" and nothing at all about the "barvel" or "barvil." The "barbel" is a fresh water European fish, if we are correctly informed. It was described in 1496 as "a sweet fish, but it is a greasy meat and a perilous for man's body." J. M. H. is right about the apron called "barvel." It is made of leather and is used by washerwomen in English provinces, also by fishermen when hauling their nets. The apron or petticoat has a bib fastening over the neck. In Newfoundland a "barvel" is a tanned sheepskin used by fishermen and splitters as an apron to keep the legs dry. It is not unlike the "barmskin," the leather apron worn by Scottish and English tanners and curriers. Our ignorance about fish and fishing is deplorable; yet the cod is a noble dish. There never has been so delicate "broiled scrod" as that served on Appledore island in the old days when one left Portsmouth on a sailing boat. There is no dish comparable to picked and creamed codfish with baked potatoes, all mashed together on a plate; but we know of only one fishmonger that sells boxed codfish fit to eat, and his shop is in Brookline. The average box of dried cod is a snare and a delusion. In the good old days in our little village the head of the house bought a whole dried cod and did not hesitate to carry it home. The cod was wrapped around the middle with a piece of brown paper. Squire Forbes thus seen in Main street was not the less respected; Parson Eddy was not the less authoritative and minatory in the pulpit.—Ed.

In Blindman's Land

As the World Wags:

Dr. Bowditch's statement (in letter April 17): "I know nothing whatever about the merits of the case," can be assented to without reservation. The case seems sufficiently shown by four documents, viz: (1) "Royal Families of England. K. G. S., March 26, 1919. You inquire how George III. of England could lay claim to the throne of France. George III.'s great-great-grandfather, Ernest Augustus, elector of Hanover, married Sophia, whose mother, Elizabeth, was daughter of Charles I. of England, by Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV., King of France. Sophia's son was George I., chosen King when Queen Anne died, 1714, without issue. It was nothing unusual for a man to call himself king when he only had a distant claim on the throne." . . . (C. G. H. H. in Transcript, April 7); (2) My letter here April 14, incidentally calling the above "a cock-and-bull story of a claim by descent"; (3) Letter in Transcript, April 16 (by F. J. B. M., unknown to me, but which anyone could easily have written); "C. G. H. H., April 7, 1919. Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, and wife of Frederick, Elector Palatine, from whom the Hanoverian house derived their claim to the English throne, was the daughter, not of Charles I., but of James I., and was the sister-in-law and not the daughter of Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter of Henri IV. She was no blood relative of the latter Queen. Even if she had been the daughter [illegible] ... that the [illegible] her claim to the throne of France would have [illegible] ... in the Transcript [illegible] ... the French crown." (4) My letter delivered to the Transcript on April 9 (but which has not been, and will not be, published there): "Royal Families of England. C. G. H. H., April 7, 1919. Cold is cast on sundry doubtful items in this series hitherto, by the astounding mistake in this answer, perhaps no fact in English history is so well authenticated as the length of time (nearly 500 years) during which the King of England claimed to be King of France. Almost the best evidence, ordinarily, is a document under the Great Seal, but this fact is evidenced by the Great Seals themselves. A complete series of these from Edward III. to Anne, each showing the arms of France, is depicted in 'The Annals of England' and is elsewhere readily accessible."

I regret the apparent obligation to reprint such dry matter, and trust that any notice of the doctor's personal reflections is needless.

Boston. CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

'THE CREATION' IN SYMPHONY HALL

Handel and Haydn's 73d Performance

One hundred years and a little more after its first production by the organization—in Boylston Hall, Feb. 16, 1819—the Handel and Haydn Society gave its 73d performance of Haydn's "Creation" yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Emil Mollenhauer was conductor and H. G. Tucker organist. The solo singers were Marie Sundelius of the Metropolitan Opera company, soprano; Arthus Hackett, tenor, and Frederic Martin, bass. Miss Belle Kuhns of the chorus sang the alto part in the quartet of the final number. The instrumental music was played by the Boston Festival Orchestra, John W. Crowley, principal. The hall was filled, the audience responsive and pleased.

Composed in the years from 1795 to 1798 and produced for the first time March 19, 1799, in Vienna, the music of "The Creation" is as modern as it was 120 years ago, as appropriate to the vernal season and Easter. Like spring itself and the Resurrection feast it is ever new. The singing of the society's chorus and the playing of the Festival orchestra have lost none of their freshness or their alert and sympathetic interpretation of the music's glorified beauties with the passing years.

The solo singers performed their parts in the main pleasingly and in the full spirit of the music. Miss Sundelius's singing of "In Verdure Clad," the trio and chorus in "The Heavens Are Telling" and Mr. Hackett's "In Native Worth and Honor Clad" gave special pleasure.

Mr. Martin at times was somewhat below the requisite par of force and dramatic intensity. He got down to the subterranean bass notes, however, with ease and melody, much to the delight of his hearers. In that sepulchral, long-drawn-out passage "With sinuous trace the worm," he held on to the sinister depths of the last menacing word with such successful and forebodlng tenacity that the audience interrupted him with audible chuckles before he let go. In the duet between Adam and his charming spouse the greater energy and spirit of Miss Sundellus's singing made Mr. Martin seem rather a meek and submissive Adam. It was evident who was head of that first family, and it was easy to foresee with what alacrity later Adam would take Eve's hint to try the apple.

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Let us again praise famous men and women. Mr. John Bigg was baptized on April 22, 1629. A man of "tolerable wealth," looked upon as "a pretty good scholar and of no contemptible parts." he grew melancholy with the Restoration, retired to a cave at Denton in the county of Bucks, England, and lived on charity. He never asked for anything but leather, which he nailed to his clothes. Mr. Bigg had three bottles hanging from his girdle, one for strong beer, one for small beer, the third for milk. His shoes were preserved for many years after his death at the age of 97. They were large and "made up of about 1000 patches of leather." His picture is before us as we write. Believe us, he is, indeed, a sight. In one hand he holds a bottle; in the other, a three-pronged barn fork. A clay pipe is stuck somehow in the right sleeve of his coat.

Bertha von Hillern

As the World Wags:

In the fifth instalment of Mr. Heath's ... so's reminiscences, "Looking Backward," he speaks of Bertha von Hillern, saying among other things: "I am sure the reader never heard of her and 'I wonder if Bertha von Hillern be living yet?'" Watterson is in error when he says that he is sure no reader of his reminiscences ever heard of Miss von Hillern, for I have heard of her and well recollect her, and I have no doubt that many other readers of his reminiscences can say the same. Miss von Hillern started out in life as a professional pedestrian, being, I think, the first woman that walked 100 miles in 24 consecutive hours. She gave several public exhibitions of her pedestrianism in Boston, and I was present at more than one of these exhibitions. Watterson says that she was a poor art student who, through her exhibitions of pedestrianism, sought to raise money enough to take her abroad to study art, but that is fiction; as a matter of fact, Miss von Hillern was born abroad, being a native of Treves, Germany, where she was born on Aug. 4, 1857. After finishing her career as a professional pedestrian she studied art, and for a few years pursued that vocation in Boston, being listed as an artist in the Boston directories of 1880, 1882 and 1883. Her name did not appear in any Boston directory after that of the year 1883, so it would seem that she was not thereafter a resident of Boston. What her history was after that time I don't know. Perhaps some reader of the Herald can give that information.

Brookline. QUERIST.

As the World Wags:

I think your correspondent in error regarding Bertha von Hillern ever walking 100 miles in 24 consecutive hours. Up to her time, if I recall correctly, that feat was only accomplished by Harriman, a famous six-day go-as-you-please pedestrian. Some years previous, an Englishman, Capt. Barclay, walked 1000 consecutive miles in 1000 consecutive hours (see N. Y. Clipper Almanacs of the "eighties") somewhere in England.

As this test of endurance was manifestly too severe a strain for a woman Miss von Hillern essayed the task of walking 1000 quarter-miles in 1000 quarter hours and accomplished the performance in old Horticultural Hall on Tremont street in the early eighties. I was then a schoolboy at Noble's school, 40 Winter street, and visited the hall several times.

Every 15 minutes Miss von Hillern would be led around the track for a quarter mile, by an attendant. She always appeared dazed and about half asleep, her eyes closed. It was rather an unpleasant sight. Her costume consisted of a velvet jockey cap, a befogged frock coat, tights and high laced shoes. She also carried a riding whip.

The performance was not a financial success and the pie incident was merely a press agent story to attract attention. It was plagiarized from the peculiar training diet of a well known six-day pedestrian, Norman Taylor of Vermont, known as the "Great American Pie Biter," who used to ride the old Madison Square Garden track in the days of the six-day races for the Astley belt and eat all the pie the spectators would buy for him.

In the same Horticultural Hall, a little later, I saw Capt. Webb swim and float, goldfish-wise, in a glass tank for one week, only coming out of the water for five minutes every 24 hours. This was not long before he was killed in the rapids of Niagara.

I think, but am not sure, Frank Hart, the little Boston Negro, another famous six-day performer, later accomplished the 100 miles in 24 hours feat. Also that Bertha von Hillern was never an art student (that story has a press agent flavor) but a circus acrobat. Her costume certainly smacked of the sawdust ring.

Cambridge. F. N.

Our valued correspondent, Mr. George P. Bolivar of Beverly, did not say that Miss von Hillern walked 100 miles in 24 consecutive hours; he quoted Col. Henry Watterson's statement to that effect. Capt. Robert Barclay engaged to go on foot 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours, at the rate of a mile in each and every hour, for a wager of 1000 guineas. The place was New Market Heath. He began at 12 o'clock in the night between May 31 and June 1, 1809. He completed his task at 3:37 P. M. on July 12. For breakfast at 5 A. M., he ate a roasted fowl, with a pint of strong ale, and two cups of tea with bread and butter. Luncheon at 12: One day on beefsteaks, the next on mutton chops. Dinner at 6: Roast beef or mutton chops, with vegetables in season, with porter and two or three glasses of wine. At 11 P. M. he supped on a cold fowl. At the end of the walk he had lost 32 pounds.—Ed.

Justice to a Classic

As the World Wags:

"I am sorry to disagree with "H. S. K." but the "heart-felt poem" or it ran this way:

Everybody works but father
He sits round all day
[illegible]
[illegible]

'HAPPINESS' AT THE HOLLIS ST.

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance of "Happiness," a play in three "phases" and an epilogue by J. Hartley Manners, produced by Klaw and Erlanger and George C. Tyler.

Philip Chandos.....Percy Ames
Fermoy MacDonagh.....J. M. Kerrigan
John Seowcroft.....Thomas Coffin Cooke
Walter.....John Davenport Seymour
A Boy.....Norman Post
Mrs. Chrystal Pole.....Beatrice Terry
Miss Perkins.....Lynn Fontanne
Mrs. Wreay.....Alice Esden
A Girl.....Ethelmary Oakland
An Assistant.....Sybil Innes
An Applicant.....Onal Eward
Jenny.....Laurette Taylor

In March, 1914, Mr. Manners produced three little plays at the Cort Theatre, New York. One of them was "Happiness: a Study." Four characters were in it: Chandos, Seowcroft, Mrs. Chrystal-Pole and Jenny.

Mr. Manners expanded this little play, introduced MacDonagh, Miss Perkins, Jenny's mother and a few minor characters; but the motif of the play is the same. Even in the original form, "Happiness," it was said at the time contained dialogue that was "superfluous to the intent and the action." In the play as it now stands, there is still much superfluous dialogue; there is evident and laborious padding; the epilogue is not only unessential, it is dull, and not only on account of the children and their pointless chatter. Fortunately the excellent company saves the portions of the three "phases" that in themselves have little interest.

The original idea had an obvious moral. Mrs. Pole and Chandos, the widow and the divorced man, like Sir Charles Coldstream, are used up. The handsome widow will not go to the opera, for she has been. Chandos has nothing to do and is bored. A dressmaker's errand girl changes their lives. Let the possibility of a woman like Mrs. Pole asking Jenny to sit down to talk confidentially, finally inviting her to dinner and insisting on bringing her mother over from Flatbush—let all this be granted. The first act, in which this happens, is entertaining; it has even a certain plausibility, it is so sincerely played by the comedians. On this act Mr. Manners has built up a story in which MacDonagh appears to woo Jenny and as her husband to provide an epilogue. He has also introduced Jenny's mother, a deserted wife, who, unconscious of desertion, still believes her husband will return. This character is brought in no doubt to provide Miss Taylor with a pathetic scene. No one should begrudge the appearance of MacDonagh, for the part is taken by that excellent actor Mr. Kerrigan, who first came to Boston with the Irish Players; but Jenny's mother is a good deal of a dose; nor is this the fault of the actress, Miss Esden. Another character who has nothing to do with the action or the moral is the young woman, Miss Perkins, played by Miss Fontanne in a delightfully irresponsible, vivacious, rattlepated manner. We could have seen more of Scowcroft, Mrs. Pole's father, justly shocked by her in the first act. He should have assisted at her regeneration.

But let us take Mr. Manners at his word and not complain of the loose-jointed action; let us accept his "phases" for acts. The play is for the most part entertaining, long spun out as it is. Nor should we complain of the fact that the greater part of the time the characters are merely feeders for Miss Taylor, that she may express her views on life and happiness; for Miss Taylor's personality, her queer forms of expression, her vivid impersonation of a little drudge, who is so cheerful that she shames the bored rich into activity and usefulness—these make one forget the occasional thinness of the dialogue and the dramatist's evident desire to shape everything to the advantage of his wife. Her smile is reassuring, her laugh is infectious, her speech is spontaneous and compelling. At times in the first and second acts she is practically a monologist. Her first scene with MacDonagh is not far removed from a vaudeville sketch. But during the three hours, up to the epilogue, she carries the "phases" bravely and to the great enjoyment of the audience.

There are two morals in this play: One is that if you would be happy you should look forward to something, to some achievement, to some useful employment; the other comes from the fate of Jenny's mother. If your husband, Miss Ecstacia, should be a dancing man, dance with him. If you do not know how to dance and will not learn, he will probably run away with a woman that is light and nimble on her feet, mistress of the latest steps.

An audience that filled the theatre was greatly pleased. Miss Taylor made a little speech after the second "phase."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First production in Boston of "Sinbad the Sailor," the New York Winter Garden show, dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Sigmund Romberg and Al Jolson; musical numbers arranged by Jack Mason.

President Wilson's "fourteen points" have made some noise in the world. Nations and races have acclaimed them. But there have been voices raised against them.

Not so with Al Jolson's 14 points, which he gave to Boston last night. They were acclaimed by a throng that filled the Opera House as Caruso never succeeded in doing, and not a voice was raised against them. Instead, the people clamored for more—especially of Al's chief point—himself.

His 14 are: Al Jolson, Kitty Doner, Irene Farber, Constance Farber, Forrest Huff, Virginia Fox Brooks, Lawrence D'Orsay, Fritzie von Busing, Ernest Hare, Hazel Cox, Franklyn A. Batie, Rita Zalmani, Virginia Smith, Rebekah Cauble.

He has others, a bewildering array of them, and in "Sinbad" they are displayed in gorgeous settings, which shift from the North Shore Country Club to giddy and dreamy and fascinating old Bagdad, to Sinbad's palace, to the cabin of the good ship Whale, to a raft in a storm at sea, to the Valley of Diamonds and to the Isle of Eternal Youth, so that every "point" has a chance to be shown to the best possible advantage.

Story Unessential

There is somewhere in the rapidly varying scenes a story, but that does not matter. No one cares about that amid the sumptuous scenes, glittering costumes, pretty girls, lithe and graceful dancing and above all Al Jolson's fun and songs. As a show it is without question the most brilliant and artistic production of the kind ever exhibited in Boston and to judge by the reception given it last night it is due to remain here a long time.

As Al Jolson said himself, he hopes to stay a long time. He usually makes it a point, he said, not to work in the summer, but he spent a few days at Havre de Grace, because he loves horses, and now he'll have to work this summer, so—everybody roared.

In the show he is Inbad, the Porter. In the Opera House he was quite the contrary. He made several of his running and jumping speeches, sometimes from the stage, sometimes from the running board that stretched out over the orchestra seats, and each time the people clamored for more. He said he would like to keep right on, but he knew many present were anxious to get to the suburbs and nearer by, but as for him his was already in his room.

Some of Al's "Worries"

He was at Atlantic City recently, he related, at a splendid hotel kept by the James Brothers, had a good time, but worried a good deal; worried about "our commuting President," which brought cheers; worried about the league of nations, but hoped Pawtucket would be sure to get into it.

To show what the white light of publicity will do for famous men, he told of going to a Boston hotel to get a couple of eggs for breakfast because he happened to have $25 in his pocket and as he waited he heard a man say to his companion:

"That's Al Jolson over there!"

"Oh, yes, I know his face from the papers," said the other. "I've seen him fight twice."

There are hosts of others in the show besides Al, and all do their parts well whether in singing, in dancing or in undraped display of attractive proportions, but after all they are in a different class.

'FLO-FLO' OPENS

There is a "hero" from Oshkosh in John Cort's musical comedy, "Flo-Flo," which opened at the Tremont Theatre last night, but he is only an incident, an appendage to the display of lingerie by the "Perfect 36" chorus. Moser and Simpson, proprietors of the Bride Shop, share the honors of the male parts with Pinky and Aloysius, the eccentric dancers, but the interest in the affair centers in the lovely Flo-Flo and her supporters.

What story there is to the play concerns a match-making mother, a scheming count with a visionary title and a catholicity of affection, and a daughter forced into a loveless marriage. There is an abundance of good music, excellent singing, a variety of dancing and a lavish display of undergarments. This display, far from being offensive, is very attractive, for the scene is laid in a shop which justifies it, and the dainty gorgeousness of the costumes causes the women to sit enthralled, forgetful of music and plot while they gaze in admiration on the wonderfully rich and striking beauties of the garments.

Not only in the [illegible] "Flo-Flo" an interest but [illegible] music, its snappy comedy and its [illegible] dancing. The stage effects [illegible] are attractive and the entire effect is artistic.

The original New York cast has been brought to Boston, including such favorites as Andrew Tombes, Rena Parker, James B. Carson, Thomas Handers, Arthur Millis, Bert Gardner, Edna Morn, Louise Beaudet, Armond Robl, Marjorie McClintock and William Hugh Mack.

Its popularity in New York was principally due to the "Perfect 36" chorus, every girl in which measures to that standard of perfection and has in addition a singing voice or a graceful pair of dancing legs, and in most cases a sense of humor.

"Flo-Flo" has had a successful run in New York and in most of the larger cities. Coming here with the original cast, with all the luxuriant display which was its first adornment, it should have a successful career in Boston.

WILBUR THEATRE—"A Sleepless Night," a farce comedy in three acts, by Jack Larrie and Gustav Blum. The cast:

Talbot Chandler.....William Morris
Ernest.....Donald Gallaher
Frances.....Josephine Drake
Rena Mansfield.....Peggy Hopkins
Wellington West.....Ernest Glendinning
Ilma Harper.....Carlotta Monterey
Rev. Henry Townsend.....Fred W. Peters

Callow youths and maidens have caused much fun—and trouble—for the sophisticated who are endeavoring to appear what they aren't, in books and plays and in real life for centuries, but in this latest farce to come to Boston there is so much fun and trouble, so much callowness, so much trying to be what isn't that the result is screamingly hilarious for all who witness it.

When such actors as Donald Gallaher, Ernest Glendinning and William Morris get together on a stage, it doesn't really matter what the name of their vehicle may be, or what its plot, or who else plays with them. But with these added to pretty Peggy Hopkins, Josephine Drake and Carlotta Monterey, and given a wealth of scintillating wit and repartee to speak, risque situations that are not too risque, a plot that holds water, some attractive stage settings and then the spirit to rush the action,—well, it is a combination that means much to the box office.

Cold analysis would reveal the fact that there really isn't much to "A Sleepless Night" were it not for the fact that its company is remarkably well cast, and that they put the right spirit into it. The intrusion of a very sophisticated, want-to-be-radical young woman into a man's bedroom while he is entertaining his secret wife there, and a youth's desire to elope with that wife are made the basis of three hours of roaring farce that is clean, snappy and full of action. The fact that it is very talky is lost sight of in the swiftness of the action and the convincing acting.

With his inamorata hidden on the bed and his wife hidden under it, and the youthful lover and the angry father each entangling him in a verbal net, the poor Wellington West of the cast has some exciting moments which bring shrieks of laughter from the audience, and, best of all, the players make the situations seem possible. Only consummate acting could do that.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"A Temperance Town." Comedy in four acts by Charles Hoyt. The cast:

Launcelot Jones.....W. C. Masson
St. Julien Jones.....Aubrey Bosworth
John Worth.....Dudley Ayres
Ernest Hardman.....Henry T. Crossen
Squire Belcher.....Morton L. Stevens
Kneeland Pray.....Mark Elliston
Fred Oakhurst.....Walter Coupe
Frank Hardman.....Frederick Allen
Dr. Caldwell Sawyer.....Edward Wade
Uncle Joe Viall.....Mark Kent
William Putnam.....Paul Herndon
Wes Perry.....Alfred Byrne
Judge Graham Doe.....Mark Kent
Learned Sprigg.....Robert Capron
Will Peake.....Charles Patterson
Foreman of the Jury.....T. W. Thompson
Sheriff.....William Harvey
Tinker Hull.....Jack Westerman
Ike Camp.....Phil Morris
Ruth.....Ruth Robinson
Patience Hardman.....Bertha Blanchard
Roxana.....Bella Cairns
Arabella.....Eleanor Brent
Mary Jane Jones.....Mae A. McCaskey
One of the Crossman Children.....Jessie Kane

Pleasant memories are recalled by "A Temperance Town," which was acted at the Arlington Theatre yesterday for the first time in half a dozen years. It is one of the earliest and best of the late Charles Hoyt's comedies of real country life.

"A Temperance Town" has for its scene a Vermont village and its 20 or more people are genuine types. There is the town drunkard, the spendthrift, the clergyman, the country lawyer, the druggist, the saloon keeper, the doctor, the oldest man in town, and numerous others.

Mr. Masson acts Mink Jones with skill. As a comedian, Mr. Masson has exceptional ability. The other characters are well acted, Mr. Ayres giving a youthful touch to John Worth, Miss Robinson making the clergyman's daughter attractive. Praise must be given to all the rest, including especially Mr. Stevens, Mr. Kent, Mr. Blanchard and Miss Cairns.

The play at the Arlington Theatre next week will be Max Marein's famous play of crookdom, "The House of Glass."

ACTS AT KEITH'S

Everybody likes a funny man or comedian. There is one at Keith's this week, in the person of Jimmy Barry, who appears as Zeke Wilkins, the pride of Hensfoot, N. J., in a sketch entitled "The Ruby." He is supported by Mrs. Barry, as Dazie Dazzleman of the Folly Theatre; Si Terwilliger, as "Props" of the same institution, and William H. Barry as the editor of the Hornet.

The skit is a side-splitting—and sometimes heartrendering account of the hicker who falls in love with an actress and comes down to the city (where he buys grocer's eggs at 40 cents and peddles them as fresh country laid at 80 cents). Zeke's makeup is all the part requires, too. But it is Zeke himself who turns the trick, and the way he does it makes the act one of the best seen at Keith's in weeks.

Bernard Granville is a very pleasing comedian with a bright, fresh, clean-cut act—jokes, songs and dances. He also helps to sell Liberty bonds. Sybil Vane, the "Galli-Curci of vaudeville," she calls herself, sings well and her features are suggestive of the great soprano.

Fink's Mules open the show with a rip-roaring burst of merriment as they toss the darkies about with their hoofs. Harry Cooper entertains with a song act, and Mr. and Mrs. Mel-Burne offer a skit entitled "A Wide-Awake Episode on the Fourth Floor"—yes, it's a bedroom scene.

The last act, as presented last night, was a mixture of three. George N. Brown and Billy W. Weston, champion pedestrians, stage an exciting walking contest, measured by huge pedometers. But they ring in Zeke at the preliminaries, as well as Pat Rooney, the very lively youth who with Marion Bent offers "20 Minutes of Pat and Marion," just before the race is run off.

April 23 1919

"The Thunderbolt"

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Thunderbolt: an Episode in the History of a Provincial Family" in four acts by Arthur W. Pinero. Produced at the St. James Theatre, London, May 9, 1908. First performance in the United States at the New Theatre, New York, Nov. 12, 1910.

James Mortimore.....Mr. Wingfield
Ann (his wife).....Miss Roach
Stephen Mortimore.....Mr. Permain
Louisa (his wife).....Miss Montagu
Thaddeus Mortimore.....Mr. Clive
Phyllis (his wife).....Miss Newcombe
Joyce.....Miss Heath
Cyril.....Miss Logan
Col. Pouting.....Mr. Matthews
Rose (his wife, nee Mortimore).....Miss Relph
Helen Thornhill.....Miss Hamilton
Rev. George Trist.....Mr. Leslie
Mr. Vallance.....Mr. Joy
Mr. Elkin.....Mr. Craske
Deayer.....Mr. Cail

Hope aroused by the death of a rich relative; disappointment following the revelation of the relative's thoughtlessness or malice—these themes have been used by dramatists and novelists the world over for many years. Sometimes the subject has been treated comically; sometimes melodramatically; sometimes tragically.

In Pinero's play a family of comparatively poor men and women crave the money of a rich brother who, it is thought, has died intestate. The Mortimore family belongs to what is known in England as "the lower stratum of the middle class," but the family holds its head high; it is respected in Singlehampton; it wishes to give the children a good start in life. James is a builder; Stephen is proprietor and editor of a small town newspaper; Rose, a sister, is the wife of a retired colonel; Thaddeus is a music teacher. The three brothers are well along in years. Rose finds climbing the social ladder an expensive task. The news comes that brother Edward, a brewer, from whom they had been estranged, has died leaving an estate of about £200,000; and there is no will. Naturally his relatives at once plan a prosperous and enjoyable future for themselves.

As in other plays and in novels, the Mortimores, who had been wholly, or at least tolerably, decent, became, over the division of the spoils, quarrelsome, envious, bitter. It turns out that the dead man left a will, bequeathing everything to Helen Thornhill, his natural daughter, whose existence was unknown to the Mortimores. It also turns out that Phyllis having discovered the will while near the death-bed, had read and destroyed it. She tells her husband. He realizes that Helen must not suffer. To shield his wife he informs the family that it was he that destroyed the will; but under the lawyer Elkin's examination the truth comes out. Helen rescues the family. She agrees to the proposition that Edward left no will; that there should be an equitable division of the estate between herself and the brothers

... sister ... equal share should go ... hospital as a memorial. Thaddeus ... wife refuse to take their share ... settled on their children, Joyce ...

The play is philosophic, grim, cynical. The subject is worked out with extraordinary force and skill. It has been said that there are at least seven characters, each of whom might be the protagonist in a separate play. The complexity of the whole is wellnigh oppressive, but the play is compelling by reason of its unflinching truthfulness, the ... of its purpose, and the dexterity shown in the construction. It is more than a satire on English respectability, it holds meanness and selfishness that are universal to ridicule. The mirror is held relentlessly before a shabby, sordid side of human nature. This "respectability" is only a sham. What does the affection, the morality, the religion of the Mortimores amount to, when the question of money comes up? And yet, as one of the brothers boasts: "We Mortimores are one of the oldest, and I'm bound to say, one of the most respected families in Singlehampton."

We have spoken of Mr. Pinero's constructive skill. He was spared one conventionality: the reading of a will, as in certain French and English plays; for here there is no will in existence. In his effort to avoid conventionalities, he made one mistake. The curtain should fall in the third act on the exit of Thaddeus. What follows is only farce, and, as it was acted last night, boisterous farce.

The performance was interesting and in many respects excellent. Even if one disagrees wholly with Mr. Matthews's conception of Col. Ponting, the ensemble was none the less effective. Mr. Clive gave an admirable impersonation of the dreamy, tender Thaddeus, the most sympathetic, one is tempted to say the only sympathetic character in the play. His confession in order to shield his wife was finely managed, from the shambling awkwardness of the beginning to the hysterical outburst from his soul, tortured by the questioners. He excited pity, affection, admiration. Miss Newcombe in a difficult part, doing many things well, did not show the passionate love for husband and children that gave excuse for her crime. Her ominous silence in the first act, her facial, even her bodily melancholy—these hinted at her secret. Well managed, too, was her scene with Helen in the second act, but with her husband she was strangely calm and cool. She did not excite compassion. The spectator was callous towards her, while his heart went out to Thaddeus. The brothers, played by Messrs. Wingfield and Permain, were adroitly characterized. A leading feature of the performance was the portraiture of the lawyers by Messrs. Craske and Joy. Miss Hamilton played the part of Helen intelligently without sentimentalism; a genuine characterization. Miss Roach, usually noteworthy, gave an incongruously farcical touch to Ann Mortimore by mannered facial, or rather nasal, play.

An audience that filled the theatre was enthusiastic. Mr. Jewett is to be thanked heartily for the production.

ALLEN RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Alice Allen, pianist, gave a recital in Steinert hall yesterday afternoon. Her program was as follows: Bach, Loure and Gigue from French Suite No. 5; Beethoven, Sonata op. 53 (first movement); Chopin, Ballade, F major; Mazurkas, D flat, B major, Barcarolle; Debussy, Prelude in A minor, Puck's Dance; Cyril Scott, Sphinx, Lotus Land, Valse Caprice; Liszt, Dance of the Gnomes, Forest Rustlings, Etude (La Chasse).

Miss Allen gave a recital in the same hall in January, 1918, when her program was unconventional. Yesterday she had the praiseworthy courage to refrain from playing the whole of Bach's Suite and the whole of Beethoven's sonata. Some day she will perhaps take another audacious step; that of beginning a recital with some of the more modern compositions. How delightful it would be to find a pianist beginning with Cyril Scott, Debussy, any modern or ultra-modern, when the ears of the hearers are fresh. Bach, Chopin and the rest of them might follow. Should Liszt always bring up the rear? Should he always serve for a hat and overcoat compeller?

Smooth and Even

Miss Allen might be called at present a careful, thoughtful pianist. Her mechanism is smooth and even, she phrases neatly, she evidently understands the structure of each composition. Unfortunately she seldom lets herself go. The movement from the sonata admits of fire and passion. The performance yesterday was too methodical, too deliberate. There were beginnings and endings at the expense of continuity.

After all, music is emotional—as well as meditative, or only decorative. Too many pianists in Boston ... England which is known as the ... temperament. It is not easy to ... from it, especially in Boston. Placidity and sobriety are excellent qualities in their place; but music should touch the heart, stir the blood, or like that vulgar and tavern music alluded to by Sir Thomas Browne, strike in one "a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer."

On April 23, 1867, either Jules or Edmond de Goncourt, sojourning in Rome, made this note in his Journal: "I dined yesterday at the embassy by the side of a young woman, an American, the wife of the United States minister at Brussels. Seeking in full play this free and conquering grace, this devil in the body of a young race, this potentiality of coquetry that preserves the charm and the sway of flirtation among these young girls that have become wives; on the other hand recalling the activity and the 'entrance' of certain Americans in Paris, I said to myself that these men and women seem destined to become the future conquerors of the world."

Who was this charming woman with "the devil in her body"? Who was our minister to Belgium in 1867?

"Classic Soap"

We have received a pressing invitation to purchase "classic soap." Now, according to Pliny the elder, soap, invented by the Gauls—he preferred the German, however, to the Gallic—was made of tallow and ashes; the best was made of goat's tallow and the ashes of the beech tree. The German soap, which colored red the hair, was favored in ancient Rome by fashionable women and their gallants. The ancients also used a plant with a saponaceous juice. Just what this plant was has not been definitely determined: whether it was the struthium, the saponaria officinalis, or another. From which of these plants is the modern "classic" soap manufactured, for we are told that it is made from pure vegetable oils? Is this soap, like the "pilae Matticacae," a preventive of gray hair? Does it color the hair a Titian red?

Why Mistletoe?

As the World Wags:

In reading of the jewelled corsage pin presented Mrs. Wilson by the municipality of Paris on the occasion of her first trip to that city, we also read that a pen was presented to the President—the holder of beaten gold, patterned after a mistletoe branch. Why mistletoe? Can you elucidate? M. M. M.

Cambridge.

This question is not easily answered. Is there a kiss of peace under this pen? As is well known, the mistletoe found growing on an oak was revered, especially by the Druids. The mistletoe is an antidote for poisons, a specific against epilepsy. Old Mr. Culpepper spoke of it as "good for the grief of the sinew, itch, sores and toothache, the biting of mad dogs and venomous beasts." In Sweden a finger ring made of it is worn against sickness. In France amulets of mistletoe were much worn. It has been said that before the crucifixion the mistletoe was a noticeable forest tree, "its present condition being a lasting monument of the disgrace it incurred through its ignominious use." Sir Thomas Browne mentions its virtues in "epileptical intentions." Some thought the mistletoe to be the forbidden tree in the middle of the trees of Eden. The fashioning of the President's penholder from a mistletoe branch was probably intended to bring him good luck.

Bertha

As the World Wags:

I remembr that Bertha von Hillern walked against time in the old Boston Music Hall when I was a boy—about 1878, I think. W. P. MARVIN.

Brookline.

Marmosets and Luzards

As the World Wags.

"Old Calabria," by Norman Douglas, page 94 (1915).

"In this Province there is excellent hunting of divers creatures, as wild Hoggs, Staggs, Goats, Hares, Foxes, Porcupines, Marmozets. There are also ravenous beasts, as Wolves, Bears, Luzards, which are quick-sighted and have the hinder parts spotted with divers colours. This kind of Beast was brought from France to Rome in the sports of Pompey the great, and Hunters affirm this Beast to be of so frail a memory that although he eateth with hunger, if he chance to look back, remembreth no more his meat, and departing searcheth for other."

"Who would not visit Calabria, if only on the chance of beholding the speckled posterior of the absent-minded Luzard?"

Was "marmoset" a variant of "marmot"? Lezard, lizard, luzard were old names of the lynx: see "Supporters of (London) Skinners Company and Russia Merchant Company."

... monkey. The term ... applied to the tropical ... monkey of the family Hapalidae (or Mididae). There were other old meanings, a grotesque figure applied in scorn to an idol, an odd kind of grotesque figure in a building. The word was applied to a woman or child as a term of endearment, to a man, as a term of abuse or contempt. A marmot is a "rodent of the genus Arctomys or sub-family Arctomyinae of the squirrel family." With qualification, the word is applied to other animals of the same and allied genera, as American or Maryland marmot for woodchuck. Marmot, after the French marmotte, also means a kind of bathing cap. The lynx was formerly known as a lyserne, luzarne, luserne, lewxerne. There were other varieties. "The word was apparently introduced as a name for the fur of the lynx." There is a wealth of entertaining information about the beast. We must content ourselves today with a sentence from Olaus Magnus's "History of Scandinavia": "The meat he commonly or chiefly eats is wildcats; and as he most willingly feeds on them, so he always lies in wait about their holes to catch them."—Ed.

APOLLO CLUB GIVES FOURTH CONCERT

The Apollo Club of Boston gave in Jordan Hall last evening the fourth concert of its 48th season. This chorus of male singers was assisted by Miss Charlotte Peege, contralto; E. Rupert Sircom, organist, and Walter M. Smith, bugler, and by two tenors of the club, Philip Bruce and Charles W. Ellis. Everett J. Harrington played the piano accompaniments.

The program was fully equal to the usual high standard of merit maintained by the club. A striking effect was produced by the use of the bugle in accompaniment to Sir Walter Scott's ballad, "Soldier, Rest!"

Petrucci Song Recital

Giovanni Petrucci, baritone, was assisted by Aaron Richmond, pianist, when he gave a concert last night in Steinert Hall. Mr. Richmond played with considerable brilliancy music by Sgambati, Chabrier and Liszt. Mr. Petrucci sang songs and arias by many composers in Italian, French and English. He has a very fine natural voice, which he seldom uses with discretion. It would be advisable for this gifted singer to study the elementals of tone production and phrasing, and not to sing continually at a forte or fortissimo. The audience was small but enthusiastic, and demanded encores.

[illegible] 24 1919

A few days ago a correspondent spoke of hearing in New York in the late 60's or early 70's a song entitled, "The Bells They Go Ringing for Sarah." We remember the song well, but is not the title, "The Bell Goes a Ringing for Sairah"? Thus runs the title on the song now before us, copyrighted in this country in 1869. The ingenious composer was one Hunt of London music hall fame. We first heard it at one of W. H. Lingard's entertainments. Later we heard it in Tony Pastor's show.

Fortiter in Re

A correspondent sends us a copy of the notice served by Mr. R. R. Hall in the Lincoln County News:

"Anyone who dumps rubbish on my premises at the Creek will be soaked to the limit. A joke is a joke and I like fun as well as the next man, but this dumping of empty cans, rotten vegetables, ruined bed springs, old rugs, discarded furniture, broken bottles, shattered crockery, abandoned stoves, riff-raff, culch, refuse, rubbish and every form of dirt and filth has gone to the limit and beyond it. I would like to convey the idea that I am mad, angry, raw, disgusted and had a plenty. But the rules of the postoffice forbid a suitable description of my feelings and my desires and intentions toward the misguided, contemptible gang of outlaws who would be a disgrace to Germany, let alone a real country, and who have abused my premises so shamefully. The only way to find out how I feel about it is to do it some more. I desire to be distinctly understood that this notice is mine and that I will stand behind it, so help me John Jacob Astor and the Hon. Larrow Tittieback. And if those who have polluted my premises do not forthwith, at once, immediately and instantly remove the stuff they will find the above but a faint hint of my real feelings.

"Sabe?"

Blanc or Wilson?

As the World Wags:

It is reported that the palace of the league of nations is to be erected at Geneva in full view of Mt. Blanc. Is it ... that ... shall have ... Wilson? WILFRED A. ...H

...n.

Unnatural History

As the World Wags:

The stories of tree-squeaks, side-hill badgers, whimbamers, etc., in your interesting column remind me of what occurred in my youth. Living at that time in Vermont, among the hills, I have seen many animals native there; and although I have not beheld a tree-squeak, I am positive that such a creature exists, for one night in the dusk of early evening, when I, homeward bound, took a short cut through an orchard, I was startled by a crunching, grinding sound which caused me to quicken my pace—a noise that only a tree-squeak could make. Looking over my shoulder I saw nothing, but felt the presence of something frightful following me, avoiding me, yet ever near me. As I fled in terror, that horrible thing was at my heels until, with beating heart, I ran up the steps of my house and slammed the door behind me.

In later years, telling this adventure to an acquaintance, he repeated a story told him by a mariner who had sailed the southern seas. It appears that in a part of South America where the Amazon river flows there is found a strange animal called Umgumbobo. It resembles a combination of monkey and frog and is covered with coarse hair that blends with the bark of trees; it has hind legs like a frog, its feet resembling a monkey's; it has a long, prehensile double tail; a small head with a parrot-like beak, and four eyes, two of which are placed on top of its head with a long, screw-shaped horn between them; short forelegs, armed with claws of extreme length, and a neck which can be made to revolve like a drill.

When the Umgumbobo is hunting it hangs by its hind legs from a low limb, with its back against the trunk of a tree; its double tail is pointed downward, its ends spread apart; its head is pushed forward, partly concealed by its forelegs, and upon its screw-like horn it places the pungent fruit of the yamyam bush, which the Umgumbobo slowly moves up and down to attract the animals upon which it feeds. As its prey approaches, the Umgumbobo clasps its tail about the body and drives its horn into the head of its unsuspecting victim and literally bores it to death.

Notwithstanding its frightful appearance, the Umgumbobo has been domesticated, its legs being highly esteemed as food when cooked Parisian style. In certain sections of the country it has been trained to drill holes with its horn in rubber trees, squeaking softly as it performs its task.

I wonder if Captain Brassbound or Abel Seaman ever saw the animal referred to. VERMONTER.

Boston.

The Simple Life

As the World Wags:

Twenty-six years ago I walked with my wife to her father's home on a very cold night. Her mother put the kettle on to boil, to brew a pot of tea, and the old gentleman, when the pot had come to boil, said: "I'll make R. a rum guzzle." Into a pitcher of hot water he poured what then seemed to me to be a vast quantity of Caldwell's old rum and then stirred in a lump of butter. After pouring the mixture into glasses he grated a little nutmeg on each glass. It was very comforting. He said that it was the favorite brew in the shipyards on cold days and that his father, a ship joiner, was very fond of them in the eighteen-forties.

NEWBURYPORT.

April 26 1919

If Mr. Charles-Edward Aab will give us his address, a letter will be forwarded to him.

Rats and Bluebottle

Mr. George Hoffman, chief gunner's mate, telling how the stern of the U. S. destroyer Cassin was blown away by a torpedo, said that the killing of a rat, the "beaming" of it with a marlinspike, was the cause of the accident. "It's bad medicine to kill a rat," said Mr. Hoffman. "Rats may be sperrits and we had a sperrit rat on the Cassin."

Is this a common belief among seafaring men? In Germany there was a superstition that the souls of the dead assume the forms of mice. In many countries the apparition of mice has been considered a funereal presage. The first witch in "Macbeth," wishing to wreak vengeance, threatens to become a rat without a tail. When it was currently believed in Rome that mice foretold this and that, as presaging the first civil war by gnawing gold in a temple. Some one spoke to Cato about mice gnawing his boots. Cato answered that this was no miracle; it would have been a miracle if the ... had eaten the mice. This answer ...

...randed ... a ... [illegible] what Artemus Ward called "first-...'s humor." It was ... in England that if rats gnawed the hangings of a room, it was a forerunner of death. Here is a sentence in Melton's "Astrologaster": "That it is a great signe of ill lucke if rats gnaw a man's clothes."

All this reminds us of a story related recently by the London Daily Chronicle. A man had poisoned some rats in his home, and they died under the floor. He was about to have the floor taken up in order to remove the rats and the stench, when a naturalist happened to call. "Oh, no; don't take up the whole floor, catch me a big bluebottle fly." One was caught, then freed in the pestilential chamber. Bluebottle settled on one spot and remained. Said the naturalist, "the rats are there." A board was cut and the rats removed. "The scent of the bluebottle had found them."

The Lynx

We spoke about the lynx last Wednesday. Dr. Caius saw one at the Tower in London in 1550. "Our countrymen call it luzarne, it is doubtful whether we should call it leunce, or lynx in the affinity of the words. His skinne is used by noblemen, and is sold for a great price. He is angry at none but them which offer him injury. His voice is like a cat's, when he would snatch away the food from his fellow. He is loving and gentle unto his keeper, and not cruell unto any man." There is a wealth of information about the lynx in old Topsell's "History of Four-footed Beasts." He tells us that while the lynx croaketh, the wild bear whineth; it sees most brightly of all beasts, for its eyesight pierceth through every solid body, although it be as thick as a wall; "yet if you offer unto it anything which is transparent, it is much offended, and sometimes blinded. Amber, fiery and yellow, was supposed to come from the male; white and pale amber from the female. The claws encased in silver were worn by nobles as an amulet against the falling sickness. The King of Tartary hunted with lynxes and they and tigers drew the chariot of Bacchus. Many horsemen carried continually with them the nails of a lynx, which were "good and ready helps for the soreness of the Uvula which is in the horses mouthes."

But to us the lynx of all lynxes was the one known to Poe writing "Silence." After the Demon had told him the tale more wonderful than any fine tale in the "iron-bound, melancholy volume of the Magi," he fell back within the cavity of the tomb and laughed. "And I could not laugh with the Demon, and he cursed me because I could not laugh. And the lynx, which dwelleth forever in the tomb, came out therefrom, and lay down at the feet of the Demon, and looked at him steadily in the face."

A Striknig Answer

At a preparatory school the wise practice prevails of setting the pupils from time to time a general information paper, consisting mostly of questions on current topics. This week one of the questions was "What is a strike?" and to the examiner's great surprise most of the answers were wholly wrong.

One boy stated that "It is the name of a great general, but I don't know on which side he is." Another, while frankly confessing ignorance, yet showed some acquaintance with the subject, for his answer ran: "I don't know, but I think it is called so because so many people are hard hit by it."—London Daily Chronicle.

Pauline

As the World Wags:

Your allusion to Pauline Markham has evidently touched a cord in the public heart and has waked up a flock of dusty and motheaten but still not wholly unpleasing ghosts from the graves of memory of "Baize," "S.T. 1860 X," and others. "Baize's signature" is non-committal as regards age, but "S.T. 1860 X." recalls "Drake's Plantation Bitters," which were co-eval with the fair Pauline. I wonder how many Herald readers ever heard of them. I remember them perfectly, but then, I was 98 last birthday.

As for the Newfoundland dog story, I never took any stock in it, even at the time. The good lady was rather of the buxom and beefy type and did not look in the least neurotic or vampirish. Moreover, in those days Spiritualism was in its infancy and had not got to the stage of demon-worship are the sacrifice of black sheep, pigs, dogs, etc. I should as soon have suspected her of sacrificing a cock to Esculapius. She looked like an amiable, unimaginative soul, and had the "great white marbly limbs" mentioned by the bishop of St. Praxed's when ordering his tomb. She also had a slight cast in one eye, which the bishop does not mention. Perhaps some of the other old chaps who write to you will remember the photograph of her that was in all the shop windows 50 years ago—lying on her side on a fur-covered couch, with the chin and eyes slightly raised and what one of my contemporaries used to call "a-come-in-and-shut-the-door expression."

Well, peace to her ashes if she was cremated, or ... peace ... bones!

> "We are bones and what of that
> Every face, however full,
> Padded round with flesh and fat,
> Is but modelled on a skull."

As one of the greatest modern authors says, "Beauty is only skin deep, but that is deep enough for any reasonable man." DRYASDUST.

Boston.

Human Natural Note

Among the strangest of migrants that visited these islands during the great war and now appears to be domiciled here is the Nearly Girl or Miss-oo-Misses. She is very widely distributed, and may be seen in large numbers any bright morning on the busy highways of our great cities. Whence she came is not very clear.

She is nearly always engaged and nearly marries. Her hair is nearly auburn, her complexion nearly natural, her hands nearly clean, her jewels nearly genuine, her conversation nearly normal, and her manners nearly tolerable. Her fur-coat is nearly real, her blouse nearly pneumonic, her skirt nearly decorous, her stockings nearly silk, while she is, well—not quite.—London Daily Chronicle.

April 27 1919

SYMPHONY GIVES ITS 23D CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Rabaud conductor, announced for Friday afternoon, was postponed until yesterday afternoon on account of the parade. The concert was repeated last night. The program was as follows: Rabaud, Symphony, No. 2, E minor (first time at these concerts); Mehul, Recitative, "Quo dis-je?" and Aria "O des Amants, le plus fidele" from "Ariodant" (Sophie Braslau of the Metropolitan Opera Company); Bach, Polonaise, Rondo and Badinerie from Suite No. 2, B minor, for flute and strings (George Laurent, flute); Moussorgsky, Three Songs with orchestral accompaniment: Death's Serenade, the Banks of the Don, On the River Dnieper (Miss Braslau); Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont."

Mr. Rabaud's symphony was first played in Paris in 1899, when he was 26 years old. It was played under his direction. For this work he was awarded the Monbinne prize of 3000 francs. The symphony was heard in Boston 11 years ago at one of Mrs. R. J. Hall's concerts, conducted by Mr. Longy. There have been four double performances in Philadelphia. The symphony has been played by the New York Symphony orchestra, the Chicago Symphony orchestra, the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra, and it was performed at the Worcester Festival of 1917.

A prize composition is often and justly looked on with suspicion. To satisfy the average judges, the work must be strictly orthodox; all the conventions must be observed; above all, there must be no trace of originality.

Mr. Rabaud's Symphony is a brilliant exception to the rule. While the workmanship displayed must have satisfied the most critical, the music is far from being pedantic. There is no counterpoint merely for counterpoint's sake. The fresh, vigorous, beautiful themes are developed in an interesting and often dramatic manner. While the different movements are well contrasted, there is a unity of the whole by reason of the ingenious and at times unexpected use in the later movements of preceding themes. The announcement of the virile motif at the beginning at once arouses attention. This and the next theme are followed by a pleasing song for the oboe. This thematic material is worked out in masterly fashion. The whole movement is strongly dramatic, but not theatrical. Here, as in the movements that follow, the hearer recognizes a composer of a sensitive, poetic nature, whose innate virility is controlled by a fine, not finical taste.

This first movement, energetic, now melancholy, wistful, now exultant, is on the whole the expression of a perturbed soul. The slow movement and the Scherzo are in a different vein. The former has for its chief subject an impressive Chorale of quiet, solemn beauty. This theme is used in the following movements with marked effect. It is introduced in the Scherzo, after the light and tripping first subject, introduced with great cunning; witness the variant of it, skilfully orchestrated.

And in this Scherzo, as in the other movements, Mr. Rabaud has shown that he knows when to stop. He does not insist too strongly on an idea though it may please him; he is not enamored of his own thoughts; he does not repeat, dilute, weary. In some respects the Finale is the most striking movement of the four. The opening, whirring measures, the mysterious mutterings, the voices hinting, prophesying, stir the imagination of the hearer. And in the Finale as in the Scherzo, the mood is suddenly changed, by the introduction of quieter, contemplative measures. Nor is the ... of ... to ... distant ... for the applause of the unthinking.

The production of this symphony ... one of the leading features of a season that has been remarkable for the excellence of the programs and for the bringing out of many unfamiliar works that richly deserved a hearing. The reception given to this symphony yesterday afternoon was much more than a compliment to a departing and honored guest. The music itself made an immediate and deep impression. At the end, when Mr. Rabaud was recalled the second time, not only the orchestra, but the audience rose spontaneously and paid a tribute long to be remembered.

Mr. Rabaud sensibly gave only three of the seven movements in Bach's Suite. These afforded Mr. Laurent, the solo flutist, opportunity to show his skill and taste, as he had already done in the Scherzo of the symphony, as he had already done at concerts in the past.

Miss Braslau, who sang here at a subscription concert for the first time, brought out an air in the grand style from Mehul's forgotten opera. The aria is interesting, and not only as an example of the heroic French manner of 120 years ago. There is a dignity, a nobility in this air, so that one can understand the enthusiasm of Berlioz. Miss Braslau, whose voice is a rich one, of liberal compass, also of true contralto quality, sang the old music dramatically and with full appreciation of the varied emotional contents. It was a pleasure to hear Moussorgsky's songs, which she sang in Russian. Here, again, she sang dramatically, but she did not overstep the line that separates the concert from the opera. And how the three songs differed! Death serenading the maiden who at last is his; the charming song of the garden by the Don, with Masha coming from the well; and then the savage cry of the Cossack to the river Dnieper, foretelling the triumph of Ukraina; singularly effective, the three, as Miss Braslau sang them.

April 27 1919

"Why Marry?" a comedy in three acts by Jesse Lynch Williams, will come to the Park Square Theatre tomorrow. It was seen at the Belasco Theatre, New York, on Jan. 12, 1917, when it was performed by members of the Empire Theatre Dramatic School under the auspices of the American Academy of Dramatic Art. The chief players were Anne Morrison, Margaret Phillippi, J. V. Preston, Bryant Thomas, D. G. Anderson. Some of the dialogue was then published in the newspapers. The first love scene between the doctor and his fair assistant was described as the most amusing moment in the play. The uncle is hovering about, hoping to catch a word of courtship. Helen says to the doctor: "Now tell me all about anterior poliomyelitis." "Later," wrote Mr. Broun, "we hear from Ernest: 'Those agar plates you were incubating dried up and spoiled. You played the very devil with my data.' Then, of course, we know that they are in love."

The play came back to New York after adventures on the road—there was a run of 10 weeks in Chicago—and greatly pleased audiences at the Astor Theatre, beginning Dec. 25, 1917. The cast was as follows:

Jean	Lotus Robb
Rex	Harold West
Lucy	Beatrice Beckley
Cousin Theodore	Ernest Lawford
John	Edmund Breese
Helen	Estelle Winwood
Uncle Everett	Nat C. Goodwin
Ernest	Shelley Hull

The story has thus been told in a nutshell. "Before a background of various examples of unhappy marriage is placed the young scientist in love and beloved by his young assistant, who found only hypocrisy in marriage as it presented itself to them. She wants to go to Paris with him, but not as his wife. She prefers the independence of free association to the restrictions brought about by marriage. The couple are convinced that their love is real and beautiful, and that they are truly working out an ideal. But in the end they are tricked into the legal ceremony."

It is said that Roi Cooper Megrue was responsible for the production, and, in a way, for the play itself. When he was a student at Columbia he read Mr. Williams's stories of Princeton life, and liked them. Later they corresponded, and, finally, met. At a theatrical performance they talked about the drama. Mr. Megrue, then a professional playreader, urged Mr. Williams to write a play—he had already written one. Between the acts the latter told about a subject he had in his head. He suggested that he should write it as a novel, and that Mr. Megrue should write the play. Mr. Williams at last wrote "Why Marry?" Managers turned it down. Meanwhile it was published in book form as "So They Were Married." The Selwyns were impressed by Mr. Megrue's faith in the comedy and accepted it, and Mr. Megrue staged it.

The Sun said of the comedy on Dec. 26, 1917: "It was perhaps most gratifying that whether it was in the entertainment that the comedy provided or in the more serious suggestions of the situations, there is always an appeal to the intelligence. Appreciation of the play last night was general. There was no monopoly of the pleasure by any section of the audience. Probably future experience will be the same. So the author will have by 'Why Marry?' that ... is not incompatible with such high ideals as his play reveals. No other American drama of the ... year has shown such literary distinction as 'Why Marry?'"

Mr. Williams has said that his play is "comedy, not propaganda." He then stated the scheme of the comedy. The hero and heroine are scientists who "believe in nothing they cannot prove." Having "riddled old-fashioned marriage sanctions," they declare they will live without them, and live openly. Attempting to do this "they get up against things which transcend mere knowledge and science" and are "obliged to give in to them." They are really a decent, normal couple; sincerely in love, sincere in their proposed relationship. "So, though they have verbally 'riddled' the sanctions of law and the church, when their deep hearts speak," as Mr. John Corbin puts it, "the result is to 'establish them.' The very words they use are the beautiful words of the marriage service. This, Mr. Williams submits, is 'a joke on them.' The marriage into which they are tricked by their relative, the Judge, is so far from being the result of a 'sleight' on the part of the playwright as to be the only logical conclusion." "It is a very genuine comedy which Mr. Williams thus outlines," wrote Mr. Corbin, "subtly true to human nature and to certain realities underlying matrimony. George Meredith himself could not have broached a theme more deeply imbued with the comic spirit. In a measure, also, it is the comedy which Mr. Williams has written and which so keenly delights the audiences, astonishingly large, that foregather to witness it. * * * We have here a high comedy of the first order, more normally human than the comedies of Shaw, and quite as amusing."

The return of the "Follies" will be welcomed by many. It will be remembered that the show came to the Colonial Theatre on Sept. 16, 1918, and that its joyous run was checked by the epidemic.

Why do some press agents insist that "the original New York cast" will be seen when their plays are brought to Boston? They know better. Take, for example, "Flo-Flo," now playing at the Tremont Theatre. The cast when this musical comedy was produced at the Cort Theatre, New York, on Dec. 20, 1917, was as follows:

Flo-Flo	Vera Michelena
Isidor Moeer	James B. Carson
Robert Simpson	Oscar Figman
Billy Cope	Leon Leonard
Angelina Stokes	Wanda Lyon
Mrs. R. G. Stokes	Louise Baudet
Count Pedro	George Renavent
Carmen Caressa	Finita de Soria
Pink	Thomas Handers
Mud	Arthur Mills
Officer Casey	W. H. Mack
Maid	Marie Hollywell
Bella	Blanche Bellaire
Cora	Esther Ingraham
Rosa	Anna Sands
Mona	Kate Stout

It will be observed that in New York the two leading parts were taken by Miss Michelena and Mr. Renavent.

Notes About the Stage, Actors, Music and Musicians

The London stage has become a dumping ground for American plays of the trashiest description. Not one among the half-dozen pieces from the other side which are being performed in London can lay any just claim to artistic distinction. It is true that a few of them are very clever in their way. That, however, is equally a matter for regret since it leaves them less open to attack. Bedroom farces, which America is sending us by the shipload, are a low line of goods at the best. Our return consignments are characteristically healthy—breezy comedies like "The Better 'Ole" or charming fantasies like "Dear Brutus." The prospect of an immediate continuance of the dumping process is disquieting. These were not the methods of the ideals of the late Charles Frohman. There are plays now shuttlecocking between England and America which Frohman would not have touched with the end of his stick—except to push into a drain.—Archibald Haddon in the Sunday Express.

We have often had plays written round celebrated personages, but as a rule (as in the case of David Garrick) they bore little or no resemblance to the actual lives of the men whose names were used as labels by the dramatist. The fashion seems to have changed. Three years ago I read a drama that was built round the actual life of Edmund Kean—not like the old play of the same title that was full of things that Kean never did. Now we have "Abraham Lincoln," and in Paris there is a Pasteur play, both following the known lives of these eminent men, and both big successes. In Paris they are advancing farther in this direction. I hear that dramas are in the air on Victor Hugo, Gen. Boulanger, etc. I remember also an English piece (not yet acted) with Alexander Dumas as its hero.—The Stage.

Jack Esmond, a son of the dramatist, H. V. Esmond, has made his first appearance on the stage at Westcliff (Eng.) in his father's comedy, "The Law Divine."

[illegible] from London [illegible] York [illegible] to [illegible] Lincoln [illegible] county English [illegible] Irish brogue, and a Gen Grant [illegible] ngest [illegible] tive on the eve of [illegible] was 'My word!' were the [illegible] of 'Abraham Lincoln,' a [illegible] of the life and character [illegible] great emancipator which has [illegible] been produced here. The play is [illegible] of an English poet and [illegible] John Drinkwater, and was performed [illegible] the young actors and actresses comprising the Birmingham re[illegible]. The title role was [illegible] William J Rea, whose make-up was recognizable, if not exactly photographic. Rea seemed bent on flattering the British belief that Illinois in [illegible] must have been mostly inhabited by Irishmen or Americans who spoke [illegible] brogue, for the actor made his Lincoln talk throughout the whole play with the pronounced accent of a son of the Emerald isle. Rea lacked the [illegible], but contrived generally to [illegible] out the idea that Lincoln was [illegible] in appearance and awkward in movement though the player affected [illegible] trait that made Englishmen in [illegible] inquire of American friends [illegible] the real Lincoln was habitually [illegible] to the mannerisms of Henry [illegible]. The net effect, however, is a [illegible] graphic study of Lincoln, except [illegible] emphasis is placed upon his [illegible] side. I wish somebody would bring this play to America. I think, if it were rightly presented, Americans of the better class would warm to a [illegible] of Lincoln."

My blood boils as I recall the number [illegible] when people have, in my [illegible] spoken slightingly of the morals of the [illegible]. I have been connected pro[illegible] with the entertainment world [illegible] considerably more than 20 years, and I have never been ashamed of that con[illegible]. You can take it from me that the [illegible] female who attends public dances is not an actress. She may be mistaken for one, but anybody can attend a charitable ball by purchasing an admission ticket. Public performers ob[illegible] wearing scanty clothing even [illegible] the stage, and the majority would [illegible] wear their stage clothes while [illegible] elbows with strangers in a pub[illegible] hall.—H[illegible] Tate in the Na[illegible].

W. B. Yeats, lecturing in London on [illegible] Abbey Theatre, advised young [illegible] to read and study Balzac's and Dostoievsky's novels. "It was a curious fact about Ireland that though [illegible], in habit and emotion re[illegible], it was a most irreligious country in its intellect."

It is announced that Edward Vroom, who for the last four years has been playing in Boston, will return to the New York stage next season, to appear [illegible] in which he has been very successful. Ever since his production of "For the Crown," a good many years ago, he has been recognized as one of the best romantic actors in the country, and re[illegible] that in some of his later per[illegible] he has shown remarkable [illegible]. All playgoers who re[illegible] his earlier achievements will be [illegible] to see what he can do in his ma[illegible].—N. Y. Evening Post.

[illegible], describing a representative [illegible] in London for visitors, de[illegible] Shakespeare at two leading theatres, old English comedy at two, [illegible] comedy at two, domestic drama at two, grand opera at two, musical comedy at two, farce at two. "The trouble would be the casting, especially in the younger parts. We have plenty of young gentlemen who can dance, or talk a song and know the correct cut of a coat or the hang of a tie, but very few who can wear a sword or take a pinch of snuff gracefully and in the correct style. I am not blaming any one. I blame the system of present-day production, which begins at the wrong end in the way of training."

The Stage, reviewing Robert Loraine's Cyrano, says that he makes the odds heavier by giving Cyrano a nose "such as assuredly never grew on any human [illegible]." "So long and large, so projectile and egregious is it that the remainder of the features look insignificant, and nearly all the facial play is lost—a serious deprivation for an actor. A nose of such dimensions is not only in the actor's way, but also the character's. It is not easy to be facile, light, imaginative, [illegible], and far less to be pathetic, weighted down by this great appendage. Mr. Loraine is not much attracted by the humor of the part, nor the poetry; nor until the last scene the pathos. He aims at a strong dramatic handling, with the most—instead of sometimes the least—made of the long speeches. He carries out his reading very ably. But Cyrano is [illegible] not a part for a very English actor and Mr. Loraine's performance is to a great extent a tour de force. It is a [illegible] of not having the temperament. In [illegible] sense, of course, only a French [illegible] has that, and [illegible] from a French [illegible] English [illegible] would not be [illegible] to appre[illegible] in the full sense the Ga[illegible] who [illegible] in sentiment and happy [illegible] when the social equation

[illegible] that [illegible] is [illegible] is not [illegible] entirely [illegible] that is [illegible] death is a thing of pure romantic beauty.

Frederick Robson, actor, the son of the famous Frederick Robson, died on March 6.

"Tiger Rose" will be produced in London next month with Godfrey Tearle in the leading male character. Phyllis Neilson-Terry was suggested for the part of the heroine some time ago.

"Twelve thousand pounds," it is said of "Cyrano de Bergerac" (the recent revival in London), "had been spent before the curtain went up, and the weekly salary list very nearly runs into four figures." Certainly, £12,000 is a large sum for the preliminaries to a production, even in these days when materials and labor are of such enhanced value. But it was an ordinary [illegible] for Irving's weekly expenses—and the comparative smallness of his rent and other payments should be remembered—to exceed a thousand pounds for a week of six performances. Here, for instance, are his outgoings for one week of "Much Ado About Nothing," at the Lyceum, Nov. 17-22, £1453 5s. 9d. Of this sum (which did not include any debit on account of rent), £494 1_s. 6d. was paid for the actual salaries of the actors and supers for six performances. If Irving had charged a salary to himself, this account would have been somewhat heavier. As it is, the salaries and wages alone for this particular week—by no means an exceptional week—came to the respectable sum of £817 7s. 2d. No, £1450 odd, without rent or author's fees, was a fair amount for six average performances in 1882. Many of these expenses would be increased by 50 per cent. to 100 per cent. nowadays. In the autumn of 1889 Irving's weekly expense for "The Dead Heart" was stupendous. The grand total for several consecutive weeks (of only six performances) was (not counting the odd shillings) £2331, £2209, £1499, £1656, £1864, £2200, £1244, £1687, £1705, and so on. During the week ending Oct. 25 he paid £791 16s. 2d. in salaries and wages, of which the players received £492. We cite Henry Irving because the records of his payments exist, and because during his long period of management—27 years—it was a well-known fact that he treated the members of his company—especially the "minor members"—with extreme liberality. But we are certain that no cause for complaint on the score of payment was ever made against Barrett, or Tree, or Alexander, who, with Irving, may claim a place in the "annals of the theatre."—The Stage.

Apropos of a performance of "Tristan and Isolde" in English at Drury Lane Theatre, the Times said of the audience: "They would tolerate no talking or interruption of any kind; and that is a great change to have worked in a few years, especially in an opera where the spectacle is reduced to a minimum and all the drama goes on in the music. It is when this fact of the music being the real carrier of the plot is most remembered that 'Tristan' succeeds best. It is when the orchestra plays Wagner like the classic that he is, sparing no pains to get the last ounce of beauty out of the music, and when the singers put the song first and the drama second, then we get into the real spirit of the thing." And apropos of the second act, "after the first tumultuous meeting, where no human beings could in real life take thought for the order of their words or the pitch of their voice, the scene should get away as quickly as possible into some ideal world, far from every-day surroundings and suggestions, into the world of pure vocal tone. * * * It is not what is usually understood by dramatic singing that is wanted; it is singing so real and true that we do not have to think about the drama, because we ourselves become part of it; the drama is not on the stage, but where the music puts it, in the heart of the audience."

What is "narrowness"? We note the following in the report of a lecture on "Musical Criticism" by Mr. Harold White, given somewhere in Ireland: "The modern critic who despised the simplicity of Mendelssohn and thought Handel commonplace was narrow in his worship of the ugliness of Strauss and Scriabin." So it is "narrow" to despise the old, but not narrow to despise the new—as Mr. White does! Why this distinction? Are not the "modern critic" and Mr. White equally open to this dreadful charge of "narrowness"? And why should people be eternally setting off the new against the old or the old against the new in this way?—The Music Student.

The Diaghileff Russian ballet, after its long engagement at the London Coliseum, will begin a 12-week season tomorrow at the Alhambra, London. There will be an orchestra of over 80. A special feature will be made of Russian music, symphonic, etc. There will probably be daily matinees in addition to the evening performances. Fortunate London!

Helen Henschel gave a recital in London early this month. The Daily Telegraph said that her sense of interpretation is as keen as was that of her parent.

Shakespeare's "King Henry IV." Part [illegible] has been revived at the Old V[illegible]

Letters About the Paris Stage by an English Writer

The [illegible] correspondent of [illegible] writes about new plays in Paris: [illegible] has produced a play in verse by François Porché, "highly allegorical, and bearing an almost hyperbolical symbolism that would have frightened [illegible] manager of former days." Porché possesses "a true poetic instinct, and a fantasy which, while not of very high imaginative power, stretches upwards and outwards toward freer and purer paths." He now lacks "a greater appreciation of dramatic values, a more varied invention, a more concerted action, a more human psychology." The play is called "La Jeune Fille aux Joues Roses." This young girl of the rosy cheeks comes to the land of gray faces. She is disguised as a young man, and has a servant, Benoit. Here dwells the young prince in a windowless palace, philosophizing with learned doctors, knowing nothing about flowers and sunshine and the outside world. The girl as a young doctor is allowed to study with him, but she tells him about the world, brings him a rose and lures him into the garden. They dance on the lawn. For this Rosette is condemned to death. She is saved by Benoit and the prince. The action takes place in the future. "There are some excellent scenes, as when the prince declares that he wishes to see his gardens and the secretary of state informs him that he must wait (a year or so) until a report on this strange whim should be drawn up and presented to the various dignitaries; or the scene where Benoit discovers the wine and teaches the gray faces to drink; or, above all, the scene where the prince, escaping from the dark prison with Rosette, is filled with a vague dread of the great world, alone with this strange girl in the hour before dawn." Mme. Simone took the part of Rosette. "The part does not really suit her, because it is that of a romantic and spontaneous young girl, and Mme. Simone is essentially modern, with more brain than sentiment in her acting."

Donnay's "Lysistrata" has been revived in Paris. The correspondent found the revival inappropriate, especially as Donnay has added scenes that reflect the present war. "I have no doubt that this will arouse a good deal of admiration among certain people whose shallow sense of humor is easily won by a facile wit that would in truth be more at home in a music-hall revue. The Academie Francaise has not made M. Donnay forget the Chat Noir of his early days. Once again we were asked to sit through four acts of ribaldry, in which sex and sensationalism supplied the only theme. . . . The last act becomes a medley of trite revue scenes upon the society of nations profiteers, etc., etc. At best—or should I say at worst?—there was matter for a one-act farce, but the play spread over four acts, with music, dancing and what not, is too thin and long." In spite of all this, Donnay's play in its original form was pleasant reading, an ingenious paraphrase of the famous comedy of Aristophanes.

Maurice Rostand's new play, "Casanova," at the Bouffes-Parisiens, was unanimously disapproved by the Parisian critics. "There is something very unpleasant in the production of this photoplay story of a libertine, this vapid and indelicate tale, coming as it does so soon after the death of Edmond Rostand, the poet of purity and ideal[illegible] Is Lortzing's opera "Casanova" ever given now in Germany?

Gemier of the Theatre Antoine has begun a revival of French classics with "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "produced with all the modern innovations which are gaining for him a reputation that will soon equal that of Max Reinhardt." The production is a sumptuous one, invested with "fantasies of Gemier's peculiar thought."

The writer says of "La Folle Escapade," a new musical comedy at the Varietes, that it is tuneful and respectable. "Therefore do not let us complain at the fragile substance of the plot or at the reminiscence of music-hall successes in certain airs. M Cremieux has written many agreeable waltzes, and the fact that the mad escapade contains no doubtful or suggestive scenes makes even so old a story as that of the young girl who, obliged to marry a millionaire, becomes his stenographer first in order to make him fall in love with her without knowing her real identity, seems a startling novelty."

David Belasco Discourses on Rum and the Theatre

Mr. Belasco has been talking about the effect of prohibition on the theatre. We quote from the long report of his views and opinions.

"The theatre, being the most interesting and appealing form of entertainment, will in all probability reap a greater benefit as the result of prohibition than any other form of amusement. I dare say there are hundreds of women who would allow themselves the pleasure of theatre-going were it not that their husbands spend so much money in entertaining friends that the wives feel they must curtail expenses in the matter of their own amusements. These women, with more money to spend in pleasure, will turn to the mati[illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible] d

The theatrical profession today is, on the whole, a temperate profession. The [illegible] of the anti-drink law will, therefore, [illegible] no moral upheaval among its members. In the pioneer days of the drama the drunken and dissolute actor was a common, a recognized type. The thespian was famed for his love of gin and brandy. It was not considered a special disgrace when an actor was known as 'unreliable' (fatal word) and was watched regularly for several hours before the curtain went up. In fact the unfortunate manager was often a sort of jailer who kept his star under lock and key. The failure of an actor to turn up at night at the theatre was a well known incident. Such a condition is unheard of today in any legitimate theatre. The actor who, today, would miss one performance would miss all, for he would never be trusted again. I think it must have been the want; the terrible deprivations; the lack of comfortable surroundings, and the various hardships of strolling players in the early days that led so many of them to console themselves with drink. Certainly a more temperate, thrifty hard-working band of people is not to be found in the world than our players of today. Notwithstanding this fact the artistic side of the profession is bound to be benefited by prohibition, for, while the inebriate actor is no longer to be found or tolerated, no manager can regulate the private lives of the players under his direction. With the friendly glass of wine or beer, as well as the cocktail, abolished, the actor's nightly supper will not tempt him to indulge in social chatter until dawn when he should be in bed getting strength for his next performance. By keeping earlier hours his mind will be clearer; his health and genius will burn brighter and more steadily.

"I will even go so far as to say that prohibition will undoubtedly bring out a greater number of good plays. Successful playwrights, as a rule, are not drinking men. However, there are a good many writers who are not successful playwrights, but who might be were it not for a taste for alcoholic stimulants. We'll take, as an example, the young man (I know several) who has the gift of imagination; the ability to create characters and a story. He falls in with a so-called Bohemian set in order to study 'atmosphere,' and being by nature what is termed 'a good fellow,' soon forms such bad habits that his ambition is stunted and his dream of accomplishment unfulfilled. When temptation is removed from his path there is a probability that he will set to work and do something worth while.

"Another splendid effect of prohibition will be the abolishment of the late comer to the theatre. This in itself would be a Godsend to the public. The late comer is, as a rule, a product of the late dinner, and the late dinner is the result of liquor. Dinners served without cocktails, wines and cordials are soon over. They do not offer any great temptation to the diners to linger over their food until the curtain has gone up on the first act of the play. The late diner is a serious annoyance to his fellow-beings who come in time to see the beginning of the play.

"New York managers have been repeatedly and severely criticized because they do not always raise the curtains at the advertised time. Their failure to do so is caused by the late diner. The managers, for their part, greatly desire their plays to be through their performance at a reasonable hour, and their audiences given a chance to get home before midnight, but the audiences are often late in coming in, and when a manager knows that his house is sold out for a certain performance he hesitates to raise his curtain when his theatre is only about two-thirds filled, knowing, as he does, that the other third will come trailing in during the first act, disturbing the people who must rise to let them reach their seats, and greatly annoying the players upon the stage as well. This deplorable condition gives every promise of improvement once prohibition is in full swing, for diners without any sort of liquor are, as I have said, going to be quick diners.

The London Times Discusses Some New English Songs

Out of a bundle of recent songs, about three inches deep after setting aside those which are not serious music, it is difficult to name any of permanent value written by Englishmen to English words. The fault does not lie with the choice of words; most of them are lyrics of a high order. A lyric is a single thought approached from more sides than one, and it is only the born song writer who can hold the one against the many in his music; the others only hope that the ideas which the incidents inspire may somehow weld themselves into a unity.

The tenth set of Parry's English Lyrics (Novello), which came out last year, but which there has been no opportunity of noticing before now, arrives as the signal that we may now bind up our tattered copies of a collection which for individuality and justice of [illegible] has not its equal in our language. [illegible] songs by Poldowski (Chest[illegible] accompanied [illegible] the composer [illegible]

[illegible] lately given French p[illegible] are settings of French words [illegible] of them Verlaine. They show a [illegible] use of recitative in combination with rhythmic passages and a wonderful security of touch; behind an airy negligence one is quite clear about the why and wherefore, though one could not give it a name. They come at you as the embodiment of one swift idea, and it is difficult to choose between them. One wishes they could be claimed as British, but nothing will make Verlaine that.

Mr. Martin Shaw has seven songs (Curwen) in which the folksong color and the Graingerian use of expression marks just touch the lines where poso begins. "Love Pagan" and "Down by the Salley Gardens" perhaps cross it. Of the others, that to Kipling's words, "Old Mother Laidinwool," recalls "Pretty Polly Oliver" too much, and a stanza harmonized in common chords gives it a precious air. The tune of "The Egg-shell" has not bite enough, but there is a fine upstanding oue for "Pity Poor Fighting Men." "Brookland Road" has a good swing, and in "Heffle Cuckoo Fair" Mr. Shaw has recorded, as others have not, that the second note of the bird's call is out of tune with itself. As a whole, these songs have imagination and should sing well.

Mr. Granville Bantock has found delightful words in Mr. Cranmer Byng's "Songs from the Chineso Poets" (Chester), but, though these aro graceful lyrics of close workmanship, he has chosen to break four of thom up into what appears to be rather windy recitative. The fifth, however, which might have stepped out of Heine's "Buch der Lieder," he has provided with a wild, fragrant melody which entirely suits it. There is a little bunch of five songs by Landon Ronald (Enoch) gathered in that meadowland where tho full-blown ballad grows within sound of the stream of music, but not quite near enough to be watered by it.

Mr. Edmondstoune Duncan's volume of 10 songs (Aird and Coghill, Glasgow), working their way through "Ou sont les neiges d'antan," "When in Disgrace with Fortune and Men's Eyes" and the inevitable Rupert Brooke sonnet to a paragraph from President Wilson's speech, beginning "Civilization itself," will offer difficulties to anyone who proposes to sing them by heart. They have little definite tune or structure, and sometimes the rhythm is uncertain or the key dubious. One may say that the composer has felt the words, but even then it must bo added that he has not always felt them rightly. It is impossible to leave Swinburne, of all people, at the mercy of an alternative rhythm, and it stultifies Villon to set his refrain differently each time; moreover, apart from the fact that pays is set as one syllable and Johonne as three, there are about a score of misprints in the ballade, four of which make nonsense of it. "Golden Bells" would, with a little more musicianship, have made a good song.

A dozen of Cecil Sharp's Appalachian folk-songs (Putnam), taken, with one exception, from his larger book, aro now harmonized in order to give a better idea of their general character. The words are not always clear—"The two brothers" is an instance—without reference to the original form of the song; this is well known, no doubt, to specialists, but the general public would have been grateful for a little more help. Tho English Folksong Society goes on steadily with its Journal, which has now reached No. 21, consisting of songs from Surrey. For one of them, "The Sweet Nightingale," the words from Arne's "Thomas and Sally" are correctly quoted at the source, but it might have been added that the tune comes from "The Echoing Horn," earlier in the same work, a fact which comes out more clearly in the Cornish variant of this song.

April 28, 1919

Ways of Fishing there are but few; for what Fish there are, are taken either with a Hook, Nets, Weels, Nooses, Jackspears and Darts. But Fishing deserves the less praise, for that Fish are of hard and bad Digestion, neither grateful to the Stomach, nor were they ever accepted in Sacrifices.

Plutarch, in his book de soler, animal, speaks against all fishing. "as a filthy, base, illiberal employment having neither wit nor perspicacity in it, nor worth the labor." But he that shall consider the variety of baits for all seasons, and pretty devices which our anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights, etc., will say that it deserves like commendation, requires as much study and perspicacity as the rest, and is to be preferred before many of them.

The Barvil

As the World Wags:

The letter concerning the "Barvil" in your column of Monday morning is the first ray of light upon a mooted question in our family. Sometime about 1855 my father, then a small boy, following the good old spring custom, went fishing in the "Mile Brook" near the old "Mast Bridge." This meant a fire on the bank, a setting of pole and line, and an all day's patience. He landed a whooping big fish, which he hung on a forked branch and waited for the next. Along came a well known character in the town, a ne'er-do-well who lived most of his time, except in winter, in a camp on a pond not many miles away and "got along somehow." He left, when he passed on, a meagre estate, but is well [illegible] in the neighborhood fo[illegible] wit and quaint sayings. St[illegible] to see "what luck" and being sh[illegible] the fish, he declared it to be a "Barvil" and "no earthly good"; that it was not fit for eating and would have to be thrown away. My father said he would throw it back into the stream, but was told that would not do because "it will drive away all the other fish"; that it would soon develop an awful odor, "worse than any other fish," and the only thing to do was to bury it. He would "be glad to take it along and bury it in the woods on the way home." So the fish was delivered for that purpose to this voluntary mortician. When at home that evening my father told his father what had happened. My grandfather remarked with a smile, "I guess by this time Edwin has cooked your barvil." Never until I read the letter had I heard the word except in connection with this incident.

We always wondered where Edwin got the name, and he was credited with inventing it on the spot; but the letter shows it is a word used elsewhere in New England. In my boyhood days the story was brought out each spring to the amusement of all the family excepting my father. The usual conclusion of the discussion was that the fish was a fine, large "sucker" and that there were two "suckers" in the story.

At this time of year one will often see at familiar places on the banks of our Maine streams and rivers the "pillar of cloud by day" and the "pillar of fire by night" of a fire where the boys are still following the old custom. How many times have I sat on the bank, warmed by such a fire, patiently waiting for the twitch of the line and the dipping of the pole which indicated that a "sucker," meandering upstream, had dropped his round, "protruberant mouth" over the wob of worms and was drawing them in. Then came the stealthy tiptoeing to the pole, lifting it out from its rock supports, bracing the feet, setting with a quick pull the hook and (with good luck) landing the fish. Who could forget the splash as the fish first broke the surface! These fish are in the spring excellent eating. They have been for years and are now also caught in nets shaped like the old-fashioned hoopskirts. In these last years they have been shipped to city markets and sold under the more epicurean name of "mountain trout."

Augusta, Me. N. L. B.

James Dubravius, that Moravian, in his book de pisc. telleth, how travelling by the highway in Silesia, he found a nobleman, "booted up to the groins," wading himself, pulling the nets, and laboring as much as any fisherman of them all; and when some belike objected to him the business of his office, he excused himself, "that if other men might hunt hares, why should he not hunt carps?" Many gentlemen in like sort with us will wade up to the armholes upon such occasions, and voluntarily undertake that to satisfy their pleasure, which a poor man for a good stipend would scarce be hired to undergo.

For J. M. H.

As the World Wags:

In New Hampshire the name "barvil" is locally, very locally, applied to the chub sucker, erimyzon succeta; to distinguish that fish from the common or white sucker, catostomus commersonii. I have never heard the name barvil outside of this state, nor can I recall ever having seen it in print. I have always believed it to be a corruption of the English barbel, though the two fish are entirely different.

Hampton Falls, N. H. W. E. CRAM.

Hawking and hunting are very laborious, much riding; and many dangers accompany them; but this is still and quiet; and if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brookside, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow flowers, he hears the melodious harmony of birds, he sees the swans, herons, ducks, water-horns, coots, etc., and many other fowl with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds or blast of horns and all the sport that they can make.

Correct Spelling

Our contemporary of Printing House square alluded to the "theater" a day or two ago. Was it accident or intention?

For the "Thunderer" has spellings peculiar to itself in journalism, and many of them are right. Thus it uses "tiro" instead of "tyre," and "tiro" for "tyro," wherein it is obviously correct. (Skeat, the impeccable authority, called "tyre" barbarous). Also we have "sibyl" instead of "sybil," "forgo" instead of "forego," and "parcimony" instead of "parsimony"—all correct, unless you are prepared to speak of "The Tymes."—London Daily Chronicle.

SCHUMANN-HEINK PLEASES AUDIENCE

Appears Here in Last Concert of Season

Mme. Schumann-Heink gave her second and last concert for this season at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted by Lino to Berumen, Mexican pianist, Wallace Goodrich, organist, and Frank La Forge, accompanist. She sang: Aria from "Rinaldo," Handel; Recitative and Aria from "St. Paul" ("But the Lord is Mindful of His Own"), Mendelssohn; "Before the Crucifix," (organ and piano accompaniment), La Forge; "The Rosary," Nevin; "Dawn in the Desert," Ross; "Cry of Rachel," Salter; Good Morning, Sue!" Delibes; "Mavourneen," Margaret R. Lang; Irish Folk Song, Arthur Foote; "Have You Seen Him in France?" Stephens; Indian Love Song, Lieurance; "Taps," Pasternack; "When the Boys Come Home," Oley Speaks.

Mr. Berumen played: "Ballot of the Happy Spirits," Gluck - Friedman; "Dance," Beethoven; "Romance," La Forge; "Allegro de Concierto," Enrique Granados.

Tho hall was filled and the audience gave manifold evidence of its keen pleasure in Mme. Schumann-Heink's singing. Tho last four of her songs had been sung by her at her previous concert. Again Lieurance's "Indian Love Song" made a deep impression and was repeated in response to insistent demand. The singer was generous with added numbers. In one case in place of singing she made a short but eloquent appeal to the audience to buy Victory bonds and asked her hearers to give part of their purchases to the Salvation Army, which had done so much for the boys in France.

Mr. Berumen made a most favorable impression at the piano by a pleasing combination of mechanical deftness and lyric and emotional appreciation. His playing of La Forge's exquisite "Romance" was as appealing a suggestion of musical color and atmosphere as one could wish to hear and feel.

CHORAL UNION IN "MESSIAH"

Handel's Oratorio Given at Symphony Hall

Handel's "Messiah" was performed last night in Symphony Hall, F. W. Wodell conducting, and with the following soloists: Miss Laura Littlefield, soprano; Miss Lila Robeson, contralto; Harvey W. Hindermyer, tenor; Willard Flint, bass, and with an orchestra of substantial size, and the organ.

A large and enthusiastic audience filled the auditorium. Again there was demonstrated the excellent work which Mr. Wodell had accomplished with this body of singers.

The choruses were sung last night with admirable body of tone; with clearness of the inner parts, and with musicianly phrasing, and above all, with contagious enthusiasm. The enjoyment of the singers in the work was manifest and it was shared by the audience.

Miss Littlefield is known as an artist who combines very happily vocal excellence and fine musicianship. Her accomplishments are broad and she shines in oratorio as well as in concert. Miss Lila Robeson has a voice of agreeable color and one should say experience in oratorio to commend her. Mr. Hindermyer took advantage of the many opportunities given him by an excellent tenor part to impress his voice and his art on his hearers. Mr. Flint, an experienced musician and a singer of taste, did ample justice to his music.

This was the last concert of the present season of the People's Choral Union.

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To walk amongst orchards, gardens, bowers, mounts and arbors, artificial wildernesses, green thickets, arches, groves, lawns, rivulets, fountains and such like pleasant places, like that Antiochian Daphne, brooks, pools, fishponds, between wood and water, in a fair meadow, by a river side, "ubi variae avium cantationes, florum colores, pratorum frutices," etc., to disport in some pleasant plain park, run up a steep hill sometimes, or sit in a shady seat, must needs be a delectable recreation.

Poor Bertha

As tho World Wags:

Bertha von Hillern was one of a small party of young women who studied art with tho late Helen M. Knowlton, listened to the art lectures of Dr. William Rimmer and spent their summers at Grand Manan. One of them went to Paris, did some good work and has been long since forgotten. They represented a large class of women who were followers and students of William M. Hunt. Some of them are still living and could tell, if they cared to, many pleasing incidents. It's curious that of all of the dozen of these women Bertha von Hillern should be the only one now occupying any attention.

Boston. T. H. BARTLETT.

As the World Wags:

Bertha von Hillern gave an exhibition in Boston at the old Horticultural Hall, on Tremont street, in the winter of 1878 or '79, I think. Her stunt was 1000 quarter miles in 1000 quarter hours. I do not recall her desire for pumpkin pie as a training diet, but I do recall that one evening several of us went to the hall to watch her plugging around the track. I offered myself as pace-maker; my offer was accepted and I walked with her until the required distance was accomplished, then at her invitation, sat in the door of her tent and was regaled on doughnuts, while she rested.

She confided to me that her object was to show that women had as much endurance as men and that her stunt was more difficult than a recent performance by Weston of 1000 miles in 1000 hours.

I do not recall that she was dragged around the track by an attendant, as one correspondent states, but he may have made his visit at a later date—after she was more exhausted. I believe that the exhibition was not a success and there certainly was a gloomy air pervading the place on the occasion of my visit. XENES.

Chestnut Hill.

"Pass the GI, Please"

He was a kind of missionary of English words that had got old-fashioned. He wanted to reform them and bring them up to date. He wanted to re-form and re-spell most of the words in the dictionary.

"All such words as epilogue and catalogue," he was saying, "should have the last two letters eliminated."

"All?" queried the other.

"Yes," he replied.

"What about glue?" wasthe next question he was invited to ponder.—London Daily Chronicle.

Fair Warning

An enterprising house in the middle west is offering a bottled preparation of malt extract guaranteed to contain no more than the allowed percentage of alcohol. So great is their zeal for the due enforcement of the spirit as well as the letter of the impending dry laws that they have placed on the bottom of each bottle a label bearing the following legend. "All purchasers of this bottle are warned not to add half a yeast cake to its contents, as they will thus convert it into an intoxicating beverage."

Boston, GAYLORD QUEX.

Why "Barvel Whang"?

As the World Wags:

I was much interested in the "Barvil" or "Barvel" query in the April 21st World Wags, especially as it inspired the hope that the querist, "J. M. H.," can and will inform a waiting world why Melvin village is sometimes called Barvel Whang. As he is evidently an old resident of Tuftonboro, of which Melvin village is the metropolis (or perhaps it would be more polite to say, port of entry), probably he is well informed on that subject, particularly as he is a barvel investigator.

Since I first visited this region as a summer boarder a third of a century ago I have frequently heard Melvin village called "Barvel Whang," but whenever I ask a native the origin of the name he, or she, smiles uneasily, says, "Oh, everybody knows that story"—and has a sudden engagement elsewhere. To the best of my knowledge and belief every other alien inquirer has the same experience. Will you not kindly enlighten us, "J. M. H"?

GEORGE F. BACON.

Moultonboro, N. H.

Be Seated

As the World Wags:

Mr. Lew Dockstader, famous as a minstrel comedian and owner of Lew Dockstader's Minstrels, sang "Everybody Works but Father" in the season of 1905-6. I heard him at the Tremont Theatre. At that time Manuel Romain, who, you will remember, started his career as a tenor singer in Boston, was a member of the Dockstader company. Recently I heard him on a phonograph record of one of his greatest successes, "Molly-O." It was a pleasure to renew acquaintance with an old favorite. I understand he is still very popular and is at this time on tour in vaudeville. How many of your contributors remember him? MARCELLUS GRAVES.

Boston.

Manuel Romain was born in Cambridge on Oct. 1, 1872, if we are not mistaken. In 1893 he was with Primrose & West's company in New York. He was also with Cleveland's Minstrels before he was associated with Mr. Dockstader. In 1907 he went into vaudeville, appearing in "Down in Music Row." Some of us remember his "Before and After the Ball."—Ed.

'WHY MARRY?'

By PHILIP HALE

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Why Marry?" a comedy in three acts by Jesse Lynch Williams. Produced by Selwyn & Co. at the Astor Theatre, New York, Dec. 25, 1917.

Jean	Agnes Darntee
Rex	Oscar V. Johnson
Lucy	Louise Randolph
Uncle Everett	Ernest Lawford
John	Edmund Breese
Cousin Theodore	Richard Pitman
Helen	Anne Morrison
Ernest	Leonard Mudie
The Butler	Charles Osgood
The Footman	Arthur Dennis

Helen and Ernest, being bacteriologists, wished to work together; they admitted that they were in love. They openly boasted of it; but they did not wish to marry. They did not even go about consulting their friends and the neighbors, as Panurge consulted Pantagruel, the Sibyl of Panzoust, Raminagrobis, Friar John and other deep thinkers. They were not even willing to consider Marshal Saxe's theory of a trial marriage for five years, to be extended if husband and wife were compatible.

They were not predisposed in favor of marriage by the experience of those about them. Helen's brother John, a successful manufacturer, bullied his wife and gave her no allowance, until she threatened to leave him. Cousin Theodore, clergyman with a sick wife and six children, was poor. He was obliged to accept money and a position from those who were themselves hypocrites. Then there was Uncle Everett, who had endured marriage for 25 years. His wife was in Reno, thinking of a divorce. He professed to hate her. As a matter of fact neither one could be happy without the other. Helen's sister Jean was being forced into a marriage with Rex, a worthless youth, with a foundness for chorus girls. Rex was the son of a very rich man, therefore in John's eyes a desirable match.

Helen was one of the "new women." She argued that to marry Ernest, the eminent scientist, whose salary was only $2500, would be selfish, criminal. To give herself to him would be generous and noble. Thus was she illogical. She talked about the matter like one of the earlier heroines of George Sand. Naturally, she shocked her family. Ernest begged her to marry him, decent fellow that he was, but when she refused to have the sanction of the church, he exclaimed: "Noble woman!" Finally, the two romanticists were tricked into a marriage ceremony by Uncle Everett, who was in high spirits because his wife had telegraphed him that she was returning to his bed and board.

The play is conversational. The dramatist is first of all a satirist. Some might find the comedy a zealous tract against hypocrisy, ill-assorted marriages, family respectability and honor. Uncle Everett enters as one of the younger Dumas's guides, philosophers, friends, in the dialogue are truths amusingly put; there are also platitudinous remarks that are pertinent only by the association with some situation. And what comes of all this talk? Helen and Ernest, married against their wills, toss their hands in air and fume for a moment; then go cheerfully in to dinner as man and wife. Jean will wed the man she loathes, while she loves another, said to be a Harvard student. Cousin Theodore, in spite of his protestations, will perform the ceremony and be the pet clergyman of old Baker, whom he despises. John will continue to nag his wife and bluster. Meanwhile, all have expressed their views about matrimony and entertained the audience. Nothing is proved; nothing is disproved. The conversations, the arguments are as futile, as inconsequential as they are at a club or in a parlor.

And yet Mr. Williams has written a comedy that may set even self-satisfied Bostonians a-thinking. In this he was greatly daring. Few go to a play in these days to think and reflect. The great majority resents the liberty taken by any dramatist in regarding an audience as composed of intelligent, reasoning beings.

The comedy was briskly talked. Miss Morrison and Mr. Mudie in their arguments about marriage, even when the ... might be considered as pretentious, gave the impression of sincerity ... always easy to do. Their ... was charming in its simplicity ... honesty. Miss Randolph gave an excellent performance of the ... rebellious wife, fearing ... Mr. Breeze, as the roaring ... and, too often forced the note, ... now and then played in farcical vein, but his scene at the breakfast table was well and amusingly conducted. Cousin Theodore, a pathetic character ... ways, was played with nice discrimination by Mr. Pitman.

Mr. Lawford took the part acted in New York at first by Nat C. Goodwin. The part is a fat one, a part that soon ... the audience to expect humorously ... remarks ... a part that incit...

... language ... Mr. ... is dry in ... sympathetic ... manner.

The one stage setting was ... with a glimpse of a garden and trees without that was unusually realistic.

The play was evidently enjoyed by a large audience that paid tribute to the long experience, the sound judgment, the unfailing courtesy that have made Mr. Fred E. Wright conspicuous among theatrical managers. The performance was for his benefit; the comedy was for the benefit of the audience.

'FOLLIES' BACK

COLONIAL THEATRE—"Ziegfeld Follies," a musical entertainment in two acts and 26 scenes. Staged by Ned Wayburn, lines and music by Rennold Wolf and Gene Buck; music by Louis A. Hirsch and Dave Stamper; additional numbers by Irving Berlin and Victor Jacobi; scenic decorations by Joseph Urban. Frank Darling conducted. *J.R.*

The principals who appeared in several of the scenes were W. C. Fields, Eddie Cantor, Frank Carter, Will Rogers, Allyn King, Ann Pennington, Marilynn Miller and the Fairbanks Twins.

"The Follies," with a slight change in the personnel of the principals, returned for a two weeks' engagement at this theatre last evening. The return is said to be due to popular demand, and it will be remembered that the engagement last fall was cut short by the influenza epidemic.

It is not too much to say that this is one of the best of Mr. Ziegfeld's style of light entertainment. Mr. Urban has surpassed himself, and then there is the handiwork of Ben Ali Haggin. The master hand of Ned Wayburn is revealed in the enchanting marches and evolutions of a dancing ensemble that sets a lively pace in feminine pulchritude, and the music, light and buoyant, nicely orchestrated to meet the style of the hour, adds to the festival.

The outstanding feature of this season's entertainment is its laughing features, too often overshadowed in the past by the spectacular. The lines raise not only good, but they give capable comedians something worth while to work on. Then there is no story to follow; the piece is episodic and moves with commendable speed.

To comment on the spectacular feast for the eye is unnecessary, and yet much might be said for each of the 26 scenes. The golf scene is worthy of the best traditions of the stage, not alone by the wonderful pantomime, the dexterity and the comedy style of Mr. Fields, but his caddy, in poise, in make-up and style, and his work in rounding out the nice bits of burlesque, is something to remember.

Again Eddie Cantor created much merriment in his various scenes as well as in his specialty. Miss Miller was again charming in her fleetness, in the daintiness and buoyancy of her dances; again Miss Pennington, in quite another style, barelegged, danced to vigorous rhythm, always eager for her task, and romped about as on a lark. Will Rogers again entertained in his manipulation of the lariat and he has much that is new and pertinent to the hour in his comment, and funny asides.

The engagement is for two weeks only and, judging by the warm approval of the large audience last evening, seats will be scarce for one of the best of this style of entertainment.

KEITH'S HAS AN ATTRACTIVE BILL

Lillian Shaw Gets Hearty Welcome

Lillian Shaw heads the bill at Keith's this week and bids fair to make still more secure the place she holds in the hearts of the admirers who never cease to laugh at her comedy. As always, she is amusing.

A very pretty act is made up of songs and dances of the Mellette sisters, Helen and Rosalie, who are the perfect twins if there be such. Their act is a pleasing riot of color and costume, and the piano program given by Lew Pollock is an important addition to it.

Emmet Devoy and company offer a playlet, "Mother's Diary," which is entertaining. Among the other acts are the Seven Bracks, who excel in tumbling; George and Paul Hickman, in blackface, who present a burlesque on a small town "opry house" production; Lee Rose and Katheryn Moon, in song and dance; McConnell and Austin, in a comedy cycling novelty, and Lady Alice's pets, an animal act in which dogs, cats, birds and rats—supposedly enemies all—dwell together in peace and happiness. Maurice Burkhart shows the contrast between the "joys" and "glooms" in a novel manner.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—The House of Glass, drama in four acts, by Max Marcin. The cast:

Bell	Bessie ...
Margaret Case	Ruth Robinson
Mrs. Brandt	Bertha ...
Frank	William Harvey
James Burke	Aubrey Bosworth
Carroll	Mark Kent
Crowley	Henry T. Crossen
A Policeman	William O'Neil
Watson	Joseph Guthrie
Harvey Lake	Dudley Ayres
Edward McClellan	Mark Elliston
Judson Atwood	Edward Wade
Jap	Morton L. Stevens
Edith	Eleanor Brent
The Hon. H. T. Patterson	James C. Fenton

"The House of Glass" is a strong melodrama, written by the author of "Cheating Cheaters," who has made a reputation in recent years as a clever constructor of plays that deal with the lives of those people who live by their wits. His central personage is Margaret Case, a young woman who has been arrested for a crime she did not commit, who escapes to the West, there to marry a wealthy man who knows nothing of her past, and finally to come back to New York with him to discover that the emissaries of the law are still on her trail.

All this gives a fine dramatic motive to the play that is worked out to the interest of the audience, and well interpreted by the stock company at the Arlington Theatre. Miss Robinson carries off the leading role of Margaret Case with exceptional skill. The husband is faithfully presented by Mr. Ayres. Other good acting is contributed by Mr. Kent, Mr. Bosworth, Mr. Elliston, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Wade, and Miss Blanchard.

The production at the Arlington Theatre next week will be Dion Boucicault's Irish comedy, "The Shaughraun." It will be produced under the direction of Mr. Masson, with the entire stock company in the cast, and Miss Kate Ryan especially engaged for the part of Mrs. O'Kelly.

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The ordinary recreations which we have in winter, and in most solitary times busy our minds with, are cards, tables and dices, shovel-board, chess-play, the philosopher's game, small trunks, shuttlecock, billiards, music, masks, singing, dancing, yule games, frolics, jests, riddles, catches, purposes, questions, and commands, merry tales of errant knights, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, thieves, cheaters, witches, fairies, goblins, friars, etc., such as the old woman told Psyche in Apuleius, Boccace novels, and the rest, which some delight to hear, some to tell; all are well pleased with ...

Balls and Cues

We read that in London a challenge has been issued by the most famous of women's clubs to play a billiard match against any other woman's club. Some years ago in London a woman played exhibition matches.

Was a public game ever played by women in Boston or New York? In English novels we read of women playing billiards in city and country houses. Has bridge driven out the older game? Do many women stroke delicately or violently with the cue in Boston?

Shakespeare, thumbing his nose at anachronisms, represented Cleopatra in her palace at Alexandria commanding Charmian to play with her, and when Charmian answered: "My arm is sore, best play with Mardian," Cleopatra made a contemptuous reply, disparaging her sex's skill. Edmund Spenser characterized billiards as a "thriftless game," with dice and card. That the game was held in low repute much later is shown in Arbuthnot's "History of John Bull," when Mrs. Bull, a cholcric person, scolded John: "You sot, you loiter about ale houses and taverns, spend your time at billiards, nine pins or puppet shows." On the other hand, Queen Mary Stuart complained that her keeper, Paulet, had ordered her billiard table to be taken away. This was in 1586. Learned men tell us that nothing was known about the game prior to the middle of the 16th century.

If we were to live again from boyhood, we should insist on learning the game, so that at an early age we could be master of the stroke. It is an unpleasant sight to see a grown man thinking to make a shot by poking the ball viciously, with all his might, as an American talking with a foreigner who does not understand English shouts at him as to a deaf person. When we were young, billiards was regarded as an indecent game in our little village. It was associated with the tavern barroom and dissipated persons, smoking, swearing, betting. Did not a church dignitary in England, when he was defeated at the game, say that proficiency was the sign of a misspent youth?

There is certainly a keen enjoyment in looking at a game of billiards, even when it is played by amateurs. We have observed that painters and architects as a rule are skilful, sure of angles, fortunate in making brilliant shots with the balls brought together for renewed triumphs. Are their eyes better trained, or have they played from their youth up? We doubt, however, if any one of these players could explain satisfactorily certain terms in John Evelyn's description of the game as played in 1680 at the palace of the Portuguese ambassador in London. "There was a billiard table, with as many more hazards as ours commonly have; the game being only to prosecute the ball still haz...

... ... the sound ... ... even and the edge ... ... bigger ... small ... the billiard-stick, which is ... ... or silver."

There are serious persons who insist that playing billiards is a waste of time. Let them ponder the remarks of George Augustus Sala: "I never played a game at billiards but once in my life, and then I think (it was in a Parisian cafe) that I cut the cloth with my cue, and had to pay five and twenty francs for the damage done to the table vert. Still I suppose that billiards is a noble game. It is healthful as giving opportunities for taking bodily exercise within doors. I forget how many miles you walk round the tables in the course of a three-hour spell. It keeps your mathematical training green (so I am told) in assisting you to calculate the properties of angles." And so when, in 1883, Mr. Sala learned that an ordinance had been issued in Middletown, N. Y., that no keeper of a billiard or a pool table should permit any one under the age of 21 to play billiards or pool, on pain of a fine of $10 for every offence committed, he exclaimed: "For the encouragement of a fine, healthy, thoroughgoing system of social despotism, there is nothing like a democratic republic."

Signs of the Times

Another sign of reversion to the days of peace—the reappearance of the homely speech of politics. "Going the whole hog," gives one a glad sense that the nightmare of war has really lifted. Professional hunters of words are mostly silent as to the origin of this muscular phrase; but Carlyle, who had a prodigious memory, in conversation with Gavan Duffy, hazarded an explanation that fills the bill.

"Hog," he said, "was the name at one time in Ireland for a tenpenny piece. An Irishman would start on the business of hospitality by frugally treating his friend; but as he warmed to the business he would spend more and more, until he took the final plunge, and went 'the whole hog.'"—London Daily Chronicle.

We do not accept this explanation of the phrase. It is true that in England, as far back as the 17th century, "hog" was a shilling, also a sixpence. A "half-hog" was sixpence. In Ireland a "hog" was a shilling. See "Charles O'Malley." Notes and Queries (1851) informs us that "before the English and Irish currency were assimilated in 1825 a white hog meant an English shilling or 12 pence, and a black hog the Irish shilling of 13 pence." "Slang and Its Analogues" states that in America a 10-cent piece was known as a "hog." Did any one of our readers ever hear of a dime thus called? The same dictionary of slang says that the variant "to go the whole animal" is American. "In the West Indies it is varied by 'to go the whole dog.'"

NEW QUINTET

The Boston Quintet (Joseph Di Natale, first violin; Robert Gunderson, second violin; Vladimir Berlin, viola; Alma La Palme, violoncello; Hans Ebell, piano) gave its first concert in Boston last night in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows:

Ravel, Quartet in F major; Glazounoff, Five Novelettes for string quartet, op. 15; Schumann, Quintet for piano and strings, op. 94. The violinists and the viola player are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Not many years ago a string quartet coming before the public for the first time would have modestly put a quartet by Haydn on its program, and for something brilliant, as brilliance was then understood, would have played music by Dvorak. Here we have players that have not been long together choosing Ravel's quartet for the first piece on the program. The Kneisels did not venture a performance of Cesar Franck's quartet until they had diligently rehearsed it for two years. We doubt if even the Flonzaley Quartet would show the courage displayed by this young organization.

This is to be said, however; that the performance last night gave much promise for the future. There was an agreeable freshness; there was spontaneity. There was euphony in the ensemble; a desire to bring out the music without regard to individual prominence; nor was the necessary poetic spirit lacking.

Glazounoff's Novelettes, introduced here by the Adamowski quartet, gave the players an easier task. In Schumann's quintet the quartet had the assistance of the sound and serious pianist, Mr. Ebell.

An audience of good size gave the new organization a hearty and encouraging welcome.

MUSINGS AND MEMORIES OF A MUSICIAN. By SIR GEORGE HENSCHEL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1919. 8vo, 400 pp.

SIR GEORGE HENSCHEL has had a long, varied, honorable career. As singer, composer, conductor, he has seen many cities and known many men and women. A shrewd observer, he is a man of native force and restless, almost aggressive, activity. No one has ever doubted the sincerity of his musical life. When it was stated that he was writing his memoirs, one had a right to expect much. The volume disappoints expectation, for it is chiefly anecdotical.

The unessential incidents of the singer's life — for it is as a singer that Sir George will be best remembered — are described at length. There are agreeable pages about his boyhood in Breslau, his student days at Leipsic, his sojourn in Boston, his journeyings in Europe and Africa. There is gossip about famous persons: how and what he ate and drank with them, for there is much of gastronomic interest in the volume. Brahms figures largely. — the lecture that Sir George read in Boston is substantially incorporated, — but one learns little about Brahms the composer. Whistler is introduced as serving buckwheat-cakes at breakfast and entertaining a passion for imported American oysters. Dukes and duchesses, crowned heads, are in the procession reviewed by Sir George, who, apparently, as was said of 'Tommy' Moore, 'dearly loves a lord.'

The egoism of Sir George is child-like, and not too disconcerting. His honesty in reprinting adverse criticism of his orchestral leadership in Boston is refreshing. When he is most garrulous about trifles, there is suddenly a burst of frankness that commands respect; and when, at the end, he exclaims, 'I have never betrayed the ideal of my art by consciously stooping to the unworthy, to the commonplace,' no one will contradict him.

With his wide acquaintanceship, with his long and rich experience, Sir George might have written an autobiography of abiding value. He might have pronounced judgment on composers, singers, other musicians, informing those to come, without annoying by technical speech, or by arguments supporting some theory, those who read merely for pleasure. He has compiled many more or less amusing anecdotes, a superficial volume from which little is to be learned about the music of even the last forty years; little or nothing about his own interior life, his reflections and conclusions concerning the art he undoubtedly cherishes. The book is for the easy chair, not for the student's desk; not for a carefully selected musical library. P. H.

May 1 1919

The Golden Fleece

[illegible] South wind breathed in languorous unrest
And quickened Jason's shade upon his quest,
To seek, before the friendly snow should melt
The pale reflection of the golden pelt.

On bed and path lay rime in frosty wreath,
Yet there he flung his ghostly dragon teeth,
Nor knew the spears which pierced the stiffened earth
Foretold not war, but peace—a lily's birth.

Each point expanded to a verdant sheath,
Which screened and sheltered, folded underneath,
A chime that pealed the harmony of scent
Where purity with potent fragrance blent.

Disturbed, the spectre raised his troubled eyes,
Then, lo! before him hung the longed-for prize,
For, prompt with lily's paean of release,
Forsythia shook out her golden fleece.

Franklin, N. H. ALICE M. SHEPARD.

Suckers in the Water

As the World Wags:

J. H. M. describes a sucker, fastens upon his catch the alias "Barvel," and asks for this suckering barvel's scientific name. As the hard cider farmer said at sight of the camel, "Sho! they ain't no sich animile."

Walton's "Complete Angler" pictures the English Barbel (Barbus Vulgaris) with a sparse growth of long, limber whiskers, feelers, which the dictionary calls organs of touch and describes as small cylindrical vermiform process appended to the mouth: these are nothing like tho two vicious horns, defensive arms, of our horned-pout.

The dictionaries give many scientific names of suckers—for instance, Northern Suckers, Catostomus commensoni; White suckers, Catostomus tares; Hog sucker, Catostomus nigricans, and enough more to confirm the Crook's happy sentiment: "There's a sucker born to us every hour!"

Reading Ike Walton on the habits of the English barbel, and knowing from much experience in New England how similar are the habits of the sucker, I can easily construct tho theory for "J. H. M.'s" relief that the English settler, finding no barbel here, called the sucker barbel, paying heed to their likeness of habits, but disregarding such differences as the sucker's lack of beard and its gift of a puckered mouth with protrusile lips, for which tho barbel has none.

In some Maine farming regions when the suckers are running in the brooks in the spring when a young man's fancy

[illegible] the [illegible] back; [illegible] shows a [illegible] forgetening [illegible] [illegible] of "biled suckers and buttermilk" [illegible] giving to diet the credit of being a powerful tonic, defrauding spring herself of her just and time-honored claims. G. A. G.

Boston.

Good old Zadock Thompson in his "History of Vermont" mentions only four suckers: The carp sucker, castostomus cyprinus, "only occasionally taken in our waters"—"it is considered a very good fish for the table, but like the others in this family it is wanting in firmness", the sucker, catostomus teres, "generally known on the West side of the Green Mountains by the name of sucker, or Black Sucker, while another species is known by the same names on the East side of the mountains, the black sucker, catostomus nigricans, the common sucker on the East side of the Green Mountains in this state; and the long-nosed sucker, catostomus longirostrum: "This fish I discovered," says Le Sueur "in the state of Vermont; I have not seen it in any other state." Thompson added: "Not having met with this fish, I can only give Le Sueur's account of it." Bartlett in his dictionary of Americanisms speaks of "many varieties" of the sucker, "including the chub, mullet, barbel, horned dace, etc."—Ed.

Yellow Footprints

As the World Wags:

The great human imprints, found on a recent morning before all local bank doors, were startling for two reasons: First (like the ancient remark as to men's footprints leading to a lion's cave, "none led backward"; second, these imprints, especially since they were yellow, seemed like a direct survival of the very ancient cult of the Solar Foot. On this there has been so much written lately that there is no room here to make even a brief digest of the matter available. The three-foot length of the local imprints was nothing remarkable since the imprint of Adam's foot, preserved in Ceylon, is a hundred inches long, and tho imprint to be seen in tho granite in front of tho State Street block is above normal size; the story as to each of these, too, must go into tho discard. There was, however, a unique peculiarity about the first two sets I saw of yellow imprints, that they were staggered, as if made by one carrying "tanglefoot," who thus put his left foot to the right, and vice versa. This was a puzzle till I noticed that the "Bell-in-Hand" and the two banks were in a circle around a common centre, say the Old South Church. So the giant (or the artist with the yellow ochre) evidently first got his "tanglefoot" and then swung round tho circle, leaving proofs of his "load."

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

There is, or was, a sacred footprint in Siam of Somon-Codom, the Burmese Buddha. In Scythia, near the river Tyras, there was the print on a rock of Hercules's foot, two cubits in length. (Now a cubit was from 18 to 22 inches.) Adam was of an extraordinary height. His forehead, says the Tarikh Tabari, brushed tho skies, but as this height was inconvenient the Lord shortened it to 100 cubits. Some say that he did this because the angels were afraid of this giant.—Ed.

A Denial

As the World Wags:

Capt. Brassbound denies with considerable indignation and much hauteur that he is, ever was or contemplates being a nature-faker. Something he knows of the pink-eyed ring-tailed whiffle-whoofis, but tree-squeaks are a horse of a different color. "And his language, my dear, was such—!"

Boston. — MAJ. BARBARA.

May 2 1919

Dr. Appleton Morgan, reviewing at length in the Evening Post of New York the lawsuit in which Samuel E. Gross of Chicago charged Rostand with stealing "Cyrano de Bergerac" from his play "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," made this surprising statement with reference to the ugly and disfiguring nose of Cyrano in the play: "It does not appear from descriptions of the historical Cyrano that he was actually burdened with so ridiculous a feature. The only extant biographical sketch of him does not so particularize or even hint at an abnormal or ludicrous nose."

Let us see. Cyrano died in 1655. Gilles Menage, born in 1613, died in 1692. In Menagiana we find the following passage: "Bergerac was a great fencer. His nose, which was wholly disfigured, was the cause of his killing more than 10 men. He could not bear that anyone should look at it; if one did, he immediately had his sword in hand." (We quote from the third edition of "Menagiana" published in 1715.)

Theophile Gautier in his brilliant study of Cyrano ("Les Grotesques," chapter VI.) begins by an amusing study of noses. He refers to the gigantic dimensions and singular form of Cyrano's nose as pictured in the portrait published in the first volume of his works. "Were it not for the nose, he would really be a handsome fellow." He then tells how this nose was the cause of many duels. Furthermore, Cyrano in his "Voyage a la lune" wished to establish as a principle that everyone should have a huge nose; the flat or small-nosed were miserable creatures, of whom nature was ashamed. One's merit is measured by the length of his nose; the nose is the seat of the soul.

Thermometrical Adjustment

As the World Wags:

I have the honor of proposing new federal legislation, carrying out the splendid spirit of the daylight-saving bill. For a long time the winters in New England have been much too cold. Frequently the thermometers have fallen low. Houses have been hard to heat. Persons venturing out of doors have suffered from the cold. Why should we not eliminate all this discomfort by having winter and summer regulation of the thermometer? By lowering the freezing point a certain number of degrees (to be determined by comparison of winter and summer mean temperature) we might easily rid ourselves of annoying cold weather. Snow would be uncommon, with a lowered freezing point. The expense of snow removal in the cities would be virtually eliminated. We could save money by using less coal, wearing thinner clothing; and we would all be much more contented.

Obviously this legislation must be federal in nature. How dangerous it would be for persons traveling from one state to another to be subjected to sudden changes of temperature upon crossing the state line. Sickness might result in most serious numbers. Piano strings might snap if the instrument were being moved from a warm state to a cold.

Doubtless there will be reactionary opposition to this progressive legislation. Certain individuals (one in particular who lodges hereabouts) would stand in its way. From the black, Democratic South would come howls of protest. But will they not consider the question from an economic standpoint? Think of the advantage, with a more even winter temperature, of forcing fruit trees to work the whole year round! Nothing must hinder the legislation at the first session of the next Congress! I solicit your hearty co-operation.

Cambridge. DANIEL BOONE.

"S. T. 1860 X"

As the World Wags:

In an article in "As the World Wags" (April 26) signed "Dryasdust" reference is made to Drake's Plantation Bitters represented by "S. T. 1860 X." As I remember "S. T. 1860 X" meant "Started in 1860 with ten dollars." I think there was another word, represented by the "T." Who can tell? As "Dryasdust" is much older than I am, perhaps he can give the exact wording. ERVING.

Campello.

We have understood that the "T" stood for "trade." "Started trade," etc.—Ed.

That Belgian Minister

Not long ago we quoted from Goncourts's Journal the praise of an American woman, who dined with one of the brothers at the French embassy in Rome. Goncourt said that she was the wife of our minister to Belgium. This was in 1867. We asked the husband's name. We are now indebted to Mrs. A. P. Goodrich for the following note:

"Henry S. Sanford then held that appointment. His wife was one of the geat beauties of Belgian court society, an exquisite blonde of the angelic type, with due respect to M. de Goncourt's quite opposite characterization. When on Sunday afternoons, she left the chapel where the Episcopal service was held, a double row of admirers were often assembled to witness her exit. She would then proceed to the boulevards where a fashionable Sunday parade took place, to which her beauty and the fine pair of Spanish horses behind which she drove were an added attraction. Gallait painted her portrait, a notable work, as it was the first in his second manner, where he departed from his former sombre coloring and severely classic style."

Who Will Answer?

As the World Wags:

What is a water-horse? Are there water-horses in the Devil's Dishful in West Peabody?

Lynn. A. P. S.

May 3 1919

If men were to be represented as they show themselves, encrusted with all the dirtiness they contract in public life, in all the debility of ignorance, in all the distortion of prejudice, in all the reptile trickery of partisanship, who would care about the greater part of what are called the greatest?

Water-Horses

"A. P. S." of Lynn asks: "What is a water-horse?" It gives us pleasure to inform him. "Water-horse" is a name given to the family Hydrometridae of tho order Hemiptera. It should be easy to recognize a water-horse from this description.

Measuring of Laughter

Theatrical managers, press agents and critics when they are concerned with comedies and farces are often at a loss to determine the precise degree of merriment excited. "A roaring comedy," "uproarious laughter," "audience convulsed," "a laugh every second"—these phrases are vague. How would it be if in every theatre a gelotometer were installed? Walter Savage Landor, speaking of gloomy Sundays, said: "A gauger comes round and measures every man's smile, and we may expect the Society for the Suppression of Vice to offer a reward for a gelotometre, which Johnson would have defined, 'A diatonic instrument whereby the cachinnations of laughter may be mensurated.'" Thus public hilarity might be definitely measured and recorded from zero, in this case a frost, to 100 denoting the very ecstasy, the frenzy of mirth.

Barvel and Whang

As the World Wags:

I think Mr. Cram is right as to the limited and local use of the name "barvel." Just how limited does not yet appear. A friend of mine, a native of Madison, N. H., writes me to the effect that in that region the fish in question were simply known as "suckers," the appellation "barvel" being apparently not used there.

Some 70 years ago the writer with other boys used to go "barvelling" at the proper season of the year. Occasionally we went over to Upper Beach pond. This beautiful sheet of water is now known, I believe, as Crystal Lake, and is the inexhaustible reservoir whence Wolfeboro, six miles distant, draws its supply of water for drinking and for culinary purposes. We boys had a fish-trap in tho edge of the water on tho sandy shore of the pond. It was in the form of a right-angled triangle, the sand beach being the hypothenuse, while two logs formed the perpendicular and the base. Just at tho point where the base and perpendicular would naturally meet, an opening was left which could be closed by a gate. The fish would gather by hundreds in the shallow water and bask in the sun. We would wait till our trap would be well filled, then would close the gate, finding 50 to 75 fishes impounded, from which to select the biggest. In the brooks we used the spear, but that cruel method of fishing is now forbidden by law.

As to the former name of Melvin Village, I suspect that it had no relation to the fish above mentioned, but was simply "Barville" from the fact that, in the olden days, it was the only village in the region where liquid refreshments were dispensed over a bar.

Now as to "Whang." In the early days the term was used in Maine and some other parts of New England to denote "a house-cleaning party." In those days they had "apple-bees," "husking parties," "spelling matches" and the like. The writer was once familiar with them all.

As to "Barville Whang," the explanation seems easy. In the "Auld lang syne," the people in that village presumably were very neighborly and cordial in their intercourse with each other. Twice a year, at least, a series of "whangs" would pervade the community. That is to say, tho neighbors would gather at A's house and clean up his home and premises in thorough shape. Next would come B's turn, and so on. At such times many hands made light work. There would be a feast of reason and a flow of soul, if not of something stronger.

At all events these gatherings would be promotive of cordial feeling and neighborly kindness. The result would inevitably be increased sociability, geniality and good fellowship. The pastimes would be feasting, dancing, lovemaking and sometimes carousing. No doubt Barville was noted for its "whangs" and for the persistence of the custom in that settlement.

As to the ... which Mr. Bacon has resurrected, it marks back a hundred years, past our cold, selfish, artificial age, to the time when families were fewer and felt themselves much closer together than now, the days when the population was homogeneous, with few or no aliens, but, in a community every person was related by blood or marriage to every other person—the olden time when the ties of relationship were promptly and generously recognized, when cousins were more warmly appreciated than brothers are now. Those olden days are gone, never to return. It remains to adapt ourselves to the age in which we live. J. W. HAWLEY.

Center Tuftonboro, N. H.

Where did these settlers find the word "Whang"? In Scottish, Irish and English dialect whang is a thong, a leather shoe-lace, rope, band, the lash of a whip, a lump or large piece of anything, a slice, especially used of bread and cheese.

Oh, hed ye seen the joints o' beef
The waly whangs o' mutton.

Burns speaks of "sweet milk cheese in monie a whang." Did not "Whang" in New England refer to the feasting at these house cleanings? "Whang" also means a blow, thump, drive as at golf—"It's my whang," a lash with a whip.—Ed.

LEADER RABAUD SAYS FAREWELL

By PHILIP HALE

The 24th and last concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's 34th season, Mr. Rabaud conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: MacDowell, Suite in A minor, op. 42; Saint-Saens, "The Lyre and the Harp," Ode for solo voices, chorus and orchestra (poem by Victor Hugo). The solo singers were Mmes. Kline, Merle Alcock, Arthur Hackett and Reinald Werrenrath.

MacDowell's Suite in A minor is a less important work than his "Indian" suite, it is delightful by reason of its freshness, its youthful vitality, its lyric grace, its out-of-door spirit, the poetic fancy shown in the movements, "In a Haunted Forest" and "Forest Spirits." This music is by MacDowell, the lover of Nature, happy in his home at Peterboro; the MacDowell that was not without a dash of Gaelic mysticism in his composition. To him the forest was haunted by strange woodland creatures. To him the trees of years were ... companionable.

Saint-Saens's Ode was performed in Boston for the first time. We know of only one performance in the United States before that of yesterday—the one at Providence, R. I., by the Arion Society, conducted by Jules Jordan, in 1882. The neglect of this work is easily explained. The English translation of Hugo's poem is a wretched one, pedestrian and clumsy. The music, written for a Birmingham (Eng.) festival, is wholly without inspiration. That ... "well made" may be taken for granted. Saint-Saens is not in the habit of writing carelessly. The orchestral ... is often interesting in itself, but here are few expressive or effective vocal pages, nowhere are there passages that move or thrill the hearer. The nearest approach to any marked effect is in the closing section of the first part in which a tenor solo is followed by the chorus. The soprano solo that opens the second part suffered yesterday, no doubt, from the inadequacy of the singer. The baritone solo, "Be ... the Stream Her Channel Scouring," almost of an operetta character in its rhythm, will always be applauded when it is sung with the spirit and the admirable diction displayed by Mr. Werrenrath. Another reason why it should be applauded is that it awakens the audience overcome by the paleness of the music that precedes it.

It is not necessary to speak of Hugo's Ode, contrasting Christian sobriety with paganism. The text should have inspired highly colored music. Was not Saint-Saens' expression of pagan ... in is as a rule sobriety itself. The ..., which had been prepared by ... S. Townsend, was worthy of a more impressive composition. Its ... variety of tonal graduations, ... euphony, deserved all praise. Mr. Rabaud conducted in a masterly manner playing upon chorus and orchestra as upon a responsive eloquent instrument. The concert will be repeated tonight.

An audience that completely filled the hall applauded heartily the movements of the suite, and recalled Mr. Rabaud many times. At the end of the concert the applause for him was enthusiastic, ... It seemed as if t... a-

... No ... For the past ... has been the ... 10 years. The programs have been of engrossing interest, ... have often been revelations ... of how music by Frenchmen should be played, revelations of the tenderness, the beauty, the profound emotion, the grandeur in the symphonies and overtures of Beethoven. There are some unfortunate persons in Boston who still maintain that only a German can "understand" Beethoven. There are some equally unfortunate in the audience that like to characterize Mr. Rabaud as "academic." They have ears and hear not.

German propagandism is persistent and insidious. There are some in Boston that are uneasy at the thought of any one but a German serving as conductor of this orchestra. Those that do not attend the concerts, some that are in the audience, lose no opportunity of carping, sneering, making false statements concerning the "deterioration" of this superb orchestra; the "inferior" character of the programs and the interpretations.

Mr. Rabaud has not been chauvenistic. Some German-Austrian composers have been represented with 27 performances in all; six Russians, nine Americans, two Italians, one Scandanavian. Beethoven led with 10 performances. The other German-Austrian composers were Bach, Brahms, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Weber. The Americans were Chadwick, Converse, Foote, Gilbert, Hadley, Hill, Kelley, Loeffler, MacDowell. The Russians were Borodin, Glinka, Moussorjaky, Rachmaninoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Tschaikowsky. The Italians were represented by Verdi and by Maliplero.

The list of works performed for the first time in Boston or at these concerts is an imposing one. Equally noteworthy is the list of soloists that appeared at these concerts for the first time. Among them were Mmes. Easton and Braslau, Messrs. Gogorza, Werrenrath, Cortot, Laparra, Levitzski, Fradkin, Heifetz, Thibaud, Bonnet.

Mr. Rabaud's departure is mourned not only by the audience but by the men of the orchestra, who respect and admire his ability, who have found in him a considerate, sympathetic friend. The affectionate regard of the chorus was shown yesterday afternoon after the concert, when the members presented him with a handsome loving cup and sent to Mme. Rabaud a copy of the Paul Revere pitcher. Judge Cabot of the board of trustees presented these gifts with a few well-chosen words. Mr. Rabaud, touched by these tokens of the esteem in which he is held, expressed his gratitude in French and in English.

He bears with him the good-will and best wishes of his hearers. He will not soon be forgotten. His work and his influence will long outlive this season. As a conductor and a composer he has made for musical righteousness in this city. As a man, he has won all hearts by his sincerity, his modesty, his simplicity, his personal charm. The gallant nation of France, the nation of the finest arts, could not have sent to us a more accomplished and gallant gentleman.

May 4 1919

BUELL RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Dai Buell, pianist, assisted by William H. Humiston of New York, organist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Bach, Prelude, Allemande and Corrente from Partita, No. 1; Siciliano, Schubert-Fischof, Ballet Music from "Rosamunde"; Beethoven, Six Variations on "Nel cor piu"; Adagio from Sonata Op. 31, No. 1; Weber, Momento Capriccioso; Schumann, Introduction and Allegro Op. 92 (organ accompaniment); Chopin, Valse, MacDowell "Of Br'er Rabbit," sung outside the prince's door; Dance of the Dryads, Liapounoff, Lesghinka.

Miss Buell gave a recital here in January of last year, and if we are not mistaken, she gave one in the year before that. She may, therefore, be classed among the pianists known as hardy annuals.

She is a pianist that one hears with pleasure. Her program, as that of last year, was unconventional and interesting; but what possessed her to play Schumann's Introduction and Allegro, which is one of his weaker works? The organ attempted to replace the orchestra yesterday, but although Mr. Humiston, an excellent musician, did his best, and Miss Buell moved deftly her nimble fingers and tossed her left arm in the air after a sonorous climax, the music was dry and without significance.

Bach's music was played with delightful clearness, understanding and tonal beauty. How entrancing the Siciliano, which might have been written by an ultra-modern Frenchman harking back to the brave days of Couperin and ... frequently. So ... pleasing to the ear.

Miss Buell chose most by Beethoven that might be characterized as decorative. The Variations took us back to our maiden aunt who was reputed to have an agreeable "touch on the instrument." These Variations, "The Wrecker's Daughter's Quickstep," pieces by Vincent Wallace and Wollenhaupt were on her music stand. The music of Beethoven gave Miss Buell full opportunity to show her facility, her tonal charm, her taste, and a certain feminine elegance. For, Heaven be praised, Miss Buell, although she has strength enough, as was shown in Schumann's piece, plays like a woman: she does not attempt to masquerade as a Boanerges of the keyboard.

At the last moment the management of the Copley Theatre decided to give "The Thunderbolt" a third week, so great is the interest in Pinero's play. The following notes about "The Critic" and "The Monkey's Paw" were already in type when the change in bill was announced.

Although Sheridan's "Critic" was produced at Drury Lane 140 years ago, the spectators at the Copley Theatre next week might well think that the greater part of the play was written by Mr. Forbes, the ingenious author of "The Show Shop," as far as Mr. Puff and the theatre folk are concerned. We do not say that Mr. Forbes as a writer of English is the equal of Sheridan. Mr. Puff in these days is the press agent; he even at times finds employment as a dramatic critic.

A history of Sheridan's plays in Boston with sketches of the actors and actresses that took part in them, would be an interesting volume of no inconsiderable size. A stout octavo might not suffice. In 1803 "The Critic" was already billed at the Federal Street Theatre as a favorite play. Mr. Harper was Mr. Puff; Mrs. Harper, Tilburina; Mr. Bates, Sir Fretful Plagiary, and Mr. Taylor, Don Whiskerandos. When was the first performance? Mr. J. B. Clapp, Mr. Edgett and Mr. Shaw could probably tell us.

When "The Critic" was played here on Feb. 3, 1809, Mr. Poe took the part of Sneer. This was David Poe the father of Edgar Allan Poe, who had been born on the 19th of the month before. Mrs. Poe was again on the stage Feb. 10.

There are no doubt some in Boston who remember Charles Mathews in "The Critic," for that inimitable comedian made his third visit to this country as late as 1871-72. He alternated in an astonishing manner from Puff to Sir Fretful. Lester Wallack was playing Puff in the fifties. When Mathews took the parts of Puff and Sir Fretful in 1871, at Wallack's Theatre, Effie Germon played Tilburina. At the Fifth Avenue Theatre in 1871 William Davidge, playing with Mathews, made a great hit as Don Whiskerandos. Augustin Daly brought out a mutilated version, a "chopped and altered version which would only with difficulty have been recognized by Sheridan" in 1874; Puff, James Lewis; Tilburina, Fanny Davenport. He revived it in 1888. Puff, John Drew; Don Whiskerandos, James Lewis; Tilburina, Ada Rehan. In 1895 Henry Dixey as a member of Daly's company, gave a performance of Puff noteworthy for its lightness and charming volubility. James Lewis then played Whiskerandos. In January, 1915, there was a revival at the Princess Theatre, New York, when B. Iden Payne took the part of Puff. He had played it in London in 1911. The performance in New York was not commended.

Of late years performances of "The Critic" have been, to quote the characterization of Joe Jefferson's Bob Acres, Sheridan twenty miles away. In England as in the United States the gagging and the clowning have been deplorable. Augustin Daly did not hesitate to introduce local and contemporaneous gags and business to arouse laughter. It is to be hoped that the Henry Jewett Players will play "The Critic" straight.

There was a revival of "The Critic" at the Haymarket Theatre in London in August, 1807. Let us see what the Times had to say about a leading actor: "The performance was, in general, more creditable to the house than we expected, though the character of the impudent and noisy Dramatist Puff we should have expected Mr. Fawcett to have represented much better. Of impudence and noise, indeed, we had a sufficient quantity; but in his description of his various means of living, such as his puffing in the newspapers, and his advertising himself as an object of charity, he seemed to have no end but that of a schoolboy, who gabbles as fast as possible through a lesson which he has repeated a hundred times. This intention seemed the more manifest, as in the intervals afforded him by his interlocutors, he had a nauseous trick of laboriously moistening his mouth with his tongue, and of re-settling himself into a vigorous attitude for his next speech. So it is always with this harsh performer, who cannot sufficiently confine himself to his scene for true comedy, but must thrust himself, as it were, among the audience and overwhelm every effort of his co-actors, by mere boisterousness: for this reason he is, and ever will be, a performer of mere farce. He is like the water works at ... even ... ity ...

Sheridan's comedy was turned into an opera "The Critic or an Opera Rehearsed" and produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, on Jan. 14, 1916. L. Cairns James and the composer used Sheridan's text. The composer is Sir Charles Villiers Stanford. The Tilburina was Caroline Hatchard, Michael Sherbrooke took the part of Puff in the acted prologue; Frank Mullings was the Don Whiskerandos. Eugene Goossens, Jr., the conductor, represented Thomas Linley, who was the orchestral leader in Sheridan's time. In the overture the players were told not to include "Auld Lang Syne" in their extemporizations.

"The Monkey's Paw," a grisly little play, which will be on the bill with "The Critic" at the Copley, was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Oct. 6, 1903. Louis N. Parker and W. W. Jacobs based it on a tale by the latter. The cast was as follows: Mr. White, Cyril Maude; Mrs. White, Lena Ashwell; Herbert, Wilfred Forster; Sergt.-Maj. Morris, Sydney Valentine; Mr. Sampson, Rudge Harding. Arnold Daly brought the play out in this country 13 years ago. It was played in vaudeville in New York Oct. 3, 1910, when John Lawson, an English actor, made his first appearance in that city.

"The Bird of Paradise," by Richard Walton Tully, which will be seen at the Majestic this week, was produced by Oliver Morosco at Los Angeles, Cal., early in the season of 1911-12. It was played in Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1911; in New York city Jan. 8, 1912, at Daly's Theatre. The chief players were Laurette Taylor, Luana, Lewis S. Stone, Paul Wilson; Guy Bates Post, "Ten Thousand Dollar" Dean. When it was performed for the first time in Boston, at the Majestic Theatre, April 21, 1913, Bessie Barriscale took the part of Luana. Messrs. Stone and Post were with her.

What became of the suit brought by Mrs. Grace A. Fendler in February, 1912, against Mr. Tully and others? She accused Mr. Tully of cribbing from her play, "In Hawaii," which was written long before Mr. Tully's, but had not been produced? She wished a verdict of at least $25,000, and she asked for an injunction against the performances at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. Mr. Tully's counsel stated that Mr. Tully wrote the synopsis of his play in 1907 at the home of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, and that in 1908, a year before Mrs. Fendler wrote her play, Mr. Tully presented his play to the New Theatre, which accepted it and paid him money on account, but the New Theatre went out of business before the play could be produced.

Leading Actors Cast in Inferior Parts

To the Editor of the Herald:

Mr. Quincy Kilby's letter in your Sunday columns of dramatic review, referring to Mr. Henry Jewett's method of procuring the best results from his company of players, by making a leading actor of one week perform an inferior part during another week, reminds us of the late Augustin Daly. Although that famous manager did not always succeed in "persuading" his players to act out the above method he believed so faithfully in it himself that he had a way of "persisting" which produced results.

The writer recalls the final season of this well known organization of performers. The play was "The Great Ruby," the last production to be staged by Augustin Daly. It was a Drury Lane melodrama of blood-and-thunder type. Imagine the refined and dignified gathering of Shakespearian-Sheridan mummers compelled to chew scenery from a "Balloon-and - knife-slashing - diamond-gang" composition of London Punch! We recall that first rehearsal. Daly sitting on his throne upon the stage, with Ada Rehan, a sort of regal queen, at his elbow. The company of courtiers encircling the arched platform—silent and pensive—like obedient subjects of a little state. The fair-haired, slender, nervous prompter, reading the roll call with as much royal dignity as an ancient herald! Each chosen victim advancing to receive his part.

"Ah, now he'll get a fat one'" whispered many to each other, as the figure of a well known player stood before Mr. Daly. A somewhat famous Thespian that had starred in the "legit"! From the throne is handed him a decidedly thin, blue, covered pamphlet of some half a dozen pages. He is rewarded with one of the shortest bits in the piece, a drowsy English fop, who says little, acts less and sleeps much when upon the stage.

Another culprit approaches the Daly chair of state. A youth that a few weeks before had made some of the New York critics sit up and take notice of his excellent performance in the "Merchant of Venice." They were to behold him now play a thankless old man in the first act, who did nothing but "feed others." Suffice to say—he fed them well. Then there was W. E. Owens: "Falstaff Owens"! A capital Shakespearian impersonator He was to perform an English hotel proprietor of trivial consequence to the general plot. Also "Billy" Gilbert, an excellent, old character actor and a pa-

able Christopher Sly. His lot consisted in 10 lines of Irish lingo—and he was Irish to tha very knuckles. And so on through the entire company. Mr. Daly knew the personalities of his performers—and he knew what he wanted. His actors knew what they wanted, but seldom got their desires!

There were others not of the immediate company. Gallegher,—a shy and blushing boy of 14 years, that Daly fished out of the property crew and landed for the part of "Boots."

"I'm no play-actor!" mumbled the youth with his pimply chin bashfully buried in his timid shirt-front.

"I'll make one of you!" roared the Columbus of stageland. "Lift up your chin a bit,—you may scuff your feet as much as you please!" Was this the last actor Daly made?

And now, last but not least, let us mention dear old Mrs. Gilbert. "Grandma," we called her. She was to be whisked upon the scene perched on top of a stage coach, going at the rate of 10 miles an hour down a 70-foot cut and over a cork ground-cloth! When the postillon put on the brakes and nobody looped-the-loop into the pit, a step-ladder was hastily placed for the "descent" and Mrs. Gilbert assisted by the strong arm of Charles Richman, scrambled lightly from the stage coach to the stage. (What remarkable agility in these youthful, old veterans:—if some of our old, youthful actors of today could only imitate them!)

Dear, sweet, amiable Mrs. Gilbert! Can we forget that first speech of hers in "The Great Ruby?" Alas, she never could remember it! When the audience awoke from its surprise and discovered that "Granny" was before them, they would invariably interrupt her with applause. Then she would stop and bow her acknowledgments and then—well, then she would generally turn to us and murmur:

"Dear me, what was I saying and what do I say?"

And we, never having heard the entire speech, would reply in unison (stage whispers, of course):

"Say anything, Mrs. Gilbert, but Shakespeare!"

Ah, those happy days! Those joyful nights! And that last, sad matinee of "The Great Ruby": when the little band of players were informed that their "governor" had passed away in Paris! The curtain fell, the audience merrily disbanded, while the performers sought their dressing rooms in silence! They were to be scattered to the four winds and Daly's Theatre was to become a memory of the past.

WALTER SCOTT HOWARD.
Buzzard's Bay.

Japanese Curio; John Masefield's New Tragedy

John Masefield's tragedy "The Faithful" was thus reviewed by the London Times of April 16:

What is the source of Mr. Masefield's Japanese tragedy "The Faithful," which the Stage Society produced at the King's Hall yesterday afternoon? Did he write it, as the children say, out of his own head, or has it an historical basis (the precise assignment of a date—1701-1702—by the playbill suggests this), or is it a version of some Japanese classic?

It is said that Voltaire, enraged by the public indifference at a performance of one of his tragedies from the Greek, cried out:—"Applaudissez donc, imbeciles, c'est du Sophocle." We may, in our innocence, have taken for a genuine Masefield the masterpiece of some Sophocles of Japan. In any case, Mr. Masefield, whether inventor or historical dramatist or adapter, has been conscientious; he has Japanned himself all over. His play has all the Japanese marks, as we English suppose them: elaborate ceremonials, kimonos, and makemonos, contempt of death, flirting fans, high sense of honor, the sacred duty of vengeance, and polite conversations carried to an interminable length.

Characteristically, too, the tragedy turns on a breach of etiquette. Asano (model of virtue, tha "friend of man") is purposely misled by his enemy, Kira (epitome of all the vices), into approaching the imperial envoy the wrong way. An incorrect genuflexion is sacrilege, and Asano is promptly sentenced to self-slaughter. Upon his death, his friend Kurano summons his retainers, and they take a solemn vow for vengeance. Kurano feels especially responsible, for, had he had not arrived late for the ceremony, he could have put his friend right about the etiquette. It was his wife who caused him to be late, so his first step is to dismiss her. She, we hear, commits suicide (death No. 2). Thereafter Kurano, in order to avoid being killed by the wicked Kira, feigns madness. There is a curious scene wherein Kira's myrmidons stand over him, resolved to kill him at the slightest sign of feigning; but he stands the test. Indeed, he feigns so well as to deceive the retainers, his fellow-avengers, who, disheartened, decide to abandon their purpose. But Kurano rallies them with the news that at this very moment Kira is unguarded. They break into Kira's palace and dispatch first his servant and then himself (deaths Nos. 3 and 4). Finally, an imperial herald announces that they must all kill themselves, and they are carrying out the sentence as the curtain falls (seven more deaths). A genuine Japanese curio, as you see, with long, ugly knives sticking out all over it.

And in so far as English actors can become Japanese, they all beautifully did—Mr. Hubert Carter, a portly, flamboyant, sensual, superb Kira; Mr. Murray Carrington and Mr. Herbert Grimwood, the virtuous friends; Mr. Joseph Dodd, second villain, smooth and sinister; Mr. Leslie Faber, a truculent soldier with a sense of humor, and Mr. Brember Wills, the envoy, who looked like an idol and spoke like an oracle. Some of them were ambitious enough to try the Japanese shuffle, but it wouldn't do. Ne faict pas ce tour qui veult.

Gladys Unger's New Comedy "Our Mr. Hepplewhite"

Miss Mary Moore returns to the stage in an entirely appropriate part in an entirely merry little comedy. She is a matron (variety: impecunious grande dame) with a manner, a lap-dog, innumerable smart gowns and two remarkably troublesome children.

Her son is a young man who takes a hansom from the Strand to the uttermost parts of Surrey "to revive a dying industry" (and because railway fares have to be paid in advance); her daughter secretly engages herself to the manager of a Regent street furniture shop in order to escape from the tediousness of the "swell" set and to enjoy the simple life. When the cat is out of the bag mamma, in order to gain time, invites our Mr. Hepplewhite down to Bagley Towers, and telegraphs to the rest of the family (hence, inter alia, the hansom) for help. She knows, you see, from novels and plays, that the best way of getting rid of an undesirable suitor is to let him make a fool of himself in an unfamiliar set.

But the biter is bit. Our Mr. Hepplewhite, fertile in resource, wins every member of the family to his side; lends money to one, writes a prospectus for another, promises a directorship for a third, flatters the vanity of a fourth. Finally he conquers mamma herself by helping her in a business deal. She can "bear anything" (even the news of her son's marriage to a chorus girl) "with a lump sum down." So our Mr. Hepplewhite, originally a mere "person" ("I thought he looked tired"— "My child, he can't look anything; he's a person"), becomes dear Herbert.

But there is a surprise in store for dear Herbert himself. Mamma's changed mind changes the daughter's mind. She adored dear Herbert that he might release her from her family, not reconcile her to it. Now she loves him no longer. Herbert, too, ceases to love her when he finds himself required by the family to give up the shop. So they each pair off with other nice young sweethearts who happen to be handy.

It is all very diverting fun, this little comedy of Miss Unger's, rippling with wit, punctuated with ludicrous situations, and rich in drollery of character. Miss Moore is quiet in her drollery, shy, unconscious—the silly woman who says shrewd things without knowing it—altogether a most agreeable piece of comedy acting. Then there is Miss Kate Cutler, smart and "dry" as ever, and Mr. Dawson Millward, as an old bore but always a distinguished bore, and Mr. Leslie Howard languidly droll as the hero of the hansom. Mr. Arthur Wontner as the shop man, earnest, ambitious, practical in the shop, sentimental out of it, keeps the whole thing together.

But perhaps the happiest performance of all is Miss Mary Merrall's as the shopman's capricious fiancee. She has to be everything by turns and nothing long—romantically exalted, petulant, teasing, raging, cajoling, in hysterics—and she does it all cleverly, naturally, charmingly. One felt the old familiar family-party atmosphere "in front" at the Criterion last night, and recognized many among the happy, laughing faces. Altogether a pleasant evening.—London Times, April 4.

Notes About the Stage, Actors, Music, Musicians

Sir Charles Wyndham left a fortune of £197,035. He bequeathed to the Garrick Club, "where for over 20 years I passed so many happy hours," his portrait as David Garrick, by Pettie; £400 to his servant, Alfred William Street, if still in his service; the gold jewelled box presented to him by King Edward and Queen Alexandra to his daughter, Mrs. Bower; the diamond ring presented by the late Czar Alexander III., and the gold cigarette box presented by King Edward and Queen Alexandra to his son; and his theatrical souvenirs and presentations to his wife. After providing for a number of legacies and some annuities, the testator leaves the residue of his property as to one-third to his wife and one-third each to his son and daughter.

Cyril Maude may reappear on the London stage this summer in "Tea for Three."

Players in the theatre orchestras of London have profited by the discussion between the National Orchestral Association and the Society of West End Managers. "In the end a compromise was arrived at by which the rates—which, it is understood, are to become operative at once—were fixed at 12s. 6d. a performance for the principals and 10s. 6d. for the seconds. Taking the existing average obtaining at some 16 West End 'musical' houses—11s. 4d. and 9s. 5d. respectively, as against 10s. 5d. and 7s. 8d. (at four leading theatres) before the war—the increase now conceded represents an advance of not more than 1s. 2d. and 1s. 1d. per show. But, as said, the demand for higher remuneration was really based upon the 11s. 9d. rates commonly ruling, so that by the agreement—a temporary measure, it is pointed out—now concluded, the players will obtain an increase all round of 1s. 6d. a performance—or 12s. on the week's eight shows."

Herbert Brennon lectured, April 16, in London on the future of Great Britain as the world's centre of the cinematograph industry. "He is convinced that London is the natural centre for film production, owing to its nearness to the continent. By the aid of a short journey, actual scenes and atmosphere can be obtained with much more ease than in the United States. Miss Marie Doro, for instance, is at present acting in a film, 'Twelve-Ten,' most of which has been photographed in this country. Certain scenes, however, had to be taken in Paris, and the whole company has accordingly proceeded to France for the purpose. For films produced in the United States, such accuracy of detail would probably be a commercial impossibility."

Those who are familiar with Mr. John Booth's "A Century of Theatrical History; the Old Vic," will be able to correct Mr. Albert de Courville's belief that the idea of a mirror curtain belongs to Sir James Barrie. "The theatre (Royal Coburg) was opened on Saturday night, May, 1818," says the historian. There are many contemporary references to the Coburg's "splendid glass curtain" and its "grand marine saloon." The looking-glass curtain was 36 feet in height and 32 feet in breadth and consisted of 63 plates of looking-glass set in a massive gilt carved frame. When not in use it was hauled up into the roof, but its weight, which was five tons, proved a danger to that part of the structure and it was removed. So the idea is well over a hundred years old.—London Daily Chronicle.

The Stage says that Weber and Fields may visit London this year; that Al Jolson refused an offer of $2500 a week to play in London.

The dramatization of Conrad's "Victory" for the London stage has not, as was to be expected, met the approbation of critics. The book depended largely for its effect on atmosphere and psychology—not to speak of those stylistic qualities which are, of course, non-transferable to the stage. A certain amount of the atmosphere and psychology might be reproduced in a dramatization, but not a great deal. Conrad's story would be likely to appear melodramatic on the stage—the story of how the island-dwelling Heyst carries off an unhappy girl named Lena from an orchestra where, touring the South seas, she is being hounded by two disagreeable fellows, and how he defends her and himself when one of them engineers an attack upon their island home later. The ending shows almost as many dead bodies as "Hamlet." One critic remarks of the play that "the subtle analysis of the lovers' feelings eludes the rough grasp of the stage, and what does come through of them is shouted down by the terrifying happenings. These happenings, again, in the book attractively eerie, are brutalized by translation into the terms of flesh and blood." Most of Conrad's books would be as hard to do justice to in a dramatization as must of Henry James's, and for the same reasons.—New York Evening Post.

William F. Hargreaves, an English actor who had played Mr. Cattermole in "The Private Secretary" for 27 years, died last month at the age of 83. A singular accident brought his end. He was lighting a cigarette when a napkin that he was wearing caught fire, set his beard a-blazing and burned his neck and nose. His hands were also injured.

The real enemies of theatrical art are neither revues nor musical comedies, which pretend to be nothing more than they are, but brainless, futile farces, "straight" comedies which have neither wit nor freshness of idea, and would-be serious plays which are a travesty of life.—E. A. Baughan in the Daily News.

The aristocrat and the bourgeois would gain much by the creation of a true people's drama, a drama for the whole people, which should offer some relief, and, finally, perhaps, entire deliverance from tho vapid, the licentious, the vulgar drama. But even a people which, like the people of this era, is proud of being the people, will not take kindly to what is imposed upon it by writiers or players who, after all, are not of the people, but are aristocrats, intelligentsia, bourgeois, tainted with a false democracy and playing down (or up) to the people. In attempting to provide a drama for tha people, we may lose sight of the people's power of providing one for itself.—London Times Literary Supplement.

My ideal audience would be one made up of people who never ask for free seats; one that applauds everything rapturously, never criticises or finds fault, and looks upon everything as the acme of perfection. — Sir Thomas Beecham in the Weekly Dispatch.

At a recent entertainment given in London by the Academy of Dramatic Art, one of the pupils, Beatrice Lewisohn, made a record: "She plays three parts, each of them a murderer par excellence. In Julius Caesar she was the gentle Casca; in a wordless play she had the cheerful duty of strangling a rival in love with her pearl necklace; and in Rupert Brooke's grim drama, 'Lithuania,' her part was that of the lame daughter, who kills her brother with a hatchet, thinking that he is a wealthy traveler—a very effective performance, rewarded by the academy's silver medal.

It may not be without interest to turn back a page or two of the calendar and compare the pre-war theatrical position with that of today. Were we more seriously or more frivolously inclined in the early months of 1914 than in the corresponding period of the present year? With one important qualification relative positions reveal no very marked difference. For instance, of serious plays in the list of Easter attractions in 1914 there were 10 as against the round dozen we are able to boast today. Of comedies there were five as opposed to six, of farces the proportion was five to four, and of musical comedies six to eight. The really essential thing to be noted is that at no single West-end theatre was "Revue" being played, although that particular kind of entertainment was even then to be found at the Alhambra and the Hippodrome, while the New Middlesex was momentarily occupied by a French company appearing in a native revue entitled "C'est Bon." Today, counting everything in the figure stands at seventy.—London Daily Telegraph, April 15.

How comically crude, as well as cruel, the communism of the ignorant Russian Bolshevik of the peasant class is may be shown by an incident vouched for by Mr. I. V. Shklovsky ("Dioneo"), a Russian journalist, who has suffered in the past for his revolutionary zeal. In some cases, he says, peasants took pianos from the estates and sawed them to pieces, so as to be able to divide them according to the number of peasant households! More grim is his story of how a piano "caught cold" through being left out in the rain. The land owner from whom it had been filched was thereupon gilled, because he had "bewitched the machine."—London Daily Chronicle.

Here is an unusual review of a piano recital, one that should be read by young pianists who have been told that they play Chopin's music admirably. The review was published in the London Times of April 8: "Mr. Fryer played Chopin at the Aeolian Hall yesterday. He played it with that careful, painstaking skill that wins first prizes in an examination. It was a kind of hurdle race; all the hurdles were 'flown' with nicely calculated stride, and as he breasted the tape amid punctual applause one felt he had performed a duty manfully. Only, somehow, we must not allow, either in music or in the life it is translating, the permormance of duty to become obvious. To descend to details, Chopin has carefully guarded against a rum-ti-tum effect in the bass by putting all sorts of jolly things in the tenor; and if, from sheer conscientiousness, tenor and bass are given equal value, his mazurkas become a mere article of commerce. His twirls and graces and octave passages are not things in themselves, but a heightening or a metamorphosis of something else that is only hinted at; and if the playing does not make this something else clear, it had better be devoted to another purpose, such as concerned music, where a good conscience is of great value. Again, his music consists largely of a wonderful patterning of rhythms, phrases thrown down athwart one another; overlapping, interpolated—anything to get away from the official square-cut tune; to ignore these is like going to Dartmoor for a holiday, climbing on to a rock at Watersmeet, and pulling out a newspaper to read.

Among the less familiar operas to be performed at Covent Garden during the season that will open tomorrow are Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra," Gluck's "Alceste," Massenet's "Therese," De Lara's "Nall," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Night in May," D'Erlanger's "Tess" will be revived. Among the singers will be Mmes. Destinn, now Destinova, Edvina, Melba, Sharlow, Messrs. Martinelli, Dolli, Dinh, Gilly, Huberdeau, Maguenet, Sampieri (once with the Boston opera company). Newcomers are Marguerite Sheridan, who has sung in Rome; Leila Megam, Thomas Burke, Couzinou. The conductors will be Beecham, Pitt and Mugnone. "But," asks the Daily Telegraph, "what has become of the great Toscanini?"

artistry in it would be a relief.—The Stage (London).

... Davis recently had a shave to tune of the "Arkansaw Traveler." J Duncan had Mr. Davis all lathered when M. J. Dillon picked up the fiddle. There is always a fiddle in the Duncan shop, as the proprietor repairs them. Those who are familiar with the well-known Arkansan musical offering will realize that it goes too fast to be shaved by. It is all right for the straight away places down the cheeks, but for under the chin and where there are uneven places in the surface it does not fit. Before he fully realized it, Mr. Davis was beating time with both feet, Mr. Duncan was shaving him at the rate of 80 hairs to the note, and a couple of other customers were doing a buck and wing in the corner. In the hospital yesterday, Mr. Davis was still a little weak from loss of blood. In future he will be shaved to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" or "Carry Me Back to Tennessee."—Palmer Register.

We all know what the "music" of the aeroplane is, and our ears have become so attuned to it that the least mechanical of us can tell in an instant if anything has gone wrong with the engine. But why not make this "music" of perfect action real music? Is it past the wit of the inventor to make the aeroplane, instead of humming like a bee, sing like the gramophone? Aerial voyages are uniquely solitary, and the airman would experience a welcome mitigation of boredom if he could at will call for a vocal or an orchestral performance from his petrol engines. The adition might also reassure the now terified birds.—London Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Philip H. Williams wrote to the London Daily Telegraph: "It is curious that in quoting the description of 'Tristan' from 'Anne Veronica' you do not refer to the worst blunder of all, for Wells describes the opening of the third act, with its desolation, and refers to the very plaintive melody played by the herdsman on the piccolo! Can you think of any more brutal burlesque of this poignant effect than this cor anglais solo played on the vulgar little piccolo?"

Isidore de Lara's opera "Amy Robsart," based on Scott's "Kenilworth," was performed for the first time in English at Liverpool, April 2. De Lara has written eight operas, but this was the first time that any one of them has been performed in his native language.

The London Times, speaking of Mr. Sammons, violinist, said: "Bruch's Concerto in G minor is not a work that musicians rate high, and it has in the past been worked as hard as if it were in class 1. Mr. Sammons played it as if he had just discovered it. But that is just the beauty of his playing, especially when he asks us to share his finds. This art of discovery is his secret, there are 10,000 fiddlers walking the earth at this moment, penniless, it may be, but certainly forlorn, because they never could discover the gold in the washings. He stumbles, in his turn, across the thing they have found nothing in, and it suddenly fascinates us. He takes these things that others have made sentimental and plays them as if they were true, and, lo! they are true. It is as simple as discovering Uranus or the circulation of the blood, but only one man now and then thinks of doing it."

Apropos of what I have said several times about the ungraceful and unwieldy size of most of our printed music, the size known, I believe, as "full music size," which measures about 14½ in by 10½ in., Mr. W. Elkin tells me that he has experimented for the purpose of single songs (the chief sinners) with a size known as royal, or album, which is 12½ in. by 10 in. He showed me both, and to my mind there is no comparison in charm of appearance, the latter coming easily first. Mr. Elkin pointed out that professional singers almost invariably cut off the margins of their songs, thus reducing them to a similar format as his album size. Further, Mr Elkin declares that he made a saving of 10 per cent. in actual paper in the trying days of the war by thus reducing the size of his music, while at the same time he produced a thing of far more attractive appearance. The smaller shape obviously materially helps to reduce the portmanteau size of the music-case—another important point.—London Daily Telegraph.

The youngest church organist in England is said to be Marjorie Renton, who is 17. She is organist of Markham Square Church, London.

After the grand opera season at Covent Garden, Sir Thomas Beecham purposes to revive opera bouffe.

Promoters of the jazz bands are exploiting "public taste" to such an extent that jazz looks like having a short life over here, like ping-pong, with which it is on a level. One soon tires of musical acrobatics these strenuous times, and something with a little

An "Impression" of the New Opera "Beaucaire"

They were spectral figures in a darkened theatre, only dimly seen even from the stalls. But 18th century "spectres" they certainly didn't look. Yet they were footing it sedately to the strains of a minuet that might easily have come out of 18th century France, and was graceful as only a Frenchman could make it. And—though not at that particular moment—my ears caught a very familiar voice, a voice still familiar even to one who had not heard it for nearly five years—the voice of the loveliest Melisande that the London operatic stage has seen. But the last time I had heard that voice was not in Debussy, but in the immortal Mozart. Of the irresistible Zerlina of Maggie Teyte—for hers was the well-remembered voice—there are many others besides myself who recall happy memories. It was one of the last parts she sang at Covent Garden, I fancy, before the war. And now, on that dimly-lighted stage, not half a mile from Covent Garden, she was singing, not Mozart, or Debussy, but Messager, who, in point of musical elegance, has surely inherited, as it were, the traditions of his country that have come down through the ages that divided Rameau from Debussy.

No program was needed, even if you could have seen to read it in that darkened auditorium, to assure you that it was to a Messager score that you were listening—Messager here and there at his lightest, and always at his daintiest. Who but Messager, for instance, could have written, just in the way that he has written it, that delicate little song in which Lady Mary—she is was, you remember, who enslaved Monsieur Beaucaire"—tells of "a lover bright and brave," or given his orchestra such delicious little things to do in the way of unobtrusive counterpoint? But I must not anticipate criticisms of the music that has been wedded to Adrian Ross's lyrics in Frederick Lonsdale's version of the play which ran for many hundreds—or was it thousands?—of nights with Lewis Waller in the title part. The piece, with, in the leading roles, Marion Green (an American singer with a high baritone voice which can hardly fail to make good), Robert Parker, another American artist, whose excellent work last season with the Beecham company will not have been forgotten, and Miss Teyte, comes to production at Birmingham on Monday, while a fortnight from today will see it staged at Prince's. There will be time enough to discuss its melodies then.

But it was very interesting to enjoy the privilege of hearing them at the first, and, I believe, only full rehearsal with orchestra that has been held in London, and to see, as through a glass darkly, those beaux and ladies strutting it, under Mr. Malone's vigilant eyes, in clothes such as only the deluded vision of a Don Quixote could have mistaken for silks and laces and brocades. And it was interesting, too, to snatch a few words with Miss Teyte, and hear her opinion of the play and its music. Nothing so informal and forbidding, this, as an "interview." But there can be no harm in saying how "happy," to quote her own expression, is that delightful singer to be home once again after three years in America, where she has been very busy—and successful—with her opera and concert work. Just before returning to England she was appearing at the Park Theatre, New York, in an opera season run by the American Society of Singers, assuming, among other parts, "Mignon" and "Madame Butterfly." What wouldn't our opera lovers give to see so dainty a Chio-Chio-San? Also she created the title role in an American opera called "Bianca," composed by Henry Hadley. Toward the end of the present year the Chicago Opera Company will claim her services.

Surely it is permissible to add that Miss Teyte is charmed with the part of Lady Mary, and loves singing the music assigned to her in the opera. Many years ago George Edwardes, as I remember his telling me at the time, tried hard to lure Miss Teyte from the paths of "grand" opera. She would of course have made an ideal "Veronique." But the offer of a very tempting salary could not induce her to depart from the lines she had laid down for herself in her artistic career. However, happily for "Beaucaire" and London playgoers, she offered no resistance to Mr. Gilbert Miller's suggestion, made to her a year ago in America, and referred to here at the time, that she should identify herself with a Messager work. "Isn't 'Beaucaire,'" she asked me as a voice was heard summoning her back to the stage, "a fine subject for opera?" I answered "in the affirmative."—E. K. in the London Daily Telegraph of April 5.

OPENING WEEKS OF THE POPS

Opening Night, Monday, May 5

Entrance of the Boyards .... Halvorsen
Overture, "William Tell" .... Rossini
(a) Pastorale for wind octet....... Scarlatti
(b) Capriccio for strings....... Scarlatti
Fantasia, "Carmen"....... Bizet
Rondo Capriccioso....... Mendelssohn
Harp solos:
(a) "Idyll"
(b) "Spanish Dance"....... Holy
Mr. Holy
Enfantillage....... Van Westerhout
Finale of "Scheherazade"....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Fantasia, "La Tosca"....... Puccini
Sacrificial Dance from "The Promise of Medea" .... Randegger
"Love's Dream After the Ball"....... Czibulka
Rhapsody, "Espana"....... Chabrier

Wednesday, May 7, Milliners' Night

March and Cortege from "The Queen of Sheba" .... Gounod
Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor"...Nicolai
Waltz, "Les Sirenes"....... Waldteufel
Fantasia, "Madama Butterfly"....... Puccini
Ballet Suite, "Sylvia"....... Delibes
'Cello solo, "The Swan"....... Saint-Saens
Mr. Miquelle
"Children's Parade"....... Van Westerhout
"Dance of the Hours," from "La Gioconda" .... Ponchielli
Selection, "Mademoiselle Modiste"....Herbert
Reve Angelique....... Rubinstein
Waltz, "Wine, Women and Song"......Strauss
March, "Pomp and Circumstance"....... Elgar

Friday, May 9

Coronation March, "The Prophet"...Meyerbeer
Overture to "Mignon"....... Thomas
Madrigal .... Cacini
(Orchestrated by Mr. Jacchia)
Fantasia, "Aida"....... Verdi
"Roumanian Rhapsody"....... Enesco
Organ solo, "Cantabile"....... Franck
Mr. Snow
Giga for wind octet....... Van Westerhout
"Dance of the Hours," from "La Gioconda" .... Ponchielli
Selection, "Sinbad"....... Romberg
Waltz, "La Barcarole"....... Waldteufel
Nocturne, op. 48, No. 1....... Chopin-Jacchia
Introduction of Act III. "Lohengrin"..Wagner

Saturday, May 10

March, "Entrance of the Gladiators"....Fucik
Overture, "Poet and Peasant"....... Suppe
Minuet .... Puccini
Fantasia, "Mefistofele"....... Boito
Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 2....... Bizet
Violin solo, "Souvenir de Moscou"..Wieniawski
Mr. Hoffmann
"Romanza" .... Martucci
First Hungarian Rhapsody....... Liszt
Intermezzo, Act III., "Jewels of the Madonna" .... Wolf-Ferrari
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube".Strauss
"Rondo d'Amour"....... Van Westerhout
Overture, "1812"....... Tschaikowsky

He that enquires anything of an old man, though the story doth not at all concern him, wins his heart, and urges one that is very willing to discourse:

Nelides Nestor, faithfully relates
How great Atrides died, what sort of fate;
And where was Menelaus largely tell?
Did Argos hold him when the hero fell?

Here is a multitude of questions and variety of subjects which is much better than to confine and cramp his answers, and so deprive the old man of the most pleasant enjoyment he can have.

A Run of Shad

"Jack shad at 30 and 35 cents and roe shad at 45 cents."

We like to think of the old days when the Connecticut shad were so numerous that they were despised by the greater number of the English. "It was discreditable," said an old writer, "for those who had a competence to eat shad; and it was disreputable to be destitute of salt pork, and the eating of shad implied a deficiency of pork." Fishermen often took salmon from the net and threw back the shad into the river. Some were prejudiced because the Indians relished shad. In Hadley a family was about to dine on shad, when there was a knock at the door. The platter was immediately hid under the bed. Yet John Pynchon, who was blessed in this world's goods, sold in 1683 a fish net and received in pay some shad packed for the market and "50 shad for my family spending at times." It is said that Connecticut shad packed in barrels were advertised in Boston in 1736. Three years before in Northampton shad were sold for a penny each. Not till 1784 in that region did the price rise to 4 pence. Let us now praise one Ebenezer Hunt, who, though he puchased bass, suckers, pickerel and eels, remarked in 1743, "Shad are very good, whether one has pork or not." Salmon not long after the revolution were sold from 2 to 3 pence a pound. Sylvester Judd in his "History of Hadley" gives an interesting account of fishing during the shad season. The river banks near the falls were crowded. Some journeyed from Berkshire county. "All came on horses with bags to carry shad, except a very few who had carts. * * * Where there were so many men, and rum was plenty, there was of course much noise, bustle and confusion."

So was shad despised for years, as sweetbreads in our little village of the sixties were tossed away contemptuously by the butcher or thrown in with meat for a purchaser of a finer taste than that of his neighbor. Tomatoes were then frowned on; they were popularly supposed to induce cancer. Oysters came in little kegs, but there were many in the parish "sociable" stews. Good old days, when farmers killed their pigs in the increase of the moon, so that the pork might swell, not shrink, in the barrel or the kettle.

We have quoted Sylvester Judd. He was not a friend of the Demon Rum in any one of his enticing forms, yet he recorded faithfully alcoholic doings in Hadley and the neighborhood. Here is a note that should now be pondered

"Beer. Household beer was made in most families in these river towns more ... Mill ... in 1800 his history ... published in 1863 ... was generally brewed once a week, malt, hops, dried pumpkin, dried apple parings, and sometimes rye bran, birch twigs and other things were put into the brewing kettle and the liquor was strained through a sieve." Mr. Judd added in a footnote: "Hops grew wild in the valley of the Connecticut, but not in sufficient quantity, most farmers had a few hop vines and poles as long as family beer was brewed."

"Do to Others"

As the World Wags:

Reading the statistics of crime in Detroit for "the year previous and the year subsequent to inauguration of dry regime" in that city, I saw this item: "Golden Rule drunks, wet, 7355, dry —." Will you kindly inform me as to the exact nature of a Golden Rule drunk? Is it a "still," a "dumb," a "hun," or only a light working jag? Is the one haled into the police court ossified, paralyzed, screaming, or only pleasantly "lit up"? I regret to say I do not find any note on this subject for my colossal work. My papers are in confusion, for I moved on May 1 from Blossom Court, and am new visiting a friend.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clairmont, N. H.

Date Wanted

As the World Wags:

At the Algonquin Club a party of gentlemen were viewing the parade of the 26th YD. Comparisons were made with other parades of former years, including a parade at the time of the dedication of the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument on Boston Common. The writer, at that time a private in C company, Pierce light guard, 4th battalion, was in the parade. One of the party stated that it was in the year of 1880. Others thought it was prior to 1878.

Have you at hand any data that will fix the date? Other particulars relating to the parade would be interesting to some of your readers, including

Boston. SAMUEL JONES

This monument was completed and dedicated on Sept. 17, 1877. You will find a description of the monument and a few lines about the parade on the day of dedication in "King's Dictionary of Boston," edited by Edwin M Bacon. Cambridge, 1883.—Ed.

"Forgo" or "Forego"

Your note on Printing House square spelling (writes a correspondent) is a reminder that many of us are still hazy as to the correct use of "forgo" and "forego," both of which are good words. The purist insists upon a distinct difference in meaning. To forgo means to go without, to forego is to go before, to precede. In the latter sense however "forego" ... to have seen its best days and survives only in its past participle "foregone" and its present participle "foregoing." For some reason or other most people are inclined to drop "forgo," and if you turn the word up in some of our dictionaries you will find: "Forgo: see Forego."—London Daily Chronicle.

O'SULLIVAN GIVES SECOND CONCERT

John O'Sullivan, the Irish tenor of the Chicago and Paris operas, gave his second concert of the season at Symphony Hall last evening, assisted by Hazel Clark, violinist. Marcel Charlier was the accompanist for Mr. O'Sullivan and James Ecker for Miss Clark.

Mr. O'Sullivan sang pieces by Handel, Bucharoff, Duparc, Bizet, Leve, Moore and Puccini, as well as several anonymous songs. Miss Clark played selections by Saint Saens, Boehm, Albeniz, Sitt and Winternitz. There was a large audience that applauded the artists warmly. Both were generous with encores.

In the opening number, the Handel aria, Mr O'Sullivan was noticeably unsteady, and it was not until the fourth number, the Bizet aria, that the singer regained himself. This number, less exacting than the first, was sung with fine musical intelligence; with subtlety of tonal expression and with freedom and elegance of phrasing. The singer was more especially in the vein in the group of Irish songs, by far the outstanding feature of his performance. These songs were sung as by the Irishman of the soil; little less than enchanting in nuance, in the expression of pretty sentiment, there was always a lucidity of text that added to the pleasure of this group.

Miss Clark's contributions were conspicuous in tone coloring, in dexterity and in technical skill.

May 7 1919

HAWAIIAN PLAY

By PHILIP HALE

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Bird of Paradise," a love story of Hawaii, in three acts and five scenes, by Richard Walton Tully. Produced by Oliver Morosco.

Liliha, a Hula dancer.....Kuini
Makia, a convert.....Louise Winslow
Kanoa.....David Kalil
Kapule.....James Halemanu
Naihe.....E. Paleko
Kuakini.....J. Pilipo
Lanipule.....W. B. J. Aeko
Mahumahu.....Rose Watson
Kala.....Chas. E. Bird
Hopoe.....Marie Bird
Konia.....Janet Seaton
Lemuele.....Carlo Do Angelo
Hewahewa.....John Sumner
Luana.....Florence Rockwell
Paul Wilson.....Robert Brister
Captain Hatch.....Albert Andruss
Mr. Sysonby.....Frederick Forrest
Mrs. Sysonby.....Carrie Weller
Diana Larned.....Spring Byington
"Ten-Thousand-Dollar" Dean.John Waller
Hoheno.....Hal Castle
Tomoro.....Francis Wynne
Mrs. Grothers.....Olive Sothern

This play was first seen in Boston at the Majestic Theatre in April, 1913. The revival only strengthened the impression it then made, when Miss Barriscale took the part of Luana, Lewis S. Stone the part of the insufferable cad Wilson, a fit playmate for Lt. B. F. Pinkerton; and Guy Bates Post was the beachcomber Dean, formerly bacteriologist, miscroscopist, and otherwise a "scientific gent," who was rescued from rum and consequent degradation by a ky-ind word spoken to him by Diana, for she wondered at this ragged, unshaven man, quoting correctly from Omar Khayyam. It will be remembered that, taking a trace, he discovered the leprosy bug and was given $10,000 by Capt. Hatch, representing a sugar company, whereupon Diana admitted that she had loved him for two years.

The interest in this play lies in the foreign scenes, customs, folk lore. The chief characters are of little dramatic importance. The white man that marries a dark woman and suffers thereby, so that at last, when his passion is dead, he abuses her cruelly, is an old acquaintance in fiction and on the stage. The sugar man, the long-beard priest, the missionary and his wife, the outcast that becomes clean within and without and shaves daily, all for the sake of a woman, they too, are familiar figures. The abused wife, whether her home is in Africa, India, Arabia or on a South Sea island, is also not a stranger. But there is a peculiar fascination in the Hawaiian music and dancing and in the superstitions introduced in the course of the action. The music is far more eloquent than Mr. Tully's dialogue; far more interesting than the general construction of the play, which could be cut freely to possible advantage.

Or was it the slow pace of the performance last night that made the play seem interminable? Or was it that the spectator became tired of Luana's prattle in the first two acts? Chatter that was childish rather than girlish, her attempts to conform to the table etiquette of white men and women of "high society" were evidently welcomed by some in the audience as a relief, and the same persons evidently regarded Mr. Wilson as a comic character when he was abusing her and breaking her heart. Fortunately, there was a practical volcano to hold the attention of the spectators after 11 P. M. Yet one went away with a pleasant collection of island scenes, voluptuous dancing and strange and haunting music. One remembered also that the players had much to say and said it in the best of their ability.

Nor indeed does it appear to me advisable, in the most perfect state to which human nature can be brought, that more than nine in 12 should decide on guilt or innocence. For take the better informed half of the world, put the names into an urn, draw them out at hazard and by twelves, and you will surely find at least three in that number weak, obstinate or dishonest.

Water Horns

As the World Wags:

Water horses are as an open book before me, but by the Great Horn Spoon water horns are yet a mystery. You spoke of them some days ago as fresh water birds, but my ornithological friends seem to know them not. Are they not described in the Horn-book? Unfortunately I have not a copy at hand.

I have a bottle of the genuine Drake's Plantation Bitters, S. T. 1860 X, with the seal unbroken, which the maker guarantees to be made of St. Croix rum, Calisaya bark and other roots and herbs. This will I give to the man who traces my mind to water horns.

L. I. N. A. P. S.

We have heard water spouts called water horns, and read of horns as holders of water, but something in our heart tells us that "A. P. S." has a jest up his sleeve.—Ed.

Arnaldo Conti

It is said that Arnaldo Conti died recently at Milan. He was a proud man on Nov. 8, 1909, when he conducted the first opera, "La Gioconda," in the Boston Opera House. On the stage were Mmes. Nordica, Homer, Mottschick, and Messrs. Constantino, Baklanoff, Nivette, Pulcini and Stroesco. Coming here with the San Carlo company, Mr. Conti had the rude task of drilling an orchestra for the new house. He was a conductor versed in the traditions of the older Italian school; a man of great experience in routine, one clothed in authority. He was not imaginative; not a man of delicate nuances and finesse in interpretation; he was honest, faithful and zealous in all that he undertook. The success of the first season was largely due to him. His name was dropped from the list of conductors at the beginning of the fifth season, but for many months he had been made to feel that his services were not necessary.

When on Feb. 25, 1918, he conducted in that opera house "Dinorah," performed by the Chicago Opera Association, there was no applause, not the slightest recognition when he took his stand. Audiences are forgetful, not necessarily callous or cruel. Was Mr. Conti out to the quick, standing unnoticed where in former years he had been so often applauded? He made no sign; he went calmly on with the afternoon's work.

A Soft Answer

The following printed form of reply sent out by a Vermont correspondent to "invaders of his exhausted purse in these days of habitual mendicancy" may serve timid souls in Boston:

My Dear Friend:

I flatter myself that I have a spirit of loyalty and generosity; I have contributed to each and every object that has been presented to me, but I have to decline helping your cause along for the following reasons:

I have been held up, held down, sandbagged, walked on, sat on, rolled over, flattened out, and squeezed; first by the United States government for the federal war tax, the auto tax, the tire tax, the excess profits tax, the Liberty loan bonds, and the bonds of matrimony; in Vermont for the state tax, the highway tax, the income tax, the auto tax, the school tax and the syntax, and every society and organization the inventive mind of man can invent to extract what you may or may not possess, from the Society of St. John the Baptist, the G. A. R., the Women's Relief Corps, the men's relief, the foreign relief, the stomach relief, the wifeless, the husbandless, the childless, the conscienceless, the navy league, the Red Cross, the green cross, the double cross, and every other cross of all colors, and, because I would not sell all that I have and go beg, borrow and steal, I have been cussed, talked about, lied to and lied about, hung up, robbed, and nearly ruined, and now I wonder what in hell is coming next.

Yours sincerely,

The Candid Waiter

We have all heard of the waiter in a Boston eating house that advised frequenters concerning dishes to be ordered or shunned. If Jones spoke of soft-boiled eggs—"three minutes, no more"—for breakfast, the waiter would answer: "I wouldn't today, sir; better have 'em scrambled." We read yesterday of a candid waiter in London, a stranger to the man dining. This waiter, an almost extinct specimen, the writer said, was almost alarmingly explicit about the bill of fare.

"That—better not have that, it is not nice. That? As monsieur pleases, but—probably monsieur will be safest with a steak. Special coffee? It comes out of the same pot, and they charge you 3d. more."

And why the refreshing candor? "We went back to this restaurant again in search of the treasure. And then the mystery was explained. That waiter? He is gone. Last week? Ah, yes, his last night."

Dancer Returns to Keith's

Mlle. Dazie, assisted by M. Kobeleff, and Ed Janis, and an ensemble consisting of the Misses Heiser, Williams, Hansen and Bunn, in a dancing repertory, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a fair sized audience that was deeply interested. Arrangement and staging of dances by M. Giuseppe Bonfiglio of the Metropolitan Opera House ballet conducted.

Mlle. Dazie's present dancing is one of the best in her long line of successes. She is one of the best dancers on the vaudeville stage and her work as a pantomimist has already excited wonder. She was seen in a wide variety of dances, though much emphasis was placed on the toe style. The act bears the stamp of elegance, and each performer has his or her part in rounding out the whole.

Following this act appeared Watts and Storey in a dancing travesty of the old days that was the big laughing number of the bill. They are good comedians, as well as skilled dancers.

Ernest Ball, one of the most agreeable comedians on the circuit, is back again singing his old successes and some new. He is assisted by Maud Lambert, an Amazonian brunette with an agreeable voice. The act went big.

Other acts were the Four Roeders, posers; Elinore and Williams, in songs and chatter; Vinie Daly, in a song cycle; Jerrie Hayward and company in a sketch; Libonati, instrumentalist; La Vail and Sister, in an aerial act.

An extra feature was the Liberty loan appeal, conducted by Sam Williams. Gen. Edwards, sitting in an obscure seat in the rear, was induced to say a few words, which he did in his characteristically terse style. A large number of bonds were sold.

FIRST OF POPS

With an augmented orchestra of symphony players—80 instead of the former 55—the Pops opened for the season in Symphony Hall last night under the leadership of Agide Jacchia. The hall was crowded, the balconies filled and all the tables on the floor occupied. This was the program:

K. P.

Entrance of the Boyards.....Halvorsen
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini
Pastorale for wind octett } D. Scarlatti
Capriccio for strings } (1685 - 1757)
(Arranged by Mr. Jacchia)
Fantasia, "Carmen".....Bizet
Rondo Capriccioso.....Mendelssohn
Harp solo, "Idyll," "Spanish Dance"
(Alfred Holy)
Holy
Enfantillage (Children at play)
van Westerhout
Finale of "Scheherazade"
Rimsky-Korsakoff
Fantasia, "La Tosca".....Puccini
Sacrificial dance from "The Promise of Medea".....Randegger
Love's Dream After the Ball....Czibulka
Rhapsody, "Espana".....Chabrier

Under the snappy vigor of Mr. Jacchia's conducting the orchestra played with the zest, sonority, brilliance and finesse that have made these concerts famous. All the numbers were warmly acclaimed and several "extras" were added. Among the added numbers, a Volga boatmen's song, wierd, sombre, with the flowing swing of the great river and hints of vastness and tragedy, made a particularly deep impression.

The "Carmen" fantasia, Mendelssohn's Rondo with his "Spring Song" added, the dainty and skipping "Enfentillage," "Scheherazade" and "Love's Dream After the Ball" won special plaudits.

Though the music, the orchestra and the leadership were all that could be desired, though the more popular numbers were greeted with all the old-time vigor of applause, it was a very different opening night of the Pops from those in former days. Something—the nearness of the war, the shadow of July 1, which has already taken even the slight alcoholic "pep" from the Pops drinks as they used to be, the Victory loan drive, the all-pervading H. C. L., possibly, a combination effect of all these, at any rate, something—had made a noticeable change.

The Pops were never hilarious, but were at least vivacious. Last night there was a distinct haze of emphasized decorum over all. The impression was aided by the costumes of the women. There was scarcely a bit of color to be seen. The hats were—just hats. The feminine portion of the audience looked more like a large meeting of a suburban woman's club than it did like the varicgated flower gardens that formerly bloomed on the Pops' opening nights. It may be better so; this is said simply to enter the fact in the record.

Not a cork was heard, not an opening of a bottle—all this was done to the ginger ale and grape juice outside and the soft drinks were brought in swiftly and silently by girl waiters in white aprons and neat caps. The aspect of it all, the genteel atmosphere that hung even about the Greek goddesses near the ceiling comported perfectly with the list given in the programs and headed simply: "To Drink." It was a varied list, even if it was a sad one to some of those present, and at the end was a special collection labeled: "What's in a Name?" from which one could thoughtfully choose loganberry juice or root beer or ginger champagne. Whether for better or worse it was certainly evident at the Pops last night that things were different "before the war."

ARLINGTON THEATRE — "The Shaughraun." Drama in four acts and 16 scenes, by Dion Boucicault. The cast:

Capt. Molineux.....Dudley Ayres
Robert Ffoliott.....Aubrey Bosworth
Fr. Doolan.....Edward Wade
Corry Kinchela.....Mark Elliston
Harvey Duff.....Mark Kent
Conn, the Shaughraun.....Robert Cummings
Sergt. Jones.....George Parsons
Arte O'Neale.....John Robinson
Claire Ffoliott.....Kate Ryan
Mrs. O'Kelly.....Beth Calvin
Moya.....Beth Calvin

Everybody remembers "The Shaughraun," and nearly everybody wants to see it again, to judge by its reception at the Arlington Theatre yesterday afternoon and evening. Nearly half a century has passed since Dion Boucicault wrote this stirring play of Irish life and character, and for many years he himself played the title role of the irrepressible Conn.

Many others have acted Conn since Boucicault died. Mark Kent played the part at the Arlington Theatre yesterday, and brought to life once more one of the favorite characters of the Irish drama. Conn is a young fellow of infinite wit and resourceful ability to get himself both into and out of trouble, and Mr. Kent makes him the happiest of happy-go-lucky never-do-wells.

As for the play itself, little need be said. Its romantic story holds the attention of the audience from beginning to end. The scenery has been painted specially for this production. Mr. Ayres makes a stalwart English officer, and Mr. Bosworth and Miss Robinson a fine pair of lovers. Kate Ryan was cordially greeted in the role of Mr. O'Kelly.

Next week the play at the Arlington Theatre will be "The Silent Witness."

May 7 1919

SHOPPING.

It is stated that husbands in increasing numbers are purchasing dresses and hats as presents for their wives.

By folly led astray
I bought my wife a hat,
And though some men may say
There is not much in that,
I still must rue the day
I bought my wife a hat.

She wore it with a smile
Was very sweet to see,
But it was masking guile
As artful as could be—
For disregarding style
She bought a hat for me!

—A. W. B. in London Daily Chronicle.

Smoking in Church

Eleven of an English church congregation have urged that smoking should be allowed during service. Tobacco in various forms put worshippers in a truly devotional spirit. There was smoking in a Cambridge (Eng.) church early in the 17th century: witness the notice issued to the students of the university prior to a visit of James I in 1615, enjoining that "noe graduate scholler or student of this universitie presume to take tobacco in Saint Marie's churcho uppon payne of finall expillinge the universitle." Nine years later Pope Urban VIII published a decree of excommunication against all who took snuff in the church. Pope Innocent VII in 1690, excommunicated all those found taking snuff or using tobacco in any manner in St. Peter's at Rome. Let us hope that no Italian suffered the fate of the Duke of Harcowit, who died of apoplexy soon after Louis XIV forbade snuff-taking at court, a practice to which the Duke was immoderately addicted. We have read somewhere that the Dutch smoked freely in their churches. In one of Scott's novels, "The Heart of Midlothian"?—a person of high degree smokes, during a sermon, tobacco borrowed from others in the congregation. Was there ever smoking in a New England church? Children smoked cigars here over 100 years ago as English children puffed pipes. Sutcliffe, an English Quaker, who travelled in America from 1804 to 1806 noted this fact. "I have remarked that some people in America have a great predilection for wearing boots and for smoking segars. Even children of five or six years of age are sometimes seen in their boots smoking segars." Probably not in church. In the sixties or seventies a fantastical story was published in Harper's magazine. It described the experiences of certain Americans who found themselves in a meeting house of the Pilgrims in the earliest days. One of these Americans was detected in the act of chewing during the sermon. The foolish man thought to escape notice by spitting into his plug hat while he was kneeling in a pew. He was thrown out of the meeting house. It was a queer story; by J. W. De Forest, if we are not mistaken; and it was illustrated. One of the pictures showed the wretched chewer in the fury of expectoration. If there is to be smoking in our churches, only pipes should be allowed. Churchwardens would be the most appropriate; the bowls should be capacious.

Anecdote for All Days

Robert Browning, dining with George W. E. Russell, was bottonholed by a boresome, questioning fellow-guest. Browning found freedom by exclaiming finally: "My dear fellow, this is too bad; I am monopolizing you."

"S. T. 1860 X"

As the World Wags:

[illegible] of "The Letters of [illegible]" [illegible] of Feb. 9, 1919, this [illegible]:

"[illegible] the American missionary [illegible] to be a Scotchman named [illegible] to a Mr Lesley, described as '[illegible] in hieroglyphics and cortouches,' [illegible] much service to the party. '[illegible] to him,' says Susan, 'we all [illegible] II like a familiar friend, [illegible] of life is as readily recognized [illegible] as common here as S. J. 1860 on [illegible] Ruins of West Roxbury.' This [illegible] sign should be S. T. 1860X, [illegible] the well known emblem [illegible] the glass bottles of Drake's [illegible] Bitters at the time when Susan [illegible] wrote. Being interpreted, it [illegible] supposed to signify, 'sure thing in [illegible] from 1860,' meaning that the proprietor would attain opulence by the [illegible]."

The error in the Letters has been corrected in a new printing now being made.

I did not see "Dryasdust's" letter in [illegible] column of April 20, referred to in [illegible] letter printed May 2, and [illegible] may in this note be duplicating [illegible] communication of "Dryasdust."

[illegible] on the Sun's comment [illegible] more modern than 1860, but probably Rameses II, used an Egyptian equivalent of it himself.

EDWARD N. TEALL,
Sec. Marshall Jones Company.
Boston.

We do not accept the Sun's explanation. We remember hearing in the late [illegible] that the strange characters painted on fences, barns and sheds stood for "Started Trade in 1860 with [illegible]." This explanation is more reasonable than the one offered by the Sun. [illegible] Reddall's "Fact, Fancy and Fable" has failed us. Reading from "St" to "S[illegible]," we came across a paragraph that is now of vital interest: "[illegible] Pig. A New England synonym for a glass of liquor. To avoid a very stringent liquor law, a citizen of [illegible] erected a booth, hung out a placard announcing 'the striped pig [illegible] on exhibition,' and then served drinks to those who paid for admission. The same ruse was repeated in Boston during the severe winter of [illegible] when the harbor was frozen over and a sort of fair was held on the ice." How imperfect are all these books purporting to diffuse knowledge! In Mr. Reddall's there is nothing about a "blind tiger."—Ed.

May 8 1919

To T. B. B. No, the opinion about the [illegible] of 12, published in this column last Tuesday morning, was not ours. Having [illegible] on the jury, we naturally have [illegible] for the 12 men in a box. Walter Savage Landor put the words published on Tuesday into the mouth of Peter Leopold talking with President du Paty. We marked the paragraph in the copy '[illegible],' but the composing room ruled otherwise and laid us open to the charge of plagiarism, also of entertaining a low view of human nature.

"So Soon Forgot?"

As the World Wags:

In a letter in last Sunday's Herald, Mr. Walter Scott Heward referred to a well-known member of Augustin Daly's company as "W. E. Owens." He possibly confounded an older actor, John E. Owens, with the later one, "William F. Owen," for William F. Owen was the Shakespearian comedian, who has not been surpassed in some characters, and whose Sir Toby Belch and Falstaff have not been equalled on this side the Atlantic in this generation.

S. A. MERRILL.
[illegible].

"Serpent-Like Wisdom"

Here is the copy of a letter sent to a [illegible] firm in London from a correspondent in Japan. The letter was passed by the censor:

"Regarding the matter of escaping penalty for non-delivery of the Bar Machine, there is a way to creep around same by Diplomat and we must make [illegible] strike occur our Factory (of course [illegible] untrue. Please address my firm in enclosed form of letter and believe this will avoid penalty of case. As Mr. [illegible] is most religious and competent man [illegible] heavily upright and godly, it fears [illegible] useless apply for his signature. Please attach same by Yokohama office, making forge, but no cause to fear of [illegible] on happening, as this is often operated by other merchants of highest integrity. It is highest unfortunate Mr. [illegible] godlike and excessive awkward for business purpose. I think much better and little serpent-like wisdom to upright manhood and thus found a good business [illegible]."

Unnatural History

As the World Wags:

[illegible] of the [illegible] colony of them on the side of Bean Hill in New Hampshire, a region familiar to certain nature lovers for many years past.

In the mouting season the tree-squeaks are as silent as a politician with his ear to the ground, but at other times they make such a racket as to disturb the neighboring farmers at their evening devotions. In May, when the fleur-de-lis is in bloom, the tree-squeak is in full voice. These flowers are his favorite food, and it is the opinion of many naturalists that the remarkable carrying power of the tree-squeak's note is due to the peculiar properties of the pollen of these lilies. One of the farmers above-mentioned has a captive ratel who is very fond of tree-squeaks, as well as they of him. They often play together when the ratel is unchained in the farm yard in the early morning hours, and the red-eyed virago—virago noveboracensis—is holding forth with "Hear me! See me!" in the nearby apple orchard. Some thrifty farmers have a contrivance by which the eggs laid by the tree-squeaks are conducted down an inclined plane into a pail of water glass, which at his leisure is put in the cellar by the hired man when full.

Then there is the fur-bearing pet, the tick-tock, but a description of this unusual creature must be reserved for another article. It may interest your West Roxbury readers to know that the tick-tock is often seen on Muddy Pond hill, Mt. Bellevue, near the massive Roman tomb, built by the city fathers as a receptacle to hold the water supply for the thirsty prohibitionists of ward 23. It is pleasant to lounge about there towards evening and watch Monadnock and his brethren outlined against the north-western horizon as the sunset fades away.

J. W.
West Roxbury.

Whence "Whang," and Why?

As the World Wags:

I seem to be "hoodooed" as to getting my name correctly printed. In my first article, my middle initial was given as "M." instead of "W." In my article of May 3 the surname was printed "Hawley" instead of "Hayley." However, such is the common fate of persistent scribblers.

Now as to the use of the word "Whang." I recognize the right of the editor to inquire as to its source and extent. Aside from ancient hoary tradition, so far as I know widespread and never called in question, I need cite but one authority, which I deem conclusive.

In the Century Dictionary, Vol. VI., p. 6885, under the word "Whang," signification 3, we read as follows—"Formerly in Maine and some other parts of New England, a housecleaning party; a gathering of neighbors to aid one of their number in cleaning house."

Regard it as unnecessary to cite other authorities.

J. W. HAYLEY.
Centre Tuftonboro, N. H.

But why the word "whang" for this neighborly act?—Ed.

Modern Manners

Are we less courteous, or is it that the military spirit still rules us? It is a fact, however, that the time-honored custom of raising the hat to women has become unpopular, and its place taken by a semi-military salute. Whether this will continue when the war spirit has worn off remains to be seen. In the meantime our hats should last a little longer.—London Daily Chronicle.

For he being perplexed with an egregious prater, and tired out with his absurd stories and idle repetitions of "And is not this a wonderful thing, Aristotle?"—No wonder at all, said he, is this; but if a man should stand still to hear you prate thus, who had legs to run away, that were a wonder, indeed.

Conservative Englishmen

We read that an elderly man working in a government office in London wears daily a beaver hat that has been in use for 68 years. It was handed down to him by his grandfather. No one sings today that once popular song with the direct appeal, "Where did you get that hat?" or this London clerk would be cheered by music on his way.

There is another Londoner who sports in rough weather an overcoat he has worn for forty odd years. "It was made in 1851 by the master tailor of the Carbineer regiment for an officer, whose valet the present wearer was, and to whom it was bequeathed after 10 years' wear. It was taken to Mr. Poole, the tailor, to be copied, but, alas, no such cloth, even in 1866, was to be found to equal that remarkable coat. It was the last of the Mohicans in coats. And the present wearer is proudest when he dons it, with feet shod in a pair of shooting boots given to him 50 years ago."

[illegible] Advertising

As the World Wags:

[illegible] to [illegible] of [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible] before many bank doors [illegible] noticed here on May 1, and [illegible] another example of them on M[illegible] street was found on the alleged "Bell-in-Hand" circle. Further down that street, the artist-in-ochre evidently got another brand of "jig-water," for, under the shadow of the clocktower, several sets of footprints were seen having two imprints of the left foot before one of the right.

At a later date, too, many of the footprints have had addition of blue inscriptions therein, but the lettering was so crowded as to make them practically illegible. Wiser in their generation, in advertising for fools, were light women of the ancient Greek world: sometimes they had nails on their shoes so arranged that a plain message was visible in their footprints. The sole of such a shoe (of about the second century of our era, and with one line of lettering, the equivalent of "follow me") is depicted in Dictionnaire d'Archeologie Chretienne et de Liturgie, III, i, 1257 and similar practices among the ancient Jews are noted in Jewish Quarterly Review, 1915-16, VI, 19-20; both these books are in the Boston Public Library, but have doubtless been overlooked by the historians of two of our great local industries—shoemaking and printing. Yet where is any earlier example of printing by a line-o'-type?

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

The Water-Horse

As the World Wags:

It is a fact well known to students of Darwin that nature sometimes tends to compensate for the rarity of a species by making it more prolific, and it might be well to caution A. P. S. that the water-horse breeds so much faster than other species that a single specimen will effect, by cross-breeding, the deterioration of an entire drove of thoroughbreds of our ordinary American species. The experiment of hybridization has failed wherever tried. It was hoped, of course, that interbreeding would produce an amphibious type, but it was invariably found that the gills of the young disappeared before the lungs were fully developed, so that the offspring died before reaching maturity from insufficient oxygenation of the blood.

The well known attempt to cross the American buffalo with the Jerboa or water-buffalo of Java failed for the same reason; and a case was brought to the attention of this department where a sheep-raiser had ruined a fine flock of Holstein sheep by putting a water-ram in the pasture with them. The ewes next season all had web-footed lambs.

J. B. NIXON.
Curator of the Hybridization Department, Museum of Natural History.

As the World Wags:

Mere length of description is not sufficient in the effort to convey to the reader an adequate conception of the appearance of strange objects of natural history. I have read with interest the more or less involved and lengthy accounts of various odd creatures, furnished by veracious contributors, but still I must confess to a very hazy idea of the real nature and appearance of such fauna as the tree-squeak, side-winder and whang-doodle.

By way of contrast let us consider your brief description of the water-horse. Family Hydrometridae, order Hemiptera! Perfect, complete! Every hemipterologist will at once agree that "A. P. S." has his species nailed to the mast. But let me add a few details. The water-horse (Hydrametra martini) has nothing whatever to do with the river-horse or the sea-horse. Unlike these well known aquatics the water-horse has six legs, two pairs of wings, and a bloodthirsty beak, with which it sucks the bodies of its prey. Those bold enough to hunt it must seek the marshy border of a pond, where, with the aid of a powerful glass, it may be distinguished, albeit with difficulty, from the other minute specks which float on the surface among the reed stems.

Northampton.
H. M. P.

Storks in Strasbourg

As the World Wags:

The published report that, after an absence of six years—due to the war—the storks have returned to Strasbourg and rebuilt their nests, reminds me of a story I heard when I visited the cathedral-city of Lorraine, in 1909. A few days before the initial performance of Lohengrin, given at the local opera house, many years ago, the operatic chorus was incapacitated by a sudden attack of the measles. A temporary chorus was organized, the members being taken from the local bourgeoisie. The rehearsals proceeded satisfactorily; but during the first public performance an incident occurred that no one had foreseen. At the beginning of the opera, where Lohengrin appears in a craft drawn by a swan, the women of the chorus, quite forgetting their lines, exclaimed instinctively and joyfully, "A stork! a stork!"

WILFRED A. FRENCH.

VIOLIN RECITAL GIVES PLEASURE

Miss Whittemore Plays at Jordan Hall

P.H.

Miss Elinor Whittemore, violinist, gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: Handel, Sonata in G minor; Saint-Saens, Concerto in B minor; C. Burleigh, Indian sketches, "To the Warriors," "From a Wigwam," "Sun Dance"; Hure, Air; Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian dances, E minor, No. 1, D minor, No. 2. Henry Souvaine was the pianist.

Miss Whittemore has returned from [illegible] service in France which was [illegible] appreciated by the soldiers. Last night her playing evidently gave pleasure to an audience of good size.

It was surprising to find on a program arranged by an American the name of Handel spelled "Haendel." Handel himself for many years before his death wrote his name without the "e" in the first syllable. The sonata chosen last night is still fresh and melodious.

Any violinist is handicapped in the performance of a modern concerto by the substitution of a piano for the orchestra, no matter how skilful the pianist may be. Perhaps Lalo and Saint-Saens suffer more than other composers by this substitution, for their instrumentation is noted for piquancy and elegance. The orchestra not only adds brilliance and beauty to the performance of a concerto, it encourages and supports the violinist.

It is not necessary to speak in detail of Miss Whittemore's playing, which was now pleasing and now ineffective. It is enough to say that she gave pleasure to her many friends and to the others present.

Mr. L. R. Robinson of Boston has sent to us a newspaper clipping which states that the police of Cincinnati have begun a "nation-wide" search for the heirs of Maria Leavitt, who "a generation ago was well known to theatre goers as Marie Rose. She was killed by an automobile in Chicago last month. Although she lived in a "squalid cellar home," and begged in the streets, she left an estate estimated at from $30,000 to $100,000.

"Marie Rose, in the heyday of her career on the stage, was reckoned as one of the best singers and dancers in the American theatres. She played virtually every big house in the country and was well known from coast to coast. She was contemporary with Lily Langtry and Fanny Davenport." A loose statement.

Mr. Robinson writes: "This seems most astounding. I wonder if it is true. Did Marie Rose marry Col. Mapleson, or was it some other impresario who won her? I dimly remember Marie as a fascinating woman."

He has confounded Marie Rose with Marie Roze. The latter, whose real name was Marie Ponsin, was born in Paris in 1846. Winning first prizes at the Paris Conservatory, she made her first appearance at the Opera-Comique in 1865. She first visited the United States as a member of Strakosch's company in 1877-1878. From 1883 to 1889 she was with the Carl Rosa company in England. Her farewell tour in England was in 1894. Four years before she had settled in Paris as a teacher of singing.

In 1874 she married an American bass, Julius Perkins, who died the next year. Their son, Raymond Roze, was one of the stage managers of the Boston Opera House in 1909-10. In England and France he is known as a composer. His latest work of importance is an opera, "Joan of Arc," which has been performed in London and Paris. Marie's second husband was a son of Col. J. H. Mapleson. She was treated shabbily by him.

Marie Roze in her prime was a beautiful woman and an accomplished singer and actress. She was heard at the Boston Theatre in 1878, 1879 and 1881. A Mlle. Roze danced in "The Twelve Temptations" at the Boston Theatre early in 1871.

"S—T—1860—X"

As the World Wags:

I have always been of the opinion that the interpretation of "S—T—1860—X" was, as you state it, "started trade 1860 with $10." The sign has always been of interest, for I have supposed it to be the first "landscape advertising," together with "Who is Seth Jones?" I well remember the former along the Boston & Lowell railway in 1861.

The "Seth Jones" advertisement was on a small "dodger" and posted locally. "Seth Jones" was the first one of Beadle's dime novels that was well known. There was a recent edition of Ellis's work in [illegible] It w[illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible] how the [illegible] "[illegible]vels" [illegible] h an unenviable reputation [illegible] destroyer of youthful morals. It [illegible] interesting [illegible] old-timers to read [illegible] of landscape advertising of the olden days. The two [illegible] attracted public attention for several months before the explanation was released.

Lowell. JAS. B. RUSSELL.

As the World Wags:

Referring to the sign "S. T. 1860. X." I am positive that the Drake's Plantation Bitters Co. issued a statement in the papers, probably in the late sixties as you say, giving the explanation of the sign as "Started Trade in 1860 with $10," and they ought to know what it meant. EDWARD R. JONES.

Boston.

Mr. E. P. Garney of Marblehead remembers that at the time the sign was said to stand for "Sure Thing in 10 Years." "That is, the bitters would be a sueeess in the market in 10 years."

As the World Wags:

Inordinately old as I am, "S. T. 1860 X" is so much older that I cannot recount the legend of its birth. It was understood, however, in those happy days that the name was merely the mark of a eertain vintage, if one may say so, of St. Thomas rum, of which Plantation Bitters was supposed to consist almost entirely, thus antedating Peruna. That rum was wonderful stuff. I still drink it, and attribute my longevity, such as it is, to the fact that I have not gone to bed sober since 1860.

By the way, having occasion to visit the far West recently, I took the opportunity of stepping over a night at Coolidge's Corner and investigating the local grocers in pursuit of the perfeet codfish, the merits of which you so greatly under-stated that I should think the fishmonger whom I finally found, might be justified in suing you for interference with trade. It is all that you said and far, far more, and gives an impression of being 99 27-100 per cent. pure, like the soap that floats—it floats—St. Thomas rum, and P. M. DRYASDUST.

Boston.

For the Last Time

A Bostonian tells us that years ago he spent his summers near Lake Winnipiseogee. He knew Melville Village as "Barvel Whang." Natives gave him this explanation: The barvel at a certain time of the year went up a stream there in great quantities to spawn. They were so numerous that the villagers whanged them with sticks and then took them home for hen-food. This explanation seems to us more reasonable than the one associating the fish with the neighborly cleaning of house and yard.

As the World Wags:

Perhaps the name "barvel" was local and limited to some sections of New Hampshire, as Mr. Cram thinks, but in my younger days the name was in common use in central Somerset county, Me., and is still used sometimes by the boys, who say they are "going suckering this evening to catch a mess of barvel."

Possibly the fact that my husband's grandfather eame from Tuftonboro, N. H., and was among the first settlers in Hartland, Me., may suggest the reason for its use in this section. I. E. HAM.

Auburn, Me.

Lt. J. R. Europe [...] ing Room in Me[...] —Drummer

A great audience gathered at the Mechanics building last night applauded the concluding numbers of the concert given by the 369th United States infantry band, known as the "Hell Fighters," ignorant of the fact that a tragedy had been enacted behind the scenes in which Lt. James Reese Europe, the "Jazz King," director of the band, sustained a knife wound which severed the jugular vein and caused his death at 11:45, and resulted in the arrest of Herbert Wright, a drummer in the band, on a charge of murder. Wright is 24 years old and lives at 25 One Hundred and Thirty-second street, New York.

The crime oeeurred in a dressing room at 9.45, but the performance continued to the end without interruption and it is doubtful if anyone in the audience knew of the tragedy as the crowd left the building.

Was Listening to "Harmony Four"

According to the story told the po[lice], Europe had retired for a few minutes because he did not feel well and was sitting with his door open listening while the "Harmony Four," a part of the orchestra, sang "The Songs of the Southland." Wright and his twin brother, Stephen, were walking back and forth in the wings and several times stepped on the stage and showed themselves to the audienee.

Europe, it is said, cautioned them against this and also about making any noise which might interrupt the singing.

His remarks, it is declared, could have given absolutely no cause for the outburst which came from the Wrights on hearing them.

Europe continued to eaution them and suddenly Herbert Wright pulled a knife from his pocket and made a leap for the leader. Ivan Brown and Charles E. Traton, both members of the band, attempted to block him, but they only sueceeded in throwing his arm up and the knife went deep into Europe's throat and he dropped to the floor.

In a moment all was confusion, and for a time it looked as though the audience would become aware of what has happening on the other side of the proseenium wall. One of the witnesses left the scene long enough to eall Capt. Good and Patrolman Delaney of the Back Bay station, who were on duty in one of the side aisles. The two found Wright struggling in the arms of several other band members and placed him under arrest.

Rushed to City Hospital

Europe was taken through a side door to the ambulance, which had been ealled in the mean time, and rushed to the City Hospital. Physicians there worked over him for two hours in an effort to stop the flow of blood gushing from the cut vein. Their efforts, however, were useless, and Europe died just two hours after the time the wound was administered.

Just before he died he identified Wright as his assailant. The latter was taken to the hospital in the eustody of Sergt. Campbell and Patrolmen Hayes and Coughlin.

Europe was 38 years old and lived at 67 137th street, New York city. His band, which he led through the eampaigns of the Champagne and the Argonne, where the members earned the name of "Hell Fighters," is composed of 65 pieces, all colored, and was considered one of the best military bands in the entire American expeditionary forces.

The band gave concerts in Paris and London before returning to the United States and the populaces there gave them a great reception. Their first appearance in Mechanics building yesterday afternoon attracted an unusually large audience, and the hall was well filled again last evening.

The management issued a statement that the remaining concerts of this afternoon and evening and Sunday afternoon and evening would be given, as originally scheduled, under the leadership of Felix Weir, who had served effectively as assistant to Lt. Europe.

Lt. James Reese ("Jim") Europe was born in Mobile, Ala., in 1881, and first came to the notice of the public when he was made musical director for Cole & Johnson. He later served in the same capacity with Williams & Walker.

His greatest publicity was gained, however, through the Castles. It was his music and in many eases his own musicians who helped the dancing team win fame.

At the time the United States entered the war he controlled more than two-score jazz bands. All this he gave up to enlist as a private in the old 15th New York, later designated the 369th infantry, commanded by Col. William Hayward, and numbering among its other white officers Capt. Hamilton Fish and Lorillard Spencer. When a band was suggested for the regiment Europe was asked to recruit it. He agreed on condition that he should select his men—the present band.

In France the band was assigned to the 4th French army and remained with the French the entire 15 months it was over. Europe meantime had been offered a commission, but this he refused unless he was given a chance to earn it in the regular way. He was given a chance in a machine gun school for officers and spent three months away from the band. On being commissioned a lieutenant he was assigned to a machine gun company and saw several months of active service on the line.

Not until the band was ordered to Paris for a single concert did he go back to it. The single concert developed into an eight-weeks' engagement, followed by another engagement in London. In February it was ordered home and Lt. Europe was sent with it.

Miss Catherine du Pont will give a performanee of the Japanese lyric and dramatic dance Noh at the Copley Theatre next Wednesday afternoon. The plays to be thus represented are "Tsunemasa"—Spirit, a boy of 19; Priest, a mortal); "Hagoromo" (Tennin, an angel born in the Moon); "Shojo" (Shojo, an elemental of kindness; Kofu of Yodzu, a Sake Merchant).

Miss Du Pont, a Belgian by birth, brought up and educated in England, was for some time an actress in London, where she was associated with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Sir Francis Benson, Lewis Waller, Sir Charles Wyndham. She went to Japan and remained there two years, living as a Japanese, and studying the Noh dance with Messrs. Kongo and Iwao of Kyoto, until she was so profieient that she received from them a diploma. She was obliged to learn the language. At first living in a foreign hotel, she found that the servants would not speak Japanese, for they had gone there to learn English from the guests. She succeeded in procuring six thin woollen mattresses so that she could sleep comfortably, and she did not shudder at the thought of using a tub of water with others.

According to her the Noh or No danees are temple danees and native to Japan. They were originally only for the nobility. "They were part of the Shinto religion, the old and true religion of Japan. The Shinto religion is spiritualistic and it still holds sway in the more remote parts of Japan that have not been touched by the new world. When you travel in the country you will find little gates along the roadsides. Back of these gates are shrines. These shrines are ereeted wherever a spirit has appeared to a mortal. And so the No danees tell legends of the spirits. Many of them are very beautiful. Naturally the performer is strictly bound by conventions. The costumes have been handed down for generations and it took me many months to learn how to wear them correctly. In Japan the performances of the dances are very slow because it takes the daneers so long to adjust their costumes. They still eling to the old methods of putting them on. However, I introduced tapes and snap fasteners and amazed them by changing very quickly. Most of the personages in the No dances wear masks—that is to say, the dancers representing spirits, women or old men, must have their faces eovered. The masks I have brought over with me are several hundred years old. They are almost impossible to reproduce today. The fan is most important. Almost everything is expressed by the fan. The eorreet use of the fan is difficult to learn. The No dances are performed against a very simple background. The costumes themselves are too beautiful to need any further ornamentation. In Japan a chorus chants the story while the dancers perform. Over here it is hard to find Japanese who ean chant these words, so I have learned to do it myself. There is also an orchestra—and, oh, what an orchestra! The Japanese call them 'cats.' The music will have to be adapted for western ears. But these dances are quite unlike our conception of oriental daneing. They are religious and ceremonial, and they still keep something of the atmosphere of the temple about them. To us oriental dancing has meant something physical and sensuous, something redolent of ineense and suggesting veils and spangles. The No danees are spiritual. The daneer is merely an impersonal exponent of the legend. The clothes are bulky, the head-dresses are too elaborate to admit of much gyrating, and the masks conceal the faee; but they are truly representative of the older Orient."

Miss Du Pont has given the No dances in New York, beginning in last February at the Greenwich Village Theatre, with great success, according to the reviews published in leading newspapers of that city. A Japanese contemporary stated that she was the first and only westerner that has been able to receive a diploma from the Japanese master, Mr. Kongo.

Capt. Brinkley has mueh to say about the No in his exhaustive work on Japan. It appears that an essential part of Shinto worship had always been the Kagura, a dance derived from a performanee of the Celestial Deities before the cave of the Sun Goddess. Stages for this dance existed at many of the chief Shinto shrines. The monks conceived the idea of enlisting dance and song in the cause of religious propagandism. The stage for the Den-gaku was only a modified form of that used for the Kagura. At the imperial capital the Dengaku, although it had assumed stateliness and splendor, was put aside, and the Saru-gaku (monkey mime) was substituted. Up to the middle of the 14th century this was simply a comic dance, but now its character was completely changed; it became an instrument for propagating religious truths and obtaining money for charitable purposes. The priests eompiled new odes or recitative for dances, and they, to quote a Japanese author, "saw in the blossoms of summer and the red leaves of autumn only types of heaven's beauties; heard in the sigh of the wind and the plash of the waters only echoes of Shaka's voice, recognized in a mother's love for her ehild only a reflection of Kwannon's infinite mercy, and regarded the death of a warrior on the battlefield as only a link in the great chain of destiny." It was a period of commotion, fighting, bloodshed.

These priests thought, says Capt. Brinkley, that "a grave and softening tone should be imparted even to the frivolities of life, and they did thoroughly for the Saru-gaku what they had already done tentatively for the Den-gaku—transformed it into a religious performance, ineulcating the instability of life and the vanity of all things human. The change in each case was radical—from the spectacular acrobatics of the original Den-gaku to the religious reeitative of the later Kamakura performances; and from the broad jests and suggestive antics of the 'monkey mime' to the stately measure, solemn demeanor and moral teaching of the new drama. For the Saru-gaku, thus modified, became, in effect, a drama. Its performers ceased to be mere dancers and were eonverted into actors. Even the name Saru-gaku passed out of use, being replaced by No (accomplishment), which term continues in vogue until today." (A note in the appendix informs us that the full names of the bucolic mime and the monkey mime were, respectively, Den-gaku-no-No and Saru-gaku-no-No, or the accomplishment of Den-gaku and of Saru-gaku. "Since every feature distinctive of the original Den-gaku and Saru-gaku disappeared in the new development of the 14th century, it was natural that the names also should be abandoned.")

The stage for the No was in the open air, a platform 18 feet square. On each side was a sort of gallery for the audience. In front there was a higher seat for any important person. A bridge behind the platform led to the green-room. He passed through an antechamber where stood a large, round looking-glass. A stage manager was stationed in the dressing room. At the back of the stage sat a row of musicians, from 10 to 20. They acted the part of a chorus, accompanied the dance with flute and drum, and at times intoned the words of the drama. "The costumes were magnificent; the music was weird and slow; masks modelled with admirable skill were worn, and the spectacular effects often reached a high level of art. It is, indeed, more than doubtful whether any other people ever developed such an expressive vocabulary of motion, such impressive eloquence of gesture. These masked dancers of the No, deprived of the important assistance of facial expression, and limited to a narrow range of cadence, nevertheless succeeded in investing their performance with a character of noble dignity and profound intensity of sentiment. Very soon the No obtained extraordinary vogue. With the sole exception of the Emperor himself, every great personage took part in the performance; a stage was erected within the precincts of the palace; costumes of the costliest and most beautiful materials were provided, and a collection of such garments as well as of masks and other accessories for the No was counted an essential part of every aristocratic mansion's furniture. By degrees the practice of the art became a profession, but princes, nobles and high officials did not cease to study it assiduously, and were prepared at any moment to organize performances or to take part in them."

Shinto shrines were still the principal scenes of the performance, for the dance was then a ceremony of worship. From the days of the Ashikaga Shogun Yoshimitsu (1368-1394) the No underwent popularization. It did not lose its moral character, but it became an adjunct of congratulatory or commemorative occasion, or even simply a diversion. A skilled performer, Yusaki, and his son Seami compiled dramas based on historical incidents of the Kamakura period. Buddhist priests also invented dramas, so that before the end of the 15th century about 20 were held to be the classics of the No. Yoshimasa, interested in the tea eult, the ineense cult, the landscape-garden cult, in all forms of art, offieially declared the No to be a ceremonious accomplishment of military men, and, organizing the best dancers into four orders, ordered a representative of each to give a performance once during his career at Kyoto.

This No was solemn and stately. Later farces were compiled for independent acting between the No. These farces, Kyogen, were to be aeted. There was no dancing, or if there was, it was wholly subordinate. "The chief and the first assistant performers in the No and the Kyogen alike received the title of taiyu, which eonferred upon them the right to have the eurtain of the green room held up by two men for their exits or entries, and also rendered them eligible for admission to any society.

Chorus, masked actors, the pervading religious tone, the stage in the open air—these features were common to the No and the Greek drama. Capt. Brinkley traces a closer analogy, for the embryo of the Indian drama was a combination of song and dance at sacred festivals, as the Karuga was the foundation of the No, "and the development of the art in

JAPANESE DANCE DRAMA AT COPLEY

Miss Catherine Du Pont at the Right; Miss Du Pont as She Appears in "Noh" at Left and Centre.

[illegible] was by narrative recitation and subsequently by dialogue, first sung, then spoken, just as the stages of progress in Japan were the recitative of the 'tonsured lutist' and the 'white measure-marker,' followed by the sung and spoken dialogue of, the No." Capt. Brinkley notes other resemblances, also certain differences, especially in construction. Exhibitions of common acts of life were banished from both; the actors did not die in public, or eat, or sleep, or make love. In Japan these actions were relegated to the theatre proper; they were not sanctioned on the Indian stage. The Japanese No had neither prologue nor apologue, and there was no division except to suit the convenience of the action. Even in a one-act No the unity of time was often neglected. "The classical phraseology invariably adopted by the Indian dramatists was as far beyond the understanding of the majority of a Hindu audience as the language of the No was beyond the comprehension of ordinary Japanese spectators."

The No composed during the Military epoch were pessimistic. "Some learned critics go so far as to assert that the laymen generally credited with having written the No were really responsible, not for the text, but only for the music, the dances, and the staging, the text being furnished by Buddhist priests, who employed it as a vehicle for inculcating the instability of life, metempsychosis, the circle of fate, the chain of existences, and other religious doctrines, Certainly the dramas offer internal evidence of the truth of that theory."

There is a translation of the Ataka No written by Kwanze Nobumitsu about 1485 in the third volume of Capt. Brinkley's "Japan" pp. 35-48.

A Few Notes About Plays Here This Week

We are indebted to Mr. Edwin F. Pilgett for the following notes about the two plays that will be performed at the Copley Theatre this week.

"'The Critic' was first acted at the old Boston Theatre in Federal street on Jan. 20, 1796, as part of a triple bill which also comprised 'Florizel and Perdita'—apparently a condensed version of 'The Winter's Tale'—and 'The Flitch of Bacon,' by a man named Hall. It was not repeated until Dec. 27, 1796, and then again on Jan. 2, 1797. According to Seilhamer, who gives no dates, its cast included Mrs. Hogg as Tilburnia, Mrs. Rowson as Mrs. Dangle, Mr. Hamilton as Sir Fretful Plagiary, Mr Downie as Dangle, Mr. Cleveland as Sneer, and Mr. Marshall as Don Whiskerandos. The Mrs. Rowson was undoubtedly Susanna Rowson, the author of the once famous 'Charlotte Temple,' as she was acting at the Boston Theatre in 1796. 'The Monkey's Paw' was acted here in Boston at the Tremont Theatre during the week of Sept. 24, 1906, by Arnold Daly and his company, with Mr. Daly as Mr. White, Chrystal Herne as Mrs. White, Robert Ober as Herbert, John Findlay as Sergeant-Major Morris, and Dodson Mitchell as Mr Sampson. The bill also included two other one-act plays—Shaw's 'How He Lied to Her Husband,' and Kenyon's 'The Flag Station.'"

We spoke last week of "The Critic," turned into an opera three years ago in London with music by Sir Charles Stanford. There was great reverence for Sheridan's text. Only such scenes and characters as could easily be spared were cut out. Thus Sir Fretful Plagiary and Mrs. Dangle did not appear.

However, some alterations were thought necessary. Sneer retained his necessary character of the Critic, while Puff was the author of the libretto rehearsed and Dangle the composer of the music. Sir Charles attempted to be humorous in music. Thus when Whiskerandos sang "O cursed parry" the orchestra answered with a quotation from Sir Hubert Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens." Stanford stipulates in a note to his score that the opera should be played seriously as grand opera. The Pall Mall Gazette remarked after the performance at the Shaftsbury that some of Stanford's musical allusions, his jests, "remained wrapped up in music-paper, so far as the audience was concerned, for it is a small section of listeners that will recognize hints of the classics, however apposite they may be to the text."

The exciting rhythms and the melodic figures now wild, now hauntingly beautiful of the Hawaiians are still a leading feature of "The Bird of Paradise." Some, perhaps, wondered why the ukulele is not more in evidence; but the ukulele is not an idigenous product; it was introduced by the Portuguese about 1877. We are told that it is a favorite instrument on the Cape Verde Islands. The native Hawaiian instruments were the puili—two bamboo pipes—struck in cadence and in pairs one against the other, either on the shoulders or on the knees; the uliuli, or hulili-hula, a gourd decorated with feathers used to mark the time in the hula-hula; the nasal flute of bamboo, giving A flat and C, also used in the hula-hula; the pu, a shell that summoned the natives to political or religious meetings; the ukeke-laau, a flat, narrow strip of light-colored wood provided with three gut strings. The instrument was held in the player's teeth, while he plucked the strings with his finger or a plectrum.

"Ladies First" with Nora Bayes will be seen at the Wilbur Theatre tomorrow. Produced in New York at the Broadhurst Theatre on Oct. 24, 1918, it is based on Charles H. Hoyt's play, "A Contented Woman," a satire on woman in politics, written for his wife, Caroline Miskel. "A Contented woman" came to Boston in December, 1895, and was played at the Park Theatre. Mrs. Rose Snyder, Mrs. Clara G. Clarke, W. H Currie, George Ober, Will H. Hatter and Frank Lane were in the company.

Band Leaders and Musicians of the A. E. F. at Chaumont

We have reeeived the program and the bill of fare of a "banquet" and concert given by the graduation class of band leaders from the band leaders and musicians' school of the A. E. F. at the Old Mill, Chaumont (Haute Marne), France, on April 1.

First the bill of fare. Spanish sardines; lettuce salad, French sausage, potato salad; boiled ham and cold roast pork; O. K. sausage, pickles and onions, tomato ketchup, mayonnaise dressing, American cheese, French cheese, olives, orange jello, chocolate cake, nuts and raisins, white wine, red wine, beer, cigars, cigarettes, black coffee.

The program of the concert was as follows:

Marseillaise, The Star Spangled Banner.
March, "Through the Mill" ..... C. A. Fraser
Conducted by the Composer
Descriptive selection, "Two Months in the Old Mill" ..... W. H. Vodery
Conducted by the Composer
Song, "My Fire" ..... Jaques Pillois
Poem by Capt. Charles A. Ellacott
Sung by Capt. Paul Breedy
Slovak Fantasia ..... Charles Haubiel
Conducted by the Composer
Chant du Depart ..... Mehul

Among the guests were Lt. Albert Stoessel, chief instructor, known here as a violinist, and W. E. Walter, formerly publicity agent of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, now in France with the Y. M. C. A.

A New Musical Association Proposed by Mr. Georges Longy

Mr. Gorges Longy, the renowned oboist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the founder of the Longy Club of wind instruments, justly esteemed here as an orchestral conductor, purposes to establish in Boston an annual series of concerts to be given by the Boston Musical Association, which will be similar in certain respects to the Societe Nationale de Musique de Paris, which, founded in 1870-71 by Saint-Saens, Bussine, Franck, Duparc, Lalo, Faure, Castillon and others, has played a most important part in the history of modern French music.

"The Boston Musical Association," says Mr. Longy, "will not have for its object the performance of the works of American composers exclusively; it will endeavor to stimulate the development of all the musical elements of the city, and this term, 'musical elements' includes the composers, soloists, orchestral performers and choristers of Boston and the surrounding territory. On special occasions the association will also give a place on its programs to foreign artists of note, who for reasons other than those of purely artistic nature, may be unable to appear to advantage in Boston. These concerts will be of particular interest to these persons who are concerned in the educational and artistic development of the art of music, and the general public, as well, will find in them a genuine source of pleasure and entertainment which will at the same time improve the musical taste of the community.

"There will be five concerts during each season: December, an orchestral concert; January, a concert of chamber music; February, a concert by a small orchestra; March, a second concert of chamber music; April, a second orchestral concert. At one of these concerts the chorus will take a prominent part.

"The programs will not consist exclusively of American or French compositions. The works of all schools will be given a hearing and the greatest eclectielsm will govern the choice of works to be performed. The compositions of the older masters will not be ignored.

"A composition by an American composer will be given a place on each program, if possible. The composer may assist in the production of his work either as conductor or soloist. All works by American composers played at these concerts that are of particular worth will be given a place on the program of the Societe Nationale de Musique de Paris. The opportunity thus offered to American composers to take part in the production of their works and to open the way to a European hearing for their production is particularly worthy of attention.

"My personal experience, acquired during my 13 years as director of the orchestral club and my four years as director of the MacDowell club orchestra, has convinced me that there is among a certain class of players, talent of real worth. I have found among players of this class an enthusiasm and a serious desire for improvement which are truly remarkable. These young and gifted players, if they are chosen with care, encouraged and properly instructed, will become artists of a high order. Having this firm conviction, I dare to assert that, with amateurs of this sort, carefully selected, I shall with the assistance of some professional musicians, be able to form a capable orchestra. But to carry this out successfully hard and painstaking work will be demanded on the part of the members. I intend that the rehearsals shall not only serve as a preparation for the concert performances, but they shall also become a school of orchestral playing in which each player will voluntarily submit himself to a very severe course of training. Without such discipline no one can hope to attain the proficiency required of modern orchestral players. If any member of the orchestra possesses the requisite talent he will be given an opportunity to appear as a soloist. This opportunity will be granted in an absolute impartial manner. A player, for example, who sits at the last desk of the second violin may, if he has the necessary ability, be heard in solo equally as well as the concert master.

"Three soloists will be heard at each concert, a pianist, a singer and another instrumentalist. An opportunity will be given them, besides that of a public hearing, of placing themselves at the service of art rather than using art for their own personal aims. That is to say, many modern works are neglected by soloists because an unknown work is rarely well received on a first hearing. It needs to be heard more than once to be fully appreciated. A soloist often prefers to play a work of known effectiveness rather than one unknown or of doubtful quality. It is this point, therefore, to which I wish to call particular attention. The artists in these concerts will place themselves at the service of art rather than that [illegible]

[illegible] will [illegible] orchestra which will be pre[illegible] as many rehearsals as [illegible] necessary for properly producing a new work under the best possible conditions. I have often noted that one of the greatest obstacles to the production of new works requiring the [illegible] of a soloist has been this very difficulty of securing a sufficient number of rehearsals, especially in the case of soloists of great reputation. These lately arrive at the last minute, and, being limited in time, invariably choose a work well known to the orchestra and general public.

"There exists a large number of symphonic works with solo voices or instruments that cannot be properly given unless the soloists and orchestra can rehearse many times together. The soloist will therefore find many advantages to be gained from the concerts:

"(1) Service of art.

"(2) Education of the public.

"(3) Education of himself.

"(4) Avoidance of the inevitable comparisons always made by the public when it hears a work already in the repertory of celebrated artists.

"Chamber music organizations will be given an opportunity to appear at these concerts and players who are not members of any regular organization may study together for the production of some composition.

"A small chorus composed of 16 sopranos, eight tenors, 16 altos and eight basses, all carefully selected, will take part in various works. Like the members of the orchestra, the members of the chorus will have the same privilege of appearing as soloists. In fact they will be helped and encouraged in this idea.

"The music schools of Boston, as well as private teachers, will have the greatest interest in the association and its concerts. Their best pupils will be given the opportunity of a public appearance under exceptionally good conditions.

"Constitution of the Boston Musical Association, article 1: To produce modern works in general, published or not, of all schools. To assist in the production and popularization of American compositions. To encourage musical talent in any form under the sole condition that it shows an aspiration for a high artistic ideal.

"Any one that desires to become a member of the association as composer, interpreter, instrumentalist, singer, should apply to Mr. Longy, 103 Hemenway street, Boston.

"No fee of any sort will be required."

Shakespeare's Juliet; Mr. Courtney Has Memories and Writes

[illegible]pos of Miss Doris Keane's performance of Juliet at the Lyric Theatre, London, Mr. W. L. Courtney of the Daily Telegraph indulged himself in memories and reflections:

"In a short time we are to see a new Juliet—always a notable event in the stage history, for it generally marks the dawning of a new star. Miss Doris Keane has already risen a considerable way above the horizon in her 'Roxane' and its long-lived predecessor, 'Romance,' but Juliet is a different and far more ambitious matter, which calls upon gifts and qualities in an actress that involves peculiar difficulties of its own. Let us express, however, at once our gratitude to Miss Keane, not only for being inspired with a noble ambition, but for giving us the opportunity of watching a Shakespearean play which is seen as often on the boards as some of us might wish. We do not get enough of the Elizabethan dramatists nowadays that we can fail to appreciate any experiment in the higher drama—worthy, as we hope, to be set side by side with the success of 'Twelfth Night,' at the Court Theatre. Mr. Basil Sydney's Romeo will also be watched with sympathetic attention, and assuredly not the least interesting features will be Ellen Terry's Nurse and Mr. Leon Quartermaine's Mercutio. I recall an odd memory from the past in connection with the last character. When Helena Modjeska played Juliet to the Romeo of Forbes Robertson in 1881, the Mercutio was Wilson Barrett. 'Now Wilson Barrett was, above all, a melodramatic actor, and there is not the least little touch of melodrama in Romeo's friend and companion. And yet, by almost universal testimony, Barrett's Mercutio was one of the best things he ever did. Gervinus, by the way, the ponderous German commentator on Shakespeare, could not understand Mercutio at all. He seemed to him to be shameless and irreverent, and coarsely dull. Ye Gods! Fancy Mercutio dull!

"There are difficulties, as I have already said, about the portraiture of Juliet, and the main difficulty is, of course, the union of girlish sweetness in the earlier part with the tragic intensity of the later. The heroine is 14 years of age—let us say 17, to mark the difference between the southern girl's early development and the immaturity of a northern temperament. Now, if an actress is young enough for the opening scenes she is assuredly too young for the potion scene; if she is old enough to enact the potion scene, she is too old for Juliet's adorable youthfulness in the earlier colloquy from the balcony. We seem to want in one and the same character innocence and strength, sweetness and a heroic resolution—a union of the highest comedy and the most poignant tragedy. There are two things to be said about this, however. In the first place, it is merely commonplace that no English girl—such as Jenny Leech drew so lovingly, and such as Mr. Shepperton draws now—could possibly play Juliet. The breadth and passion of the character are entirely beyond her range—what can she make of a fierce fire of love that burns itself out?—and, therefore, we do wisely to abandon the idea of a very young actress in the part. And the second thing to be remembered is that Juliet is one of Shakespeare's strong characters, full of admirable will power, and her strength should be suggested from the very outset. She is the guiding agency throughout. Does she not convert Romeo from an idle dreamer, in love with love, into a man who loves a concrete woman? Is it not due to her that Rosaline fades like an insubstantial mist and Juliet becomes the lode star of the hero's life? Look at the masterful way in which she decides at once the issue. She will have no shilly-shallying. Let us get married forthwith. Romeo under her tuition drops his sentimental weaknesses and becomes a man. No more talk about Cupid's arrow or Dian's wit and the rest of the artificial nonsense. 'Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight,' are his words when he comes back to Verona. It is plain Juliet with him now.

"Looking back over many years, I think that Modjeska, the Polish actress, was the best Juliet I have seen. She was not exactly beautiful, but her face was full of charm and distinction, and although she was more successful when Juliet's love turns into a tragedy than she was in the earlier scenes of the play, no one could find much fault with her youthful presentment of the heroine. But it is the potion scene which I best remember, for here we had the strength of the mature woman dealing with a tragic situation, and getting out of it every ounce of pity and terror which it involves. There are many ways in which Juliet's speech in the fourth act can be interpreted. Juliet left alone, after the departure of her nurse, has, as she says, 'a faint cold fear thrilling through my veins, that almost freezes up the heat of life.' There is no one to whom she can turn for sympathy. Her father, her mother, and now, too, her nurse, have joined the ranks of her enemies; whatever she has to do must be done by herself alone, with no one to help or comfort her. Then, because the two dominant notes in Juliet's nature are passion and imagination, she conjures up before herself all the possible dreadful consequences of the potion she is about to swallow. It may not have the intended effect, or it may be poison. Or, again, what will happen supposing she wakes up in the tomb before Romeo returns? What visions will she see, as she lies surrounded by all the bones of her ancestors? There is Tybalt, too, recently dead, whose spirit no doubt haunts the place. So far we are moving through a panorama of pictured horrors.

"Arthur Brooke, in his poem which served as a foundation for Shakespeare's play, made his Juliet swallow the mixture in haste, for fear she might be discovered. Coleridge said that Juliet finally drinks from the phial in a fit of sheer terror.' That is not quite the way in which the great scene can best be interpreted. So far as I remember, Modjeska set before us with all her tragic mastery the various emotions, and imagined terrors running through the distraught girl's brain until there comes one vision above all. She has referred to Tybalt, her dead kinsman, and in fanciful vision she sees him pursuing Romeo, 'that did spit his body on a rapier's point.' 'Stay, Tybalt, stay,' she cries; she must at all costs come between him and his victim. Romeo is in danger, and Juliet flies to his rescue. 'Romeo, I drink to thee.' It is a very difficult scene for any actress to get through, because it involves so many crises of desperate emotion. Modjeska reserved all her force for the final point, when all the other terrors she has summoned to her brain fade before the overmastering idea that Tybalt is pursuing Romeo to kill him, and that she, Juliet, must haste to his rescue. It was a wonderful triumph of the histrionic art, a great and splendid climax, which left the most profound impression on the audience.

"There is another foreign actress who tained great distinction as Juliet—Stella Colas—whom I never saw, but she seems to have interpreted the part in much the same way as Modjeska, putting all her strength into the potion scene, and, comparatively speaking, caring less for other episodes of the play. A speech which it is apparently difficult for some actresses to render is Juliet's beautiful monologue in the second scene of the third act, where she is awaiting the arrival of Romeo. The soliloquy begins with the words, borrowed from Marlowe, 'Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, towards Phoebus' lodging.' Here Juliet is thinking aloud, revealing the innate tenderness of her nature, combined with all that devouring southern passion which throughout explains the breathless haste of the drama. I believe that some foreign critics have considered the speech wanting in maidenly modesty, but they have been mainly of the Teutonic order of intelligence, which has never understood Renaissance literature, nor sympathized with the Italian atmosphere in which the whole of the play is cast. Ellen Terry's Juliet, done at the Lyceum in 1882, pleased alike the eye and the mind. For, apart from its beautiful girlishness, it was marked with those exquisite touches of feminine emotion and instinctive grace with which that famous actress has endowed so many of her Shakesperean heroines. Mary Anderson was another memorable Juliet, and gave us a most capable performance, while Mrs. Stirling repeated the wonderful impersonation of the old nurse which she had contributed to the Lyceum version of the play. Then there was Mrs. Patrick Campbell's beautiful Juliet, with Forbes Robertson as her Romeo—beautiful, above all, when the actress leaned from the balcony and in her low, musical tones spoke the immortal love-duet which is one of the supreme idylls of literature and the stage. Mrs. Campbell was at her best, if I remember right, in these early scenes.

I like, however, to think that one of the most promising performances of Juliet in modern times has been given by a young actress who we all hope has a brilliant future before her worthy of her distinguished ancestry. Miss Phyllis Terry has special qualifications for a character like this. She posesses youth, which must be so much in evidence in the earlier scenes; she possesses also that strong emotional power which we usually associate with an actress of much larger experience than any which has fallen to the lot of Miss Terry. When she played the part, just before the commencement of the war, first with her father as Mercutio, and then with Sir Herbert Tree in the same character, it was generally recognized that we had here, not in a thoroughly mature shape, a little crude in some respects, but still with abundant promise, one of the most interesting characterizations in those happy times when the "legitimate" drama had a greater appeal to us than seems possible now. To have played at her age such exacting parts as Viola in "Twelfth Night," Juliet in "Romeo and Juiet," and Desdemona in "Othello," was to have commenced under the happiest auspices a career destined to lead to dazzling triumphs. May wee see her again ,and soon!

On April 14 Mr. Courtney said in the Daily Telegraph, reviewing Miss Keane's performance: "There are perhaps nine and sixty ways of playing Juliet, and every single one of them may be right for somebody or other. Of what Juliet is like we may have violently different opinions." He found Miss Keane a very modern Juliet. "Poetry is what she did not give us. The music of the line seemed to escape her. It seemed that merely to hear the great speeches read by some one who was making no attempt to act might give us more of the Juliet Shakespeare imagined than much clever work on the stage." As a whole, Mr. Courtney's review was condemnatory.

SECOND WEEK OF THE POPS

MONDAY, MAY 12.

Wedding March.....Mendelssohn
Overture, "Jeanne d'Arc".....Verdi
Gavotte.....Martini
Fantasia, "Faust".....Gounod
Organ, Mr. Snow.
Suite, "Roma".....Bizet
"Ave Maria".....Schubert-Wilhelmj
Organ, Mr. Snow.
Prelude.....Rachmaninoff
Overture to "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner
Selection, "Jack o'Lantern".....Carrll
Canzone.....Van Westerhout
Waltz, "Espana".....Waldteufel
Finale, Fourth Symphony.....Tschaikowsky

TUESDAY, MAY 13.

Marche Militaire.....Schubert
Overture, "Masaniello".....Auber
"Whispering of the Flowers".....Blon
Fantasia, "La Boheme".....Puccini
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Tarantelle.....Jacchia
"Ave Maria".....Bach-Gounod
Cortege Solenelle.....Glazounoff
Selection, "Sometime".....Friml
Intermezzo, "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Waltz, "Jolly Fellows".....Vollstedt
Polonaise from "Eugen Onegin"..Tschaikowsky

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14.

Hungarian March.....Berlioz
Overture, "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
Minuet.....Bolzoni
Fantasia, "Jewels of the Madonna" Wolf-Ferrari
Suite, "Nutcracker".....Tschaikowsky
Harp solo, "Dream".....Oberthur
Mr. Theodore Celia.
Aria (for strings and organ).....Rehfeld
A Vagrom Ballad.....Chadwick
Mazeppa.....Liszt
Romanze.....Van Westerhout
Waltz, "Tres Jolie".....Waldteufel
"Ride of the Valkyries".....Wagner

THURSDAY, MAY 15.

Professional Women's Club Night.
March, "Semper Fidelis".....Sousa
Overture to "The Sicilian Vespers".....Verdi
Romanza.....Van Westerhout
Fantasia, "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Scherzo, Second Symphony.....Rabaud
Flute solo:
Mr. Brooke.
Berceuse.....Godard
Rhapsody, "Italia".....Casella
Ballet music, "The Prophet".....Meyerbeer
a, Waltz. b, Redowa.
Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 2.....Schubert
Waltz, "Roses from the South".....Strauss
"Pomp and Circumstance".....Elgar

FRIDAY, MAY 16.

March, "Stars and Stripes".....Sousa
Overture, "Ali Baba".....Cherubini
"Song Without Words".....Tschaikowsky
Fantasia, "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Ballet music, "Queen of Sheba".....Gounod
Hymnus (Trio).....Nugel
Organ, Mr. Albert W. Snow; violin, Mr. Hoffmann; violoncello, Mr. G. Miquelle.
"Turkish Patrol".....Michaelis
Overture, "Melpomene".....Chadwick
Selection, "L'Oracolo".....Leoni
Souvenir.....Drdla
"The Marionettes".....Lacombe
March from "Aida".....Verdi

SATURDAY, MAY 17.

Coronation March.....Scendsen
Overture, "Light Cavalry".....Suppe
Waltz, "Tales from the Vienna Woods".Strauss
Fantasia, "Cavalleria Rusticana"...Mascagni
Ballet suite, "Coppelia".....Delibes
a, Waltz. b, Czardas.
Tarantelle for Flute and Clarinet. Saint-Saens
Messrs. Brooke and Mimart.
Largo from the "New World" Symphony Dvorak
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt
Selection, "Fiddlers Three".....Johnstone
Meditation from "Thais".....Massenet
Solo violin, Mr. Hoffmann.
Waltz, "The Skaters".....Waldteufel
Overture, "Mignon".....Thomas

LT. EUROPE'S BAND GIVES 2 CONCERTS

Jazz Players Carry on Loyally Under New Leader

Lt. "Jim" Europe's band gave two concerts yesterday afternoon and evening in the Mechanics' building, before audiences encouragingly substantial, considering the exceptionally disagreeable weather. The band will give two more concerts there this afternoon and evening, thus bringing the present series to a close.

This unique organization, officially enrolled as the 369th United States infantry band and as such a highly important melodic factor in the winning of the world war, has firmly maintained since its return to this country the reputation which it acquired abroad, as the last word in the interpretation of that peculiar phase of instrumentation known as "jazz." On its first visit to Boston, at the Boston Opera House, it actually created a furore which was to be appeased only by a return engagement, of longer duration, at Mechanics' building. This second engagement opened most auspiciously, to be interrupted by a tragedy.

Though Lt. James Reese Europe, who organized and led the now famous band, is dead, killed by the hand of one whom he had befriended, his comrades have determined to "carry on" loyally, as he would have wished. The new leader was at hand in the person of Priv. Felix Weir, long Lt. Europe's chief assistant. Yesterday he conducted most effectively, and the men under him responded splendidly. The programs were characteristic, replete with jazz, instrumental and vocal. The effect on the audience was as ever it has been, electrifying. The rhythmic, dynamic jazzing of nearly three score expert instrumentalists could hardly result otherwise.

The deep regard that Lt. Europe's men held for him is to be evinced in material form. Already there is talk among them of erection of a monument to the memory of the man who led them across the seas and back, and who brought them to a pinnacle of fame here through a rarely successful tour of the country.

Boston will turn out today for the two concerts at Mechanics building or miss the final opportunities to hear something really worth while.

Now there are fine tales in the volumes of the Magi—in the iron-bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi. Therein, I say, are glorious histories of the Heaven, and of the Earth, and of the mighty Sea—and of the Genii that overruled the sea, and the earth, and the lofty heaven. There was much lore too in the sayings which were said by the Sibyls; and holy, holy things were heard of old by the dim leaves that trembled around Dodona—but as Allah liveth, that fable which the Demon told me, as he sat by my side in the shadow of the tomb, I hold to be the most wonderful of all!

"Marvellous! MarvelLOUS!"

As the World Wags:

Several of your veracious correspondents have told their recollections of side-winders, tree-squeaks and other biological freaks which are novelties to the most of us. Strange tales were told in the early days of New England. I quote a few of them from the narrative of John Josselyn, who published in 1675 "An Account of Two Voyages to New England."

"We had some neighboring gentlemen in our house who came to welcome me into the country; where amongst variety of discourse they told of a sea-serpent or snake that lay coiled up like a cable upon a rock at Cape Ann; a boat passing by with English aboard, and two Indians, they would have shot the serpent, but the Indians dissuaded them, saying: That if he were not killed outright, they would be all in danger of their lives. . . .

"One Mr. Mittin related of a Triton or Merman which he saw in Casco Bay. The gentleman was a great fowler and used to go out with a small boat or canoe, and fetching a compass about a small island for the advantage of a shot, was encountered with a Triton, who laying his hands upon the side of

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] in all respects the true kind of a [illegible] water which has purple blood [illegible] no more seen. . .

There is an admirable rare creature [illegible] like a buck, with horns, of a [illegible] substance, which I have often found in the fall of the leaf upon the ground among the withered leaves: a [illegible] creature I cannot call it, having [illegible] sign of a mouth and eyes. . . . The Indians call them tree-bucks, and [illegible] a superstitious saying that if they can see a tree-buck walking upon the branches of an oak when they go out in the morning to hunt, they shall have good luck that day. What they are good for I know not, but there is some more than ordinary virtue in them. It is true that nothing in nature is superfluous, and we have the Scriptures to back it, that God created nothing in vain . . .

The toad is of two sorts, one that is speckled with white and another of a dark earthy color; there is of them that will climb up into trees and sit croaking there, but whether it be of a third sort or one or the other or both I am not able to affirm, but this I can testify that there be toads of the dark-colored kindred that are as big as a groat of which report will not swell into the belief of my skeptic sirs; nor that there is a hell, being like Solomon's fool. Prov. xxvi 22."

Of the Maine planters and fishermen this observant critic says: "The diligent hand maketh rich, but if they be of a dronish disposition as some are they become wretchedly poor and miserable, scarce able to free themselves and families from importunate famine, especially in the winter, for want of bread. They have a custom of taking tobacco, breaking at noon, sitting long at meals, sometimes four times in a day, and now and then drinking a dram of the bottle extraordinarily. The smoking of tobacco, if moderately used, refresheth the weary much and so doth sleep.

A traveller five hours doth crave
To sleep, a student seven will have,
And nine sleeps every idle knave

Winchester. J. L. C.

Mr. Josselyn

"J. L. C." quotes from the second edition of Josselyn's book; the first was published in 1674. The "Account" has been reprinted here at least twice: First by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1834; later in 1869. Josselyn landed at Boston on July 2, 1638. He visited John Winthrop and John Cotton, then went to see his brother at Black Point, Scarborough, Me. He was in this country about 15 months. He came to Boston again in 1663, went to Scarborough, and remained there eight and a half years. His other book, "New England's Rarities," was published in 1672 and 1675. It was reprinted in Boston in 1865. In one of these books he wrote, "Some frogs when they sit upon their breech are a foot high." He also wrote that in New England, barley frequently degenerates into oats." We regret to say that the excellent Josselyn has been characterized by certain seriously minded persons as "credulous."

Measured Laughter

As the World Wags

Speaking of measuring laughter, did you never hear the story of the fat man who put a pedometer in his waistcoat pocket and went to a musical comedy? When he got home he found he had laughed five miles long.

Hamilton. ANNE HAMILTON.

YSAYE AND ELMAN

A great audience which nearly filled the Boston Opera House gave an enthusiastic welcome last night to the two violinists, Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian, and Mischa Elman, the Russian—thus they were designated on the program—who appeared in a joint recital, assisted at the piano by Josef Bonime.

The program contained four numbers, each of several movements, the Concertante by Mozart, the sonata in E major by Handel, the concerto in D minor by Bach and the Suite, Opus 71, by Moszkowski. In response to continuing applause the violinists added one number to their long program, a brilliant duet with long double-stopping and pizzicato passages. The contrast in style of play and physical appearance of the performers was most pleasing. Ysaye, big in figure and composed in manner, Elman, not half the age of the other, small, gesticulatory and quite captivating the audience by his air of deference to the older player. The abilities and characteristics of these performers are well known in Boston. Both were in excellent mood and their display of technique and their delicacy in the rendering of many passages, especially the Largo in the Bach number, won the vociferous approbation of their hearers. Mr. Bonime was discreet and intelligent at the piano.

[illegible] city of the North, I merely [illegible] women of the [illegible]

A Social Register

The editor of the Book Monthly has asked some "well known" writers what characters in fiction they would be most eager to meet in the flesh. This question may be ranked with "What one book would you wish to have on a desert island?" and "What would you do first if you were left a legacy of $1,000,000?" Not long ago a conscientious objector, imprisoned in England, said that if he were to be jailed again and allowed to take books with him he would include the novels of George Eliot, Jane Austen, Trollope, Thomas Hardy; the poetry of Wordsworth, Cowper, Goldsmith, and Charles Lamb's essays. Making out lists of this or a similar character is a harmless fireside amusement.

There were replies to the editor of the Book Monthly. Messrs. Lucas, Courtney, Walpole and Locke would prefer to see Falstaff, Stephen McKenna, Mrs. Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris. W. B. Maxwell would ask first for Diana Vernon because he was hopelessly in love with her years ago; next to her, Joe Gargery, "because so truly good a man, so truly fine a gentleman," then Angel Clare, "to kill him at sight for his infamous and asinine treatment of Tess."

No doubt the editor, asking the question had in mind Hazlitt's essay "Of Persons One would Wish to Have Seen."

Mr. Arnold Bennett was not particularly anxious to meet any character in fiction, not even his "Pretty Lady." Has Mr. Hardy a favorite heroine? Of all the women described by novelists we should first ask for his Eustacia Vye. Sophia Weston would come next. We should like to see Isopel Berners, but we should be afraid of her. One could no more be on easy terms with Isopel than with Bruennhilde. One would like to ask Nausicaa if she finally found a man that made her forget Ulysses. Dickens? Perhaps Lizzie Hexam. Thackeray? Beatrix, if one did not see in her the later Baroness Bernsteln. Becky and Laura and Blanche Amory? No—better Hetty Lambert and the little wife in "The Great Hoggarty Diamond." The women of Scott and Bulwer and George Eliot leave us cold. Think of being shut up for a rainy week-end with Romola! Jane Austen's heroines are too practical, with both eyes out for an advantageous marriage. Yes, we would gladly talk with one woman of Hawthorne, not Zenobia, but Rappaccini's daughter. (We are not sure of the spelling, and the book is not at hand). Evelyn Innes is too much of a prima donna. Wilkie Collins's women are shadowy creatures, with the possible exception of Miss Lydia Gwilt, but we could pass a delightful hour with Charles Reade's Peg—his Joel Dence, an excellent creature, is too massive. Does any one remember even the name of any woman in Cooper's novels?

"Some Tall"

As the World Wags:

I read the headline, "Arm Torn off 60 Feet Above Ground," and this headline was not in the Podunk Bird of Freedom.

Salem. A. P. W.

Water-Horns?

I have never tried breeding water horses as described by Prof. J. B. Nixon, but I have often wished I could cross the Pterodactyl with the Ornithorynchus, or Duck-billed Platypus, hoping thereby to increase the supply of edible eggs and bring down the price of hen fruit.

For this reason I sought knowledge of water horns, alluded to by you in a question apparently from Izaak Walton some days ago. I hoped the water horns might be an intermediate species between these near-birds and possible to cross with the marsh hen. Neither Prof. Nixon nor "H. M. P." is entitled to my bottle of "S. T. 1860X," for they still prate of horses and not of horns.

Lynn. A. P. S.

The quotation was from Robert Burton, not Izaak Walton. Is it not possible that water horn was another name for the water hen or the water rail? Perhaps it was the avocet, known also as the shoe horn or shoeing horn, thus described by Sir Thomas Browne in his account of birds found in Norfolk: "Avosceta, called shoeing-horn, a tall black and white bird with a bill semicircularly reclining or bowed upward; so that it is not easy to conceive how it can feed; answerable unto the avoseta Italorum, in Aldrovandus, a summer marsh-bird, and not unfrequent in Marshland."—Ed.

The Full Hired Man

As the World Wags:

I have no grounds for disputing "J. W.s" statement in this column regarding ". . . a pail of water-glass, which at his leisure is put in the cellar by the hired man when full." I wish, however, to have the floor long enough to ask about an attendant detail, the necessity of which I do not comprehend.

Mr. "J. W." declares, curiously enough, that the chauffeur of the pail of water-glass must be full; I take it he uses the word in its colloquial sense, to mean intoxicated. This seems a quite unnecessary circumstance. I cannot conceive what advantage can be gained from having the gentleman in an exhilarated state; so I make bold to ask.

Perhaps the author will tell us what the farmer is going to do after July 1. At any rate, I hope he will tell us why inebriation is necessary to attain the results.

SATYROS.

Cambridge.

Jewett Players Give "The Monkey's Paw" and "The Critic"

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—Double bill: "The Monkey's Paw," by W. W. Jacobs and Louis N. Parker, a story in three scenes; "The Critic; or a Tragedy Rehearsal," a dramatic piece in two acts by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Performed by the Henry Jewett Players.

"THE MONKEY'S PAW."

Mr. White.....Mr. Wingfield
Mrs. White.....Miss Roach
Herbert.....Mr. Leslie
Sergeant-Major Morris.....Mr. Permain
Mr. Sampson.....Mr. Craske

"THE CRITIC."

Dangle.....Mr. Permain
Sneer.....Mr. Craske
Sir Fretful Plagiary.....Mr. Clive
Pubb.....Mr. Wingfield
Mrs. Dangle.....Miss Hamilton
Governor.....Mr. Clive
Sir Walter Raleigh.....Mr. Leslie
Sir Christopher Hatton.....Mr. Joy
Earl of Leicester.....Mr. Matthews
Whiskerandos.....Miss Newcombe
Tilburina.....Miss Relph
Confidant.....Miss Roach

Marcel Schwob tells us that when John Ford's tragedy of incest was performed in Paris, it was thought necessary for Giovanni to enter with a real heart on his dagger. Thus would the terror of his appearance be enlarged. At the rehearsal the actor came on brandishing the heart of a freshly-killed sheep on the end of his poniard. To the amazement of all, the genuine heart was ineffective; it did not look like a heart, certainly not the bleeding heart of the fair Annabella: it was only a piece of butcher's meat. And so a heart was cut out of red flannel in the shape seen on holy images. The brilliance of the red was incomparable, not at all like the color of blood; but when Giovanni came out with this heart, the audience shuddered, for here, indeed, was the heart of poor Annabella.

Perhaps Mr. Jewett provided a real monkey's paw as a stage property. This, or an imitation one, has only literary significance, as in Mr. Jacobs's grisly story. On the stage the exhibition of the paw, its stress is laid upon it, does not excite terror; it may awaken laughter, if the paw is seen to wriggle. It is doubtful whether the horror excited by the story can be so compelling in the playhouse.

The story of tragic results that may come from three wishes is not uncommon in the folk lore of many nations. As a rule the results, although they may be disappointing, are comic; often grotesquely comic; Rabelaisianally comic in the story told in "The Thousand Nights and a Night." In this play the grimly supernatural enters. The monkey's paw is maleficent; as an Indian jewel, or little idol, is a curse to the possessor in many stories. (No one of these tales is more curious in this respect than one told today in Dublin, N. H.) A story that is read in a few minutes makes a deeper impression than when it is changed into a play. Can one think of Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," "The Cask of Amontillado" or "Berenice" on the stage? Would there not be shouts of laughter if the lover in the last named tale were seen extracting the teeth from the corpse of the loved one? Can one imagine Bulwer's "The Haunted and the Haunters" as a play?

The ending of "The Monkey's Paw" certainly excites horror: the dead son come to life, knocking at the door which the distracted mother vainly endeavors to open, while within the father searches for the paw that he may again wish their son dead—all for £200; but what a stretch of tame dialogue before the gooseflesh and the standing of hair on end! And is the humor, intended to relieve or to heighten the catastrophe, of the sort that Artemus Ward characterized as "first class"?

Mr. Wingfield gave a powerful performance of the father, impressive by reason of diction and facial play; by the artistic expression of curiosity, ter-

[illegible] the frenzied [illegible] the wishes for so [illegible] The other plays [illegible] Roach with quietly pathetic [illegible] less expressive in the fulsomely melodramatic ending. Mr. Permain soared by the memory of his own fate from wishing and by the thought of the one from whom he had obtained the talisman, redeemed himself from mannered bolsterousness after his entrance. Here the actor's reticence was sinister and for the first time the giggling audience began to think that the play might not, after all, be a rollicking farce. And this audience giggled so easily.

The first act of Sheridan's play was performed with commendable fidelity to Sheridan's lines. There was some hesitation on the part of one or two, easily excused at a first night performance but Sheridan's dialogue was respected, and there was the 18th century spirit. Mrs. Dangle was allowed to appear, nor was Sir Fretful cut out from the scene. This argued well for the rehearsal of the tragedy. We regret to say that in the second act burlesque was burlesqued. Gags and wheezes were introduced, many of them pointless, some in poor taste, as when Mr. Clive was asked by name whether he had been a governor and a father. These gags, and a liberal amount of horse-play, dragged out the performance till an unnecessarily late hour. And why did Mr. Jewett conceive the unhappy idea of entrusting the part of Whiskerandos to a woman? Whiskerandos! Why did not Mr. Jewett engage a Bearded Lady from some side show or dime museum and have done with it? Sheridan's "Critic" is amusing as it stands; its lines, its burlesque spirit do not need extravagant treatment. The greater part of the play might have been written yesterday. We had hoped that at the Copley Theatre, where there is much talk about art, greater respect would be shown an English classic, but Mr. Jewett has with this production out-Dalyed Augustin Daly, whose version was sufficiently impertinent.

YE WILBUR THEATRE—"Ladies First," a farce comedy with music, in three acts; book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith; music by A. Baldwin Sloane and others; based on Charles H. Hoyt's "A Contented Woman," produced in New York, Oct. 24, 1918, first performance in Boston.

Betty Burt.....Nora Bayes
Benny.....Irving Fisher
Uncle Tody.....Al Roberts
Aunt Jim.....Florence Morrison
Brother Larry.....Arthur Stuart Hull
Mr. Betts.....Matt Hanley
McGurk.....J. W. Ashley
D. C. Washington.....Happy Rhone
Mrs. Ebbsmith.....Judith Vosselli
Grace.....Grace Russell
Polly.....Polly Bowman
Henriette.....Henriette Wilson
Martha.....Martha Dean
Doris.....Doris Sheerin
Betty.....Betty Clark
Florence.....Florence Lee
Almeda.....Almeda Fowler
Josephine.....Josephine

With a very shadowy background of that rich satire on suffrage and politics which Charles H. Hoyt gave to a laughing nation back in '96, Miss Nora Bayes and her collaborators now undertake to fill an evening with modern twists of time-worn topics, varied by songs, dances, pantomime and copious potions of the well-flavored Bayes humor. Here and there, in a situation, a line, one might recall the Hoytian farce which 25 years ago was popular by reason fundamentally of the pointed witticisms and homely characterizations of one of the cleverest men who ever wrote for an American public.

But by and large, the present entertainment is centred around Miss Bayes, her personal brand of wit, her breezy mannerisms, her indubitable talent with a certain kind of songs, her fondness for making much out of little in speech and scene. If she avoids subtlety in her processes, she compensates with a spontaneity which appears genuine enough to flatter an audience that she is thinking up a lot of bright things for the special delectation of that particular audience. If she leans a bit to burlesque, it is because she sincerely believes, perhaps, that those in front have a relish for it. Whatever her intents, methods or moods, it can not be denied that Miss Bayes possesses an artistic streak of uncommon richness, or that she has that intangible asset which makes an audience friendly even when it may have been predisposed against her. And any entertainer who can do that deserves all the credit that goes with the achievment.

In "Ladies First" Miss Bayes assumes the role of a young belle who permits a ponderous aunt to impress her as a candidate for mayor on the suffrage ticket. The opposing candidate of her fiance and, piqued at some fancied affront, she agrees to enter the lists against him. In the end she loses, and is glad of it. That really sums up what is left of the late lamented Hoyt plot. For the rest there are more than a dozen song numbers, several of them exceptionally good, some fancy dancing by Miss Almeda Fowler, some excellent vocalism by Mr. Fisher, the mayor-elect, and some rather heavy comedy by two really clever folk, Mr Roberts and Miss Morrison. In the third act, a duet by Miss Bayes and Mr. Fisher are

... be ... in song ... ly
... o at the piano. Mr. B... scored
... with "Prohibition Blues and
"What Will We Do on a Saturday
Night," while Mr. Fisher gave delight
with "Caroline," "Four Little Men" and
two other drawing room ballads.

An octet of girls aids in forming attractive stage pictures, and is a factor in at least one song, "What a Girl Can Do." When all is said, however, Miss Bayes carries two-thirds of the entertainment on her own versatile shoulders, and, judging by last night's gusts of merriment, does it so deftly and so whole-heartedly that she seems to derive as much fun out of the performance as those who applaud or laugh with her.

H. B. Wright's Book, "The Eyes of the World," Finely Pictured

In these days of film dramas uninspired in plot and produced machine-fashion to meet the public's demand for a semi-weekly change of bill, it is refreshing to see a picture conceived in terms of human life and screened with that careful workmanship which alone can elevate it above the ordinary. Such a production one watches to the end—and such a production is Harold Bell Wright's "The Eyes of the World," which opened in Boston yesterday at the Shubert Theatre.

His novel is a big story, marred—in the judgment of some readers—by a quality of "preachiness." The Clune picturization follows the story closely, and naturally, leaves out the moralizing. It succeeds, moreover, in carrying the spirit of the tale.

The film is staged in a big way in the mountains of California, and the ever-changing scenic panorama unfolded is enchanting. The members of the cast, without exception, measure up to their parts, whether they are of the great outdoors, the steam-heated circles of society or the world of art. They are: Conrad Le Grane, "Civilzation," Munroe Salisbury; James Rutledge, "Sensuality," Edward Pell; Mr. Taine, "Materialism," Jack McDonald; Myra Willard, "Symbol," Lurline Lyons; Sybil Andres, "Nature," Jane Novak; John Willard, "The Convict," Daniel McCarthy; Mrs. Taine, "The Age," Kathleen Kirkham; Aaron King, "Art," Jack Livingston; Forest Ranger, Fred Burns.

Somewhat after the manner of Victor Hugo, the story itself is carried back in a prologue tracing the previous life influences that mould the characters; and the scene of this is laid in Boston, during the last quarter of the 19th century. The main action leads up to one really thrilling scene—the fight on the cliff, which is splendidly done.

Admirers of Harold Bell Wright are treated also to a glimpse of his life on his Arizona ranch.

MORTONS DRAW LAUGHS AT KEITH'S

Russian Dancers Also Feature of Bill

The Four Mortons—Sam, Kitty, Martha and Joe—in "Then and Now," an act that includes some of the specialties of the elder Mortons of a generation ago, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that laughed uproariously. Mr. Morton introduced himself and wife "as the oldest team in captivity. Mr. Morton is now one of a few on the stage today who is the exemplar of a style that will soon be no more. Without the semblance of artificiality, his every move and word never fail to pull the laugh. The act is now heightened by the presence of Joe, a dancer of promise, with much the same style as his brother Paul, now associated with Naomi Glass. Martha, too, a demure miss who gives much pleasure with her dancing. And the mother, Kitty, is still agile and full of the comedy spirit. The elder pair repeated a dance that was a feature of their act when they started their stage career 38 years ago.

Ivan Bankoff and company, in "The Dancing Master," an act worthy of the headline stratum, was a decided feature of the bill. The act is an exposition of the technique of the Russian school, and is one of the best exhibitions of toe dancing and pirouetting that has graced this theatre. As a dancing partner, Miss Phebe, who is blessed with uncommon good looks and graceful curves, whirled about in vigorous rhythm, and with a lightness that amazed the audience, such was the lengthy duration of her performance.

Other acts were Egdirettu and his posing horse and dog; Gallagher and Rolley, in a laughable military travesty; Stuart Barnes, monologuist; "Sailor" Reilly, in songs; Nash and O'Donnell, in a sketch; Phina and company, in a dancing act, and the Girards, equilibrists.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"La La Lucille," a musical comedy opened a two-weeks' engagement last night, with all seats filled and an audience that was thoroughly appreciative.

Varying from the usual performance presented in the name of a musical comedy, "La La Lucille" has some pretensions to a plot, in fact there is enough of a romantic story running through the three acts to interest even those who are not attracted by fine stage settings, elegant costumes, good singing and spectacular dancing.

It verges on the farcical, but maintains interest throughout.

The story is that a wealthy aunt pretends to have died and sends her lawyer with a will to her nephew, the will providing that if he secures a divorce he shall inherit a couple of millions. The nephew and wife agree to arrange a temporary divorce that they may secure the millions, but such complications arise that they are willing to cast money to the winds and love prevails over Mammon.

The piece is beautifully staged, and the stage settings harmonize perfectly with the costumes of the performers.

The cast:

Johnathon Jaynes, an ex-juggler	Charles W. Myers
Lucille Jaynes Smith, his daughter	Grace Walsh
John Smith, her husband, a dentist	John E. Hazzard
Oyamo, a Japanese butler	M. Rale
Nicholas Grimsby, a lawyer	Maurice Cass
Thomas Brady	Sager Midgley
Mrs. Thomas Brady	Cordelia MacDonald
Reginald Blackwood, another lawyer	Alfred Hall
Fanny, the janitress	Eleanor Daniels
Britton Hughes, a Romeo from the South	Lorin Raker
Mrs. Britton Hughes (Peggy), his Juliette	Helen Clark
A Bellboy	Edward De Camp
A Waiter	Harold D. Miller
Duffy, house detective at the hotel	George W. Callahan
Col. Marion, Peggy's father	Stanley Ford
A Stranger	Ester Banks
Allan Brady	J. Lowe
Danseuse	Marjorie Bentley

Fred Jackson, the author, George Gershwin who composed the score, and Arthur J. Jackson and B. G. de Silva, writers of the lyrics, have done more than usually well in presenting a piece that is harmonious, interesting and attractive.

The songs that are interpolated are so good that many of the audience were heard humming them as they left the theatre and the dancing was so attractive that there were frequent recalls.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"The Silent Witness." Drama in a prologue and three acts by Otto Hauerbach. The cast:

Sarah Blakely	Bertha Blanchard
Norman Blakely	Henry T. Crossen
Helen Hastings	Ruth Robinson
Rigsby	Morton L. Stevens
Bud Morgan	Aubrey Bosworth
Janet Rigsby	Bella Cairns
John Pelham	Mark Kent
Ruth Pelham	Eleanor Brent
Wilbur Weldon	Frederick Allen
Mr. Weldon	Mark Elliston
Richard Morgan	Dudley Ayres
Dr. Wiley	Charles A. Patterson
Kato	Walter Coupe
June Travers	Barbara Gray
Wiggins	Joseph Guthrie
Deputy Sheriff	William Harvey

Full of dramatic situations and many surprises, "The Silent Witness" pleased both audiences at the Arlington Theatre yesterday afternoon and evening. First of all Bud Morgan is seen as a student at a western university. He is a poor boy among many wealthy ones, and his mother's good name is slurred by one of his fellow students so many times that he attacks Wilbur Weldon, and in the struggle Weldon is killed. The boy is brought to trial, an assistant district attorney does his best to convict him, because he hopes thereby to advance himself in office. The district attorney, who does not know that he is the boy's father, realizes at the critical moment that injustice is being done and the boy is saved. Into the story comes the boy's mother and there is a happy ending.

Mr. Bosworth plays Bud Morgan with sincerity and vigor, and Mr. Ayres as the father adds another to his gallery of sterling portraitures. Miss Robinson makes an effective Helen Hastings, and Mr. Kent a forcible John Pelham.

Next week "Little Peggy O'Moore," a comedy which resembles "Peg o' My Heart," will have its first Boston production on the stage of the Arlington Theatre.

May 1st 1919

One will observe, if one takes care, that there are in every republic four kinds of persons. There are those that are wise and do not seem to be so; there are those that seem to be and are not; others that are not and do not appear to be, and others that are and seem to be wise.

From Sole to Crown

As the World Wags:

Scissoring articles from London newspapers, in search of material for my colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast" (elephant folio, sold only by subscription), I came across the following paragraph:

"The impression of there being so many well-dressed men about town is due to the fact that there are so many who are appearing from top to toe in entirely new clothes; hats, collars, ties, socks, gloves, shoes—everything. When they went to the war large numbers of men scrapped their wardrobes. They are not necessarily exceptionally 'well-tailored' today, but they have achieved the ambition never realized by poor Reginald Wilfer in 'Our Mutual Friend' of having everything new at one and the same time."

Yes, I remember Mr. Wilfer's case, for before I began my sociological researches I spent no little time, I am ashamed to say, on light and frivolous literature and today I occasionally look over a novel by Anthony Trollope to gain a closer insight into English life and manners during Victoria's reign. But it is not necessary for me to remember Mr. Wilfer as a shocking example. With the best of intentions I myself have never been well dressed from boots to hat. There has always been an out, even when I was at college and gaily took little thought of the morrow. If my suit was irreproachable there was something wrong about my cravat, boots or hat; or my shirt collar was too tight or too loose; or a cuff was frayed.

Not long ago, having received a subscription from a great public library for four sets of my colossal work (as yet unpublished), I went to a fashionable tailor. In his shop there was one man to fit the trousers; another, the waist-coat; a third to shape the coat. It was all done with an air, and I said to myself, "Truly this is life; would that it were lasting." Alas, I could not procure an extra pair of trousers. Today a hole in the left knee of a leg is clumsily concealed by a patch on the inside and stitches taken on the outside. Coat and waistcoat are still impressive, far superior to those generally worn by men of scientific attainments. My coat is unspotted, for I have not yet reached the slobbering age, and I abstain from thick soups that prefer the mustache to the mouth. My waistcoat does not resemble a geological chart of the various periods, Devonian, Silurian, Carboniferous and the rest of them. My trousers do not bag at the knees, they are not at half mast. But there is that patch! My boots need re-soling; my hat is a proof of unexpected and changeable weather conditions. There are many Mr. Wilfers, even among men whose reputation is world-wide, sky-assailing. Fortunately at Clamport dress does not matter; in fact at the club there is the ostentation of un-dress—especially among the young women. HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Boston.

"Shanty" or "Chanty"

As the World Wags:

Won't someone start a society to teach the proper spelling of the word "Chantey"—meaning a sailor's song? I am led to this remark by a poem in a current magazine which has a title, "Chanty." I am not where I can get at any authority but the Century Dictionary, but there the word is given as "Chantey," and W. Clark Russell is quoted. Kipling also uses that spelling. Masefield fails into what I believe an error in spelling the word without the "e," and there is another form one occasionally sees, "Chantie."

Now, according to the Century Dictionary the "Chanty," or "Chantie," is a Scotch word and means something far different. In fact, if you should ask a north countryman who knew some of the old ballads he might be induced to sing you a very Rabelaisian ditty on the subject.

The Century does not give the derivative of "Chantey," but says "cf Chant," which is not very satisfactory on account of the different pronunciation of the "Ch" in the two words. I have my own idea of the derivative which would settle the spelling and the reason for the pronunciation. It is well known that while there may have been sailors' songs very early, the really popular Chanteys had their origin among the Negroes on the Mississippi steamboats, and these songs were picked up by the sailors in the vessels loading cotton at New Orleans. Isn't it reasonable to suppose, then, that the sailors leaning over the rails watching the Negroes rolling the bales of cotton along the quays and hoisting them aboard ship should have seen, as the work lagged, the Creole slave drivers crack their whips over the blacks and shout, "Chantez! Chantez!" And to the English-speaking sailor the verb became a noun and the resulting song a "Chantey." And these "Chanteys" were carried thence

"East all the way into Mississippi Bay
And West to the Golden Gate."

Newburyport. NAUTAPHILE.

The new English dictionary, the great Oxford, includes the word as "Shanty, also Chant(e)y." The oldest quotation is from Chambers' Journal, 1869: "Sailors' Shanties and Sea Songs." In Runciman's "Skippers," "Shanties" is preferred. C. D. Warner speaks of the "Shanty-man"; Henley of the "Chantymen." In the lumberman's vocabulary a "Shantyman" is a lumberman; a shanty boat is a houseboat used by lumbermen; a shanty-cake is one baked on, or in, hot ashes. Shanty, with these meanings, comes, of course, from "Shanty," a small, mean, roughly constructed dwelling which in turn is supposed to be a corruption of the French "Chantier," and so "Shanty," a sailor's song, is said to be a corruption of the French "Chantez," the imperative of "Chanter," to sing. In Australia a shanty is a public house. Especially an unlicensed one. In Yorkshire dialect a shanty is a small carriage; in Scottish dialect it is an humble article of bed-chamber furniture. Then there is the adjective "Shanty" in English dialect meaning jaunty, flashy, gay, stylish genteel, neat.—Ed.

May 15 1919

GIVE NOH DANCES AT THE COPLEY

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Catherine du Pont, assisted by Douglas Crane, actor, and Charles de Mailly, flutist, gave a performance of Noh Dances and Lyric Dramas of Japan in the Copley Theatre yesterday afternoon. The theatre was filled with an interested and appreciative audience. This was Miss du Pont's first appearance in Boston.

An account of the origin and the character of the Noh drama was published in the Herald of last Sunday. It is not necessary to repeat what was then said.

Miss du Pont, coming on the stage in the costume worn by her in the first play, began by describing the nature of the Noh drama and the manner in which it is acted in Japan. This little lecture was a chief feature of the entertainment, by reason of the contexts and the artistic simplicity of the explanations and descriptions. Miss du Pont's voice in speaking and in chanting is one of uncommon beauty, rich, full of color, womanly, not merely feminine. In her recitation of several legends, there was varied expression without any attempt to be impressively dramatic. Nor should her delightfully clear enunciation be passed by unnoticed. Seldom in these days has the English language so beautiful a sound. Miss du Pont's diction was not only a lesson to any actor or actress who was present; it was a reproach to many of us who clip and drawl and mangle generally the noble language that is our birthright.

After Miss du Pont had shown how the Noh drama was associated with Shinto and said a few words about that venerable religion, she explained why it was not possible for her to give an exact reproduction of a Japanese performance. She could not, for instance, bring Japanese chanters and Japanese musicians with her; so she was obliged to chant while she was dancing. One or two stage properties—the Japanese use very few—could not be easily carried about on account of their bulk. In the first two dramas, she did not wear the traditional masks, for her teachers advised her to go without them. Thus she could chant with greater ease. In the third she wore the mask that goes with the costume of the character, an elemental of kindness, or the Spirit of Wine.

Three little dramas were on the program: "Tsunemasa," in which the ghost of a 19-year-old boy, slain in battle, and a priest took part; "Hagoromo," in which Tennin, an angel born in the moon, begs the return of her mantle from a fisherman, that she may fly home, and for the mantle dances a dance of celestial beings; "Shojo," a drama based on a Chinese legend of a sake merchant rewarded by Shojo, who, grateful, sees to it that the merchant's jar near the river will never be empty.

The main idea of "Hagoromo," the possession by a mortal of the mantle by which an angelic creature alone can return to her home, is found in the folk-lore of many nations. A noteworthy example is the tale in "The Thousand Nights and a Night," in which Hasan of Bassorah wins his wife by stealing her feather-suit, "knowing that she could not fly save therewith."

In the three dramas the English version of the chants was recited with becoming dignity by Mr. Crane. The music of the chants was skilfully played before each drama by Mr. Mailly.

And what is to be said of the dramas themselves, with their text, now child-like in naivete, now highly poetical in Oriental manner; with the music that to Western ears is monotonous, almost aggressively so; with the ceremonial postures, gestures, movements charged with symbolism? These dramas to a Westerner are curious, exotic, mystic, but not inevitably wonderful. The eye was pleased with the stage setting, with the gorgeous costumes. The ear was charmed by the vocal spell of the chanter, although the words were naturally without verbal appeal. The spectator realized at once the art of the actress and wondered at her patience in mastering the infinite detail. But the symbolism in the use of the fan, the sleeves, and in bodily movements; the religious spirit that may vitalize dialogue that seems matter of fact in its simplicity—these necessarily escaped him. No English speaking spectator witnessing a Greek tragedy can possibly be moved by it as were those shaken in soul by the tragedies of Aeschylus, Euripides and Sophocles; no Westerner can understand the Eastern

[illegible] ago shaped the [illegible] That dramatic art must [illegible] foreign to him, although he pays [illegible] tribute to the art of Miss du [illegible]

I [illegible] Sir John Sinclair ask Mr. [illegible] Johnstone whether he meant to [illegible] of his (then a little boy) taught [illegible]. "No," said Mr. Johnstone, "but I [illegible] to do something a great deal better for him." "What is that?" said Sir John. "Why," said the other, "teach him to shave with cold water and without a glass."

Piping Hot

Mr. Marcellus Graves, reading at the Porphyry Club advertisements in his favorite newspaper, looked up and exclaimed in contemptuous tones: "Hot and cold water in every bedroom." Then he went on, talking to those near him as if he were on a platform where some great civic or moral question was before the meeting.

"Hot and cold water! Why, I saw sometime ago in a New York paper a letter in which the writer said that the Americans are hot water mad. He is right. He spoke of the injurious effects on women, who are always washing their hands and faces in hot water and pay no attention to the advice of beauty specialists. No wonder their faces crack, so that they are forced to daub cream on their cheeks, forehead, nose and chin. No wonder that their hands are chapped and rough in cold weather. I firmly believe, gentlemen, that the abuse of hot water—externally, of course—is largely accountable for their highly nervous and excitable state."

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the eminent student of sociology, who, having paid at last his back dues, now spends his late afternoons at the Porphyry, where he quaffs cups of tea—not that he likes tea, but the high price of alcohol in its more alluring forms compels him to quench his nobly raging thirst with a more nerve-shattering and stomach-ruining beverage—Mr. Johnson was tempted to be disagreeable, for he was aware that Mr. Graves owned several old-fashioned apartments, was averse to "modern improvements" and was regarded by his tenants as a "tight-wad." He refrained, for he is a gentle soul. He contented himself with memories of boyhood days.

"Graves, when we were boys, running water in a bedroom, was considered dangerous to health. It was thought that sewer gas would come up at night when you were asleep and slowly poison you. I remember when a bathroom was considered a Sardanapalian luxury in our little village. Neighbors came in and wondered at the tub and two set wash bowls. Upstairs in the bedrooms there were water pitchers, bowls and slopjars. The bathtub was used only on Saturday nights, when each one of the family took a turn. Other days there was scrubbing, to be sure, but not in the tub. Even on Saturday nights, the water was not always hot; it was often lukewarm, provocative of chills and goose flesh. If I am not mistaken, this hot water was brought sometimes from the kitchen stove and poured into the tub. When we went visiting in the country, we always washed in cold water, and we had chapped hands in winter irrespective of water's temperature. I can shave comfortably with cold water. There was a time when I could shave without a glass, but I wouldn't care to risk it now. Hot water is a blessing, if only for the comfort it gives women. What would they do without a hot water bag? By the way most of these bags are like the best fountain pens—they leak. Did you ever in a case of sudden sickness try to heat water over a dying fire in the kitchen stove or over a spirit lamp? I do not speak of hot water for rum, whiskey or gin when a member of the family is advised to take a sweat; for this is now a sad subject." Mr. Johnson sighed, thinking of the days that will soon be no more. Drinking a fourth cup of tea, he continued:

"Nor do I believe in cold baths. Nine-tenths of the men who take them do it only because they think it manly. There are men and women who are always saying 'after I had my bath.' I am suspicious of them. Why advertise publicly one's cleanly habits? Collecting [illegible] I am [illegible] club has [illegible] subscribed for a set—there should be at least three sets in our [illegible]—I came across a note in the first book of Paulus Aegineta, and as I happen to have it with me, I'll read it to you: 'The warm bath is the safest and best, relieving lassitude, dispelling plethora, warming, soothing, softening, removing flatulence wherever it fixes, producing sleep and inducing plumpness. It is expedient for all, man and woman, young and old, rich and poor.' No, Mr. Graves, hot water is not now a luxury; it's a necessity; no flat, no house should be without it. Think of the trouble it saves. In these days no chambermaid, no general housework girl will demean herself by carrying a slop-pail. The great majority insists on set bowls and a tub in their own bedrooms, and a prudent man does everything to please the ladies." Mr. Johnson looked about him for approval. Lo, he and Graves were alone. In another room, where there was shaking of dice at the cocktail hour, a voice was heard: "When is Herkimer going to Clamport? Soon, I hope."

Mr. Johnson was also heard: "Graves, think of hot water as a medicine. There was the eminent Dr. Sangredo, for whom Gil Blas was an assistant. Now"—And here someone closed the door.

May 16 1919

Whoever in relating a story shall use the most odious terms when gentler expressions might do as well, is not to be esteemed impartial, but an enjoyer of his own fancy, in putting the worst construction on things.

Pressing Need

We publish this morning a letter written by a Japanese student to the president of a leading educational institution in this city:

Most Honored Sir:

Understanding that there are several hands wanted in your honor's department, I beg to offer you my hand. As to my adjustments I appeared for the Matrix Exams. at Octy, but failed for the reason that I shall describe. To begin with my writing was illegible. This was due to climate reason for I having come from a warm to a cold climate found my fingers stiff and very disobedient to my wishes. Further I had received a shock to my mental system in the shape of death of my only fond brother. Besides, most honored Sir, I beg to state that I am in very uncomfortable circumstances being the sole means of support of my fond brother's seven issues consisting of three adults and four adultresses, the latter being the bain of my existence owing to my having to support two of my own wives as well as their issues of which by God's misfortune the feminine gender predominates. If by wonderful good fortune these few lines meet with your benign kindness and favorable turn of mind, I the poor menial shall ever pray for the long life and prosperity of yourself as well as your honor's posthumous olive branches.

Author! Author!

As the World Wags:

Who said, "Make 'em laugh; make 'em weep; make 'em wait"? I have suffered some irritation of late at finding the dictum attributed to Wilkie Collins; Clayton Hamilton does so in his "Manual of the Art of Fiction," and it occurs in a review in last Saturday's Herald, whose subject ("The Social Plays of Pinero," edited by Clayton Hamilton) suggests that the contagion came from the same well-spring. The phrase has passed as Charles Reade's and certainly sounds on the face of it more like a playwright's formula than a novelist's; furthermore, it would be news that Wilkie Collins had, or supposed himself to have, the power to make his readers laugh or weep, however he may have mastered the art of making 'em everlastingly wait. But before I indulge overmuch in irritation I wish to appeal to authority, as from memory I find myself unable to place the saying in anything I have read by or about Charles Reade. If Mr. Hamilton is right, let him go on doing publicity work for Collins; if he is mistaken, it is time the nuisance was stopped. E. O.

The Hay-Hopper

As the World Wags:

"Being an old traveller and used to strange sights," I was interested in Mr. Nixon's story about the Water Horse. At first I thought it might be a drinking trough, but I confess that Holstein sheep are a "ringer" on me. Now can you tell what a hay-hopper is? I am also an agriculturist and naturalist. I once asked a farmer if he knew what a hay-hopper is. He suggested the hole where hay is fed into a hay press, but that is not it. It's a living thing. He gave it up. A hay-hopper is a dried grasshopper. This leaves the question, which is dried, the hopper or the grass? A hay-hopper is a grasshopper that gets carried in with a load of hay, and as hay is dried grass, he has to hop on dried grass; he is a dried grass or hay hopper. C. H. M.

Lowell.

[illegible] and Thermometers

[illegible] World Wags:

[illegible] the extinct [illegible] used to pry up [illegible] with a crowbar and where the frost is on the pun'kin in the autumn almost before we feel sure the last spring frost is gone, I wish to be among the first to support Mr. Daniel Boone's scheme for federal legislation regarding the thermometer, provided th[e] he first shows us that altering any [of] all of the three accepted scales—Centigrade, Fahrenheit, Reaumur—would exert an influence on actual heat and cold in a much more definite manner and to a greater extent than changing the clocks affects the rising and setting of the sun and its irregular arrival at the meridian.

Seriously, Mr. Boone's proposition is quite as logically sound as many of the arguments against daylight saving. A traveler from Altruria would never discover anything wrong with the clock until the matter was suggested to him; neither would he find himself uncomfortably hot or suffering with cold as frequently if he kept away from a thermometer, for the influence which expands or contracts the mercury is not alone in determining the conditions for physical comfort.

Somebody please state what is a "Dop Doctor." . . . I have been "galumphing" through "That Which Hath Wings" by Richard Dehan, and turning to the Herald find the discussion of temperatures very timely, but Dop Doctor adds to the confusion.

T. INKER McEREL.

Stockton Springs, Me.

Paris

My Paris is a land where twilight days
Merge into violet nights of black and gold;
Where, it may be, the flower of dawn is cold:
Ah, but the gold nights, and the scented ways!

Eyelids of women, little curls of hair,
A little nose curved softly, like a shell;
A red mouth with a wound, a mocking veil:
Phantoms, before the dawn, how phantom-fair!

And every woman, with beseeching eyes,
Or with enticing eyes, or amorous,
Offers herself, a rose, and craves of us
A rose's place among our memories.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

May 17 1919

A gentleman at a public entertainment never testifies his appreciation of good music or acting by stamping his feet or whistling.—Miss Alice Stuart in the Boston Post.

Through the Ages

As the World Wags:

Let us not mourn as those without hope in these days when the unco' guid are forbidding us this, that and the other. There have been eras of prohibition before. Where are those eras now?

The Jews could not turn round without bumping into a prohibitory law. Is it any wonder that they finally sought relief by importing foreign, light-minded persons like Jezebel, and looked with friendly eyes on Baal and Ashtaroth and the sons of Belial?

During the heyday of the Puritans in England every Toby Belch in the commonwealth had to carouse in secret, with a swarm of sour-visaged Malvolios at the keyhole.

"Plum broth was Popish, and mince pie—
Oh, that was flat idolatry."

At Christmas time zealous Puritans raided the houses of Cavaliers, and if they found them eating mince pie they dragged them off to the calaboose. It wasn't the pie that put them in such a dudgeon, but the Cavaliers had made the eating of it a test of orthodoxy. They made it a symbol of the Nativity. The crust represented the manger and the spiced mince meat the fragrant gifts of the Magi, and symbolism was anathema to the "crop-eared lords of Cromwell's making."

There was a time when a fellow dared not smoke in the streets of Boston. It was against the law. One of Boston's newspapers, whose name has been sheared from the clipping at hand, under date of May 17, 1856, prints a woodcut picturing a space at the northerly side of the Common known then as the Smokers' Circle, explaining it in this wise: "The scene herewith sketched by our artist represents the Smokers' Circle just as it appeared in the afternoon hour a short time since. It is a well known fact that while a man may enjoy the weed by inhaling the fragrant fumes of a cigar in any other city of the Union, in Boston a fine is exacted from any person who presumes to smoke in the streets. Our worthy mayor, sympathizing with the oppressed consumer of the weed, has had a circle of seats arrayed in a shady grove of our beautiful park, and here scores of persons resort each afternoon and evening to inhale the bewitching weed. Let our readers drop [illegible] It [illegible] in bo[udoirs] and cabarets. But [illegible] law, particularly of the blue [illegible] comes a dead letter if public opinion no longer countenances its enforcement.

Boston. W. E. K.

EXTRACTS FROM A COMING NOVEL

"Covering her head with an anti-osculation mask, provided by the local board she placed it on his shoulder."

"He tossed off his malted milk without a word."

"You fibber!" he hissed through his regularly inspected set teeth.

T. L. M., in the N. Y. Evening Post.

Good Old Dr. Crockett

Our valued correspondent, Dr. William E. Crockett, on April 15th celebrated his 86th birthday. How he celebrated it is told in his letter written on that day and published in the Rockland Courier-Gazette of April 25:

"I am about as usual. Sunday I had a job in the sub-cellar under the house—two pipes burst, and no plumber. The space between the floor and the dirt is three feet. I worked in the mud and wet for more than five hours. The next day I walked downtown and went to a picture show. A young man who sat behind me was so stretched out that his feet were in my way. I gave him a hint and he withdrew them three or four times, but continued the annoyance. I finally stood up on his feet and ankles and not in a light manner, I assure you! He pulled them back when he could and gave me a poke in the back. I turned and said:

"'You have been wiping your feet on my trousers, and if you poke me in the back again I'll punch your head.'

"And he took it. I have laughed at the idea a number of times and wondered how I would have filled the contract. I write this to show you I am still on deck."

From the Fountain Head

As the World Wags:

During many days I have read with interest the controversies both pro and con being waged in the "As the World Wags" column. I will not assume to give a correct definition of the caballistic sign "S. T. 1860. X.," if, in fact, it had any, nor will I aver that it was original as used by the parties promoting the sale of Drakes Plantation Bitters." But it is a fact that in the very late '50s or early '60s, this concoction was placed on the market by W. F. & A. W. Greeley of Nashua, N. H., under the advertising heading of "Drakes Plantation Bitters; S. T. 1860. X.," and it would not be surprising if some of the old queer-shaped bottles, used to contain the liquid, were yet in existence in this vicinity. The promoters have long since passed away, and the buildings used for the purpose have also disappeared. Just what "S. T. 1860. X." meant, if, in fact, it meant anything more than to cause talk, was never, to my knowledge, divulged, though the proprietors were often asked. That it was "Started Trade in 1860 with $10," will hardly be accepted, for their financial backing was very much superior to that sum. And that it pointed to a fortune as a "Sure Thing in 10 years," was often asserted, but never, to my knowledge, averred or denied by the parties in interest. J. A. S.

Nashua, N. H.

ACTORS GIVE BENEFIT SHOW

The Colonial Theatre was crowded yesterday afternoon by an enthusiastic audience witnessing the annual benefit in behalf of the Actors' Fund of America. Daniel Frohman, president of the Actors' Fund, in a graceful speech, told what the theatrical profession had done for war funds; he spoke of the personal service of actors in the great war, and then he explained why there was now special necessity for raising money to meet the annual expense of maintaining the Home on Staten Island.

The program was a most varied one. All the actors and actresses, as well as the stage hands and others connected with the theatre, contributed their services, and Mr. Rich gave the use of the theatre. After an overture by the Colonial Theatre orchestra the Sensational Gerards, "equilibristics," Phine and company, singers and dancers, from B. F. Keith's Theatre, pleased the audience. Also from this theatre came Leon Domque, Miss Phebe and Ivan Bankoff, in "The Dancing Master." The beauty and grace of Miss Phebe, the extraordi-

[illegible] ing of Mr. Bankoff in the second of the scenes, and the skill of the [illegible] made this act one of the chief features of the entertainment. A new comedy "Nettle," by George Ade, played by Messrs. Brister, Ames, Lawrence, Medie and Johnson, appearing through the courtesy of Oliver Morosco and Messrs. Shubert, George C. Tyler and Charles J. Rich, and Selwyn and company, proved to be an amusing version of an old theme. The comedy might have been written by Arthur Schnitzler of Vienna in a moment of good nature. It was capitally played, especially by Mr. Ames. Then came the Hawaiian Singers from "The Bird of Paradise," with their wild and haunting melodies, their exciting rhythms.

Laurette Taylor and J. M. Kerrigan played the delightful scene of Jenny and Fermoy first meeting. Irving Fisher, from the company of Nora Bayes, sang several songs, ending with the song of a blind French soldier welcoming the passing of American troops through the town. Miss Bayes and Al Roberts followed in a travesty of the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet," with a telephone on the balcony and Romeo jumping in motor-car costume over the garden wall. Miss Bayes at the end stated that her ambition had at last been gratified. She had played Juliet. "Now if you are pleased, I know I am a good Juliet." Al Jolson appeared, sang, talked, and proved that it was not necessary for him to black his face to be "as funny as he can." He sang sentimental songs—among them an Irish one, written by a musician in Los Angeles; he sang a delirious song at whirlwind speed, and he related his adventures in Boston confidentially to the roaring audience.

Another travesty written for the Actors' Fund by Cyrus Wood was played by Carlotta Monterey, and Messrs. Glendenning, Gallaher, Wood, Carson and Nichols. Then came John E. Hazzard and Josephine Drake in a sketch, "Sarsaparilla," written for the occasion by Edgar Allen Woolf; Stuart Barnes, singing comedian; Sailor Reilly, formerly of the U. S. S. Michigan, in song and monologue; selections from "La La Lucille" (Marjorie Bentley, Grace Walsh,, Jonathan Jaynes and chorus. A march by the orchestra closed this long but entertaining program, one that gave constant pleasure and netted a handsome sum for this worthy charity.

May 18 1919

"Chains," a comedy in four acts, by Elizabeth Baker, will be produced tomorrow at the Copley Theatre for the first time in Boston. It will also be the first performance of Miss Baker's play in this country, for the play "Chains," based by Porter Emerson Browne on the original English comedy, was in the most important respects a travesty. Of this play we shall speak hereafter.

The first performance of "Chains" was at the Court Theatre, London, on April 18, 1909. It was produced by the Play Actors on a Sunday evening. It was then stated that Miss Baker was a typewriter or stenographer employed by a firm in the City; that this play was her first. It was not by any means her last, for she is the author of "Miss Tassey," "Cupid in Clapham," "Edith," "The Price of Thomas Scott," "Beastly Pride," "Over a Garden Wall" and "Parnership."

The cast at the Court Theatre in 1909 was as follows:

Lily Wilson	Gillian Scaife
Charley Wilson	Ashton Pearce
Fred Tennant	Gordon A. Parker
Maggie Massey	Rose Mathews
Morton Leslie	Leonard Calvert
Sybil Frost	Doris Digby
Perry Massey	Harold Chapin
Thomas Fenwick	Sebastian Smith
Alfred Massey	Clive Currie
Mrs. Massey	Marion Sterling
Walter Foster	A. K. Aylff

Charles Frohman produced "Chains" in his Repertory Theatre series at the Duke of York's Theatre on May 17, 1909, with this cast:

Lily Wilson	Hilda Trevelyan
Charley Wilson	Dennis Eadie
Fred Tennant	Frederick Lloyd
Maggie Massey	Sybil Thorndike
Morton Leslie	Arthur Whitby
Sybil Frost	Dorothy Minto
Perry Massey	Donald Calthrop
Thomas Fenwick	Lewis Casson
Alfred Massey	Edmund Gwenn
Mrs. Massey	Florence Haydon
Walter Foster	Hubert Harben

The London correspondent of the New York Herald cabled: "In reply to calls for the author, a very distressed, frightened-looking woman was mercilessly dragged to the footlights to make a shrinking bow to an extremely friendly audience."

Although several London journals said that Miss Baker was a stenographer or clerk in the City, a writer for the Referee made bold to say that he had reason to believe she was not a clerk at all, but "an accomplished lady engaged in the service of the editor of the Spectator." This is immaterial; all agreed that she knew well the slavery of clerks, "slaves to a desk, and a silk hat and a tall collar, and ledgers and regular hours and suburban trains." If you are married, said the Times, addressing one of these slaves, "you are a slave to your wife and her relations: and you are a slave to your duties as a father when, like Mrs. Wilson in 'Chains,' your wife whispers the tender secret into your ear that you are about to become a father." Then, said the Times, "you think of the freedom of Queensland, where you work with your hands and wear no silk hat, and you long to break your chains. But you would have to leave your wife for a time, and she, poor thing, cannot understand that, and weeps. And mother-in-law (a terrible person, fond of hymns) is indignant with you, and father-in-law (a good, worthy plumber) storms at you—ugh! you brute! But it is the little, tender secret blushingly whispered that settles your hash—or, to keep up the author's metaphor, rivets your chains." The Times praised the veracity of the play, "its unvarnished picture of a certain class of Londoner and a certain corner of London; also it has abundant humor—the musical evening at the city clerk's and the Sunday afternoon at his father-in-law's are both delightfully comic."

Another critic found "Chains" a "genuinely clever piece of work. This tragedy of a middle-class family, a study touched with an acute sense of observation, illuminated by the high lights of perfect sincerity. No one, it is safe to say, could have painted a picture so faithful in detail, so true in essentials, who had not lived the life depicted therein."

Yes, Charley is a clerk. His sister-in-law Maggie is in a shop. They live a life of routine drudgery, without hope. Charley thinks of going to Australia, where he can make a home for his wife, who will go later. The family shouts its alarm and dismay. Why should he give up a sure thing for a distant uncertainty? Is he sick of work? Well, nobody likes to work, but work must be endured. There is no one to tell them all, except the dramatist, that the clerk's and the shop-girl's routine is tolerable o rthe great majority only because they lack imagination.

There was reference at the time to a bitter poem, "Thirty Bob a Week," by the unfortunate and unhappy John Davidson. This poem is too long for quotation here in full, but a few verses will give an idea of it.

But I don't allow it's luck and all a toss;
  There's no such thing as being starred and crossed;
It's just the power of some to be a boss,
  And the bally power of others to be bossed;
I face the music, sir; you bet I ain't a cur;
  Strike me lucky if I don't believe I'm lost.

For like a mole I journey in the dark,
  A-traveling along the underground
From my Pillar'd Halls and broad Suburban Park,
  To come the daily dull official round;
And home again at night with my pipe all alight,
  A-scheming how to count ten bob a pound.

And it's often very cold and very wet,
  And my missis stitches towels for a bunks;
And the Pillard'd Halls is half of it to let—
  Three rooms about the size of travelling trunks.
And we cough, my wife and I, to dislocate a sigh,
  When the noisy little kids are in their bunks.

But you never heard her do a growl or whine,
  For she's made of flint and roses, very odd;
And I've got to cut my meaning rather fine,
  Or I'd blubber, for I'm made of green and sod.

* * * * *

It's a naked child against a hungry wolf:
  It's playing bowls upon a splitting wreck;
It's walking on a string across a gulf
  With millstones fore-and-aft about your neck;
But the thing is daily done by many and many a one;
  And we fall, face forward, fighting, on the deck.

But this clerk had imagination.

"Chains" was published in London by Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.; in Boston by John W. Luce & Co.

Charles Frohman conceived the idea of "Americanizing" this play, and he intrusted the work to Porter Emerson Browne. This impertinent version of Miss Baker's play was brought out as a special matinee performance at the Criterion Theatre, New York, on Dec. 16, 1912. The chief comedians were Olive Wyndham, Ruth Boyce, Desmond Kelley, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Shelly Hull, Edwin Nicander, Robert Fisher.

"To suit American taste," the incidents took place in New Jersey. The dialogue was stuffed with gags and slang. As the Evening Post puts it, "the slang and witticisms might have been selected from the waste paper baskets of the comic journals. Most of it is direful stuff. But he (Mr. Browne) caps every climax of blundering inefficiency when, at the last, he converts the heaviest of Miss Baker's chains into a garland of happiness and hope. There has rarely been a more impudent or foolish travesty."

There were jocose allusions to Andrew Carnegie and J. P. Morgan. Note these extracts from Mr. Browne's dialogue:

"A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gets a hell of a polish," and when some of the characters were shocked Mr. Nicander was forced to say: "Don't blame me; Shakespeare or George Ade or some classical guy said that." And it fell to Mr. Nicander, as a youth, hearing his father snoring, to say: "Better move father away from the stove—he's boiling over." No wonder that Mr. Alan Dale, writing about this travesty of poor Miss Baker's comedy, remarked: "Various reasons might be assigned for the title . . . but I should say that the most plausible would be the need of chains to keep any well-regulated audience in their seats."

"Among the Girls," a musical farce, which will be at the Park Square Theatre tomorrow, was produced at New Haven, Ct., on May 8. The libretto was left unfinished by Henry Blossom when he died. It has been completed by Bol Cooper Megrue, and in token of their friendship for Mr. Blossom, George M. Cohan, Glen McDonough, John L. Golden and R. H. Burnside, it is said, each wrote a lyric to complete the work.

About a month ago Mr. Belasco filed a bill in equity against the Selwyn firm asking for an injunction pending the action to prevent the production of this musical play. Mr. Megrue was made a co-defendant. In his bill Mr. Belasco stated that Megrue wrote a play which, originally entitled "Jimmy Proposes," was produced by Mr. Belasco as "Seven Chances." Mr. Belasco also said that the contract gave him exclusive rights to all productions of the play whether spoken or with music.

"Among the Girls" is based on "Seven Chances," which was produced at Stamford, Ct., on July 28, 1916. It went to the Cohan Theatre, New York, on Aug. 8, 1916. As "The Lucky Fellow," it was produced at Atlantic City, April 17, 1916. The chief parts, Jimmie Shannon, Billy Meekin and Anne Windsor, were taken by Frank Craven, Otto Kruger and Carroll McComas respectively. The program stated that Mr. Megrue was indebted to a short story by Gouverneur Morris for a suggestion. This story is entitled "The Cradle Snatcher." It was said at the time that the play had been called "Shannon's Millions." The story is of an impecunious, unromantic, hardened bachelor, who is suddenly heir presumptive to an estate of $12,000,000 if he is married by the time he is 30 years old. He will be 30 on the morrow, and he has no girl in mind. He proposes to all the girls at the country club, where one of two propose to him; but he is rejected when they believe him to be poor. One girl, however, is far-sighted and he inherits. The play was written in 1911. "Seven Chances" was a re-written version of the original. In New York the success of the piece was largely due to Mr. Craven, the comedian, of whom it was then said: "He is as characteristically American as his own little comedy of the suburbs ('Too Many Cooks'), as native a product as Willie Baxter or Will Rogers or a Ford car or George Ade." The play itself was declared to be representative of "the Belasco method with 'Fair and Warmer' material."

What were the three wishes of the Sergeant-Major in "The Monkey's Paw" and what fate befell him? And what of the man from whom the Sergeant-Major received the paw? Here the dramatists were shrewd in suggesting horrors and not describing them. The mere thought of what had happened sobered the Sergeant-Major and drove him from the cottage in terror when he saw that White was bound to make a wish. Mr. Arthur Machan in his wild story, "The Great God Pan," showed a similar ingenuity in suggesting awful, incredible incidents.

Rabbi Wise's Attack Answered by the New York Tribune

The only certain fact about Rabbi Wise's earnest attack upon our contemporary stage is the priceless advertisement which he has published in behalf of every show that remotely hints at lingerie. It was an impartial boost that he uttered. The particular play that aroused his adjectives was not named, but there were a "dozen others, equally bad," he generously added. So anybody of an investigating mind can investigate up one side of Broadway and down the other with a reasonable confidence of being shocked, if Rabbi Wise is right.

But just what percentage of his charge is right? It is a hard business calculating naughtiness accurately. There are good and bad plays on Broadway, just as there are good preaching and bad preaching in synagogues and churches. The preaching is never pornographic or leprous or lecherous, to use Rabbi Wise's adjectives—almost never—but it is utterly dull and uninspired often enough and sufficeintly damaging to the cause which it represents. Sometimes a clergyman assures us that such preaching is what congregations want; and therewith we come back to the theatrical situation, which is builded on much the same formula. In the long run, too, we think truth lies that way. The public does get about what it wants on the stage and from the pulpit.

So we think such wholesale denunciations as those put forth by Rabbi Wise are as wind upon the sands. The present generatoin is not going to perdition merely because shoulder blades are now displayed in decollete instead of chests; nor because lingerie has been promoted from the advertising columns of the Ladies' Home Journal to the stage; nor because sermons are mighty poor. Inspiration and fun are not set forms, but living, changing forces. Each generation gets them where and as it can. When they become solidified in creeds or restrained by puritanical formulas you have a dull world.—New York Tribune, April 13.

How an English Opera Conductor Fared in Petrograd

Albert Coates, the English operatic and orchestral conductor, whose name was mentioned as a successor to Dr. Muck, after distressing experiences in Petrograd, where for some seasons he conducted opera, finally escaped to London. His story of life in Petrograd under the present rule was published in the Daily Telegraph of London, April 26.

"I do not think any one over here in this dear country of order, peace and plenty can quite realize what that means to me after two whole years of anarchy, revolution and starvation. That no one can turn me out of my home into the street at 24 hours' notice, as they twice did in Petrograd, is one of the things that I, at present, cannot grasp at all, nor that I can quietly walk the streets without danger of being set on by a party of terrorists, robbed of all the clothing I stand up in, and forced afterwards to walk home in my shirt in a temperature of 20 deg. below freezing point. And I still catch myself wondering when I go to bed whether the Red Guard will turn up during the night to search my house and perhaps arrest my wife and myself. Another thing that fills me with endless wonder is the plenty in food. In Petrograd the starvation is awful. The one question that everyone wakes up with is, 'Shall I be able to get food today?' and the question they go to sleep on is the same, 'Shall I be lucky enough to get anything tomorrow?' In February (at the end of which month I at last succeeded in getting out) the statistics showed that 8000 people had died of starvation in that month. Nearly 300 people a day!

"One would think that in a city living like this such things as music would have entirely died out, but, strange as it may seem, operas and concerts are in full swing and always crowded. Of course, to work well and artistically in these circumstances is almost an impossibility; the artists are worn out with hunger. It used to break my heart to see the sad faces of my orchestra at the Maryinsky Theatre and note the apathetic way they sat through a rehearsal, the same men among whom in former days I used to have difficulty in maintaining the necessary discipline on account of their overflow of Russian temperamental gayety. I remember at a rehearsal of Boito's 'Mephisto,' when I asked them to repeat something that did not yet please me, they looked up at me with dull, lifeless eyes, and answered: 'We would do it for you with pleasure; you know we are always only too pleased do to anything you want; but we can't—we're too hungry!' "

The Red Guards took possession of his house. They made themselves at home when Mr. Coates was in the hospital from blood poisoning, due, he said, to the wretched food. His wife was absent when they entered. "They told her calmly that the house was theirs, and that since the furniture was not to their tasto, they were going to sell it and get other furniture from somewhere else. My wife, seeing the case was hopeless, asked them to let her at least take the music (I had a large library of music there, with several manuscripts of Liszt's among it), upon which they told her that they had burnt all that already, as they wanted the cupboards for their own belongings. I am sorry to say that along with the music they burnt all the mementos and keepsakes that had been presented to me during the war by the soldiers and different war charity organizations for whose funds I had been getting up concerts, musical tea parties, etc. I was fortunate enough to make during the first three months of the war over 350,000 roubles for war charities, and I treasured the presentation letters and books more than all the rest of the house together."

Mr. Coates found it extraordinary that the people crowded theatres and concert halls. "It is, of course, not the educated public of former days, which has almost entirely disappeared, but a new and entirely democratic public, consisting of workpeople, peasants, soldiers and sailors. I thoroughly realized during the course of these revolutionary two years the force of the proverb. 'Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast,' for whatever the 'People' do in the political and social sphere, and their record is pretty bad, at concerts and at the opera they sit as reverently as though they were in church and listen with the rapt expression of children to whom fairyland is suddenly revealed. It has often happened that after a concert some simple peasant has got up and formally thanked me and the orchestra for the pleasure we had given them. Also often after a symphony a group of workpeople have crowded round me and have asked me to explain things in the music that they had not understood. They show a marked preference for modern and complicated music, infinitely preferring it to the older and simpler forms of Russian music. Their special favorite, strange as it may seem, is Scriabin, and after a performance of this composer's 'Poeme d'Extase' that I was conducting, the public, which consisted almost entirely of the 'People,' shouted themselves hoarse with enthusiasm. This so much astonished me (I had never dreamed that they would understand it) that I turned to a sailor who was yelling fit to burst his lungs and asked him what it was he liked so much about the work. 'Ah,' he said, 'I'm of course not wise enough to under-

[illegible] it [illegible] horse. I should [illegible] to kick out, and then run round a field for an hour.' After this performance I was continually receiving requests—workpeople used to stop me in the streets—to get up another concert and conduct the 'Poeme d'Extase,' they wanted so much to hear it.

"The Maryinsky opera remained, I am thankful to say, entirely unaffected by bolshevism. At the beginning of the first revolution we formed a little republic of our own and ruled ourselves. We constituted an administrative committee, consisting of two conductors (of whom I was one), four singers, two chorus and two orchestra artists, the members being chosen by vote, and though it may be hard to believe that prima donnas, tenors and conductors could rule amicably together, we managed it. There were no intrigues, everybody having only the good of the theatre at heart, and the opera flourished both artistically and financially until the hunger sapped our strength and beat us in the uneven fight. We went through one bad crisis at the beginning of the revolution, when the mob swarmed around the Maryinsky Theatre and was preparing to burn it down. We all went out en masse on to the big place in front of the building, and each one of us harangued that part of the crowd that he found amongst, and so we managed to turn them from their purpose and saved our theatre. At the beginning of December I fell ill with blood poisoning, brought on by the awful food one was forced to eat, and though it was pretty bad at the time, I now look upon it as a blessing in disguise, as it was only due to my illness that I at last got permission to leave. The doctor, about whose kindness in helping me to get out I cannot speak highly enough, declared to the authorities that I should die if I were not sent away to a sanatorium in Finland to recruit, and on the strength of this I got permission for two months' leave of absence for convalescence. To have applied for permission to leave the country altogether and go home to England would have meant absolute refusal; I had been blankly refused when I applied for permission to leave in the autumn. Once over the border in Finland I was safe and free to go where I wished."

In London Mr. Coates will conduct the London Symphony orchestra.

Jessamine Newcombe

Mr. Howard Tells of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the South

To the Editor of the Herald:

Mr. S. A. Merrill is right in justifying the memory of William F. Owen. At Daly's no middle initial was permitted, and we younger actors often carelessly called him "Billy Owens." But Mr. Merrill is wrong in signifying that I intended a greater injustice to the memory of John E. Owens by thinking him "William." The famous "Solon Shingle" Owens appeared as a young man with my father at Burton's National Theatre, Philadelphia; and on Dec. 16, 1844, with Howard and Owens supported Edwin Forrest in "Hamlet."

A letter now before me may interest many in regard to "things theatrical," and how "theatrical things" have grown in regard to the mighty dollar.

"Charles St. Theatre,
"Baltimore, March 10, 1855.

"My Dear Howard:

"Can the 'Uncle Tom' you play be so adapted and softened in its style, without losing much of its interest, as to be made not only acceptable, but telling to a Baltimore audience? * * * I would not hesitate, if you concluded to play here, to announce the piece as 'The Great New York Uncle Tom, &c.' (A metropolitan stamp counted something, even in those days.)

"Our expenses at the present time are one hundred dollars a night; but if we produced 'Uncle Tom' they will necessarily be somewhat increased.

"Telegraph me your reply at once, &c. (Ten years previous to this the first telegraph in the world had been installed from this city to Washington.)

"Our theatre, albeit called the Little Charles St., will hold four hundred dollars! Very truly yours,

"JOHN E. OWENS."

"Four hundred dollars!" And Mr. Owens was proud to state it! Think of a modern manager having utopian dreams of wealth over such business! This was the first presentation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' south of Mason and Dixon's line, and a glance at the cast is worthy of more than indifferent consideration. Besides Mr. and Mrs. George C. Howard and "Little Cordelia Howard," whose tender impersonation of Eva assisted in averting the expected riot, Mr. Owens appeared as Uncle Tom, Edwin Adams as Simon Legree, John Sleeper Clarke as Marks the Lawyer, and John O'Brien (John T. Raymond) as Gumpton Cute. All this array of talent for a maximum of $400! Where can one see its equal at the present time with a minimum of $1000 a performance?

Ah, those struggling days, when reputations were made by faithful service to an appreciative public! and not, as now, by yards of advertising matter, read by an auditor too exhausted through business cares to know what real talent is! We can imagine the tension of those "Uncle Tom" nights. A few years before that approaching war. The Howards, a handful of northerners, in a locality that favored slavery, facing, more or less, of a southern audience, and surrounded by many performers whose sympathies were with the South. But there was little thought of war then—only a difference of opinion on certain matters. Mrs. Stowe's book was sowing the seeds of reformation, and the play was doing much to cleanse the nation of an ulcer and bring the North and the South together again in healthy companionship.

The writer recalls an anecdote of these performances related by his father. Mr. Owens (English by birth) had passed much of his life in the South, and knew the habits of the Negro slave as well as the "A B C" of acting. In playing Uncle Tom he had blackened heavily the toes of his boots, leaving the heels yellow with mud.

"John," remarked Mr. Howard, "why don't you clean up the back of your shoes?" Mr. Owens winked wisely as he replied:

"Howard, a Nigger never polishes more than the toes!"

In relating this incident in the dressing room, "Little Cordelia" suggested "colored gentleman"! It is these small details such as Mr. Owens thought of that tends to make great actors. Garrick proved a better mimic than his French rival by being drunk to the knees, and so John E. Owens performed Uncle Tom from his head to his feet. But it was not alone the shell of a character that these old actors impersonated. They put a soul and a personality into the crust that made their creations immortal. Let our modern Thespians study their methods, and let us, as an audience, encourage such pupils. WALTER SCOTT HOWARD.

Buzzard's Bay.

Notes About the Stage, Actors, Music and Musicians

There will be an attempt in London next September to revive the ancient glories of the Sadler's Wells Theatre by giving the kind of entertainment that made it famous 100 years ago. Mr. Rolls will divide the year into seasons, each of which will illustrate some period in its history. "Thus there will be Shakespearean productions in the theatre where Phelps ran an 18 years' season of Shakespeare; there will be pantomime of the Grimaldi school (with 'Hot Codlins' all complete); there will be a revival of the old-time music hall, with a chairman to keep order, and there will be such melodramatic fare as 'Dick Turpin, or The Ride to York,' and 'Maria Marten, or The Murder at the Red Barn.' In the intervals of these seasons Mr. Rolls will present modern plays, including a series of Grand Guignol dramas in English. The whole of the floor space will be given over to stalls and West end theatre prices will be charged."

"Mr. Engholme, speaking in London, said there is a great difference between British and American picture theatre audiences. American audiences were quicker to perceive a point on the screen and possibly this was due to the vitalizing effect of the climate. British film plays written entirely for British audiences could not so entirely satisfy the American audience, to whom they seemed unreal and dull. The majority of the American plots were of a primitive character, and, therefore, could be appreciated in any part of the world. English producers adapted too many subtle stories and novels. In the United States not only the author and producer but also the theatre proprietor went to extreme lengths to cater to the tastes and comfort of the audience. In the near future, the picture palace, next to the Church, would be the most important centre in any community. Mr. Kenelm Foss complained that in the American film there was very rarely a single natural character, and whatever was wrong with British films, they were certainly more natural and truer to life. Through its longer experience, an American audience was more used to taking up points in a film. One reason why British films had not made more progress in the United States was that in many cases the American picture theatres were owned by the film manufacturers, who would not let in British pictures. Mr. Engholme admitted that while they get some splendid films from the United States, they also got some outrageous duds; and, now that the war was over, they must exclude the duds. By 1920 British pictures ought to be right at the top of the tree, and everybody in the industry was doing his best to achieve that end. As far as [illegible] of perfection [illegible] concerned [illegible] beat the A[illegible] best way.

A new film company, the Famous Players-Lasky British Producers (Limited), has been formed with a capital of £600,000, to produce English pictures in English settings. The company will work in close co-operation with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation of New York, one of the leading film-producing concerns of the United States, and one of its first films will deal with the question of a league of nations. Studios are to be opened in London shortly.

The London Times (April 28) said of Mr. Rosing's song recital: "Mr. Rosing is most himself when he is acting, not so much with his hands and feet as with his voice. There are moments when this is extraordinarily fine; in a middle register, for instance, when one color imperceptibly glides into another. But from having sung these songs so often he now, in order to heighten their force, overdoes some mannerisms, most conspicuous of which is the pathetic flattening of the unessential notes. That is legitimate enough so long as it is rarely used, but disturbing when it comes often and is accompanied by an instrument with fixed tones. It is leading, moreover, to some doubt about the essential notes, and Mr. di Veroli hesitated more than once about striking the chord on the piano after an unaccompanied passage. If Mr. Rosing can be more abstemious in his use of this effect he may, when the competition becomes more severe, still maintain the popularity he has won."

Rabbi Wise's utterances about the theatre and the stage are based on the postulate apparently, that managers and actors have only one aim—to corrupt the public taste. "As a business," he says, "the business of the theatre is the dirtiest business in America." By the 11,000 virgins of Cologna, it is nothing of the kind. As a business—though our knowledge of business may be even less than Dr. Wise's—the business of the theatre is probably as clean as the automobile business, the law, medicine, the newspaper business, the theological profession, the brokerage business, or the book publishing business. There are a good many poor plays produced, but not one of them is produced because the producer tries to bunk the public. The manager and the producer, our guess is, do their best; when a play is bad, their best is bad. So it is with books. The average book, we believe, is no better than the average play. But even the average book and the average play have something on the average sermon.

"I sometimes think," Dr. Wise said, "that there are more Jews in the theatres than in synagogues." And multiplying both sides of the equation by X, there may be more people in the theatres than in churches. And if both of these things are so, it may be the fault of the synagogues and the churches.—F. P. A. in the N. Y. Tribune.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times wrote:

"The Shakespeare Society has just put on 'The Taming of the Shrew,' which is admirably played, though in French style. M. Gemier as Petruchio was a perfectly villainous husband, but he had a kindly smile, and certainly seemed to have a knack in bringing his unruly spouse to his way of thinking. She became a model of 16th century demureness intermingled with French coquetry by the last act. Bianca was adorably pretty and coy, and there was less noise and rabble in the crowd than there has been in the case of other productions. The scenery was scanty, mostly long green curtains, which made the stage much more in keeping with Shakespeare's time. The comedy is so excellently played that it should have a long run." He also wrote that "Hullo, Paris!" at the new Palace Theatre, crowded the house. "The French wanted to see what an English revue is like, and the British wanted to enjoy again that wonderful precision of dancing and perfect drilling which the French stage, with all its superiorities in other matters, cannot even approach. The French also are very much interested in a theatre which, for the first time in history, makes the spectators really comfortable throughout the evening. Those who wish to go in and out the Palace Theatre during the performance can do so without mountaineering across the knees of their neighbors; those who wish to sit still can do so without either backache or cramp. The attendants who show the company to their seats do not ask for, or expect tips; the cloakrooms are free. These things are revolutionary, and would alone justify the French public in being curious and interested, but the show itself is on the same level as the high standard of comfort."

A new English version of Tolstoy's "The Living Corpse," "Redemption" will be produced in England in August. It will be called "The Depths." The production will be a duplicate of Stanislawsky's at the Moscow Art Theatre a few years ago, and it will include a Balalaika orchestra and a Russian gypsy choir of 40 voices for the native songs.

Loie Fuller was to have shown a new serpentine ballet in London last month, but she was seriously sick in Paris.

A London critic writes of the approaching concert season: "We are faced by a"

[illegible] stream of recitals, vocal and instrumental, which interest the admirers of the individual performers, but cannot be said to be musical events of [illegible] importance. The war dammed the stream for a time. It has burst forth now with redoubled energy. We will only hope that the tendency observable lately among some of the younger performers to arrange programs founded more on individual taste and less on convention than formerly may gather strength, or at least not be swamped in their haste to make their voices or their instruments heard. Friends and other interested people often give the worst possible advice to young artists by insisting that they should play this or that well known work to 'show that they can do it.' The result most commonly is that they show that they cannot do it as well as somebody else. If instead they find out what they can best do because it appeals to them, their chances of success are doubled, particularly if their choice happens to lie among all that wide range of music which still lies outside the hackneyed."

Elgar's new string quartet, op. 83, is in three movements. There was an invitation performance in London on April 26.

The late Camille Erlanger's opera "Faublas" will probably be brought out at the Paris Opera.

Georges Feydeau, Francois Porche and Donnay have new plays.

A correspondent in Gloucestershire writes: Hearing the first cuckoo of the season in these parts the other day I asked a musical friend who was with me what he calculated to be the pitch of the bird's curious notes. He listened for the cuckoo to repeat its call; then, after a little thought, replied: "As near as I can get it the first note is E flat, and the second C natural. The key is C minor . . . But you will notice that the opening note varies a trifle. Now and again it is almost a semitone higher, approximating to E natural, a transposition to the major key." We went into the house and tried it on the piano. My friend was right.—London Daily Chronicle.

Constance Collier hopes to produce 'Peter Ibbetson" in London next fall.

What tremendous strides "filming" has taken within a few years! But I fear this profession is now almost as overcrowded as stageland. There are a limited number of film producers, and I feel sure there are quite 12,000 aspirants hoping to achieve fame in the "film" world. Girls seem to imagine they have only to apply and obtain a start, and that they will mount the ladder of success at once. They think a pretty face can demand a tip-top salary, and that they will shortly compete with world-famed artists. Also they expect to have the time of their lives with fun, frivolity and flirtation. It is an exciting life, but there is always the reverse side of the picture.—Film Actress in the Evening News.

It is time to utter a strong protest against the daily increasing demands upon public performers to give their services for no reward except the appreciation of their audiences, which is very flattering, but doesn't help their bank balances. Nobody can suggest that actors and musicians have not been generous of their talents, especially during the last four years. They have counted it a privilege to help in every way possible. But there should be a limit. Certain people get up these charity entertainments, enlist the co-operation of artists, charge high prices for the seats, and, as a result, send a check, in their name, to headquarters. The hostess receives a letter of thanks from the committee, and the artists who, incidentally, brought in the money, receive a cup of tea, together with a further appeal to assist. It lies with the artists themselves to combine and put a stop once and for all to the whole system. It is a duty of the leaders of the profession to their smaller brethren and of the latter to themselves.—Evening Standard, London.

"I am not one of those who are preaching the deterioration of the stage. You could no more down the drama than you could down the sun. In all ages there have been disgruntled critics of our profession. Sometimes it is burlesque, sometimes musical comedy, or the kinema, or the revue. Folks who talk of revues dominating the London stage forget that there are no fewer than 18 theatres in this city devoted to the legitimate. That is a remarkable record. There will always be 10 times the public for light entertainment that there is for Shakespeare, but if Shakespeare is well put on, London will always support it."—Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, in the Star.

Futurist plays seem to be making considerable headway on the continent. Marinetti says that the five essentials of the drama of the future are synthesis, independence, illogicalness, irrealism, and simultaneity. Another essential would appear to be brevity, for Marinetti managed to crowd no fewer than 13 futurist dramas into a single entertainment at Milan the other night. One of these was just the realization of a metaphor. A young lady, at a fifth-floor window, "sucks up her lover with her eyes"—and you see said lover flying through space past the fourth-floor window. I should now like to see a dramatic realization of a millionaire rolling in money, [illegible] American "rejoicing in the name of Smith."—Playfellow in the London Herald.

Are the Actors' Association flying high enough when they ask for a minimum wage of £3 a week for chorus girls? The theatrical tourist, like the racegoer, is for the moment at the mercy of provincial profiteers. Rooms which used to be hireable for 14s. and 16s. a week are now 28s. and 30s., and many of the landladies refuse to cook puddings or to keep water hot for baths. The leading lady of a musical comedy traveling the best towns quotes her chorus as saying that they cannot live decently on £3 a week. "Most of them," she adds, "look as if a square meal wouldn't do them any harm."—London Daily Chronicle.

It is reported that Henry Bernstein and Alfred Capus are collaborating in a satirical drama.

"Hiawatha," a play in a prologue and three acts, by Charlotte Banks, adapted from Longfellow's poem, was produced at Glasgow April 10. "It is scarcely a play; it is rather a series of stage pictures with, in some parts, the poem recited by 'the speaker of the legend,' and in other parts spoken by the members of the company. There is not much drama in it, but this is not the fault of Miss Banks, but of the poem."

An American paper tells us that Theda Bara has made a success in a part called "Marie Lochr." If this sort of thing continues we may one day read that Charlie Chaplin has made a success as "Martin Harvey"; and suppose Marie Corelli, following up the same idea of using the names of real personages in fiction, were to call her next hero "Hale Caine."—The Stage.

THIRD WEEK OF POPS

The programs of the week follow:

MONDAY, MAY 19.

Overture, "La Forza del Destino" ..... Verdi
Aubade Printaniere ..... Lacombe
Traumerei ..... Schumann
Fantasia, "Samson and Delilah" ..... Saint-Saens
Carnival in Italy ..... Berlioz
Viola solos: a. Melodie; b. Bagatelle. Wittmann
Mr. Wittmann; Mr. Lamson, accompanist
Serenade ..... Schubert-Jacobsen
Scherzo, from "Eroica" Symphony ..... Beethoven
Dance, "Piemontesi" ..... Singer
Intermezzo, "William Ratcliff" ..... Mascagni
Valse des Fleurs, from the "Nutcracker" Suite ..... Tschaikowsky
Bacchanale, from "Tannhaeuser" ..... Wagner

TUESDAY, MAY 20.

"Coronation March," from "The Prophet" ..... Meyerbeer
Overture, "Semiramide" ..... Rossini
Waltz, "Artists Life" ..... Strauss
Fantasia, "Samson and Delilah" ..... Saint-Saens
Suite from "Carmen" ..... Bizet
a March of the Smugglers.
b Danse Boheme.
Violoncello solo:
Mr. Miquelle.
Turkish March ..... Mozart
Overture, "Tannhaeuser" ..... Wagner
"Sometime" ..... Lehar
Kammenoi Ostrow ..... Rubinstein
With Organ.
Tarantelle ..... Jacchia
Rhapsody, "Espana" ..... Chabrier

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21.

Prelude to Act I., "Carmen" ..... Bizet
Overture, "La Cazza Ladra" ..... Rossini
"A Petits Pas" ..... Sudeszl
Fantasia, "A Masked Ball" ..... Verdi
Suite, "La Gitanilla" ..... Lacome
Minuet ..... Boccherini
Sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor" ..... Donizetti
Third Movement of "Scheherazade" ..... Rimsky-Korsakoff
"Scenes Pittoresques" ..... Massenet
a. Air de Ballet. b. Fete Boheme.
Intermezzo, Act III. "The Jewels of the Madonna" ..... Wolf-Ferrari
Waltz, "Cagliostro" ..... Strauss
Selection, "Naughty Marietta" ..... Herbert

THURSDAY, MAY 22.

Russian Program.
March from "A Night in Egypt" ..... Arensky
Waltz, "Dornroeschen" ..... Tschaikowsky
Prelude ..... Rachmaninoff
Overture "1812" (with organ) ..... Tschaikowsky
Suite, "Feramors" ..... Rubinstein
Orientale ..... Cui
Allgeretto from the "Symphonie Pathetique" ..... Tschaikowsky
Finale of "Scheherazade" ..... Rimsky-Korsakoff
Marche Slave ..... Tschaikowsky
Volga Bargemen's Song ..... Arr. by Jacchia
Bacchanale from "The Season" ..... Glazounoff
Polonaise from "Eugen Oniegin" ..... Tschaikowsky

FRIDAY, MAY 23

Roxbury Latin School Night.
March, "Old Roxbury" ..... Zaro
Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream" ..... Mendelssohn
Waltz, "Jolly Fellows" ..... Vollstedt
Danse Macabre ..... Saint-Saens
Overture to "Orpheus" ..... Offenbach
Fantasia, "Rigoletto" ..... Verdi
Reve Angelique (with organ) ..... Rubinstein
Second Hungarian Rhapsody ..... Liszt
Selection, "The Rainbow Girl" ..... Hirsch
Minuet ..... Paderewski
Waltz, "The Skaters" ..... Waldteufel
Overture, "1812" (with organ) ..... Tschaikowsky

SATURDAY, MAY 24.

Cortege de Bacchus ..... Delibes
Overture, "Figaro's Wedding" ..... Mozart
Serenata Barcarola ..... De Nardis
Fantasia, "Lucia di Lammermoor" ..... Donizetti
Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde" ..... Wagner
Clair de Lune, from "Werther" ..... Massenet
Pastorale for wood-wind octet ..... Scarlatti
Capriccio for strings
Arranged by Mr. Jacchia.
Bacchanale from "Samson and Delilah" ..... Saint-Saens
Marche Slave ..... Tschaikowsky
Ave Maria from "Othello" ..... Verdi
Waltz, "One Thousand and One Nights" ..... Strauss
Selection, "Katinka" ..... Friml

May 19 1919

Families when a child is born
Want it to be intelligent.
I, through intelligence,
Having wrecked my whole life,
Only hope the baby will prove
Ignorant and stupid.
Then he will crown a tranquil life
By becoming a Cabinet Minister.

The "Receptionist"

A young woman in London is offering her services as "receptionist" at a club or hotel. The Daily Chronicle remarks: "We suppose that the receptionist is the link between the gilded splendors of the modern hotel and the timid guest not quite sure of his status there. It suggests itself as an office requiring a good deal of tact."

Years ago at the Porphyry Club there was a middle-aged man who, having little to do, found delight in making it pleasant for strangers put up for temporary membership, or wishing to see Mr. Anger, Mr. Golightly, Old Chimes, or Mr. Herkimer Johnson. He was a self-appointed reception committee. As a rule any visitor, waiting for a friend, is looked on indifferently, if not with a stony stare, by members. "'Eave 'im a brick at 'im." Perhaps it was not wholly so bad as that at the Porphyry, but the stranger felt that he was under suspicion, that he was regarded as a sneak thief, a plain-clothes man, a book agent, or a bill-collector. Our friend, whose manners were ingratiating, whose voice was reassuring, would step forward, give his name, and like the barkeeper in the song, "greet the old man with a smile." He would go farther. He would offer tobacco and alcohol in any one of its seductive forms. He would sit down and chat affably with the stranger from New York, London, or some Western city. Through the affability of this committee of one, the Porphyry was known and praised throughout the land for its hospitality. (We have found similar courtesy to strangers in clubs of Richmond and Petersburg, Va.) Alas, this desire to make a visitor feel immediately at home died with the clubman who had too much leisure for his own good, but not too much for the stranger within the gates.

There was a time, long, long ago, when a landlord took a personal interest in his guest; when the clerk was friendly; when the guest was known as Mr. Brown, Jones, or Robinson and not merely as No. 423, a convict in that cell. We remember George Young walking about his dining room with scrutinizing eyes, speaking to every one in turn. "Does the young gentleman find his steak satisfactory?" How the breast of the boy from the Connecticut river village swelled with pride when he heard those words! For the moment he thought himself as big a man as his father seated by him, and being young, he did not deplore the absence of radiant women in the dining room; for in those good old days George Young's inn was for men only.

There are men in every club that do not always find it easy to pay their dues, let alone their "restaurant" bill. Why should not one of them, say a sparkling conversationalist, or at least some one with easy manners and a mellow voice, be appointed to care for strangers? He need not put on livery. We should prefer, coming from another city, to be thus met by a man rather than a woman, for like Mr. Cheggs, Dick Swiveller's hated rival, we are bashful in the presence of ladies.

But to call man or woman a "receptionist" is a mistake. The word thus used is a horrid one. We say "thus used," for the word with another meaning is in the dictionary. A receptionist is a professor of the theory of reception. Receptionism is "the view that the bread and wine remain only bread and wine after consecration; but that together with them the faithful communicant really receives the body and blood of Christ."

There is another reason why we should prefer to be greeted in the stranger's room at a club by a man rather than a woman. When Artemus Ward was in London he was hailed in Regent street by a shabby person who insisted on taking him to a club called the Sloshers. "He said I would notice that none of 'em appeared in evenin dress. He said it was agin the rools of the club. In fack, if any member appeared there in evenin dress, he'd be instantly expeld. And yit,' he added, 'there's geneyus there, and lorfty emotion and intelleck. You'll be surprised at the quantities of intelleck you'll see there.'" It was at the Sloshers that an athletic female, seeing Mr. Ward enter, uttered a wild yell and cried: "At larst! at larst! My Willyum from the seas!" Although Mr. Ward answered "Young woman, I am not you're Saler boy. Far different," she was not satisfied, and the shabby person exclaiming "What do I see? Me Sister! me sweet Adulaide! and in teers!" made it unpleasant for Mr. Ward. No, we should prefer to be greeted by a man.

Old-Timers

As the World Wags:

I was thinking today that I would like to go to an old-time minstrel show, and as my mind wandered into the past the name Whitmore and Clark's Minstrels came to me as the first blackface troupe I had seen about 50 years ago. The combination consisted of about 12 or 15 men. They traveled up through Vermont and over into Canada. Hank White was tambo and George Clark bones. This same George Clark was also a clown in Cushing's one-ring circus that used to travel the same territory along in '67 to '69. Clark was a good singer for a clown. I well remember the chorus of his favorite:

I loved her and she might have been
The happiest in the land,
But she fanciled—the foreigner who played the flageolet
In the middle of the German band.

Those were the happy days, when the faker perched on a soap box near the ticket wagon would put gold rings, watch chains, collar buttons and half dollars into an envelope, seal it, and sell it for a quarter. THOMAS GILL.

Malden.

George M. Clark, born in 1833, became a negro minstrel about 1860. He died at Felchville, Vt., in 1885. Hank White blacked his face for about 40 years. His first name was Azro. He died at Windsor, Vt., in 1900, when he was 68 years old. He was associated with Whitmore for 25 years.—Ed.

Al Jolson Puts It Over and Audience Packs Opera House to Approve

There is a law in Boston prohibiting dancing on a stage Sunday evenings, and Al Jolson tried to observe it last evening at his "song recital"—but you know Al!

He had to sit down on the stage in order to keep his feet still. There have been many kinds of recitals in Boston, but never before was there a jazz recital on a Sunday night, and probably no one other than Al Jolson could have put one over, but that he did so was attested by the great audience at the Boston Opera House, which shouted to him the songs they wished him to sing, laughed themselves hoarse at his wittiesms and were surprised when he concluded because the evening had gone so swiftly.

It was all Jolson—except for the orchestra conductor, Al Goodman, who worked nearly as hard as the "recitalist" in directing the 50-piece orchestra. It was nearly all jazz, too, although the piece de resistance was Tchaikowsky's overture, but the snap and zip of selections from "Sinbad," "Blueing the Blues" and "Arabian Nights" as orchestral numbers gave the real character to the entertainment.

Jolson was Jolsonesque in everything, except the little Irish song "Danny," in which he forgot "rag" and sang with genuine feeling and artistry. He was almost Billy Sundayesque in his "rag" selections, such as "Rock-a-bye Baby," "Tennessee," "N'Evrything," and put over a stirring thing in "Don't Forget the Boys."

Most of his familiar songs were either on his program or were called for, and he put his whole heart into them, even using the runway over the heads of the audience at times.

Once I said to a Scarecrow: "You must be tired
of standing in this lonely field."
And he said: "The joy of scaring is a deep and
lasting one, and I never tire of it."
Said he: "Only those who are stuffed with
straw can have known that joy."
Said he: "Only those who are stuffed with
straw can know it."

Overworked

Two words derived from the French language have been overworked of late by European correspondents: "enclave" and "gesture." The first did not come into the English language until about 50 years ago; the second is a curious misunderstanding of the French word "geste," meaning a brilliant action or deed. A correspondent speaks, for example, of Marshal Foch's "gesture," thinking that "geste," meaning "gesture," and "geste," meaning "a brilliant deed," are one and the same word; that "geste," with the latter meaning may be translated "gesture." Why not revive the old English word "gest," for, though the plural was more common, the singular was in use; it is to be found as late as in a novel of Besant and Rice.

Whenever we see or hear the word "gesture" we think of Jules Renard's "Gesture of the Sower," in his little book, "The Dark Lantern." It is not easy to preserve in translation the conciseness of the original; but here is the story; it should please all admirers of Millet's picture:

The Gesture of the Sower

Eloi enjoys the country more and more, and seeks daily a new emotion. Getting up this morning at an early hour, he sees Farmer Jaquot sowing. He joins him and says:

"Jaquot, this is a favorable opportunity; let me see the August gesture of the sower."

"How's that?"

"I want to see the famous gesture of the sower, painted so often by our great painters and described by our best writers. Go ahead, make it! Don't you understand? Please show me how you sow when you sow."

"Look," said Jaquot.

"No, my poor fellow," exclaims Eloi. That isn't the way. You seem to be timidly feeding hens. Don't be afraid; I'm not going to hurt you. Now suppose yourself alone, and we'll begin. In the first place, you should not face that dark wood. Turn toward the light.

... on the horizon. Then put ... hand down into your apron ... out full of wheat, throw with a ... swing the fecundating grains, so ... loose gesture seems to sweep ... all nature as a freed bird. Atten-... One! two!—
... Jacquot, why do you look at me ... a blockhead?"

Appearances

Jules Renard was thought to be of sound health, and he was very sick. They thought him well-to-do, and he was poor. They thought him happy, and he had wished to kill himself. They thought him philosophical, and he could ... endure the appearance of a criticism. They thought him free from political vanity, and he was bitterly engaged in village squabbles. They thought him a Parisian, and he remained a countryman through and through. They thought him as a writer a 'naturalist,' and he was especially fond of Victor Hugo. They thought him sceptical, and he read Pascal. They thought him joyous, and he was sad.

Remy de Gourmont, thus summing up the life of Renard, added: "This is about the way we know our contemporaries; but it does not hinder us from judging them, attributing intentions to them, ... their mind, penetrating into their thought, characterizing their soul."

Famous Men

On May 2, 1854, the Goncourt Brothers described in their journal a tailor named Armand. Asked by their friend Baschet, who met him on the boulevard, when he could have a jacket ordered a fortnight before, Armand answered: "Never speak to me in the street about clothes. I am a tailor only in my shop." This Armand had artistic opinions, tastes, manias. Entering his house one sank almost to the waist in the carpets, for Armand thought carpets the luxury of really "distinguished" persons. He had a marvellous collection of Turkish pipes, which he smoked "indolently, orientally." He spoke of Cimarosa, compared Rossini with Meyerbeer, had a box at the Italiens. What wonder that this tailor finally became a victim of "folie des grandeurs"?

On May 20, 1698, the Rev. Edward Stokes of Blaby, Leicestershire, Eng., then 9 years old, lost his sight by the accidental discharge of a pistol. Nevertheless he was rector of his church for 50 years and enjoyed life until he died at the age of 93. He used to hunt briskly. "A person always accompanied him, and when a leap was to be taken, rang a bell." But other Englishmen, blind, have hunted without an attendant. Sir Robert Bertie, who figures in Hogarth's picture of a cockpit; Lord Deerhurst, who had lost his eyesight by a fall in hunting, but continued the sport; Henry Fawcett, political economist and Postmaster-General.

Barvel for New York

As the World Wags:

If the sucker question is still before the house I would add that in recent years suckers have been taken in ton lots in the winter from the Kennebec river and shipped to New York by express. Fishermen say the suckers go there as mountain trout and bring enough to put an unaccustomed wad into the pockets of some of the catchers. While these fish are taken all along the river from Augusta down, they seem to thrive and fatten especially at the mouth of the Augusta sewer, which may account for New York's taste for them. I have heard my grandfather call them barvel. I remember old people speaking of a whang. I understand the word to mean a rinktum. C.

Augusta, Me.

'CHAINS' MAKES AMERICAN BOW

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in the United States of "Chains," a comedy in four acts, by Elizabeth Baker. Produced at the Court Theatre, London, April 18, 1909. A perversion by Porter E. Brown of this comedy was produced at the Criterion Theatre, New York, Dec. 16, 1912

Lily Wilson	Phyllis Relph
Charley Wilson	Noel Leslie
Fred Tennant	E. E. Clive
Maggie Massey	Jessamine Newcombe
Morton Leslie	Cameron Matthews
Sybil Frost	Catherine Lexow
Percey Massey	Donald Call
Thomas Fenwick	Leonard Craske
Alfred Massey	H. Conway Wingfield
Mrs. Massey	Viola Roach
Walter Foster	Fred W. Permain

Charles Frohman, having produced this comedy in his Repertory Theatre series at the Duke of York's Theatre in London a year after it had been brought out by the Play Actors at the Court, ac-... the rights of performance in this country, but he thought the comedy too English for American understanding and ... Yet Lily and Charley, Fred and Maggie, are by no means met only within London walls; they plod along, like the mule in a brickyard, dulled in, and to, the routine, sometimes with a wild but impotent desire to break their chains, they submit or suffer in towns, even in villages of this country. One may be afraid to strike out for himself, as a prisoner for many years is timid when, a freed man, he walks the streets; another may be kept hound by mother, sister, wife. Some years ago a prominent physician of this city, now dead, said that he had been happy throughout his life because he had always done what he wished to do. He was either self-deceived, or he said the thing that was not.

And so the Massey household is to be found in many towns, nor is it the only one of the kind; the parents preaching to the young, dissatisfied, restless, the doctrine of being "contented with your lot." How irritating the admonition "Be cheerful" with the remark: "We must all work. Be thankful that you have a job even if you do not like it." Nor is this preaching the more tolerable when it is put into the hymn sung at the end of Miss Baker's third act:

Count your blessings, count them one by one,
Count your blessings, see what God has done.
Count your blessings, count them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord has done.

Miss Baker has written seven or eight plays. "Chains" was the first. It was once said of it that the characters do nothing but talk about going away. This is true, but the talk is natural and good; it reveals the character of each one; it throws light on the life of thousands. Charley Wilson joins in the chorus of soldiers in Gilbert's libretto, "We go, we go"; but the dramatist at the end, like the major-general, exclaims: "Yes, but you don't go." Charley works on, at a reduced salary, because Lily whispers in his ear, and she has not the courage to wait for him while he provides a home in Australia for her and the babe to come; nor has the courage to face frowning relatives and board ship with her Charley, even if he should wish it. Weak, irresolute creatures; and if one braces himself for a freer, richer life, loving ones throw a chain about him. Only Maggie and Tennant have the pluck to break away; one from her betrothed, a self-satisfied, dull widower; the other from his desk; but ten to one Maggie will stick to the shop. Fortunately Miss Baker, for the sake of making one couple happy, did not show us Maggie going with Tennant to Australia, although she admired his spirit.

The performance on the whole was a good one. The first act dragged. There were long and irritating pauses between the sentences; there was much unnecessary and unmeaning business—sitting and looking at vacancy; walking aimlessly about; possibly with the mistaken idea of creating a "realistic atmosphere." The following acts were played at a brisker pace. The second, with its ironical contrast between the cheap merriment in the parlor and Fenwick's talk with Wilson in the front room, was well managed, as was the delightful third act portraying the Massey home of a Sunday afternoon.

Miss Relph gave one a good idea of Lily, a commonplace, affectionate creature; selfish in her affection, easily perplexed, without vision, happy in her lower, middle-class condition. Miss Newcombe was breezy in her declarations of independence; not so defiant that she was intolerable in the family circle; just the woman for Tennant. Let us hope that after all he sent for her. A desirable woman, a helpmate in every way. Miss Roach gave a capital performance of Mrs. Massey, who loathed Tennant, as a disturber, an unsettler; who was fond of soothing hymn tunes. Mr. Leslie was the discontented, nervous, irritable Charley to the life; disgusted with his lot, eager to break away, held at last only by the whispered announcement that was as the riveting of a chain not to be broken. Mr. Craske gave another of his admirable characterizations; this time of a broken-spirited, hopeless, pale-voiced, middle-aged clerk. Mr. Clive again showed his versatility by impersonating the cool-headed, determined, unemotional Tennant. Mr. Wingfield was amusing as Massey, the plumber, who by sticking to a calling he did not like, had a bit in the bank, also a home, and had he not given his Maggie an education?

A comedy, indeed; a comedy of character and life; but a comedy with a pessimistic, tragic note.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE — "The Mikado," comic opera by W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan; presented by Fortune Gallo, with this cast:

The Mikado	William Danforth
Nanki Poo	Warren Proctor
Pooh Bah	James Goddard
Pish Tush	John Willard
Ko Ko	Frank Moulan
Pitti Sing	Mabel Day
Yum Yum	Gladys Caldwell
Peep Bo	Sylvia Tell
Katisha	Greta Risley

"The Mikado, or the Town of Titipu," was the sixth in a cycle of comic operas which the matchless Gilbert and Sullivan gave to the stage in a period be-... fore, and ending with "The Gondoliers," in 1889. The others comprised "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Iolanthe," "Princess Ida," "Ruddigore," and "Yeomen of the Guard." The most popular were "Pinafore" and "The Mikado." In the old days, following the introduction of these operettas by D'Oyley Carte and the Savoy Theatre Players, it was not unusual for community singers, eager to aid a church fund or some other benificent object, to present either of these tuneful, humorous pieces. They were easily sung, easily learned, for both melodies and lyrics and lines ran trippingly from the tongue.

In the same year that "The Mikado" was produced at the Savoy in London, it was produced in New York, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. That was in the autumn of 1885. The company was chiefly of English flavor. Courtice Pounds, for instance, coming over to sing Nanki Poo. George Olney was in the cast, if memory serves, and Brocolini. So was Geraldine Ulmar, whose success as Yum-Yum fixed her future career. Since then many celebrated comedians and singers have appeared in this Japanese satire. Marie Dressler once played Katisha; so did Laura Joyce, to the Ko Ko of her husband, Digby Bell. In recent seasons the Shuberts have given all-star revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan successes, with notable casts.

With the completion of the overture, and a moment later, of the opening chorus of male voices, it was evident that the performance of last evening was to be one at least of abundant promise. As the score developed, this promise took on substance until at times it reached almost to brilliancy. Certainly it never lapsed to commonplace, either in vocalism or characterization. Thanks to Mr. Max Bendix, the musical director, the audience was permitted to hear once more the full beauties of Sullivan's score. Thanks again to Mr. Fortune Gallo, the impresario who doubtless personally directed the performance, the players held faithfully to the original intent of the librettist, and, especially among the male principals, was evident that sincerity of impersonation and crispness and clarity of diction which are one of the chief charms of Gilbert's ingenious rhymes. The feminine chorus gave in piquancy what they lacked in material vocalization. In this they suggested rather than vitalized the score.

Mr. Goddard's Pooh Bah was austerely dignified, sonorous, always in the character. Mr. Willard as Pish Tush likewise was effective in song and speech. Nanki Poo, never an over-attractive fellow, was adequately sung by Mr. Proctor, and Mr. Danforth's Mikado was sardonically humorous, as should be. Mr. Moulan refrained from travesty as the tailor-lord high executioner until he reached "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la," and then he cut loose with a vengeance. For the rest, he was acrobatically comic.

The three little maids were excellent, though not quite so roly-poly as tradition would have them. Miss Risley gave us a Katisha made up a trifle beyond the necessities of the caricature conceived by the authors, and disappointed those, perhaps, who from memories gone by conjured up a "daughter-in-law-elect" of statuesque figure and resonant contralto voice, to be best revealed in Katisha's lamentations of a cheated maid in act second.

The presentation was mounted with a degree of clean simplicity which proved refreshing; the costumes were sufficiently varied in design and colors, if wanting in actual richness of texture. In all it was a performance reflecting high credit on Mr. Gallo, Mr. Bendix and his orchestra, and on the company as a whole. It will stimulate interest in the other Gilbert and Sullivan operettas which are to follow during the fortnight's engagement.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Among the Girls," a musical comedy in two acts, founded on a farce by Roi Cooper Megrue; book by Roi Cooper Megrue and Henry Blossom; music by Raymond Hubbell; lyrics by Henry Blossom and Glen Macdonough. Chief characters:

Willard Hapgood ("Happy")	Denman Maley
Billy Meekin	Earl Benham
Judge Garrison	George A. Wright, Sr.
Jimmie Shannon	Percival Knight
Mrs. Garrison	Gertrude Fowler
Ann Windsor	Coralinn Walde
Fannie Fatima	Helen Arden
Minnie McInchrino	Blanche West
Peggy Denby	Edith Burton
Irene Trevor	Beverly West
Georgie Goddard	Rea Martin
Betty Woods	Florence Deshon
Eleanor Willoughby	May Elsie
Lily Trevor	Rense Delting
Rense Marie de Tours	Louise Cook

Though fashioned by many minds and hands and built on a foundation story that is not new—the plight of a youth who must marry in a few hours or lose a great fortune—so well have the builders wrought that "Among the Girls" flashes before its beholders as one of the freshest, most spontaneous, life-like and sparkling musical pieces that Boston has ever enjoyed.

Jimmie Shannon, just back from the war and, still in his uniform, is afraid of girls and there are many at the Ladies' day of the Country Club. It is ... Was ... and charming ... think he is a blithering ... realize it and snap her up. ... there would be no story and ... and she wouldn't sing that lovely ... "Sayonara" (the Japanese good-bye) so exquisitely, when she goes away, apparently out of his life.

Presently news comes that Jimmie's grandfather has died and Judge Garrison, who drew the will, says the young man must marry before he is 30—the midnight that is nearly there—or the $12,000,000 goes to Jimmie's cousin, "Happy." Then Jimmie's troubles begin and you sympathize with him when he sings "I Want to Go Back to War." The audience cheers when he complains that over there they fought daily for liberty, only to come back and find it will be taken away from them July 1.

Billy Meekin arranges a dinner that night at the club, where there will be a score of girls, among whom Jimmie is to make his choice. There is endless fun in his blundering efforts to propose, "Happy's" bibulous counter plots to get the cash by keeping the girls from accepting Jimmie, the complications of several deciding to have him at once, a momentary misunderstanding that keeps him from winning the real girl, Ann, and the final clearing of the way to her by Billy's fake announcement that a second will has been found and that Jimmie gets no money after all, which scatters all but the loyal Ann.

Denman Maley may seem to drink too much as "Happy," but everyone likes him. Earl Benham as Billy is so cheerful and light-hearted a friend that he well deserves his popularity. George A Wright, Sr.'s, troubles as Judge Garrison, with an over-exacting wife, are so vividly portrayed that all are genuinely sorry for him. Percival Knight could not be improved upon as the awkward and suffering Jimmie.

Coralinn Walde wins many hearts besides Jimmie's by her sweetness and charm and her singing as Ann. Beverly West appears only for a few minutes, as one of the silliest of the silly girls, Irene Trevor, but she does it so well that you wish she had more to do.

The dancing, the costumes, the scenery are worthy of all praise, and there are many lighting effects so novel and clever that they add greatly to the success of the piece.

ARLINGTON THEATRE — "Little Peggy O'Moore." Comedy drama in four acts by Oscar O'Shea and Edward C. Lilley. First time in Boston. The cast:

Daniel Murphy	Dudley Ayres
Edward Richmond	Mark Elliston
Matt Hogan	Mark Kent
Tom Anderson	Aubrey Bosworth
Jacob Webster	Arthur Buchanan
Patrick O'Brien	Morton L. Stevens
Sergeant Casey	Samuel Grant
Frank Vernon	Frederick Allen
Mary Montague	Eleanor Brent
Doris Montague	Bella Cairns
Peggy O'Moore	Ruth Robinson

Something new in the shape of an Irish play was staged at the Arlington Theatre yesterday. The plot turns upon the life of a pretty Irish girl who comes over from County Kerry to make here home in America, upon her growing fondness for American life and ways, and upon her dawning love for honest Dan Murphy, whose life is closely interwoven with hers from the moment of her landing in this country.

There are four scenes in "Little Peggy O'Moore," two in the city and two in the country. One shows the office of a mayor, who is Dan Murphy, the hero of the play, and the other a summer home on the shores of a lake near the city. Into its plot come, in addition to Dan Murphy, and the little girl whose love romance with him is woven into the play, a variety of characters—a district attorney, a contractor and political boss, a bank president and cashier, and Dan's sister and her daughter.

Throughout the story move these personages. There are numerous thrilling scenes, as when Mayor Dan Murphy finds himself assailed by a mob, and there is plenty of genuine comedy woven into the plot. Miss Robinson makes a lovable little Peggy, Mr. Ayres is a forcible Dan Murphy, both as a politician and as a lover, and excellent acting is contributed by Mr. Kent, Mr. Bosworth, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Ellison, Miss Cairns and Miss Brent.

Next week, the play at the Arlington Theatre will be "Which One Shall I Marry?" for its first production in Boston.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

Alice Eis, in Dancing Act, Is Headliner

Alice Eis, assisted by James Templeton, in a singing and dancing act heads a remarkable bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was unmistakably pleased. During the performance there was a drive for the Salvation Army fund. Nearly all the performers took part in the collection.

Miss Eis and Mr. Templeton are dancers rather than singers. Their act is richly mounted and has a wide vari-

... dances. There w... the American girl, the Chinese pr..., the doll, the crystal and the Shadow of l.... Miss Eis is conspicuous for her suppleness and for the buoyancy and speed of her performance. The haughtiness of her Chinese princess for the moment on a lark was nicely conveyed. The mysticism of the crystal dance was equally apparent as was the evil foreboding and tragic sequence of the Shadow of Pajay. Mr. Montgomery excelled as a high kicker.

Other acts were the Lightner Girls and Newton Alexander, featuring Winnie Lightner, in a singing act that included the laughable asides of Miss Winnie. Emerson and Baldwin, in a comedy juggling act; Norton and Lee, in a dancing act, conspicuous for the eccentricities in the dance of Mr. Lee as well as for the personal charm of Miss Norton. Jane Courthope and com... in a homey sketch, well acted; George Whiting and Sadie Burt, in a clever and novel singing act; Ray Fern and Marion Davis, in a revue introducing a plausible and likeable comedian and a fetching dancing partner; Fred Berens, in a unique musical act; and the Dennis brothers, on the revolving ladder.

M[illegible] 21 [illegible]

Perhaps there is no human being, however ...d in the crowd from the observation of his fellow mortals, who, if he has leisure and disposition to recollect his own thoughts and actions, will not conclude his life in some sor... a miracle, and imagine himself distinguished from all the rest of his species by many discriminations of nature or of, fortune.

"I'll Give You a Letter"

Mr. Herkimer Johnson called on us yesterday. As it was high noon he asked if he might eat his luncheon while he talked with us. Rejoicing because he had not hinted at an invitation to luncheon, we at once gave permission. He then took doughnuts, a hunk of sage cheese and a banana out of a paper bag and showed a wolfish appetite. Sage cheese! The sight of it took us back to visits at grandmother's house in the Vermont village. Sage cheese, seed cakes, pewter mugs, and pewter and old blue china plates, platters and cups. Days gone for ever! Things gone forever!

"Why Herkimer," we said, "we didn't know there was any sage cheese in these degenerate times."

Mr. Johnson answered: "It is true that I do not find it on the tables of the rich when I am invited to an intimate or formal dinner, nor was it served at dinners that I attended as—I may say without egoism—an honored sociologist; but sage cheese exists and it goes admirably with doughnuts. I see, by the way, that contributors to the N. Y. Sun have been writing letters about doughnuts and crullers and fried bread—all quarelling and contradicting. Now a doughnut, like morality, is largely a chronological and geographical affair. But I didn't come here to talk about sage cheese or doughnuts; I came to ask you if you wouldn't write a protest against the practice of giving letters of introduction."

As we too have suffered, we lent attentive ears. "Only a few days ago," said Mr. Johnson, "I received a letter from a man—I know him slightly and am not under any obligation to him—introducing to my favorable consideration a person of whom I know nothing; asking me if I would not show him every attention and put him up at the Porphyry. In other words this demi-stranger asked me to look after a total stranger. Now, I could not offer this visitor a seat in a church pew and thus get rid of him. The letter stated that he would stay at a certain hotel. As you know good-nature is the curse of my life. I went to the hotel. He was not there: he had not been there. The clerk looked at me suspiciously, although I was in my Sunday best. Even my books had a mirror-like shine. I wrote a letter to this visitor and left it with the clerk. In it I made an appointment at the club. Two hours went by; he did not appear. Why tarried the wheels of his taxicab? He did not telephone. All in all I wasted three hours and suffered mental perturbation, especially in the presence of the hotel clerk. I have not heard from the visitor to this day. Letters of this ... are usually an impertinence. For instance, some one thus introduces you ... him Mr. Swinehurst. He calls at your office and presents the letter with a flourish. You look him over. He chat... about himself. You realize that his ... capacity is greater than that of ... p-worm. You do not wish, or, if you are married, you do not dare, to invite him to your home. I have found out through long experience the safest way of preserving personal immunity. Say to him, 'I'll put you up at the Meg...m Club. You'll find many interesting men there.' Take him there, introduce him to two or three loquacious ..., and keep away from that building for a fortnight. However, to do ... comfortably, you must belong to ... clubs."

Mr. Johnson threw, with the carelessness of a truly scientific man, the ... on the floor, to... the empty ... on our desk, and ... he went away, said: "You'll write the protest, won't you?"

"Herkimer," we replied "You've already written it."

Hara Kiri

As the World Wags:

In an article in Collier's for the week of May 17 Maj. Frederick Palmer, referring to the Japanese act of hara kiri, speaks of the samurai as slashing their aortas with a sword, "passing the sword back to an officiating friend before expiring" to "prove their fortitude." Is Maj. Palmer correct in this? To commit hara kiri strictly according to Hoyle, I believe the samurai squats on the floor, bares his abdomen and plunges the knife therein, drawing it upward; the knife is then withdrawn for a second gash, horizontal this time. The technique requires also, I believe, that no sign of emotion should be visible on the face of the samurai committing hara kiri.

In passing, it is worth noting that a Boston newspaper has taken to coining new words. In an article on "Advertising Your Own Merits"—(Life is real, and life is earnest)—in its issue for May 13 is to be found the word "suggose." Where could one find a better union of the two words "suggest" and "suppose"? CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND.

Boston.

Captain Brinkley thus describes the operation: "His (the bushi's or samurai's) method was to plunge a short sword into the left side of the abdomen, swop it across to the right, giving it a sharp upward turn at the end of the gash; then to withdraw it, thrust it into the back of the neck and cut toward the throat. Assistance was often rendered by a friend, who, sword in hand, stood ready to decapitate the victim immediately after the stomach had been gashed; but there were innumerable examples of men who consummated the tragedy without aid, especially when the sacrifice of life was by way of protest against the excesses of a feudal chief or the crimes of a ruler, or when some motive for secrecy existed."—Ed.

May 22, 1919

The sound of her silk skirt has stopped.
On the marble pavement dust grows.
Her empty room is cold and still.
Fallen leaves are piled against the doors.
Longing for that lovely lady
How can I bring my aching heart to rest?

Tales of the Sea

Cyrus Townsend Brady says that Cooper's "Two Admirals" is "without question the greatest of all the novels of the sea, all of which I have read and not a few of which I have written." The modest man! Unfortunately we have not read any of Dr. Brady's sea-tales, so we are debarred from saying to him, "Honored sir, you do yourself injustice. Why hide your light under a bushel?"

Is "The Two Admirals" the greatest novel of the sea? Here is a question for academic discussion, which would be a pleasing exhibition of personal taste. One might prefer "The Pilot" to "The Two Admirals"; another might exalt Clark Russell's "Wreck of the Grosvenor"; still another might mention the fact that Mr. Conrad had written one or two books worthy of consideration. If we were called on to vote we should write "Moby Dick" on a piece of paper.

Then there is "The Pirates Own Book." A whimsical person might say that "The Life of Charles Gibbs, containing an account of his atrocities committed in the West Indies," is more romantic than many novels of the sea. And here we ask for information. Our copy of "The Pirates Own Book" was published at Portland, Me., by Francis Blake in 1859. It is stated within that it was entered, according to an act of Congress in 1837, by Samuel N. Dickinson in the clerk's office of the district court of Massachusetts. Now, in 1840, Thomas Johnson of Liverpool (Eng.) published the "Lives, Exploits and Cruelties of the Most Celebrated Pirates and Sea Robbers Brought Down to the Latest Period." From a contributor to Notes and Queries we learn that this book contains the story of Benito de Soto of Charles Gibbs, the history of the Joassamee pirates of the Persian Gulf, also the history of the Algerine pirates, but the order in which they are printed is not that found in "The Pirates Own Book." Who compiled these stories? When and where were they first published? And why in this country the title "The Pirates Own Book"? We remember well "The Boy's Own Book," a treasure of our childhood in the early sixties, the English edition, a fat book with queer woodcuts, not the coarsely printed American reprint. That title is self-explanatory, but did pirates along the New England coast in 1859 read "The Pirates Own Book" in their spare hours, for pleasure and instruction or to arouse emulation in their shaggy breasts?

To the Point

G. V. T. calls our attention to this advertisement written by Mr. Franc in a Massachusetts town and published in a Boston newspaper:

"You sell me 1 five man's automobile for cheap money."

Could Mr. Franc's wish be more clearly and simply expressed?

Dress and Music

As the World Wags:

It has been said by a well known scientist that women are more sensitive to musical atmosphere than men. He gives as his reason that the thickness of clothing one wears has a pronounced influence; that the clothing of man is much heavier than that of woman and it is for that reason men are often apparently indifferent to the influence and shadings of orchestral music. This fact became noticeable to a Boston musician one evening this week at the Pops at Symphony Hall. He says that during one of the most delicate numbers on the program he noticed the waitresses in almost every instance would stand still, their tray of refreshments in hand, waiting for the forte tones before proceeding down the aisle to serve the patrons at tables. Those of us who for past years attended the Pops (when other drinks than fruit mixtures were served) will recall that the men waiters were absolutely unconscious of the presence of an excellent orchestra playing the most delightful of music, and served their patrons in the most businesslike fashion possible. M. A. T.

Boston.

This proposition reminds one of questions discussed in Plutarch's "Symposiacs," or in the curious book of Macrobius: "Why women are hardly, old men easily, intoxicated"; "Whether the temper of women is colder or hotter than that of men"; "Whether flute-girls may be admitted to a feast"; "What was the cause that in times past the Romans would not suffer their wives either to grind corn or to lay their hands to dress meat in the kitchen?" Athryliatus at Plutarch's banquet observed that women in his day endured cold better than men, were not so sensible of the sharpness of the weather, and were contented with a few clothes. Today Mrs. Golightly says to Eugene, her husband: "I don't see how you can stand such heavy clothing in the house." Mrs. Golightly, though, as Artemus Ward would say, is between 40 years of age, goes out in the raw weather with chest liberally exposed, wearing silk stockings, with shoes like pumps, even when sidewalks are sloppy and rain comes down in sheets; yet, ten to one, she will outlive Eugene and dance with the abandon of an Ephesian widow after "the first reserve of her grief," as the author of a book on etiquette puts it.—Ed.

May 23 1919

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful, fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks—from the keep of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.
Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper.
Set ope the doors, O Soul!
Tenderly! be not impatient!
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!
Strong is your hold, O love!

A Shoeshine Parlor

We read in a London journal words of encouragement for a "Shoeshine parlor" recently established in that city, "offering sheltered arm-chair comfort to those who want the services of what in our idiom is a bootblack. With the reconstruction of domestic service we may be largely dependent on outside professional boot cleaning, as they are across the Atlantic."

If we are not mistaken, the boots of Englishmen have been for years cleaned and blacked by one of the domestic servants, in small houses, if not in great ones, usually by a woman; but "Boots" is perhaps found in ducal castles as in the old-gashioned inns and modern hotels. We say this timidly, for unlike many popular American novelists, we have had little intercourse with the British aristocracy, and have never been on speaking terms with a belted earl.

The bootblack of London was called into being by "Rob Roy" Macgregor in 1851, the year of the Exhibition. London was full of strangers. The managers of the Ragged School Union were endeavoring to solve the Street Arab problem. Mr. Macgregor suggested the organization of the great army of waifs into a boot-blacking brigade. He made the first box for holding the kit. Lord Shaftesbury provided the required capital, a five-pound note. Miss Macgregor made the first tunic. Of course there was opposition to the scheme. The boys were mocked, sometimes pelted with rotten eggs and vegetables. Punch poked fun at them. The "Bobby" made them move on. But soon a special clause inserted in an act of Parliament gave the boys a legal status. In the spring of 1901 they celebrated their semi-centennial by putting on scarlet tunics.

The American for many years blacked ...'s boot... The ... of ... in small towns and in the cities the thrifty man ... his bottle of Day and Martin or box of Bixby's blacking. He did not like the idea of a woman performing this duty, but we have known of devoted wives who found pleasure in thus serving their lords and masters, doing it, however, on the sly. We have also heard of men who polished the boots of the women in the house. Among the stories told of Lincoln is the one in which Lord Lyons was surprised at seeing the President of the United States working at his boots.

"In England no gentleman blacks his own boots," said Lord Lyons. "Whose boots does he black?" asked Lincoln. Some men, at the time when the Lord Stanley cravat was popular because it wholly covered a dirty shirt front, wore "patent leathers" to be spared the bother of blacking. In the old days the blacking in use was supposed to be a preservative of leather. The professional bootblacks today often use mixtures that have a contrary effect. The sociologist observes a succession of races in the history of these bootblacks, as in the history of newsboys. There was a time when the former was nearly always a Negro. The latter, an American.

"Sunshine parlor"—and "parlor" spelled in London with a "u." Whenever we hear or read the word "parlor" we remember Richard Grant White's outburst on seeing "saloon-parlor" in the advertisement of a house-furnisher. White spoke of the term as the very last instance of elegance in language. "I first heard it not used, but spoken of—only a short time ago, and I did not suppose that any other person had ever used it but a pretentious woman, who had passed rapidly not only from poverty, but from the coarsest life, to the enjoyment of wealth and such elegance as mere wealth can bring, and who, throwing open the door of a great, gilded, over-furnished room in a new house which she was showing off to a visitor, said with a flourish, 'And this is the saloon-parlor.'" It is said that this vile term had its origin in the building trade. A drawing room was made by throwing what used to be front and back parlor, or drawing room and dining room, into one apartment.

If any sensitive person is offended by the smell of shoe blacking, let him, like the dwellers on the island of Java, use the flowers of the Hibiscus Rosa Sinensis, otherwise known as the Shoe-black plant. In country houses these flowers should be conveniently near the wood-shed.

Smoking in Boston's Streets

"C. W. P." of Boston writes with reference to "W. E. K's" remark—"there was a time when a fellow dared not smoke in the streets of Boston"—that this law was an ordinance which prohibited smoking, under penalty, in any street or near any building or wharf in the city of Boston. "It was never enforced literally and was never intended to be. Its purpose was to enable the police to prevent smoking near any building or wharf where cotton, hay, straw or other extra combustible materials were stored. That was all. Of course within the premises smoking could be prevented by the proprietors. Elsewhere men smoked as freely as they chose. The yarn about the establishment of the Smokers' Circle by the mayor is another bit of sarcasm like the supposed Blue Laws of Connecticut. It was simply a convenient place for a circle of seats under the trees. Men smoked there, of course. So they did everywhere else, except as above stated."

In 1638 the General Court ordered "that no man shall take any Tobacco within twenty Poles of any House, or so near as may endanger the same." In 1798 an act was passed forbidding the carrying of fire through the streets except in a covered vessel, smoking, or having in one's possession "any lighted pipe or segar" in the streets or on the wharves. The penalty was $2. If the offender was in a ropewalk, the penalty was from $5 to $100. This prohibition of 1798 was not repealed until 1880.—Ed.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Pirates of Penzance," operetta by Gilbert and Sullivan, presented by Fortune Gallo. The cast:

Richard	James Goddard
Samuel	John Willard
Frederick	Warren Proctor
Maj.-Gen. Stanley	Frank Moulan
Edward	William Danforth
Mabel	Mabel Day
Kate	Mabel Pierce
Edith	Gladys Caldwell
Isabel	Sylvia Tell
Ruth	Greta Risley

Age cannot wither nor custom stale the perennial charm of the works produced by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan in the heyday of their complete amity and understanding, and among these "The Pirates of Penzance, or the Slave of Duty," may be counted one of the most pleasing. The performance of the operetta last evening was of even merit generally, rising at times to a richness of concerted effect that thrilled the audience to enthusiastic plaudits.

it was gratifying to observe that the lines were respected, with one, not of twelve, exception, and the spirit of satire, the development of the conse[illegible] of the verbal quips and quibbles of the verbal quips and quibbles which motivate the action of the work, were carried out with a fine appreciation of their value on the stage as well as in the house.

Mr. Goddard was impressive as the pirate chief in voice, stature and action, and Mr. Willard as his lieutenant sustained the part vocally and histrionically. Mr. Moulan did justice to the part of Maj.-Gen. Stanley, and his singing of the patter song was specially good. Mr. Proctor as Frederick displayed an agreeably robust voice and action appropriate to the part.

Miss Day was a most winsome Mabel and vocally delightful. The practical maid of all work, Ruth, was competently interpreted by Greta Risley. The celebrated policemen's chorus was carried off by Sergeant Edward (Mr. Danforth) and his squad with a fine, dashing spirit.

The dancing of Miss Sylvia Tell in the first act was graceful, and the work of the orchestra, under the energetic direction of Max Bendix was at all times satisfactory.

An audience of good size applauded frequently, and its demands for encores were accorded ready compliance. It was evident that it included many old-timers, glad to renew their memories of the charming melodies, and the amusing situations of the operetta, while the evident pleasure of the younger element was a gratifying indication that Gilbert-Sullivan revivals may be undertaken without fear that the present generation will be indifferent to them.

May 2[illegible] 1919

USE FILM TO FIGHT DISEASE

By PHILIP HALE

Yesterday morning invited guests saw a moving picture entitled "Open Your Eyes," at the Shubert Theatre. This picture was made under the supervision of the United States Public Health Service. The exhibition of it is a part of a governmental campaign "in behalf of a clean nation and a country made safe for posterity." In a word, the purpose of the film is to show parents the necessity of acquainting their children with all important facts of life; to prove that reticence and prudery on their part is criminal, to warn the unfortunate victims of venereal diseases against quacks; to point out the benefits of early treatment by reputable physicians.

At first, plain statements concerning these diseases and their ravages are thrown on the screen. A prominent physician, who is aiding the government in its beneficent work, is shown lecturing to men of his profession. Portions of his address are filmed. That parents should be the first in combatting the evil by talking with their sons and daughters at the critical stage is strenuously insisted on.

Practical lessons are then given by means of a story. There is commendable discretion shown in the details of this story. There is nothing ultra-sensational there is nothing alluring in the picturing of the sirens, nothing to make vice more attractive than virtue; nor is there anything that can put one in mind of that old chamber of horrors, the "anatomical museum."

A mother talks sensibly to her young daughter, explaining to her the sacredness of maternity, the beauty of a pure mind in a pure body, nor does she hesitate to talk with her about the dawn of motherhood. Young men figure prominently, victims through ignorance, victims through wilful dissipation. One found his ruin at a road house, and only through a kiss. This one, ashamed, consulted a quack, with disastrous results. That one fared better at the hands of his family physician. One thinking himself cured, married. A blind baby was born to him. Another, diseased by the quack as thoroughly sound, brings shame and suffering to one girl, whom he abandons under promise of marriage, and is about to wed an innocent maiden whom he really loves, when the abandoned one halts the wedding ceremony by proclaiming that the bridegroom is diseased.

This story, which is really a series of facts, is told so that interest is maintained to the end. It is admirably acted; the scenes are realistically portrayed; interiors of dwelling houses, a Broadway cabaret, a roadhouse, the doctor's offices have been carefully studied and reproduced with a fine eye for effect. Although the fate of the "rounder" is tragic—he is seen at last a lunatic in a cell—the whole tone of the film is one of encouragement through warning, not one of depression and despair.

It may be added that the accompanying music, thoughtfully chosen and

[illegible] play[illegible] [illegible] film. As the [illegible] the circular published by the bureau of the public health service at Washington, "One of the most potent agencies for carrying and driving home the message is found in the moving picture. . . . "the language of the screen is one understood by all" and makes an impression "a thousand times deeper and stronger than talks and lectures and tons of literature could ever produce."

As I was going down the street
A pretty girl I chanced to meet
Said I to her "What is your trade?"
Said she 'Kind sir, I'm a weaver's maid.'

An Atmospheric Problem

As the World Wags:

As I see by the Herald that we have with us again Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the eminent sociologist, author of "La Sociologie Diurne et Nocturne. Ouvrage Couronne par L'Academie," I should like to profit by his extensive experience to ask whether the theory is a truth or a myth that the number of pretty women in the street varies with certain presumably atmospheric conditions of temperature and pressure, so that on one day the sidewalk is crawling with them and on the next you cannot find a solitary one in all that select stretch of God's great universe which lies between Park Street church and the Touraine. Mr. Johnson will probably answer that the differences are subjective and not objective; that they exist in the eye of the observer only; that I am evidently very young (which I should be the last to deny); and will end by quoting the classical case mentioned by the Journal Amusant many years ago of the old boulevardier on a May morning who said, "I don't know what's the matter with me. The last few days all the women look pretty to me." This view, however, will not bear examination. There are gorgeous sunny afternoons when you may walk up and down the sample bit of universe referred to for hours without either pleasure or profit, although every feminine you meet is dressed in her best; and, on the other hand, in a single end to end excursion in an easterly snowstorm turning to rain, when you detest the human race en bloc and long for a hardware store where you can buy a pound of ten-penny nails to bite in two as you go along to relieve your feelings, when the streets are crowded with maids and matrons in hideous waterproofs and carrying umbrellas, no one of whom I would ask home to supper, especially if my wife were there, they are charming in the proportion of about three to one.

Mr. Johnson has the floor. ROMEO.
Boston.

Mr. Johnson has never said anything to us about the honor paid him by the French Academy; nor were we aware that any portion of his colossal work has been translated into French. We shall inquire into this matter. At present he is in Washington, D. C., where he went to see the opening of the Great Wild East Show.—Ed.

Folk Botany

As the World Wags:

There are a few odd botanical names from the region so ably represented by Mr. T. Inker McErel.

We were never poisoned by poison ivy, but by "mercury," more commonly pronounced "marcry," and the proper remedy for such poison was to rub the itching parts with the crushed stems of "brook celandine," known to the books as jewel weed. About this time o'year, we took to the pastures to gather "ivory plums" and a little later, "ivory leaves," which being interpreted, meant checkerberry plums and leaves. For many years I could not find this synonym in the books, but at last in an old herb-dealers' book found it as a common name in parts of Maine and New Brunswick.

There is wealth of odd words and terms in use along the Penobscot that I wish Mr. McErel would collect and preserve. A. P. S.
Lynn.

The name "mercury" is given to several plants. The pot herb "allgood," the poisonous plant mercurialis perennis, or dog's mercury. Scotch mercury, the snapdragon, the euphorbiaceous plant, known as Baron's Boys, French, garden, girl's or maiden mercury Canterbury bells are also known as Mercury's violets. "Ivory" in Irish and English dialect is a synonym of "ivy."—Ed.

Rinktum and Sombo

As the World Wags:

If the suckers are still biting, "may I not," as a youthful worshipper at the shrine of Izaak Walton, submit my youthful experiences?

At the swimmin' hole in my native town the barbel did not exist, nor can [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] my [illegible] [illegible] it was [illegible] [illegible] years ago, as my memory serves me I do cherish a vague recollection of a fish almost unknown to us under the name "rinktum," but reference to noted piscatorial authorities convinces me that what we always called a "sombo" was one and the same as a "rinktum." How the name originated I am at a loss to explain, but I have since heard that there exists a tradition that it was a corruption, and the vernacular for "some beau" an allusion to his being such a favorite. F. S. S.
Boston.

"Receptionist"

As the World Wags:

I wonder if you happen to know that the chief clerk, generally a woman, in every well regulated photographer's portrait-studio in the United States is called the "receptionist"? Her duties are to "receive" the customer, answer inquiries, show specimen prints and arrange for sittings. Chief among the requisites of a first-class "receptionist" is the happy faculty to serve the best interests of her employer and, at the same time, to please the customer. In the words of the Daily Chronicle, which you quote, "it suggests itself as an office requiring a good deal of tact."

Boston. WILFRED A. FRENCH.

That does not make the word itself less vile, even when the "receptionist" happens to be an attractive young woman.—Ed.

May 25 1919

It was said more than once last week that "Chains" is Miss Elizabeth Baker's only play. Even the program of the Copley Theatre said of Miss Baker and this comedy:

"Her success with it does not seem to have encouraged her in the pursuit of other successful dramatic ventures."

As the Herald pointed out last Sunday she has written at least a half dozen other plays. Are they in the vein of "Chains"? Are they studies of every day routine life?

Miss Baker's one-act play "Miss Tassey" was performed by the Play Actors at the Court Theatre, London, on March 20, 1910. Like "Chains," this comedy, if comedy it can be called, depends entirely on the dialogue. Two shop-girls chatter. One is about to be reported for "sleeping out," but intends to stay out again in order that she may go to a fancy ball with her Percy. She thinks she was reported by Miss Tassey, employed in the shop. Now Miss Tassey is sick abed in the room where the girl is trying on her fancy costume. Asleep, she does not hear the hard, injurious words. She sleeps so heavily that the younger of the girls, knowing Miss Tassey is addicted to drugs, is disturbed. Approaching the bed, she finds Miss Tassey dead. Then there is a scene of hysterical remorse for the accusation and the bitter speech.

"Cupid in Clapham" was on the bill with "Miss Tassey." The play pictures an hour in the home of Waterbury, who is a clerk or "something in the city." Married for 10 years, he has a family of three. Husband and wife are not happy. The husband spends his Saturday afternoons at football matches; the wife, a drudge, gets the sitting room ready for the Sunday visitors. Waterbury has even forgotten that it is the anniversary of their wedding day. His wife reproaches him. Cupid knocks on the window. They wonder, but admit him. He commands the wife to remove the disfiguring curling irons; to put aside her dirty apron and replace it by the pink overalls which she used to wear in the first months of wifehood. The husband is ordered to shave; he must use the mug his wife gave him long ago; he must put his feet into the gorgeous slippers which Cupid had helped her to make. At last husband and wife are induced to sing a duet they sang in years gone by, and even to dance. A critic wrote at the time: "The curtain thus falls, on a pretty enough picture, from which it is significant to notice the children are entirely left out. A whole army of Cupids, we imagine, would not soothe crying baby while the mother was doing the household work, and the pinkiest overall would not long survive an experience of the scullery. Though Miss Baker cannot, therefore, be said to have solved a weighty problem, the playlet is, nevertheless, a most entertaining piece of work."

Miss Baker's fourth play was "Edith," in one act, produced at the Prince's Theatre, London, by the Women Writers' Suffrage League, on Feb. 9, 1912. Little was said about this play.

Then came "The Price of Thomas Scott," in three acts, produced at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, Eng., on Sept. 22, 1913. Here again, the characters are bound by chains. Scott is a hope-going draper with a little shop in Hammersmith. His business is declining [illegible] [illegible] other drapers [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] larger [illegible] [illegible] family [illegible] still as a [illegible] wishes to see has in Paris, and then open a shop away from Hammersmith. One Wicksteed comes along and offers to buy Scott's premises for £[illegible]. He will convert the house into a dance hall. Scott, though his conscience pricks him, thinks well of the plan. Wife and children are delighted, but Scott finally declines to sell his soul. Miss Annie must continue to smell the fried fish shop across the way, but Johnny Tite immediately proposes marriage. Play and performance were warmly praised. The Daily Chronicle of London said: "What Miss Baker has done is to forge us another set of 'Chains,' which she asks us to welcome because of the tissue-paper deckings of conscience with which she tricks it out. Neither the bubbling humor of Miss Sybil Thorndike's shop girl nor Mr Brember Wills's delicate ironies could keep the play from being depressing. It suffocates with the same relentless persistency as 'Chains.' Problem: Was Thomas Scott justified in sacrificing his children's future to a scruple?"

"Beastly Pride" was produced in 1914, according to "Who's Who in the Theatre," but the Stage Year Books for 1914-'15 do not mention the play.

"Over a Garden Wall," a comedy, was produced at the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham on Nov. 20, 1915. This is not to be confounded with Sydney Grundy's farce "Over the Garden Wall" or with the comedy of this name played in America.

"Partnership," described as "a light comedy," was produced at the Court Theatre, London, on March 5, 1917. The heroine, Kate Rolling, is partner with Miss Glow in a costumier's shop at Brighton. An excellent business woman, she is all business. A successful business man, all business and no romance, offers her his hand. Together they will work wonders. Kate at first lends a willing ear, but she meets a young man who has no business habits, but talks prettily about sunsets. The business man finds out that Kate, to whom he is engaged, was out in a boat with the young man, and in the morning. The handsome sunset-expert, who has much talk about the simple life, is, after all, the man. "Miss Glow, once gathered, being of a more prosaic nature, was quite prepared to take over the amalgamation scheme in her stead, draper thrown in." "It is the usual choice," wrote another critic, "between the money grubber and the idealist; but the choice is placed before a woman to whom the things of the world have come to mean something absorbing." The hope was expressed that the play would be seen again.

In all probability "Chains" is Miss Baker's stongest and most successful play. Mr. Jewett did well in acquainting Bostonians with it. He mounted it carefully and with understanding. The furnishing of the two houses was wholly in keeping with the characters, there was nothing incongruous. As the Herald said last Tuesday, the play was well acted. All the characters were sharply defined. They are still in the memory. To us the most pathetic figure in the comedy was Fenwick, the hopeless middle-aged clerk whose salary had been cut, the man without ambition, resigned to his fate; the clerk so admirably portrayed by Mr. Craske, who has a marked talent for characterization.

We understand that Shaw's "Candida" is the next play on Mr. Jewett's list. It will be a pleasure to see the comedy again.

The first performance is Boston was at the Park Theatre on April [illegible] 19[illegible] when the cast was as follows:

Rev. James Mayor Morell	Dodson Mitchell
Eugene Marchbanks	Arnold Daly
Mr. Burgess	Herbert Standing
Lexy Mill	Ernest Lawford
Proserpine	Louise Closser
Candida	Dorothy Donnelly

There was a performance here at the Plymouth Theatre on April 28, 1913, by Miss Horniman's players from the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester (Eng.).

The Rev. James Mayor Morell	[illegible]
Eugene Marchbanks	Milton [illegible]
Mr. Burgess	Edward Landor
Lexy Mill	Frank Darch
Proserpine	Hilda [illegible]
Candida	Irene Rooke

Gilbert Cannan's "Miles Dixon" was also on the bill.

Mr. Jewett brought out the play at Copley Theatre on Jan. 23, 1917.

The Rev. James Mayor Morell	Cameron Matthews
Eugene Marchbanks	Leonard Craske
Mr. Burgess	Fred. W. Permain
Lexy Mill	[illegible]
Proserpine	Jessamine Newcombe
Candida	Gwladys Morris

The comedy was a long time in coming to Boston, for it was played first at the Theatre Royal, South Shields, Eng., in 1895. "The performance took place at the unusual hour of 11.30 A. M., with, I think, no more than three spectators in the house. The theatre was cold and dismal, the performers gabbled through at the rate of an express train and Mr. Bernard Shaw was not visible. There was a [illegible] at the doors of the [illegible], a large written poster, that the [illegible] [illegible] all parts of the [illegible] would [illegible] [illegible]" The [illegible] [illegible] The first [illegible]

[illegible] July [illegible]. The [illegible] in London [illegible] the [illegible].

The first [illegible]ance in Boston [illegible] [illegible]. Men and women found a [illegible] pipe for their intellect" to quote Charles Reade—by writing letters to the newspapers. One found the play diabolical; we hope Mr. Shaw [illegible] this; another declared that Candida represents "the ideal wife for a minister or public man, and many of our most successful public men have owed a large part of their success to the fact that they had the good fortune to marry wives like her"; on the other hand, a third dilated on Candida's "essential vulgarity of soul" and said she was "no lady," she added: "All the men I have heard mention it (the play) and many whose opinions have been quoted to me dislike, distrust, or even in some cases despise this woman." We should like to [illegible] the bumps of these "gentlemen [illegible]" of the writer.

Prof. George P. Baker wrote to the [illegible] advising Harvard students to see the play, as one amusing, interesting, and of literary merit. He patted the dramatist on the head. "If Mr. Shaw would forget to be eccentric, would cease to be self-conscious, he could write plays of contemporary English life equal to any now written in England."

When the comedy was revived in New York four years ago, with Arnold Daly, Hilda Spong and that excellent actor, George Giddens (Mr. Burgess), the Evening Post remarked: "It is not easy to realize now that it was a few years ago the subject of animated discussion as a pregnant and audacious manifesto on the relations of the sexes."

"Candida" was produced at the Theatre des Arts, Paris, on May 8, 1908. Mr. Stoullig then wished the comedy had been performed at a special matinee, as it was at the Parc Theatre in Brussels, for he found the comedy "infinitely too subtle, two profound or two obscure to meet with great success before an ordinary audience." Mr. Souday said it was exceedingly interesting, but "nebulous." "There is genuine strength, but one is disconcerted by what is bizarre and incoherent. One tries to find out what Mr Shaw wishes to say; one asks if he is serious, or if he is mocking, and to what extent. * * * One fears that the translation and the performance betray the dramatist's intentions, and says to himself: 'With Mr. Shaw as director, the subtle dialogue, spoken in English and by an English company, would perhaps assume wholly different colors and have a very different meaning.'" The translation was by Augustin and Henriette Hamon. Vera Sergine took the part of Candida. Mr. Stoullig asked if Rene Maupre did not exaggerate the nervousness of Marchbanks until it resembled lunacy.

Miss Catherine du Pont on Wednesday afternoon at the Copley Theatre supported by Douglas Crane will give "a Tagore program: the play of 'Chitra' and these poems, 'Fruit Gathering,' 'The Crescent Moon,' 'Gitanjali,' 'The Gardener,' all interpreted by the dancing of Miss Grace Christie."

"Chitra," a play in one act and nine scenes by Rabindranath Tagore, was produced in Boston at the Toy Theatre, now the Copley, on Feb. 8, 1915.

Madana (Eros) ....Hellen Evily
Vasanta (Lycoris) ....Oliver Hinsdell
Chitra ....Mona Limerick
Ayuna ....J. W. Austin

Tchekof's "The Bear" and Harold Brighouse's "Lonesome-Like" were on the bill.

Rabindranath Tagore read his lyrical poem "Chitra" in London on May 9, 1913. The hearers were invited by the Indian Art and Dramatic Society. The same society gave a performance of the play in London on Jan. 9, 1916, with Miss Limerick as Chitra. There was a performance in London given in honor of the Eastern Princes and Delegates of the Imperial War Conference on April 27, 1917.

It is said that "Chitra" is performed in India without scenery and with the actors surrounded by the audience.

When Mr. Tagore read his play in London, Mr. Littlewood, then the dramatic critic of the Daily Chronicle, described it as a really memorable thing. "Despite a certain convention of dialogue, it was really not a play at all, but a very pretty allegory of the Cupid and Psyche pattern upon the soul of woman. For Chitra was a kind of Amazon princess. So strongly feminine was she that although a male heir was divinely decreed before she was born, she herself took the affair into her own hands, flouted the divine prognostication, and turned out a girl after all. At first she wore boys' dress, played boys' games and excelled all others in strength and in skill. Then she went into the forest, and there she fell in love, with the result that she forsook her boyish ways, and put on maids' weeds and prayed to the God of Love that she might be made supremely beautiful. Her prayer was granted, and he, her lover, who had sworn to live 12 years in solitude, broke his vows in the enchantment of her beauty. She was so lovely that as she went through the forest it was like the evening passing into night. How Chitra grew jealous of her own beauty because she found that it was [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of love that it might be taken away from her; how she revealed herself at the last, and how the flowery chain was broken—all this, one may well leave to be read and heard as it deserves."

She pleaded that her borrowed beauty might be taken away, that she might take to Arguna her real self—"no goddess to be worshipped, nor moth to be brushed aside, but the heart of a woman, with the hopes and fears and shames of a daughter of the dust, and love struggling toward immortal life." Arguna withstands the ordeal, and the play concludes with the promise of a son. It has been said that "Chitra" is like the tale of "Lalla Rookh" with the sexes transposed.

Miss du Pont, assisted by Harmon MacGregor and Miss Cristie, gave the interpretation of "Chitra" at the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, on Feb. 18, 1919. The New York Herald spoke of the performance as "a thing of beauty that made a deep impression."

At the Copley next Wednesday Miss du Pont and Mr. Crane, seated in the background, will interpret the play. Miss Cristie, entering from apertures in a panoramic curtain behind them, will portray by dancing moods and sentiments of the drama. She will also interpret by dances the poems recited later by Miss du Pont. The endeavor of the three will be "to eliminate personality."

The Tribute of a Japanese Student to Miss du Pont's Noh Plays

To the Editor of the Herald:

As a Japanese student of drama I was greatly interested in seeing Miss Catherine du Pont Produce at Copley Repertory Theatre this afternoon the lyric-dramatic plays of the famous Japanese poet, Noh. When she, in her luxurious and delicate Japanese kimono, with the long sleeves gracefully tossing back and forth, appeared on the stage, I thought of some of the Noh plays that I had seen in Japan—plays which made their appearance in the court of the olden times.

There was a club of the Noh actors in my native city, and in the spring, when the cherry blossoms looked like the sun's fleecy wrappings of clouds, these actors, dressed in their kimonos of loveliest colorings, played the Noh lyric drama, the lofty spirit of which was interpreted by sweet music. With loud chantings the men played the large hand drums, the women small hand drums, while a single actor danced on the sacred stage which had been dedicated to the Shinto god.

Miss Catherine du Pont performed the three plays, which owe their interest to the luxury and pomp of ceremonial and to the pathetic beauty of the human soul. These plays—"Tsunemasa," "Hagoromo" and "Shojo"—are lyrical in character and beautiful in their flow of language. They are written with Noh's creative imagination and ability to interpret human nature. They show the real characteristics of the old poetic Japanese drama. Their aim is realistic, their chief merit lies in their sincere and tender passion, and their chorus is mellifluous.

Miss du Pont looked like a young Samurai Japanese girl, whose beauty was such as might have emanated from the dreams of a poet. She carried a sword. The color of her kimono resembled that of peach blossoms, and was enriched by the light which made the stage as bright as if it were ablaze. The reflected light drew trembling golden wavy stripes on Miss du Pont's face and on the four-panelled screen which had the bright touches of a pine tree. As she leaned against the small pine trees, the skirts of her brocaded silk robe falling in graceful folds on the floor, her face began by degrees to look more and more like the sun goddess. As hearing her lyric chorus of "Hagoromo," I pictured to myself the wild olive's flower blossoming in the infinitely unattainable moon. The following chorus echoed and re-echoed in my ear:

"Her kimono, jewelled as with the dew of tears, even the flowers which adorned her hair, drooping and fading, the chain of weaknesses of the Tennin can be seen before the eyes. Sorrow!"

As she, wearing a mask, played "Shojo," a monkey-play, she chanted in Japanese and danced to illustrate the saki (Japanese national wine), flowing from the jar of Shojo (the monkey).

Miss du Pont maintained the same elegance of language throughout, and appeared to me as successful as any of the most skilful Noh players in Japan. Her Japanese was distinct and harmonized with the Noh music. She, showing the ancient costumes, religious mysteries, old heathen tones, and artistic vision of my country—produced a single genuine clear impression of the original. Her voice, rich in musical quality, carried the audience to the crest of high and noble emotion. KEIZO MATSUNO.

Cambridge, May 15.

Igor Stravinsky and His Family Are in Want

The news came to this country some time ago that Igor Stravinsky, known here by his delightful ballets, "The Bird of Fire" and "Petrouchka," also by orchestral chamber music and songs, is in dire need with his family in Switzerland. He has been unable to receive [illegible] [illegible] performances of the [illegible] and [illegible] the war these performances were comparatively few.

When the news came to Boston an appeal was made privately to admirers of his genius and in fact to all lovers of music, and the sum of $500 was subscribed within a few days; but there is a pressing need of additional subscriptions. The treasurer in New York is Mr. Lanier of Winslow Lanier & Co.; but contributions in this city may be sent to Mrs. Edward Burlingame Hill, 4 Marlboro street.

Mr. Quincy Kilby Describes Some Music of 70 Years Ago

To the Editor of the Herald:

Having recently become the fortunate and appreciative owner of a bound volume of sheet music collected by my father's sister 70 or 80 years ago, I feel that some of your readers may be interested in knowing what selections were popular in those days. The pieces are mostly vocal, though some few are instrumental. I give you the entire list.

"Buy My Roses," "Weber's Hunting Chorus from the opera of Der Frieschut"—the spelling is not mine—"arranged for the pianoforte by M. H. Parnell, composer and director of music to the Boston Theatre. Published by C. Bradlee, 164 Washington street, Boston"; "Gaily the Troubadour Touched His Guitar," "'Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue," sung with the most enthusiastic applause by Miss Clara Fisher."

Clara Fisher was born in 1806 and was for many years a favorite soubrette and musical star. As Clara Fisher Maeder she played the old lady, Miss Clarissa, in the Globe Theatre production of "Our Boys" in 1876. I knew her in 1882, when we were both in the traveling company of the Boston Theatre. She was a bright, breezy little woman with decided opinions of her own, which at times she firmly voiced. Her sister Amelia was the Miss Fisher whose theatrical boarding house on Bulfinch place housed such well known actors as William Warren, Joseph Jefferson, Maggie Mitchell, John Wilkes Booth, Maurice Barrymore, the Sotherns, father and son, and many lesser lights. Miss Fisher's front door and doorplate are preserved to posterity in the collection of the Bostonian Society in the Old State House at State and Washington streets.

Next comes "'Oft in the Stilly Night,' Scotch air from Moore's National Melodies." Scotch air! Tell it not in Dublin.

But to continue. "Buy a Broom," "My Alpine Rose," "The Swiss Boy," "Green Hills of Tyrol," "The Ingle Side," "'The Harp of Love,' as sung by Miss Johnson in 'The Spy' to the air of 'Bonny Doon,'" "'Love from the Heart,' as sung by Mme. Vestris," "The Swiss Hunter's Welcome Home," "The Minstrels Returned from the War," "'The Mermaid's Cave.' sung by Miss Hughes with enthusiastic applause," "'Farewell to My Harp,' sunk with rapturous applause by Miss George in the opera of 'John of Paris,' composed by Charles E. Horn." I doubt if the opera of "John of Paris" has been heard this season.

The next has no bearing on its predecessor, despite the apparent innuendo. "'The Mellow Horn,' composed and sung with rapturous applause by (Mr. Jones)"—the parenthesis is theirs, not mine—"written by C. W. Hyatt, Esq., and respectfully dedicated to J. H. Eastburn of Boston." "'Evening Song of the Virgin at Sea,' a Duett, the words by Mrs. Hemans, the music by Her Sister."

"The Deep-Deep Ocean," "'The Maltese Boatswain's Song,' as sung at the Apollo Society. Arranged for one, two or three voices by L. Devereaux. Boston, published by James L. Hewitt & Co. at their Music Saloon, No. 16 Market Street." Which might be a good place for a saloon today, though hardly for music.

"'I See Them on Their Winding Way,' new song composed by B. Hime, the words taken from an unpublished poem by the late Bishop Heber," "The Boys of Switzerland," "Home! Sweet Home!" "Auld Lang Syne," "Absence," "The Lavender Girl"—which sounds like a musical comedy of today—"'Grand Centennial March,' dedicated to Hon. Harrison Gray Otis, mayor of Boston, by C. H. Zeuner." This was published in 1830 and is embellished with a view of the present State House, "taken from the Mall."

"Bonaparte's Coronation March," "Cadets March," "Bonaparte's March Crossing the Rhine," "London March," "Kinloek of Kinlock," "The Favourite Swiss Waltz," "The Bird Waltz," "Waltz, the last composition of C. M. von Weber," "The Celebrated Grand Waltz of Beethoven," "Fisher's Hornpipe," "The Campbells Are Coming" and "Langolee, an Irish Melody."

No syncopation, no jazz, no duets for ukulele and saxophone. This was a placid, matter-of-fact world 75 years ago. Such a collection made today of up-to-date music would in all probability precipitate a war between Dixie and Honolulu. QUINCY KILBY.

Brookline.

The New York Sun Discusses Conductors and Concert Taxes

Patrons of orchestral concerts who have been groaning under the war tax are in reality bearing but a small part of the additional expense now inseparable from all musical entertainments of this kind. The "prima donna of the baton," as he was called when his importance first began to make itself understood, has developed to the very fullest extent the peculiarities of the musical phenomenon to which he was facetiously compared. Conductors, in other words, are more exacting, rarer and more capricious than they ever were before. Indeed, it was never supposed they could attain their present degree of importance. Recent history is not of course without its influence on their demands.

Less than a decade ago a local orchestra increased the compensation of its leader to a sum that astonished those familiar with the previous standards in such matters. A short time ago a Dutch musician of reputation demanded for his services for one season almost four times the amount which had caused a sensation in this country. In another case an Italian conductor of opera who had shown himself brilliantly as an orchestral conductor consented to return to the United States for the consideration of $70,000 for one year, which was an advance even on the unprecedented salary paid to him in opera. It can be seen to what extent political motives influenced the demands of these musicians. Conductors are now possible only from the countries beside which we fought in the war.

Of course, in view of these demands and of the refusal of the Russian and English possibilities to accept such posts because they preferred other fields of musical interpretation, it was found necessary to arrange the seasons with the services of men more amenable to reason, if less eminent. Orchestral concerts under present conditions have become more of a luxury than ever. With the additional demands of "the prime donne of the baton" they may become impossible so far as commercial enterprise is concerned.

In the mean time it ought not to be overlooked by the musical and artistic soul that no other career is quite so profitable just now as that of the conductor.—New York Sun, May 13.

Notes About the Stage, Comedians, Music and Musicians

"The Dragon," a wonder play in three acts, by Lady Gregory, was produced at the Abbey, Dublin, on April 21. "Irish in locale, in speech and in recondite allusiveness, her new 'wonder play' is Oriental in its basic elements and its structure; a story out of the 'Arabian Nights' fantastically illustrated with Celtic ornament; bizarre mythological extravaganza of all but the very highest order, 'The Dragon' tantalizes one, inasmuch as one feels that nothing but lack of artistic restraint and a certain temperamental slovenliness in construction and in the handling of theatrical trick-and-shuffleboard, keeps it from being a masterpiece of the genre. Lady Gregory would be well advised if she could forget that her play will inevitably be printed. The eye can glance back over the page, but the ear has to take in matter at the first intent. With all its persuasive charm and lambent humor, her play has longueurs, due largely to her hugging of that Elizabethan weakness, the chasing of a conceit to death. Nanus's harangue in the second act on the glories of cookery is a case in point. Inapposite and out of character, it is an extrinsicality—mere verbal fireworks. And yet, despite its glaring, easily remediable defects, 'The Dragon' must rank as a distinct achievement. It is by far the best of Lady Gregory's longer plays. Tho theme is treated as seriously as if one were telling a fairy tale to an all-believing child, and yet the effect is one of abounding, clean-tasted humor. It is Plancho without his puns, Gilbert purged of his cycicism."

The Paris correspondent of the London Times wrote about Henri Bataille's new play, "Les Soeurs d'Amour," at the Comedie Francaise: "More than one critic has described 'Les Soeurs d'Amour' as a fine piece of work, but the general public is weary of the old sex problem, and demands something more vigorous and healthy. M. Bataille tells with unquestionable art the story of three women and one man who indulges in a very bolshevism of sentimental emotions which he dignifies by the name of love. Anarchy and final disaster are the natural results of want of self-control, and when, in the last act, after having abandoned his wife and son as well as his mistress, to run away with his first love, the wife of his partner in business, he is, in turn, abandoned, the impression left on the public is something between satisfaction and exasperation. Mme. Berthe Cerny plays the leading woman's part with great success. Mme. Pierat is an excellent second, and, as always at the Comedie Francaise, every minor role is carefully studied and brought as near to perfection as possible. The title of the play is being much discussed. Why 'Sisters in Love'? The critic presumes that love is the great leveller and is strong enough to destroy all social barriers."

The correspondent describes the dresses worn in Bataille's play. We re-

[illegible] for the benefit of [illegible] Mme. Berthe Cerny in the first scene wears a soft wrap of [illegible] which she folds about her, [illegible] back, or arranges about her [illegible] according to her mood of [illegible]; and as she has many [illegible] there are many changes of drapery. She wears it over a dress of [illegible] lace bordered with fur, and finished with a touch of mauve satin. [illegible] was conspicuous on several [illegible]. Mme. Pierat chose a simple frock of white cashmere de sole trimmed with black fringe, and with [illegible] had a shady black hat with a narrow chin-strap of ribbon; while [illegible] Cerny in another scene wore a [illegible] Havana silk frock, closely fitting to the figure, but gathered at the hips. The fringe on this garment was so [illegible] and thick that it looked like a [illegible] until she moved. This same [illegible] chose as an evening frock an exquisite gown of dull sapphire blue satin, which was extremely graceful. It had a heavy blue fringe on it, and a perfectly plain train fell from the shoulders to a short distance on the ground, making a good contrast to the rest of the frock. Yet another dress of perfect taste and beauty was of Venetian red in cashmere de soie, which [illegible] in absolutely straight lines and was caught in at the waist by a narrow [illegible] gold girdle, and the neck opened on a little gold vest. The sleeves were extremely short, but were edged, as was the hem, with smoked fur. Altogether the frocks were more to the taste of the public than the plot."

The Paris correspondent of the Stage writes about Jacques Richepin's version of "Lysistrata" at the Renaissance: "Of 'La Greve des Femmes' I should like to say nothing whatever, 'out of respect for my readers,' as M. de Windel, the [illegible] of Excelsior, said to me after the [illegible]. It is the most deplorable example French theatres could produce at a time when Paris is crowded with English and Americans, who will take away a shocking opinion of French morals and literature. Heaven knows that I am not prudish, but this vulgar and suggestive spectacle—for there is no play—is fit only for the brothel. I shall, therefore, content myself with mentioning the names of Mlles. Lysana and Karyatis, two dancers of exceptional talent, whose animation and originality surpass anything we have seen lately. So much for 'La Greve des Femmes.' "

A young gentleman by the name of Sulli[illegible] Kemble has been in prominence in the weekly papers by reason of the statement that he is "the last of the Kembles." When he further states that he has "the family throat of the Siddons" as a claim to distinction and a hearing, one feels worried by the thought that this line of argument might be put forward by other people in like manner. Thus, the bottle-nosed comedian may claim this as an absolute proof that he has the poetic soul of Cyrano de Bergerac, which would lead to argument such as a one-eyed one-armed man would meet with were he to claim naval distinction on account of Nelson's affliction.—The Stage.

This correspondent also writes: "The inauguration of the Theatre de Paris, which is the name M. Leon Volterra has given to the Theatre Rejane since he assumed the management of that theatre and brought it under the sway of his theatrical trust, was a great success. The theatre has been entirely redecorated interiorly, the large hall with rich mural paintings and brilliant display of lights, the auditorium in cherry-colored plush. 'Le Roi des Palaces,' the farce in four acts by M. Henry Kistermackers, which M. Volterra chose for his opening, is totally different from the well known Belgian playwright's usual style, and I confess that he has rarely done anything better. This is the kind of play we need just now. It is wholesome, it is humorous, it is witty, and underlying the wit of the lines there is a certain philosophy—like maxims, such as this reflection of the hotel porter: 'With a religion for the rich and a bath for the poor, we might make humanity clean and decent.' Added to all this, the cast is headed by Max Dearly, the most brilliant and [illegible] comedian of the French stage. He scored a veritable triumph from the moment when the curtain rose, disclosing him as the porter of the Palace Hotel answering a telephone on the right, then on the left in German, English, Spanish and Italian to the cosmopolitan inmates of the great hostelry. The first two acts, in the hotel lobby, are filled with life and color and a close and humorous observation. The plot is of the slightest. The hotel porter, who was once a nobleman, has a way with him. He recovers the stolen jewels of a rich widow, who, on discovering his title, is ready to compromise herself with the fascinating Figaro; but at the last moment his better nature makes him give up this conquest and return to the pretty book-keeper, who loves him, while the widow marries an [illegible] and ruined friend. On this faint [illegible] the author has sketched innumerable scenes at once satirical and

[illegible] wider range of notes to call the cuckoo's two notes a 'song.' It is no more song than the cooing of doves and nobody thinks of calling that a song. Some poets have sinned here, but the closest observers of nature have not. Shakespeare's "plainsong cuckoo gray" is well enough for the "plain" makes all the difference. Wordsworth's "shouting cuckoo" is as good as it could be, and so is Tennyson's "the cuckoo told his name to all the hills," though it has been suggested that "tolled" would be better. Perhaps a modern poet had this in mind when he wrote of the call "belling through the fluttered rain." You can't make a song out of two notes, even when they are occasionally preceded by a "graceful appoggiatura."—London Daily Chronicle.

A lot of correspondence has been going on in the evening papers in reference to actors, or more especially music hall artists, addressing the audience or showing signs of temper or bad taste if anything displeased them. Of course, anything that tends to break down the barrier between the artist and the public is all wrong. An actor, as a rule, has quite enough to do to keep in the skin of his character, and it is very seldom he is the guilty one, but a music hall artist has greater freedom, and it is much to his credit that he seldom forgets himself in this respect, although the fact that he is by contract liable to fine or dismissal for any breach of this description may have some influence on his actions. Of course, a star would be neither fined nor dismissed, but a small-salaried man would undoubtedly be hauled over the coals by a small-salaried acting manager. The clause is, therefore, generally observed. The most notable case I can call to mind was when the late Laurence Irving, during one of his American music hall tours, fell foul of one of the best known critics, Alan Dale, known, I mean, more for his attacks upon artists than for his criticisms. Irving knew Dale was in front one night, and when he went on he denounced the critic as a "blob of scum." Of course anything was bad enough for a critic and the audience took sides, with the result that the publicity raised Laurence Irving's salary to such an extent that he saved enough to launch out as a manager on his own, and produced "The Unwritten Law" with success at the Garrick.—The Stage.

Sir Frederick Bridge has published his reminiscences with the title "A Westminster Pilgrim." The Daily Chronicle, reviewing the book, says it might be called, "History as Seen from the Organ Loft," for the organist of Westminster Abbey was musical director at Queen Victoria's jubilee and at the coronations of King Edward and King George, and had been present at all the historic services in the Abbey for over 40 years. As a boy of 8 he helped to toll the passing bell at Rochester Cathedral for the Duke of Wellington. The volume is rich in anecdotes. Here are a few. Two ladies were standing in the cloisters when they heard a sound from the Abbey. 'Listen,' said one; 'that's Sir Walter Parratt at the organ.' 'Oh, no,' said her friend, 'that's not Sir Walter—he can't play like that!—it's Sir Frederick Bridge.' Unfortunately it was not the sound of the organ, but the noise made by a vacuum cleaner!"

"One day during the war an officer walked into the organ loft and asked Sir Frederick to play Bach's G minor Fugue, but Sir Frederick pleaded that he was tired, and in any case must practise it first. But he promised: 'If you come back' (the officer was going overseas next day) and are able to tell me you've killed ten Germans I'll play the Fugue any day.

" 'Some months later, while I was in Scotland, the same officer reappeared in the organ loft and inquired for me, explaining that he had come to ask me to redeem my promise. "But," said my assistant, "have you killed those Germans?" The reply was quiet, but forceful: "I don't know about that, but I'm going to Buckingham Palace tomorrow to receive the V. C." He heard that Fugue.'

"It is of the Chapel Royal that he tells the story of an old choirman whose voice was rather cracked, which very much annoyed an old peer who was in the church and had the habit of thinking aloud.

" 'When the singer had finished the sentence, "The ungodly have laid a snare for me," the peer ejaculated loudly: "I wish to heaven they'd caught you!" '

"Another story concerns a Highland soldier lying very ill in hospital, who said he would like to hear the bagpipes again before he died. A piper was fetched from barracks and played in the corridor. The doctor asked next day how the man was.

" 'He's getting better,' was the unexpected reply. 'What?' exclaimed the medico. 'Why, it's a miracle.' 'Yes,' said the sister, 'it is, indeed; but I'm sorry to tell you all the rest of the patients are dead.' "

Technique and Tradition in the Acting of Shakespeare

The London Daily Telegraph, writing [illegible] with a [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] rous p[illegible] before the war, re[illegible] "Whatever war may be good for in the scheme of things, it certainly has not been good for Shakespearian acting."

"Suppose several theatres attempting Shakespeare, classic comedy, or plays demanding actors of good technique and accomplished style. Where are they? For five years all the young men who were actors, and a number of lads who would have become actors, have been playing their parts in the trenches. Many of them, no doubt, will come back to the theatre, but whatever their military service may have done for them, it is idle to suppose that it will have trained them for the stage. Their case is in no way different from that of other young fellows, who must either begin learning a profession at an age when a man does not learn too easily, or after some hurried finishing-course pick it up as they go along. The general public probably thinks that this is what actors always do, and however reluctant to believe in a born physician or a born engineer, or even in a born painter, supposes that anyone with certain obvious natural gifts can act. Yet a modest amount of theatre-going should suffice to prove that this is not so. How many actors have we who can speak blank verse? How many who can wear anything but the clothes of ordinary life without looking awkward? How many who can be anything at all but that which nature has made them? The playgoer, when he finds an actor who really knows how to use his voice, or one who can play a part outside the recurring conventions, acclaims with the enthusiasm of surprise a master.

"Things were bad enough before the war. We had, indeed, schools for the stage which did good work. But after graduating there—if, indeed, he did—an actor would proceed to play the sort of part for which nature or the managers decided that he was fit, and never play anything esle. A lad when he leaves the university is not ready to take his place in a profession. He has to go through the mill. It may be said that the arts are not comparable to any other activity. The actor, the artist, the poet are born, and not made. But this is only a part of the truth. A good deal of making, much hard work, long apprenticeship must go to the perfecting of natural gifts. What opportunity for such training has the actor under present conditions?

"Miss Ellen Terry has put on record her opinion that except in one point of voice production, acting is now less scientific than it was 40 or 50 years ago. Experience of the London stage in this year of grace does not lead to the belief that even in voice production perfection has been reached. The actors and actresses of whom Miss Terry was thinking learned their technique in stock companies. Most of the actors and actresses who can speak blank verse now learned theirs with Sir Frank Benson. The two facts point to the need. We have very few stock companies in England today. The provincial repertory theatres, all too few, serve the same purpose. The admirable work done by Miss Baylis at the 'Old Vic.' provides similar opportunities. Both from the repertory theatres and the 'Old Vic.' have come actors and actresses of distinction. It is, in fact, only by the variety of work and the mass of work, all of it worth doing, which falls to an actor in such companies that he can hope to become an accomplished artist. Genius, no doubt, can do anything, as it made his audiences forget that Garrick was a little man. There are, leaving genius out of the question, actors of remarkable gifts who in the right parts and up to a point can do nothing wrong. But for the ordinary man who has his one talent nothing but training will serve, and even for the genius and the man of ten talents training can give almost as much as nature. We sometimes sit under players who, like Mrs. Pritchard (according to Johnson), were 'quite mechanical,' who never thought of the play, but only of the part, and yet knew to a hair's breadth what they could do and how to do it. But Mrs. Pritchard had been bred to the stage from a child. In private life she may have been (teste Johnson again) 'a vulgar idiot,' but he himself confessed that on the stage she 'seemed to be inspired by gentility and understanding.' She knew nothing, in fact, but her own art. That she understood through and through. And her eminence, she was one of the greatest of Lady Macbeths, shows what a command of technique and tradition can do.

"The type of Mrs. Prichard is not to be a model. We do not want Lady Macbeths who, like her, never read the play through, though one has heard of a popular actress nowadays who, when offered a famous Shakespeare part, asked over the telephone for a copy of the play to consider. By all means let the actor have as good an equipment of education and general knowledge as other professional men. But 'this also ought ye to have done and not left the other undone.' How many actors nowadays have the chance of knowing how other men play the great parts in [illegible] in [illegible] on [illegible] than one [illegible] no doubt [illegible] on the lips of men. Somebody remembers, somebody has an acting version, the business is on record. But in the old days a man could always be trying something new for himself and watching what others were trying. Tradition now too often means the too faithful preservation of elaborate trifling like the bumping of Gratiano and his friends into Lancelot Gobbo, which wearies us afresh in each new performance of 'The Merchant of Venice.' The value of tradition is infinite, but not in the crystallization of ordinary stuff. We need it to help us to something new, to a more excellent way, to a performance still better than our very best, as well as in the preservation of what a man or woman of genius hits upon, the one ideal and perfect method for a particular scene.

"It is the way of the public to grumble. It is the besetting sin of the critic to discover minor faults. The grumbler and the captious critic have their uses, but they may well remember that if the stage gives us foolish plays and indifferent acting the fault is not only with manager, playwright and actor. 'Blame, blame, blame—but praise, oh, no, dear no,' is a method which does not produce reform. The commercial manager is only too anxious to give the public what it wants, and playwright and actor must dance to the tune which is piped. The remedy lies in generous support of all the enterprises which attempt good work, performances of Shakespeare, though they may not be ideal, repertory theatres, though they may not be fashionable, stock companies, whatsoever and wheresoever, plays of ambition, though of partial accomplishment. If the demand makes itself felt, we shall not in time lack supply."

MASTER SANROMA

Master Jesus M. Sanroma, pianist, will give a recital in Jordan Hall tomorrow evening in aid of the victims of the recent earthquake in Porto Rico. His program is as follows: Bach, fantasie in C minor; Scarlatti, sonata in A major; Schumann, intermezzo; Sequeira, El Pajaro Caribe; MacDowell, etude in F major; Grieg, sonata; Sequeira, Seguidilla and Zortzico; Chabrier, "Espana."

This pianist, about 15 years old, came to Boston for further study at the New England Conservatory of Music. He took his first piano lesson in Porto Rico when he was nine, and at the age of 10 he gave a public recital. Since then he has played frequently in Porto Rico and in this country. He was so esteemed in his native land that the legislative body voted that he should be educated at some conservatory at the government's expense.

POPS' FOURTH WEEK

Agide Jacchia, the popular conductor of the Pop concerts at Symphony Hall, is again at the helm as the institution faces its fourth week. During his illness, from which he has recovered, Mr. Lenom of old-time renown has been obligingly taking his place.

The jubilation of Harvard Night (which comes on Wednesday next, May 28), knows no check. The hall and the waitresses will be decked in red. Graduates and undergraduates will pour in from all the country round; those of the general public will also come who like to watch young spirits rise high, even while they listen to an especially lively program, interspersed with rare selections from the Harvard Glee Club. Decoration day (Friday, May 30) will have appropriate numbers, memorial and patriotic. These are the programs for the week:

MONDAY, MAY 26

March, "Sambre et Meuse" ... Planquette
Overture, "William Tell" ... Rossini
Polish Dance ... Scharwenka
Fantasia, "La Boheme" ... Puccini
Suite, "L'Arlesienne" No. 1 ... Bizet
a. Prelude. b. Minuet. c. Camillon
Reverie (bassoon and orchestra) ... C[illegible]ado
Mr. Laus
"In the Garden," from the "Rustic Wedding" Symphony ... Goldmark
Finlandia ... Sibelius
Carnival in Paris ... Svendsen
Romanza ... Van Westerhout
Waltz, "Girls of Baden" ... Komzak
Ride of the Valkyries ... Wagner

TUESDAY, MAY 27

March, "101st Infantry" ... Macfarlane
Overture, "Phedre" ... Massenet
Souvenir ... Drdla
Fantasia, "Aida" ... Verdi
Suite, "Peer Gynt" ... Grieg
a. Morning Mood. b. Anitra's Dance. c. In the Hall of the Mountain King.
Trio, "Devotion" ... Johnson
Messrs. Hoffmann, violin; Holy, harp; Snow, Organ.
Scherzo, "Midsummer Night's Dream" ... Mendelssohn
Overture, "Rienzi" ... Wagner
Selection, "Jack o'Lantern" ... Caryll
"The Lost Chord" ... Sullivan
Solo trumpet, Mr. Mager
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube" ... Strauss
Cortege de Bacchus ... Delibes

WEDNESDAY, MAY 28

Harvard Night

March, "101st Infantry" ... Macfarlane
Overture, "Zampa" ... Herold
Waltz, "Estudiantina" ... Waldteufel
Harvard Glee Club:
Drinking Song ... [illegible]
Lullaby ... [illegible]
Hunting Song ... [illegible]
Serenade ... [illegible]
Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser" ... [illegible]
Slavonic Dance No. 1 [illegible]
Lullaby for strings [illegible]

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T... at h... n... .... C...k
Mo...ing Hym... .... H...l
Prayer of Thanksgiving ....
Selection, "Sinbad" ... . Romberg
Quartet from "Rigoletto"............ Verdi
Hungarian Dance No. 1.............. Brahms
March, "Up the Street"............... Morse

THURSDAY, MAY 29

Overture, "La Forza del Destino"...... Verdi
Waltz, "Pomone"................ Waldteufel
Andante Cantabile................ Tschaikowsky
Fantasia, "Mefistofele"................... Boito
Roumanian Rhapsody........................ Enesco
Flute Solo:
Romance Without Words.............. Gullmant
Polonaise .... Pessard
Mr. Allan Brooke
Dance of the Priestesses of Dagon, from "Samson and Delilah".............. Saint-Saens
Rondo Capriccioso.......... Mendelssohn-Jacchia
Selection, "Maytime".................. Romberg
Minuet .... Puccini
Intermezzo, Act II., "The Jewels of the Madonna" .... Wolf-Ferrari
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger"......... Wagner

FRIDAY, MAY 30

Decoration Day Program

Overture, "Siege of Corinth"............ Rossini
Memories .... Cadman
Canzone......................... Van Westerhout
Fantasia, "Faust"......................... Gounod
The Souls of Our Heroes"............ Randegger
Noel (Christmas)....................... Chadwick
Valse Triste.............................. Sibelius
Largo, (with organ)........................ Handel
Third Movement from the "Symphonie Pathetique" .... Tschaikowsky
Aria (strings and organ).................. Rehfeld
American Patrol........................ Meacham
Miserere from "Il Trovatore"............... Verdi

SATURDAY, MAY 31

March, "Khaki Sammy".............. Carpenter
Overture, "The Beautiful Galatea"...... Suppe
Waltz, "Vienna Blood".................. Strauss
Fantasia, "Lohengrin".................... Wagner
Dance of the Hours, from "La Gioconda" Ponchielli
Trumpet Solo, "My Heart at Thy Dear Voice," "Samson and Delilah"... Saint-Saens
The Marionettes............................ Lacome
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1 in F............ Liszt
Selection, "The Rainbow Girl"........... Hirsch
Narcissus .... Nevin
Intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana"... Mascagni (With Organ)
Invitation to the Dance............ Weber-Berlioz

may 27 1919

'CANDIDA' OPENS AT THE COPLEY

By PHILIP HALE

Copley Theatre: "Candida," a pleasant play in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Acted by the Henry Jewett Players.

The Rev. Mr. Morell	Cameron Matthews
Proserpine Garnett	Viola Roach
The Rev. Alexander Mill	E. E. Clive
Mr. Burgess	Fred W. Permain
Candida	Jessamine Newcombe
Eugene Marchbanks	Leonard Craske

When "Candida" was first played here there was a warm discussion, as there was in London and New York when those cities saw the comedy for the first time. Was the play "symbolical"? Was Candida a wise or a foolish woman? Was she the embodiment of wifely womanhood, a true helpmate, or was she a vulgar creature, not at all disinclined to flirtation? Was it Mr. Shaw's intention to ridicule the ministry and covertly attack Christianity? Was Marchbanks a detestable poseur or only a Cherubino a few years older than Beaumarchais's Page? Fortunately there was no inquiry into the character of Proserpine or of Mr. Burgess. They spoke and acted for themselves in an unmistakable manner. There was no "symbolism" about either of them.

Mr. Shaw had something to say about "Candida" in the preface to his "Four Pleasant Plays." One might infer from this preface that he had dramatized the "prosaic conflict of Christian Socialism with vulgar Unsocialism." A "dramatic antagonist" was offered him for "the clear, bold, sure, sensible, benevolent, salutarily short-sighted Christian Socialist idealism." "I availed myself of it in my drama 'Candida,' the 'drunken scene' in which has been much appreciated, I am told, in Aberdeen." But it is in his voluminous stage directions that Mr. Shaw acquaints us with the physiognomy, the manners, the mental outlook of the characters, who voice his whims, caprices, views, opinions, paradoxes. Even in these directions, clear as they apparently are, he is at times mystifying. Take the last scene. Marchbanks rushes out saying to Candida: "In a hundred years we shall be the same age. But I have a better secret than that in my heart." As the Rev. James Mavor Morell and his wife, Candida, embrace, the curtain falls. There is this final stage direction: "But they do not know the secret in the poet's heart." If the ordinary theatre-goer takes the trouble to read the play, he is perplexed; he asks: "What, pray, is this secret?" To the admirer of the obvious, this stage direction is as cryptic as the saying of Thoreau: "I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse and a turtle dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound, and the tramping of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and who seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves." The lover of the obvious in either instance is flabbergasted.

When Mr. Shaw describes Morell as "a ... baby, pardonably vain of his powers and unconsciously pleased with himself," he anticipates Candida's own characterization of her husband. Mr. Shaw's description of the others in his play is illuminating to the readers, including the comedians; but when the play is on the stage the spectator must rely on the comedians to make things clear to him. If there is obscurity it is their fault or the fault of the dramatist. Should they be rigidly bound by his conception of the respective characters? Should they be only puppets moved by him and speaking with his voice? Are these characters only puppets clothed and pulled here and there for the purpose of airing Mr. Shaw's opinions? Now Mr. Shaw, like Artemus Ward's kangaroo, is "an amoosin' cuss." Even the lover of the obvious will agree to this proposition; that is, if he has any sense of humor. If he has not, then let him revel in a bed-room farce.

The performance last night brought the three leading characters forward as human beings: the poet with his hysterical love for a woman naturally, inevitably older than himself, for he was only 18 years old, and to a youth the woman of 30 or 35 seems irresistibly attractive provided she is reasonably comely and shows interest—the fact that she is married does not kill this rhapsodic admiration; the clergyman, a good deal of a windbag, as Marchbanks justly remarks, the clergyman who has so long been petted by women that he takes their worship for granted, physically strong, mentally commonplace, honest enough, but weak and tiresome; Candida, the clear-sighted, bound not by any feeling of duty but by pity based on early affection. (In an oriental country she would gladly have been wife to the two of them, a motherly wife). The other characters are more familiar, more normal in the life of the theatre: the young clergyman, the stenographer, the father-in-law, boisterous in his prosperity, distressingly practical, a vulgar child of the business world, shrewder than the children of light and romance. The wonder is that he begot so fine a daughter as Candida.

"As Mr. Matthews has an oratorical voice and a pulpit delivery, he boomed advantageously to himself and to his hearers through Mr. Shaw's lines. Physically, he was suited to the part, which he played with understanding of the dramatist's intentions. But Marchbanks has the "fatter" part. The audience expects more from him; it soon realizes that he will scintillate; that his shafts of wit, even when they are elfishly shot, will strike home. Mr. Craske gave an excellent performance, free from the extravagance that is tempting; a convincing performance that led the audience to look on him, not as a grotesque or fanstastical apparition conjured up by the dramatist, but as one wiser in his apparent folly than those outwardly more normal. So, too, the interpretation of Candida's nature by Miss Newcombe compelled admiration. As played by her the woman was no longer unintelligible, mysterious. Her sympathy for Marchbanks was surpassed only by her sympathy for the man that needed her more. She saw in the popular preacher what Marchbanks dimly felt was behind that platitudinizing pulpit idol.

The other parts were well taken by Miss Roach, Mr. Permain and Mr. Clive. The so-called drunken scene was delightful by reason of its sobriety, if this paradoxical statement may be allowed. Here comedy did not degenerate into farce.

The regular season, ending Saturday night of this week, will be followed by the summer season. "Niobe" will be the farce for next week.

A man has the most ideas after dinner. The stomach then seems to discharge thought as those plants which immediately sweat through their leaves the water with which their mould has been sprinkled.

The Favoring Hours

Is this true? Was it so at the dinners partaken by Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Renan, the Goncourts at Magny's in Paris? It seems to us that it all depends on what is eaten. If the dinner is a formal affair, one of many courses, with game foolishly coming after beef or a saddle of mutton, a dinner ordered according to the absurd routine in favor with "our best people," crassly ignorant, as a rule, about the art of dining, thinking is impossible, conversation is impossible, so that entertainers are hired to keep the guests for an hour from yawning, some male or female singer or pianist, or even a poor devil of a harpist.

The Rev. Albert Barnes wrote his invaluable notes to books of the New Testament before breakfast; in summer, we believe, out in the summer house of his garden. (This house was probably of the good old-fashioned kind, with wooden seats too narrow for comfort, with slugs for company, spiders' webs here and there, and a fine view of a movable garden pump. What would we not give to see it all again as a boy, unappreciative at the time!)

Mr. Herkimer Johnson does all of his severe mental work in the morning after a light breakfast—no meat, fish, eggs, coffee; only bread fruit, one English walnut or two, a bunch of raisins. Then again from 9 P. M. till 12 his brain is active. He told me once that the afternoon was no time for thinking, much less writing; especially were the hours from 3 to 6 a period of mental stagnation. Some write into the early morning hours, but their fate will be that of Balzac, especially if they whip with coffee what they are pleased to call their mind.

We have often thought that if we were to pursue a literary career—that is, to write for a living—we should follow the example of William Prinne, whose life was agreeably told by John Aubrey, Esq.

"He (Prinne) was a learned man of immense reading, but is much blamed for his unfaithfull quotations. His manner of studie was thus, he wore a long quilt cap, which came 2 or 3 inches at least over his eies, which served him as an umbrella to defend his eies from the light; about every 3 houres his man was to bring him a roll and a pott of ale to refocillate his wasted spirits; so he studied and drank, and munched some bread; and this maintained him till night; and then he made a good supper: now he did well not to dine, wch breakes off one's fancy, wch will not presently be regained." In a footnote Mr. Aubrey declared that Gorlenius, a learned professor, "did better; he kept bottles of good Rhenish wine in his studie, and, when his spirits wasted, drank a good runner of it."

Music at Home

As the World Wags:

The workings of the musical temperament are puzzling. I have a friend, married to a lady with an exquisite taste in music. It is an inherited instinct rather than an acquisition. She sings with great expression, but her throat and the roof of her mouth were not favored by nature to make a great singer. She has always demurred when asked to sing in company because her aspiration was so far beyond her physical powers. The man she married had no spark of music in his soul, yet he has always enjoyed bawling about the house, using a very bad voice to familiarize his family with the latest popular song. During his courtship, and later, he accompanied the lady of his choice regularly to the Symphony concerts. He learned after a while that a composition by Debussy was as different from "Honey Boy" as a novel by Joseph Conrad is different from one by Harold Bell Wright. But his appreciation was wholly intellectual. There was an unregenerate streak in him, and he still liked the catches of the variety stage.

Children came to the household. They were obstreperous and kept unseemly hours, being inclined to carouse at 2 in the morning. Anybody would think that the mother would have soothed them with lullabies. Not she. She would dandle them and prattle with them, and play with them, but she never sang them a note. Perhaps she had an instinct that they wouldn't relish the only kind of music she could give them. The father, however, was troubled by no such scruples. He would sing to them by the hour—old ballads that his parents had sung to him, quaint and curious songs brought over from England in the Puritan days, Mother Goose jingles, besides the most recent craze. He even fitted the words of "'Twas the Night Before Christmas" to an air as old as the verses. The children loved his singing, and he seemed to love it himself, for he would walk with them or rock them for hours, keeping up his droning or chanting until they were lulled to sleep.

Now that the children are long out of the nursery, the father sings no more, and the music of the great composers is reinstated in its rightful place. But if grandchildren come, the Symphony's gods may again be deposed for a season, if my friend finds that his voice has not succumbed to age. W. E. K.

A dollar to a doughnut, the man described by our correspondent sings violently in the bathtub.—Ed.

History Repeats Itself

As the World Wags:

"The stone which the builders rejected (or contemplated rejecting), the same is become the head of the corner."

For an extended explanation, the reader should interview United States Senator La Follette as to his experience.

Nashua, N. H. J. A. S.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Gondoliers; Or, the King of Barataria," by W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, presented by Fortune Gallo, with this cast:

Duke of Plaza-Toro	Bertram Peacock
Luiz	John Phillips
Don Alhambra	William Danforth
Marco Palmieri	Warren Proctor
Giuseppe Palmiere	Frank Moulan
Antonio	James Goddard
Francesco	Hugh Williams
Duchess of Plaza-Toro	Greta Risley
Gianetta	Mabel Day
Tessa	Gladys Caldwell
Fiameta (Contadine)	Miss Tammen
Vittoria	Miss Leach
Guilia	Miss Pierce
Inez	Miss Craig

The opera was given its first performance during the present engagement last evening, with appropriate settings and costumes.

Bertram Peacock, in the role of the pompous Spanish grandee, was effective in voice and manner and was well received by the audience. He combined drollness of speech with a burlesque dignity that was delightful. Warren Proctor, Frank Moulan and Hugh Williams, as the goldoliers, were well cast, and their voices and interpretations called forth repeated applause. Mabel Day and Gladys Caldwell sang melodiously, the coquettishness of the latter adding appreciably to the pleasure of the house.

Miss Sylvia Tell gave a charming exhibition of the intricacies of the Spanish dance, and both her costume and manner harmonized in the true atmosphere of the land of the Alhambra. Her movements were electric in their rapidity and her graceful interpretation won hearty applause.

Mr. Danforth as the "Grand Inquisitor of Spain" captivated the audience at his first appearance and was repeatedly recalled throughout the entire performance. His jovial manner was admirably suited to the character of the songs in his part, and his extraordinary power of facial expression enlivened the whole production. How does it happen that the motion picture producers have failed to attract this wizard of grimace?

In view of the remarkable variety and beauty of the setting and costumes of many operas of similar character, it is a trifle disappointing that more care and effort have not been spent upon changes of attire and upon lighting effects.

"The Goldoliers" will be repeated tonight, tomorrow night and Thursday matinee. "The Mikado" will be given Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, at the special holiday matinee Friday and at the Saturday matinee.

EDNA GOODRICH ON KEITH BILL

Edna Goodrich, in "The Mannequin," by Edgar Allen Woolf, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a good sized audience that was deeply interested.

Mr. Woolf's playlet provides a quick and unexpected jolt for the audience. The piece is interesting in the opulence and taste of its setting and in the attention to detail. The atmosphere of the showroom of the Parisian modiste is convincingly created.

Miss Goodrich has several changes of costume, each wildly extravagant in scheme. She was supported by an excellent company.

One of the chief features of the bill was the musical comedy and dancing act of Frank Burt and Myrtle Rosedale. Mr. Burt, who is an excellent musician and comedian, created a big impression as a dancer of the eccentric type. Miss Rosedale helped admirably in the comedy work and added to the enjoyment of the act.

Davis and Pelle, one of the best acrobatic acts of the season, opened the bill. They did remarkable feats of strength and amazed the audience with the speed of their performance. There was a neatness to the act and a rhythm of movement that compelled the admiration of the onlooker.

Other acts were Hackett and Delmar, dancers; Lou Holtz, monologist; Joe Towle, pianist and comedian; Mignon, mimic; Orth and Cody, in comedy and chatter, and Will J. Ward and his Symphony Girls in a musical act.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Which One Shall I Marry?" First time in Boston. By Ralph T. Kettering. Drama in three acts and 13 scenes. The cast:

A Young Girl	Ruth Robinson
A Rich Man	Mark Elliston
A Poor Man	Dudley Ayres
A Book Agent	Mark Kent
A Mother	Kate Ryan
A Father	Morton L. Stevens
A Fast Young Man	Aubrey Bosworth
A Very Young Girl	Bella Cairns
A Butler	Walter Coupe

Plays of the type of "Which One Shall I Marry" are popular nowadays. This is one of the latest and on its first Boston production at the Arlington Theatre, yesterday afternoon and evening it called forth the approval of two well pleased audiences. It does not imitate "The Poor Little Rich Girl," "Experience," and "Everywoman," but it is similar in manner and style.

"Which One Shall I Marry?" contains both real life and allegory. Its central personage is Agnes Moran. She is wooed by a rich young man who offers her everything that heart can desire, and by a poor young man who has nothing but love to give. What shall she do?

There is much beautiful scenic display, which is skilfully staged under the direction of William C. Masson. Miss Robinson is an attractive Agnes Moran.

Mr. A[illegible] and Mr. [illegible]ston are the poor [illegible] and the two char[illegible] well portrayed. Miss Kate [illegible] is excellent as Mrs. Mike Moran. [illegible] Mr. Bosworth makes an attractive [illegible] younger brother.

The play at the Arlington Theatre next week will be Edward E. Rose's "The Rosary."

[illegible] government would last forever if it [illegible] daily an exhibition of fireworks for [illegible] at and a [illegible] abounding in scan[illegible] great middle class.

Lifting a Title

Mr. George Moore is well acquainted with the writings of the Goncourt brothers. Did he not in his "Confessions of a Young Man" describe amusingly their method of work? "They [illegible], they etched—they wrote about their bric-a-brac; they painted in water colors, they etched—they wrote about their water colors and etchings * * * they kept a diary, they wrote down everything they heard, felt or saw, radotage de veille femme; nothing must be lost, not the slightest word; it might be that very word that might confer on them immortality; everything they heard or said, must be of value, of inestimable value."

Well, Mr. Moore was influenced at one time as a novelist by the Goncourts. It is evident that he read their journal. On May 28, 1857, they wrote this note: "A good title for memoirs published during one's lifetime: 'Memories of My Dead Life.'"

In 1906 Mr. George Moore published in London an incredibly frank book entitled, "Memoirs of My Dead Life." The expurgated edition published in New York that year gives only a faint idea of this frankness—in which Mr. Moore is more than once caddish in his treatment of women he knew—witness "Spent Love," with his talk about the New England woman that finally married a celebrated painter in Paris—witness "The Lovers of Orelay." Yet the expurgated edition is well worth having on account of the delightful "Apologia pro scriptis meis" which serves as a preface of nearly 50 pages. Reading the London edition of this amazing book, one wonders if Lady Gregory's taunt is not wholly true: "Some kiss and tell. Mr. Moore does not kiss, but he tells." Was this said after his satirical description of Lady Gregory and Mr. W. B. Yeats working together in the interest of the Irish drama?

A Moving Story

Mr. Carl Beyer, who, having asserted that he wished to marry Mary Pickford, was taken into custody by police officers in Los Angeles, is not necessarily insane. He wished to have a moving picture in his house. Probably he had not pondered the maxim of the embittered Hazlitt: "To marry an actress for the admiration she excites on the stage is to imitate the man who bought Punch." Nor was he staggered when he was told that his idol was already married, for he was under the impression that many actresses regard marriage as a movable feast.

Men Worth Meeting

As the World Wags:

Apart from his yearning for the colorful and dangerous Eustacia, and perhaps because of it, I believe the Jupiter of the column does well in giving high place to Sophia Western and Hetty Lambert among the ladies he would like to meet. Though both appropriately mated and settled in life, both Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Warrington have left the sympathy and diffused benevolence that would make them comfortable friends and neighbors. Mrs. Jones, indeed, is a little too absorbed in her turbulent husband, and talks too much of him and the children; but she is a good, kind soul, nevertheless. I should like to ask if, before rejecting all of Jane Austen's heroines, he would not find Mrs. Wentworth (she that was Anne Elliott) repay cultivation? A charming woman—but if he doesn't like her, he doesn't.

Might I ask for his kind offices in securing out of the same group a neighbor for a harmless woman? I will pass up Darcy, who when all is said, remains a prig; Frank Churchill is a pleasant fellow to meet at dinner, but besides being notoriously unfaithful to his wife, the truth is not in him and he is socially undependable; Admiral Capt. Wentworth, but I am uncomfortable in his presence; he makes me feel my clothes are all wrong and he doesn't like the way I do my hair.

The man I want to live in the same [illegible] with is Mr. Knightley of Don[illegible] Abbey. There is one whose gift [illegible] neighborliness amounts to genius. [illegible] with whom to discuss

[illegible] all the [illegible] and [illegible] him [illegible] into his interests, not to[illegible] for his kindly interest, and withal [illegible] a shrewd eye which separate him as far from the grubbing agriculturist on one hand as from the [illegible] nature sentimentalist on the other. It is a pleasure to see him striding across the fields; broad-shouldered, a thought heavy in build, fresh, ruddy face, and always with gaiters and a thorn stick, he might be taken at first sight for a farmer; but not after one had heard his mellow, hearty voice, and observed his nobly cut features and shapely hands. Yes, I am aware that Emma makes him an excellent wife, and that he has no eye for any other woman or suspicion that she could have one for him; that is one reason why he is such a good neighbor.

E. D.

The Serial Life

"They're all out," said the neighbor, explaining the darkened house next door.

"Yes—they used to be in Wednesday nights always, but they're following a picture now which takes them out Wednesdays."

To the cinema devotee life is reel, life is serial.—London Daily Chronicle.

Dr. Guilmette

As the World Wags:

The recent references to Plantation Bitters in this column awakens a memory of Patrick S. Gilmore when he was giving so-called sacred concerts on Sunday evenings in the Boston Theatre in the later sixties of the last century. As an attraction of one of these entertainments he announced the coming appearance of a singer that he called "The Mysterious Basso." When the time came for the appearance of this vocalist it was discovered that he was Dr. Guilmette, who had an office in the United States Hotel building and acted as the agent for the sale of a curative, the exact name of which has escaped me at present, but I believe it had something to do with juniper, which according to the poet, contains the gin that makes one merry.

Dr. Guilmette's musical efforts were satisfactory enough for the occasion referred to, but I have no recollection of him afterward as a performer in public, perhaps because my musical experience was somewhat limited, but I knew him well enough in a business way, for he advertised his nostrum extensively, and he was a visitor at my office.

He told me that he had received musical and dramatic training in Paris, and one afternoon he gave me an interesting exhibition of the art of facial expression, in which he had been instructed abroad. This was about a half-century ago, and as he was then somewhat older than myself he may be singing now in the land of the hereafter, where medical aid is not required.

BAIZE.

Dorchester.

Dr. Guilmette in his day figured prominently in the musical life of Boston.—Ed.

May 2? 1919

"Broken Blossoms" at the Colonial a Perfect Film

By PHILIP HALE

COLONIAL THEATRE — "Broken Blossoms," a production of D. W. Griffith, was seen here for the first time last night. This film play is an adaptation of "The Chink and the Child," one of the grisly Limehouse tales of Thomas Burke. The cast is as follows:

The Girl	Lillian Gish
"Battling" Burrows	Donald Crisp
The Chinaman	Richard Barthelmess
Evil Eye	Edward Peil
A Prize Fighter	Norman Selby
The Spying One	George Beranger

Burke's story is changed in some respects. His Chinaman does not kill Burrows by pistol shots; he puts a poisonous snake in his bed. If we are not mistaken, Burrows loses the fight; his rage against the girl is therefore doubled. It is not necessary to dwell on any differences. A literal transference of the story to the screen would probably not be so effective as the adaptation.

After a prologue that prepares the spectator and establishes a mood, the Chinaman is seen as a youth leaving his home to carry the gospel of peace to Western barbarians. In a temple of Buddha he receives instructions and counsel from a venerable priest. Having lived in the Limehouse district of London for some years, he no longer has illusions. He knows the lives of streets waifs, sailors, Malays, Lascars, his own countrymen. He has been in the haunts of the lowest vice, yet, having lost his illusions, so that he can smile benignly when an English clergyman is introduced to him as one about to convert the heathen of the East, he still has ideals.

In the neighborhood is a wretched, half-starved, beaten little girl, the natural daughter of Burrows the pugilist.

[illegible] has [illegible] fully at the [illegible] window. [illegible] unconscious on the floor. In desperation, afraid of her life, she has left her [illegible] to seek refuge anywhere. He binds up her wounds, takes her to an upper chamber, where for the first time she knows peace and happiness.

Burrows, flushed by victory over his rival in the ring, is told that his daughter is living with a "Chink." He swears vengeance in order to preserve his honor. Entering the Chinaman's house he smashes every thing in the upper room, hears off the terrified child, and in his home beats her to death. The Chinaman, rushing there, kills Burrows, and takes the body of his little loved one to the chamber where she first knew affection. He says the prayers for the dead and then puts an end to his own life.

This is the simple tale told by the screen, simple but profoundly emotional and tragic. The bald recital of the tale gives only a faint idea of the beauty and the power of the pictures, a triumph of photography. It matters not whether the scene is a Chinese street or temple, a squalid street in London, a river view that Rogue Riderhood might have known, the home of the Chinaman or of Burrows, the prize ring, or a view of shadowy forms in misty, sinister lanes, the illusion is perfect, the realism is convincing.

The play is remarkably well acted. Miss Gish is a child throughout. Her wistfulness, unhappiness, terror is that of a child. Mr. Barthelmess is oriental without a reminder of the West. His apparent calm, his quiet devotion, the almost impassive expression save for the play of the eyes when he faces Burrows near the dead body of the girl are more effective than the restless facial play and bodily activity that too often in the spoken drama pass for emotional acting. As for Mr. Crisp, who takes the part of Burrows, he might have sat to Cruikshank for a sketch of Bill Sykes. We do not remember a more sustained exhibition of brutality on the stage. The others in the play were wholly adequate.

It would be idle to speak of the attention to detail, of the regard for truth and consistency in the treatment of the scenes, for these are now taken for granted in any film production of Mr. Griffith's.

The music, including original compositions by Louis F. Gottschalk and Mr. Griffith, and adapted by Mr. Gottschalk, heightened the effect of the production. The effect was often heightened by simple instrumental means. Especially noteworthy is the music of the prologue, of the temple scene, of the fight in the ring. There is a typical theme for the child that was already hummed in the audience before the play was ended.

Mr. Griffith made a short speech in which he referred to the brute that is in every man and the necessity of human brotherhood even if the league of nations is established.

LILLIAN GISH HAS PRINCIPAL PART

By PHILIP HALE

Yesterday afternoon at the Copley Theatre Miss Catherine du Pont, assisted by Miss Grace Cristie, Douglas Crane and Charles de Mailey, flutist, gave readings from Tagore's poems and his play "Chitra."

After a few introductory remarks by Miss du Pont, she read selections from "Fruit Gathering," "The Crescent Moon," "Gitanjali," and "The Gardener." The beauty of her voice and the clearness and expressiveness of her diction were as noteworthy as when she recently gave in the same theatre Japanese Noh dances. Especially effective was her reading of the poems relating to babyhood, two of which at least moved Mr. Carpenter of Chicago to invent music for a singer.

Miss Cristie, who has been admired at the Greenwich Village Theatre in New York, and has labored with Miss du Pont in the Tagore vineyard, by her posturing, gestures and action illustrated the poems, turning them into pictures of bodily expression.

"Chitra" was played four years ago last February at this theatre, when it was called the Toy. Yesterday Miss du Pont and Mr. Crane as Chitra and the noble, famous hunter and warrior sat at the ends of the stage and recited the words allotted to them in the play. The deities were not seen. Someone read their lines, which, unfortunately, were for the most part inaudible, nor was Mr. Crane's enunciation always distinct or poetic.

After each scene Miss Cristie mimed the mood and verbal expression of the moment. Her attitudes and movements were in themselves interesting; they were often significant. Toward the end of the play she introduced a dance called "The Bubble Dance." "Dance with the Sphere" would be a more romantic name. The dance itself—dance is here said by courtesy, for it consisted of running about, leaping and playing with a sphere to the accompaniment of a flute—was, indeed, charming. If its duration had been longer the audience would not have been sorrowful.

After all, the more attractive portions of the entertainment were the reading

[illegible] poem [illegible] for a western [illegible] a bore when [illegible] on the stage.

[illegible] a pathetic story told by G. S. E. in the N. Y. Tribune:

A New England Tragedy

Aunt Phoebe Pierce untimely tripped
And fell downstairs with might and main,
She weighed three hundred at the time,
And did not live to trip again.

'T was twilight when Aunt Phoebe went,
And gathered in the falling gloom
Her pastor and the friends stood near;
They, with Aunt Phoebe, filled the room.

"Sister," up spoke the pastor then,
"Since you must quit this scene below,
Your precious testimony give,
To cheer our souls before you go.

"What has upheld you on your way?
What has supported you when faint?
On what have you for strength relied?"—
"My vittles," said the dear old saint.

In the Pie Belt

This reminds us that J. B. writing to the Evening Post of New York says that when the word "pie" is used in New England, "it goes without saying that it means blueberry pie; designations are necessary only when the pie is some other kind."

What? We were born in Vermont; we vainly pursued education in New Hampshire and Connecticut; we have been bitten by black flies in Maine; we were "raised" and we have worked in Massachusetts; we have passed through Rhode Island, hurriedly to be sure, but with time enough to eat in Providence, also in Newport; but we have never known or heard that "pie" without a prefix of designation meant "blueberry pie." We remember a strapping waitress in a country inn, a waitress of the kind that almost leans on your shoulder and breathes hard when she takes an order, rattling off the following list: "We've got custard pie, blueberry pie, pieplant pie, and apple pie pie."

Gyas and Cloanthus

Munition girls of England, asked the names of their favorite novelists, if they read at all or had time to read, named these female authors: Ethel Dell, Maud Diver, Kathlyn Rhodes, Gertrude Page, Winifred Baggs, Marie Corelli and Mrs. Barclay. The name of Marie Corelli is familiar; we blushingly confess that we have read two or three of her novels, but who are Mesdames Dell, Diver, Rhodes, Page, Baggs and Barclay? Too many of us are shamefully ignorant in literary matters. A few days ago we met a professor highly esteemed at Harvard University who could not name the author of "Seth Jones" and admitted that he had never read "Snaky Snodgrass," "Silverheels, the Delaware Chief," or "Mad Mike, the Death Shot"; yet every boy in our little village in the Sixties had read these classics in the long list of dime novels. Nor should it be forgotten that dime novels were considered at length by the North American Review, which in those years was as serious as a family vault.

Preferably Mashed

The bills of fare for a week published in newspapers for the benefit of those wishing to live moderately, if not economically, are entertaining reading. One is often tempted to cry out: "How many things there are that I do not wish to eat!" These bills of fare sometimes throw light on table-manners; thus for a Sunday breakfast we find strawberries recommended, "on the stem in a mound of powdered sugar." The inference is that the eater lifts each strawberry to his mouth by thumb and forefinger.

We agree with Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who has made the etiquette of the table a profound study; we prefer strawberries with cream and we like to mash them with a spoon. In the time of Shakespeare the berries were eaten with cream, or with claret and sugar after the Continental fashion. In "La Civilite Nouvelle," published at Paris in 1667, we read: "Strawberries are eaten with a spoon. In the absence of cream one can season them with wine." There are some recipes in that excellent book "Le Gastronome Francais" by Grimod de la Reyniere and others (Paris, 1828).

"Strawberries a la Creole. Take very ripe and well sugared berries, pour some lemon juice on them, and stir them well. You will thus give them the flavor of pine apple, if you do not put too much lemon juice with them that the acid is dominating."

"Alcoholized strawberries. Having rolled in sugar your portion of berries, crush lightly a bit of it; then pour on it a coffeespoonful of good brandy. Mix the whole mess carefully until the sugar is melted. Do not added wine or water. The brandy, which should not be noticed if the quantity is well considered, heightens the perfume of the berries and gives them a most agreeable flavor."

Jules Gouffe mentions "Bavarois aux Fraises" and "Moscovite de Fraises" forms of strawberries and cream, in which the strawberries are crushed and passed through a tammy, or fine worsted cloth, before they are mingled with the cream. Then there is the recipe of a strawberry flan given by Urban Dubois in his "Cosmopolitan Cookery": "Spread a flawn circle with tartlet paste, which mask at the bottom and all round with buttered paper, and thus

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...e it in a sla... oven. The crust be... taken out of the oven, remove the ..., and mask the paste with a thin ...yer of apricot marmalade. The paste ...ving cooked, fill the hollow of the ...st with choice wood strawberries, ...hich range in close layers; pour over ... little very thick syrup; mask them ...ith well sugared and perfumed ...hipped cream, kept very firm. Smooth the cream woll with the blado of a knife, raising it like a dome." George Augustus Sala, quoting this recipe in his "Echocs of the Week" in the Illustrated London News, added: "I would rather not."

A Parting Whack at the Whang

As the World Wags:

Your late symposium on the morphology and affinities of the whang has thrown a flood of light on this obscure but important field of science. As a plain, unvarnished truth-seeker, may I ask whether the whang-doodle is properly to be regarded as a sub-species; "They shall gnaw a file; they shalf flee to the mountains of Hepsidam where the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth for its first-born." Can you obtain any details of this tragic bereavement? CLARENCE MAGULION.

Boston.

May 30 '19

...appy are they that can say simply of a ...autiful thing: "There's a thing that ...beautiful."

Personal

The column known as "Personal," published in certain newspapers of London, is often moro than entertaining; it excites curiosity; it hints at crime and tragedies. A New York newspaper was once famous, or infamous, for the ...e ma...e of this column. Somo of us r...ember the terrible cartoon of Joseph Keppler in the early days of Puck.

This column in the London Times has ... been known as the "Agony Column." The great Oxford Dictionary gives 1880 as the date of its earliest quotation, but Laurence Oliphant used the term in his "Piccadilly" ten years ...re that.

Let us read the Times of April 30. This ...graph might be put to Watson for ...on: "Toto. Not even an error ...l ment. J. F."

...mory. Waited through Sunday's ..." Was this inserted by an ex...nt and disappointed lover?

...t. Your feeling is not platonic, but ...ic. Cleo." The choice of a name ...r part was incongruous. Those ...ad the pleasure of knowing Cleo..., also her biographers, have not ...ded us that Cleopatra was inter... in the subject or the practice of ...c love. Perhaps this advertise... is a crook's message to a fellow ... Perhaps it is a message, not ...l, but in a code.

...advertisement should interest all ...g in the vineyard of psychical ...h. "Haunted or Disturbed Prop... A lady, who has deeply studied ...bject and possesses unusual pow...ill find out the history of the ... and undertake to remedy it. ... with persistent bad luck can be freed from the influence. ...t confidence. Social references ...nd offered—Zonke, Box 176, The ...

...ere is one, framed evidently by ...with a sense of humor, that will ... to many:

...erfectly peaceful person, who ...eing unnecessarily annoyed, ur... requires the name of a first-class ... London where the following an...s do NOT occur: (1) Where the ...en at the reception bureau, ... doubtless of high moral char..., ...o not seem to have a thorough ...f the English language, never ...r name correctly, nor remember ...u are five minutes after you have ...em; (2) where the same gentle...o not send letters, addressed to ... an entirely different person, nor ...legrams for two days before de... them to your room; (3) where ...ot absolutely essential to pension ...ad waiter for life before being ... get a table; (4) where breakfast ...ot take 35 minutes to arrive after ...g; (5) where it is not impossible ...t hold of anyone staying in the ... on the telephone or failing receive ...tirely incorrect message, if at all; ...ere nobody knows where you are ... hotel, despite the fact that you ... just told them where you will be; ...here everybody isn't a blithering ... except possibly the general man... who is always too busy to see ... The life of a Perfectly Peaceful ...n would be made much more per... peaceful if such a Haven could be ...—Anyono with any suggestions ...d greatly oblige, and bo helping in ... desirable object, by sending them ...x A. 47, The Times."

..."Personal," a newspaper paragraph ...ing to a person or a personal mat... is an Americanism, it seems.

A New England Tragedy

G. S. ... contributes ... to the New York Tribune:

William T. Davenport ...
Much pains on one ...
Liquor enough had crossed his lips
To christen all the battleships.
It pains the common mind to think
Of his capacity for drink.
One day, convinced the world's supply
Of drinkables was running shy,
He in a brooklet held his head
Until quite sure that he was dead.
When two days later round his bier
Townsfolk were ranged from far and near,
And, as uneasily they waited,
Eyed everything, and speculated
Upon its cost, the silence stark
Was broken by a friend's remark:
"I never thought that water 'd be
The finishment of William T."

Night, Not Day

As the World Wags:

A few days ago a manuscript (evidently unfinished), of which the following is a copy, was picked up in a downtown office building. Knowing your interest in all matters of human progress, I take the liberty of sending it to you for your perusal and, possibly, for publication:

"Now that humanity has set aside the laws of nature by just moving the hands of the clock and a New England genius has made the further suggestion that the 'freezing' point on the thermometer be moved 10 degrees down, why should it be thought sacrilege to and the biblical declaration that the night cometh when no man can work and decree that the world's work be performed between sunset and sunrise?

"The biblical decree was promulgated before artificial light was known and before spectacles had been invented. Why, therefore, should not man devote the hours of sunshine to enjoyment and do his necessary work when the heat of the sun has been withdrawn?

"Dismissing the suggestion that this proposition is advanced in the interest of the oculist and the optician, and that its effect would be to upset the ordinary functions of society, let it be remembered that the ordinary functions of society have been upset many times since history began. The time has long passed when uxorious man stole his wife; when people went about clad in breechclouts; when 'Two Years Before the Mast' was written; when horse cars threaded our streets; when it required two weeks for news to come from London. Indeed, all our social and industrial life has been changed within the memory of living men. Why not continue progress?

"The man whose work is at night—and there are millions of them—is out of bed by noon, and the afternoon, with its sunshine, for recreation and social life. He who is employed by day is generally obliged to leave home after a mere glance at wife and children, with breakfast half-eaten and only half awake, and returns at night to find his 'kiddies' in bed and his wife tired by the labors of the day. Nothing remains but a drowsy evening, a visit out, or a theatre-going, during which he is dull and stupid. His family sees little of him except on Sunday. And the life of husband and wife is devoted to work and sleep.

"It is well known that the brain works to the best advantage at night, and therefore educational processes in even the primary school would profit rather than lose by the proposed change of the daily routine."

It is to be regretted that this writer had not finished his essay. He probably wrote from experience with the multitude of grouches who troop into the city every morning half fed, half awake and without the comfort (the men I mean) of tobacco denied by the benevolent trustees of the Boston Elevated. E. H. T.

Boston.

Lewis Vertomannus, a gentleman of Rome, visited Aden in 1503. He wrote of the inhabitants: "Their exercise of buying and selling beginneth the second hour of the night by reason of extreme heat in the daytime."—Ed.

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And then he spoke of the deep-seated boredom he had always experienced, of the constant pulling and hauling of the two men in his body: the one that said to him when all his things were ready for going to a party: "Go to bed. What are you going to do there?" The other that said to him when he had gone to bed: "You ought to have gone out, you would have been amused."

Strawberries Again

It is not easy to find in any eating house or on any private table strawberry shortcake in its perfection. A rich cake covered with strawberries and crowned with whipped cream is not the thing. The art of mixing and baking the true shortcake is seldom practised, even if it is theoretically known. Where is the shortcake of our youth, with strawberries between the layers, not a low, flat, pulpy mass, but an upstanding and imposing cake? Cream was poured on it from a cream jug by the luxurious. Whipped cream is a delusion, an abomination.

(By the way, just what was the "shortcake" on Long Island referred to by Walt Whitman in "Leaves of Grass": "And I could come every afternoon of my life to look at the farmer's girl boiling her iron tea-kettle and baking shortcake.")

Jules Breteuil in "Le Cuisinier Europeen" said that a dish of strawberries was served every day throughout the year at the table of the Sovereign of England and at that of the King of Belgium.

There is little about the medicinal properties of the strawberry in the books. Thomas Lupton in his "Thousand Notable Things of Sundrie Sortes" (Third ed., London 1627) says: "Many have beene helped that have had foule and leprous faces, onely with the washing the same with distilled water of Strawberries: the Strawberries first put into a close glasse, and so putrified in Horse-dung." He gives Conrad Gesner, the learned man of Zurich, as his authority.

Let us not forget that the Bavarian peasant knows that elves are fond of these berries. In order that they may be good-natured and see to it that his cows give plenty of milk, he ties a basket of strawberries between the cow's horns. Nor should we forget that the strawberry is one of the fruits dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

Mr. McAdoo's Shibboleth

As the World Wags:

The other day the Herald in discussing the presidency said that Mr. McAdoo is probably not available timber because he comes from the South.

All true enough no doubt, but let us invoke a shibboleth in the cause of the claimant, or rather let him invoke his own. Being more practical and unacademic than his father-in-law he is less likely to retain the southern consciousness, and his shibboleth, therefore, may be regarded as unaffected. The shibboleth is the word "work." "Wo'k" in Georgia, sah, is translated into another sound in New York, and how well Mr. McAdoo has become acclimated to the lingual airs and graces of his adopted people is seen in the fact that without trick or apparent effort, and even as one to their manners born, he says "woik" with the best of them. And since no outlander may ever acquire the true accent of New York it would seem to follow that Mr. McAdoo, although of the South in this existence, must have been of Manhattan in another. LUX.

Boston.

"I Know What I Like"

As the World Wags:

When we get our great municipal pipe organ (which I hope may be soon) there are two kinds of compositions which should be minimized. One is the thunderously uproarious show piece, intended to "demonstrate the full capabilities of the instrument," in the performance of which the player jabs, pushes, pulls, prods and belabors every key, stop and pedal he can reach, with hands, feet, knees, ears and elbows, the resulting din stunning the hearers into apathy and jarring chandeliers in the next block.

The other is the "toccata," those clattering, rackety pieces for the showing off of finger facility, the result being about as valuable and interesting musically as the playing of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" on a xylophone. These may be useful exercises for the performer, but they are tedious to the listener. There are plenty of compositions of orchestral character and real musical value, without lugging in these tiresome traditions, and travestics on every program. I speak merely as a listener, with a fair liking for numerous good workmen clear through the alphabet, from Ascher to Wollenhaupt, and a disposition always to return, after devious wanderings and samplings, to that old Ludwig himself, the Shakespeare of music. W. C. T.

Brookline.

Not the Ones to Be Pensioned

As the World Wags:

I see by the press that the employes of the Boston Public Library think that they ought to be pensioned, but I don't believe that those who use the library are of that way of thinking. Considering the trials and tribulations endured by those who use the library, it seems to me that they, rather than the employes of the library, are the ones who should be pensioned.

Boston. BIBLIOPHILE.

What's Doing in Literature?

Sir: Do you mind passing on to your literary editor the following suggestion for a new kind of booklover's contest? I have just read in a review of a recent volume that several times the author was on the point of throwing away his manuscript, but was dissuaded by friends. And you will recall, of course, Vergil pitching the Aeneid into the fire and having it pulled out just in time. Well, then, how about giving a few prizes for the best letters on Which Book Would You Prefer Above All Others Not to Have Been Snatched From the Flames? Or, in other words, what is your favorite near-casualty in literature?

FUROR TEUTONICUS in the N. Y. Evening Post.

It was on May 31, 1856, that Gavarni talked with the Goncourt brothers about the theatre. He preferred the platform of strolling mountebanks to the illusions of the stage. In the course of his talk, he said: "Have you ever looked attentively at the audience instead of the stage? Have you seen those heads? I do not know how any one, having seen that sight, has the courage to write for an audience. One can at least make the acquaintance of a book when he is alone, but a play is judged by a mass of reunited humanity, agglomerated stupidity."

Only a few in Boston longed to hear the music of Wagner while American soldiers were fighting in France. Not because Wagner, after the Franco-Prussian war, wrote a foolish, contemptible satire on the Parisians, but because his arrogance and the spirit of his later music were aggressively German. If music by him had been played last season, there would probably have been no unpleasant scene; there might have been applause, for the audience of the Boston Symphony Hall applauds everything, especially a funeral march played in memory of a composer or a citizen.

There is no reason why Mr. Monteux should not conduct music by Wagner next season, if he shows himself skilled in the interpretation of the music. The time has not come, however, when an American can listen patiently to the music of Richard Strauss, Max Bruch, Felix Weingartner, Engelbert Humperdinck and other living representatives of German "Kultur." No one in his right and patriotic mind wishes to pay fees to them or to their publishers.

It must be said, however, that the question of "enemy music" has not been solved in France or in England to the satisfaction of everyone. If Wagnerian operas have been performed in London, there has been in the same city an outcry against performances of music by Brahms, and there was on one occasion, incredible as the statement seems, a protest against music by Handel.

Soon after the present war broke out Saint-Saens wrote in behalf of an anti-German movement in Paris. Saint-Saens is in his 84th year, but he still writes vigorously, violently. Perhaps his attack was directed not so much against the music of Wagner as against the Wagnerian cult in France, the influence of which, in our judgment, he overestimates.

Some other Frenchmen are not so bitterly hostile toward Germanic music. Lucien Chevaillier set himself the task of obtaining the opinions of French musicians who have fought in the war. "By whom," he asks, "should the controversy be definitely settled unless by the musicians that risked their lives in defence of their nation and stood up against Wagner's compatriots? For they are judges who cannot be suspected of partiality toward the German composer."

We now quote from an article in the Daily Telegraph of London: "By means of a publication called Gazette des Classes du Conservatoire, it was sought to obtain from soldier-musicians and musicians mobilized, though not actually in the firing line, an answer to three questions, of which the second ran thus: 'Should German musicians be allowed to retain their places? Brahms and and Wagner?' The results were tabulated as follows: Out of 56 French musicians at the front who were interrogated 46 expressed themselves in favor of Wagner's works being reinstated in their country's reportory; two were radically opposed to that view; four returned less categorical negatives; two replied vaguely, and two vouchsafed no answer. Then, among the musicians mobilized, but serving in the rear lines, 12 were in favor of reviving the Wagner works, while only one was found to be diametrically oppcsod to any such revival."

Mr. Chevaillier, citing these opinions, asked whether any one would dare to dispute the opinion of the French soldiers "after they had passed under the Arc de Triomphe."

But Saint-Saens contends that for him the Wagner question goes beyond the kingdom of music, for, as he says, the Germans, having long misunderstood Wagner, made of him their national composer, their "great art hero," so that they named war trenches after the characters in his operas. "In these circumstances for us to perform his works would be equivalent to setting up the German flag."

The editor of Le Monde Musical in which this article of Saint-Saens was published, wrote in reply. Mr. Mangeot said:

"It is precisely that which exasperates musicians who have taken the 'Wotan and 'Siegfried' lines—to be accused of hoisting the German flag because they ask not to be wholly deprived of Wagner's operas." He mentioned the fact that Gen. Mangin and his headquarters staff attended a performance of "Die Walkuere" at Wiesbaden.

"They would laugh if they were told that they had thus saluted the German

[illegible] nth [illegible] having [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] that end, now [illegible] to be left free in the choice of their artistic pleasures; after all, it [illegible] easy for those who do not wish to hear Wagner's music any more to stay at home when his music is played."

[illegible] Saint-Saens was reminded of the [illegible]—that his anti-German attack had [illegible] been aimed at Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, whose names had not [illegible] given to "the German trenches." Had we listened to you there would have [illegible] an end of the Mass in D, and you would have made of us destroyers of cathedrals."

Mr. Stravinsky put music by Wagner on programs, or a program, of the Philharmonic Society of New York last season, that was expected of him. The wonder is that he did not prepare exclusively German programs throughout the year Nor would it have been surprising if Mr. Stokowski of Philadelphia had done likewise.

Mr. Rabaud showed the musical public of Boston that a Frenchman could be a master interpreter of Beethoven's symphonies and overtures. His interpretation of Wagner's music would undoubtedly have been impressive, for he was celebrated in Paris as a conductor of Wagnerian opera; as he was praised enthusiastically by the Viennese critics in [illegible] when he, with Max d'Ollonne, conducted a series of elaborate concerts with diversified programs in that musically fastidious city. It was unfortunate for us that the war was raging: that Wagner was to the great majority not persona grata.

There need be no fear that Mr. Monteux will "Germanize" the musical public by conducting Wagner's music. In years past we have had too much German music, too much, and too little French, Russian, English music. Strong doses, one might say drenches, of Sibelius did not console us. It was a good thing to lose Sibelius for one season. His music will be the fresher when we hear it again. Mr. Monteux is a man of catholic taste He will not come here as a propagandist of any cult.

Walt Whitman, whose centenary is piously observed, was passionately fond of Italian opera as he heard it in the flush of his manhood. He wrote in prose and verse about music, often shrewdly, often well. His one great saying is in his "Carol of Occupations":

A [illegible] what awakes from you, when [illegible] reminded by the instruments,
It [illegible] violins and the cornets, it [illegible]
[illegible] nor the beating drums,
[illegible] of the baritone singer
singing his sweet romanza—nor that of
the men's chorus, nor that of the women's chorus.
It is nearer and farther than they.

"Niobe, All Smiles," a farcial comedy in three acts by Harry and Edward Paulton, will be the play for the opening of the summer season at the Copley Theatre. This farce had long runs in this country and in England. It was produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, on Sept. 1, 1890:

Peter Amos Dunn	Harry Paulton
Cornelius Griffin	E. T. Stayne
Philip Innings	Marvyn Herepath
Hamilton Tompkins	Henry S. Dacre
Parker Sillocks	Charles Randolph
Caroline Dunn	Constance Nathalie
Helen Griffin	Helen Palgrave
Hattie Griffin	Violet Lofting
Beatrice Sillocks	Marion Denvil
Mary	Miss Dent
Madeleine Mifton	Alice Drummond
Niobe	Jenny Beauville

There were performances in this country before that date, but the first in New York was on Aug. 31, 1891, when William F. Owen took the part of Peter Dunn and Carrie Turner that of Niobe at the Bijou Theatre. George R. Edeson succeeded Mr. Owen; Eleanor Carey succeeded Carrie Turner. The farce was acted for the 103d consecutive and last time Nov. 21, 1891.

The farce was first seen in London at the Strand Theatre on April 16, 1892, when Harry Paulton played Dunn, and Beatrice Lamb took the part of Niobe. There was a run of nearly 600 performances. Harry Paulton, born in 1842, died in April, 1917. In 1888 and 1889 he was playing in the United States. Thus he was seen as Inigo in "The Queen's Mate," first associated with Lillian Russell, Agnes Stone, W. H. Clark, J. H. Ryley and others, later with Lilly Post, Marie Halton, William McLaughlin, Richard Golden, Hattie Delaro and others.

When "Niobe" was revived at the Strand Theatre, London, in 1895, Miss Lamb and Paulton were still the statue and its owner. J. S. Clarke's son, Wilfred, took the part of Cornelius, formerly played at that theatre by Forbes Dawson.

Revived in Boston at the Castle Square Theatre, in May, 1898, Miss Lawrence took the part of Niobe; Mr. Lewis that of Dunn; Kate Ryan, Mary Sanders, Frances Drake, Marian Chapman and Messrs. Mackay, Cummings, Morrison and Seeley were in the cast.

"H. M. S. Pinafore" is the operetta for the third week of the Gilbert and Sullivan season at the Plymouth Theatre. It was in [illegible] at the Boston Museum, that [illegible] was performed for the first [illegible] [illegible] rel [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] distinctively British but R. [illegible] had shrewder judgment and [illegible] the rights. Captain Corcoran was played by James H. Jones; Sir Joseph Porter by George W. Wilson; Ralph Rackstraw by Rose Temple. Sadie Martinot was the Hebe; Marie Wainwright, Josephine. Melbourne MacDowell, the husband of Fanny Davenport, took the small part of Tom Bowline

On April 14, 1879, "Pinafore" was seen at the Boston Theatre with an uncommonly good cast:

Sir Joseph Porter	H. C. Barnabee
Captain Corcoran	M. W. Whitney
Ralph Rackstraw	Tom Karl
Dick Deadeye	George Frothingham
Bill Bobstay	Arthur Hitchcock
Tom Tucker	Gertrude Calef
Josephine	Mary Beebe
Little Buttercup	Isabelle McCulloch
Hebe	Georgia Cayvan

For the first time here the music was really sung.

The history of "Pinafore" in Boston alone would make an interesting volume, richly anecdotical, a volume that could be extended greatly by the insertion of portraits.

New York's Theatrical Season Reviewed by J. Ranken Towse

Mr. J. Ranken Towse of the New York Evening Post, summing up the theatrical season of 1918-19 in that city, remarks: "One reason why worthless plays, having no rational, literary or dramatic excuse for their exhibition, often last longer than pieces of substantial merit is that they are better because much more easily acted than those of a superior order. Actors of very common calibre may satisfy every requirement in merely pantomimic shows which make no demand upon intellectual perception, subtlety of expression or genuine emotional power. The interpretation of the commonplace or vulgar is not difficult. That is why so many actors of mediocre ability have done well in Ibsen. We should have his plays everywhere if they had any popular appeal. This, unluckily, some of our most idiotic and objectionable farces have—since there is plenty of bad taste in the world—but it should not be forgotten that, just because they are what they are, they are generally played for all and often a great deal more than they are worth. The performance, contemptible as it is from any intelligent point of view, is apt to be good of its sort, and herein may be found one explanation of its wide acceptance. It is easier to catch the crowd with a bad play well acted than with a good play badly acted, a formula that accounts for a good many disappointing failures and unjustifiable successes."

Mr. Towse finds the average standard of theatrical achievement in the expiring season "deplorably low." Stuart Walker provided "the richest store of varied and intellectual entertainment."

"His successes, in the last year or two, are a sufficient refutation of the ridiculous assumption that there is no audience in New York except for cheap and tawdry sensation. The hearty appreciation with which his production of 'The Book of Job,' a work depending almost wholly upon the magnificence of its thought and splendor of expression, was infinitely significant. If some of the credit must be attributed to the sympathetic and eloquent embodiment of the patriarch by George Gaul, his discernment in the selection of a comparatively unknown actor for so difficult a part must not be forgotten. . . . Mr. Walker afforded several uncommon treats in the vividly imaginative pieces of Lord Dunsany, and if he did not reveal a masterpiece in 'Jonathan Makes a Wish,' he at least furnished a play which had definite point and meaning and was good entertainment. Altogether he has shown himself, thus far, an original, enterprising and sagacious manager, whose pioneer work promises to be of great service to the theatre. It is to be hoped that he will not fall into the error of paying more attention to his scenery than to the quality of his actors."

Of other plays, Mr. Towse says: "Three plays of outstanding excellence were 'The Betrothal' and 'The Burgomaster of Belgium,' by Maeterlinck, and the 'Dear Brutus' of Barrie. Perhaps it is not altogether surprising that only the last-mentioned met with enduring popular favor, while the other two were but moderately successful. In 'The Betrothal,' with all its interesting scenes and spectacular attractions, there was, doubtless, much that was 'caviare to the general.' It was less of a novelty, and had less of direct human appeal—especially to children—than 'The Bluebird,' and, on the whole, was less effectively interpreted. 'The Burgomaster' came late into the field, after a long succession of war plays which had taken off the edge of the public appetite. Moreover, the representation of it was attended by other unfavorable circumstances. But it should be noted that it still remains upon the boards. The success of 'Dear Brutus,' which was never in doubt, is but one [illegible] of the [illegible] of theatregoers to [illegible] support a piece of distinguished [illegible]. The play will scarcely be ranked with the [illegible] of Barrie's creations, but [illegible] marks of his peculiar genius [illegible] contains many popular elements. Neither Horace Annesley Vachell nor Haddon Chambers has done himself justice in 'Humpty Dumpty' or 'The Saving Grace' But these plays were redeemed from absolute futility by the opportunities for some clever acting which they offered Otis Skinner and Cyril Maude. The popularity of 'Redemption'—one of the big hits of the season—was largely due, in all probability, to the fame of its author, the artistic excellence of its setting, and the melodramatic features of the work, which, whatever value it may possess as a reflection of Russian life and manners in a former period, is not especially remarkable in any literary or dramatic sense. With the name of an unknown author attached to it there is no reason to suppose that it would have attracted much attention. The 'Be Calm, Camilla,' of Clare Kummer was distinguished from the majority of contemporary comedies by freshness of comic fancy and the piquant humors of its dialogue, but was of unsubstantial fabric. If the 'Tiger! Tiger!' of Edward Knoblock is included in this present category, it is simply to point out that it was a flashy, pretentious piece of brummagem workmanship, made out of very cheap material. Its affectation of philosophic or any serious intent was false pretence. What was true in it was old, and what was new was inadmissible. It was built around a scene, meant to be a 'shocker,' which resulted in a situation with which the author did not venture to deal honestly. 'The Marquis de Priola' was not an inspiring play, but it had the merit of being well written and skilfully constructed, and afforded Leo Ditrichstein a part well adapted to his personality and style which he played very cleverly. The 'Moliere' of Philip Moeller, though a less highly finished bit of workmanship than that of Lavedan, is a much more agreeable play, and is heartily welcome as a highly creditable and interesting effort in the direction of quasi-historical romantic drama, which proved sufficiently popular to encourage expectation of additional and better productions of a similar kind. 'The Jest' and 'The Bonds of Interest' have been discussed so recently that nothing more need be said about them now. But the 'boom' for the romantic drama appears to be imminent. One notable play remains to be mentioned, and that is 'The Little Brother' of Milton Goldsmith and Benedict James. That was a curious mixture of strength and weakness, but the better half of it was exceptionally strong, and any new work by these joint authors is certain to excite interest."

Plays by Shakespeare and Zamacois in Paris Theatres

The Paris correspondent of the London Stage writing on April 28 describes a performance of a Shakespearian comedy and of a new play by Zamacois.

"To celebrate the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, M. Gemier selected 'The Taming of the Shrew' this year. It was the fourth of a series given by the Societe Shakespeare, previous plays being, 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' and Moliere's 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.' M. de la Fouchardiere, the adapter of 'The Taming of the Shrew,' has taken liberties with the original text, but rather in the matter of expression than in the spirit of the play. My chief grievance against him is the suppression of the introduction, and of that delicious character, Christopher Sly; one is surprised that Gemier was not tempted by the possibilities of original staging in the prologue. We can imagine the fantastic touch he would have given the scene of the tinker's awakening in the Lord's bed-chamber, and one wonders how he could resist the temptation of seating the drunken sot among the audience, to witness the play. But we had to be satisfied with the blustering Petruchio and the quarelsome Katherine.

"Perhaps the choice of this play was dictated by the modest requirements of its mounting, and by Gemier's desire to show his methods of producing a play that had been given a few years ago at the Comedie Francaise. Gemier did not employ devices entirely similar to those of his earlier productions.

"The stage is hung with huge green draperies, drawn aside here and there, revealing bits of scenery, a door, a window. This permits the scene to be shifted from place to place almost instantly, and, as the characters continue the dialogue on the steps and among the audience, the rollicking pace of the farce never slackens. This is especially effective after the marriage, when Petruchio bears away his unwilling bride, through the audience, and the wedding guests file upon the steps with shouts of communicative laughter. Gemier is a delightful Petruchio; whether in the mocking gentleness of his wooing, the authority and swashbuckling earnestness of his homecoming, or the delicate irony of [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] irresistible from [illegible] and he has [illegible] some [illegible] effects. After Katharine's [illegible] he follows her from the stage flinging the whip, which he has carried [illegible] relessly until then, away from him but, thinking better of it, he returns, picks up the whip, and descends the steps to the audience, offering it whimsically to the public! After the second act he made a short address, explaining the aim of the Societe Shakespeare; their hopes of touring Europe later, to popularize the bard; and thanking their backers, 'an easy task, for they are few.' The success of the whole performance was instantaneous, its simplicity had an Elizabethan touch, and the 17th century music, arranged by Jacquet was charming. Mlle. Cellat made an ardent shrew, although she did not go very deeply into the psychology of the part; M. Rollan is the most tender and graceful of lovers, and M. Vallee is excellent as Grumio.

"A new comedy, by Miguel Zamacois, who had written nothing for five or six years, was brought out at the Odeon the same week. 'M. Cesarin, Ecrivain Public,' is an amiable little comedy, in three acts which contain verses that reveal the humor and sense of the theatre that M. Zamacois had shown so brilliantly in former plays. It lacks the poetry of 'Les Bouffons' and the picturesqueness of 'La Fleur Marveilleuse,' being, in fact, a trifle rococo in style; but, if the action is slow, the details are amusing and the costumes of the period (1830) very attractive. On the whole, like 'Les Bouffons,' it is another transposition of 'Cyrano de Bergerac.' Only here it is M. Cesarin, the philosophical old copyist, who writes love-letters for his adopted daughter Isabelle to the young poet Marcelin. But Marcelin is in love with an actress. Thanks to M. Cesarin's watchfulness, all ends happily One excellent scene occurs when Marcelin, in tears at the coldness of the actress, is consoled by Isabelle, who admits that she, too, loves a man who does not care for her. 'What a fool he must be!' sobs Marcelin, not realizing that it is himself. M. Lamy is a shrewd and lovable Cesarin; Gretillat gives a majestic caricature of a vain actor; Mlle. Corclade is an attractive actress, and Mlle. Guerau and M. Pizani merited the applause they received."

Notes About Plays, Old and New, and About Stage People

Terry's Theatre (now a picture palace) in London, with adjoining property, will be pulled down and a restaurant erected by the new proprietors.

"A Little Bit of Fluff," which ran for more than 1000 performances in London and was not liked in New York, has been adapted for use as a film. The London Times makes this comment: "This policy of adapting plays for film purposes arouses some interesting speculations. A great many plays produced in London nowadays come from the United States, and, owing to the great demand for theatres, an entertainment may have to wait for some months before it sees the light of day here. There is a distinct danger that, unless special provision is made in the contract, the play may be anticipated by a film bearing on exactly the same subject. It is understood that when 'The Knife' was produced in London, a film of the play was also in existence, but it was made a condition of the production that the film should not be 'released' until after the play had ended its London run, and any difficulty was thus avoided. But there is another case of an American play which has been secured by a London manager for eventual production. The film based on this play, however, has already been shown in most of the large cities of England, so that by the time the play comes to be produced the novelty will have worn off. Picture theatres apparently are not troubled by the fact that their entertainment is second-hand, but to the regular theatre such a state of affairs would be impossible. The remedy suggested is that the theatrical manager should make it a condition in accepting a play that no pictorial version of it shall be shown on the screen within a fixed period of its London production."

A French adaptation of "The Very Idea!" will be produced at the Theatre des Champs Elysees, Paris, this summer.

Arnold Bennett's play, "Judith," will be published by Chatto and Windus at 3s. 6d. net.

"Friendly Enemies," re-entitled "Uncle Sam," reached its 100th performance in London on April 30.

The wife of Louis N Parker is dead (April 25) after months of suffering. The marriage took place in 1878.

Lady Benson is opening a dramatic school in London in connection with the F R Benson Shakespearean Co. She has returned after a long sojourn on the western front where [illegible]

... the crew "Canlless ... Anglia..."

A Mr. A. T. ...akespeare Hart, engineer of Lichfield, Eng., claims to be a lineal descendant on the female line of the dramatist.

The Stage of London was told by a manager that for the last year or so there has been "a famine in stout, robust actors or actors to play comic fat men, for whom authors seem to be writing good parts, and after one had gone through the four or five well known, well-covered Thespians, the list seemed to be exhausted."

"The Black Feather,' by W. A. Tremaine, which as "The Man Who Went," was seen here at the Copley Theatre last September, was produced at the Scala, London, May 2. The Daily Telegraph took the play good naturedly and found the play "quite mild." Highly polished pistols flash, but not one of them is allowed to go off. "There was a little of the amorous by the villainess, but nothing too troublant. . . . The plots and counterplots were of such subtlety that we have no notion what would have happened if the villain had had his wicked way, or whether England would stand where she does if the super-spy had missed a cue or so. And they all talk at large in the atmospheric intrigue manner with a most affecting earnestness. And amidst the applause and bouquets at the end there were sounds which did not express admiration. That was unkind, for we had had much amusement. Mr. J. H. Barnes put a hearty vigor into an explosive old gentleman who surprised us by announcing that he had been a diplomatist." The Times said that pleasantness was the note of the evening, that "evenings like this of warm-hearted, modest simplicity are oases in the arid desert of life." "Melodrama so mild that we should not have been surprised if they had handed round glasses of lemonade and oranges cut in quarters. Yes, we know that piece, having seen it so often (though generally in less anodyne forms)."

The London Times found fault with Arnold Bennett for trying in his "Judith" to write biblical English, because the translators of the story in the Apocrypha did so. "You aim at the ancient sonorous simplicity and you hit the lingo of Mr. Chadband. The governor of Bethulia talks as, we imagine, the mayor of one of the Five Towns would talk if his reading (not at all impossible with a mayor in that interesting neighborhood) had been confined to the Bible." Lillah McCarthy played Judith. "The peculiar blend in this Judith of the religious and voluptuous—perhaps inevitable—leaves a rather queer after taste. The combination of prophetess and Bacchante results, after all, in what must be called a pious coquette. That the woman should make lascivious advances to Holofernes must, we suppose, be accepted for the sake of her patriotic purpose of cutting off his head. But Holofernes is not her only victim. She ogles the governor. She ogles a young captive, whom she ultimately marries. She even ogles the chief eunuch. And all the time she is talking fervently of the God of Israel! We repeat, the Apocrypha has much to answer for!"

"The Pretty Sabine Women," by Leonid Andreyeff, was performed at the Abbey, Dublin, April 27, for the first time in the United Kingdom. It was intended as a satire on the old Russian Liberal party, "with its watch words of pacifism and cautious, snail-like advance (as girded at in the Sabine Husband's marching system of 'two steps forward, one step back')," but, as the Stage says, "Shorn of its pristine allusiveness, the piece is no more than a mildly humorous triviality, unworthy in its content of the three-act form." In act one the Romans carry their struggling burdens into the mountainous regions. They leave them in a group while they look after their scratched faces and talk the matter over. There is a parley under the white flag, but no amiable compromise. In act two, 18 months later, in the land of the Sabines, some of the bereaved husbands are nursing babies; but one has faith in the power of the written law and hopes to convince the Romans of their iniquity by quoting book, section and sub-section. In act three they arrive at the Roman camp and quote the law; but the Romans are not disturbed, and when an appeal is made to the Sabine women, they admit they have become reconciled to the new conditions and cannot readjust their minds to the old ones.

Dress is a far more important thing than many young actresses realize, but they are not always so much to blame as the dressmakers, who insist on original designs. I always give a great deal of thought to the character I am to play and try and dress her as she would dress herself. But fashionable dressmakers naturally consider the dress first, and, consequently, many actresses find themselves forced to wear unsuitable frocks.—Eva Moore in the Star.

At the present time there is very little to see in the West End which is worth a sane person spending the necessary tube fares. Even an intelligent deadhead must begrudge the physical strength he has to exert to visit the average London theatre.—Miss A. E. F. Horniman, in John o' London's Weekly.

THE POPS THRIVE

On all nights except Sundays, and particularly the warm ones, Boston is flocking to Symphony Hall to hear an unprecedented combination so far as the musical world goes the finest of all orchestras playing the lightest of all music. By no means the least part of the Pops are the soloists. During the coming week the following will play: Mr. Heim, trumpeter; Mr. Hoffmann, the concert master (his last week), and Mr. Gerardi, violinist, Mr. Holy, harpist, Mr. Snow, organist, Messrs. Thillois and Speyer, Frenchmen who play the violin and oboe respectively and who bravely served in the war.

Two special nights of more than usual interest are scheduled. Thursday, June 5, will be Italian night. A program from the country of carolling tenors without some operatic selections would be inconceivable; but the majority of the numbers on the program are not from operas, which proves that the Italians have produced unoperatic music which is popular and delightful.

Tuesday night, June 3, has been partly taken over by the War Camp Community Service, C. W. Waldron, director, for the entertainment of soldiers and sailors. This will be the only public Pops night this year which has been dedicated to them. A "Whiz-Bang" program will be interspersed with community singing in the intermissions.

The programs of the week follow:

MONDAY, JUNE 2, 1919

Prelude to "Carmen" ... Bizet
Overture to "Oberon" ... Weber
Romanza ... Cella
Fantasia, "La Tosca" ... Puccini
Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde" .. Wagner
Intermezzo "Naila" ... Delibes
"Hymn to St. Cecilia" ... Gounod
Messrs. Hoffmann, violin; Holy, harp
Snow, organ.
Finale from the Fourth Symphony ..
Tschaikowsky
Selection, "Sometime" ... Friml
Reverie, "The Voice of Chimes" ... Luigini
Waltz, "Wine Women and Song" ... Strauss
In the Hall of the Mountain King
from "Peer Gynt" ... Grieg

TUESDAY, JUNE 3
War Camp Community Service Night
March, "Bullets and Bayonets" ... Sousa
Overture, "Robespierre" ... Litolff
Waltz, "Espana" ... Waldteufel
Selection, "Carmen" ... Bizet
Prelude and Siciliana from "Cavalleria Rusticana" ... Mascagni
Violin Solo, Concert Fantasia ...
Rimsky-Korsakoff
Mr. Thillois.
Quartet from "Rigoletto" ... Verdi
Prelude to Act III., "Lohengrin" .. Wagner
Selection, "Jack O' Lantern" ... Caryll
Cavalry Charge ... Spindler
Waltz, "Roses From the South" ... Strauss
American Patrol ... Meacham

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4
Overture, "Robespierre" ... Litolff
Bohemian Dance from "Carmen" ... Bizet
Marche Miniature ... Tschaikowsky
Fantasia, "Othello," ... Verdi
Third Hungarian Rhapsody ... Liszt
Oboe Solo ... Paladilhe
Mr. Speyer
Intermezzo, "Pagliacci" ... Leoncavallo
Overture to "The Bartered Bride" .Smetana
Little Suite ... Trucco
a. Reverie.
b. Arietta.
c. Gavotta.
Humoresque ... Dvorak
Valse Bleue ... Margis
Selection, "Katinka" ... Friml

THURSDAY, JUNE 5.
Italian Night.
Triumphal March from "Aida" ... Verdi
Overture to "William Tell" ... Rossini
Interludio ... Tirindelli
Intermezzo, "L'Amico Fritz" ... Mascagni
Suite ... Van Westerhout
a. Children's Parade.
b. Canzone.
c. Romanza.
d. Children at Play.
Violin Solo, "La Follia" ... Corelli
Mr. Gerardi.
a. Pastorale ... Scarlatti
b. Capriccio ... (1658-1757)
Rhapsody, "Italia" ... Casella
Overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozzote" ...
Sinigaglia
Minuet ... Puccini
Waltz, "Il Bacio" ... Arditi
Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda" ... Ponchielli

FRIDAY, JUNE 6.
March, "Lorraine" ... Ganne
Overture, "Poet and Peasant" ... Suppe
Waltz, "Gold and Silver" ... Lehar
Fantasia, "La Traviata" ... Verdi
Ballet Music from "Faust" ... Gounod
Ave Maria (for strings and organ
Schubert-Wilhelm

June 1 1919

By PHILIP HALE

On June 2, 1803, Thomas Pett died in London, a singularly frugal, miserly person. Every article of his dress was second-hand. He used to say that a man who did not wash his shirt did not deserve to have one. He lodged for 30 years in a gloomy room that never was brightened by coal fire or candle light. The thought that he had never learned to shave robbed him of sleep on many nights. He never treated man, woman or child to a glass of any kind of liquor, but he made a vow once when he was very thirsty that as soon as he had accumulated £1000 he would treat himself to a pint of porter every Saturday. When an additional duty was laid on beer, he ordered half a pint, which he said was enough for any man that did not wish to get drunk and die in the workhouse. Half an hour before he died he dickered for a coffin.

Only yesterday we found a London newspaper quoting an opinion of Lord Chief Justice Kenyon and remembering that he died from eating apple pie crust at breakfast to save the expense of rolls ...

... was in the habit of going to bed at dark to save candle light.

The chair will please ... us now praise famous men.

Snakes and Toads

As the World Wags:

In the late fifties a paragraph appeared in the Rutland (Vt.) Herald stating that workmen in digging a well there had found a toad in a gravel bed a few feet below the surface. The toad was torpid when discovered, and the incident caused little interest. But when the toad revived, threw out its chest and hopped off, observers were astonished. While in Boston about 12 or 15 years later, in looking over a local paper I found the paragraph referred to above. It read: "Recently, workmen in digging a well," etc., had found a toad. Upon showing the story to my mother she recalled the fact and told me how my father, with a forked branch in his hands, had located the water that afterwards filled the well.

The truth never dies, therefore the incident here related should be accepted as fact. Shortly after the digging of the well, in the yard nearby I saw two snakes engaged in swallowing a toad. One had neatly gathered in its hind legs, while the other was doing very nicely with the head and forelegs. Excited by the sight, I killed the snakes and released the toad, which seemed to be in a bad way. I have always regretted the act, and many times I have wondered what might have happened had the two snakes met in the middle of the toad. Would one have swallowed its rival and the toad at the same time? Would the other snake when gathered in have continued to swallow the toad while inside the outer snake, thus playing a joke upon its victor?

Now some writer of "unnatural history" might state that there was a terrific combat between snakes and toad; a great twisting of tails and wriggling of bodies; that the toad dragged the snakes to the well whence it came and drowned them. Another might say that the snake inside, after swallowing the toad, had turned around and crawled out of the outer snake, leaving it disappointed, peeved and hungry. But I am writing natural history.

The following was told to me years ago by a trustworthy person, and I should be pleased if "Occidentus" would tell the readers of this column if such a thing were possible. My informant while driving along a country road, came upon a mother snake and a number of little ones sunning themselves in the dust. Upon becoming alarmed, the mother snake opened her jaws and the little ones immediately crawled down her throat to safety. Then the family party glided into the grass by the roadside and disappeared.

Boston. VERMONTER.

There are many surprising stories about toads. Here is one of them, taken from a book containing the names and crimes of people in Northumberland, England: In 1793 a stone mason, Mr. George Wilson, "wantonly immured" a toad in a wall he was building, making for the toad a close cell of lime and stone, to fit it snugly, and plastering to prevent the admission of air. Sixteen years afterward a gap was made in the wall so that carts could pass through. The toad was found alive. Torpid at first, it was soon active, so that it made its way to a pile of stones and disappeared. There were cruel men in Northumberland. Mr. Thomas Anderson was punished in 1681 for playing on a bagpipe before a bridegroom on a Sunday. Among the women, Elizabeth Mills was brought into court for scolding and drying fish on the Lord's day. —Ed.

A Current Superstition

As the World Wags:

The general alarm sent out recently to watch for a leper is a curious modern result of what anciently had good cause. In the Bible we find much as to lepers, but the forms of leprosy now and here are far different. Much authority could be adduced that our chance of contagion from leprosy is practically negligible, but one might as effectually reason with a crowd shouting "mad dog." The history of the superstitions connected with leprosy (especially in mediaeval times, when those afflicted with diseases so named were very numerous), is great in volume, too much so, indeed, for discussion here. Leprosy's possible confusion with a present scourge, thought by many to have been brought by Columbus's crew from America, is a matter of controversy. This probable confusion makes amusing the misprint in a prominent local medical journal five months ago in alleging successful treatment of leprosy with a "gynecardate," which could mean only a derivative from the hearts of women. This would be a new variation of "the hair of the dog is good for its bite." Is the necessary veil on the joke so thick that the latter cannot be seen? CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

"Nobody Home"

As the World Wags:

Has any one ever thought of the origin of the phrase (now dying out, alas!), "Nobody home"? Among the "Fragments from Pope" appended to chapter 5 of Prof. George Herbert Palmer's "Formative Types in English Poetry" one finds:

You beat your pate and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.
Cambridge. JI N...:

June 2 1919

Jewett Players Produce Comedy, "Niobe, All Smiles"

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY REPERTORY THEATRE: "Niobe, All Smiles," a farcical comedy in three acts by Harry and Edward Paulton. Performed by the Henry Jewett players on the opening of the summer season.

Peter Amos Dunn ... H. Conway Wingfield
Cornelius Griffin ... Nicholas Joy
Philip Innings ... E. E. Clive
Hamilton Tompkins ... Leonard Craske
Parker Sillocks ... Cameron Matthews
Caroline Dunn ... Mary Hamilton
Helen Griffin ... Viola Roach
Hattie Griffin ... May Ediss
Beatrice Sillocks ... Catherine Lexow
Mary ... Eva Legin
Madeline Mifton ... Eleanor Ellis
Niobe ... Jessamine Newcombe

"Niobe" is about thirty years old, a long life for a farce. How many of the "roaring farces" that convulsed with laughter Bostonians at the Museum would be tolerated today?

The Paultons may have had Gilbert's comedy in mind when they wrote "Niobe," but the story of Pygmalion and the Statue has excited the invention of librettists and playwrights for over two centuries. They did not inquire too curiously into Pygmalion's life, whether he was a sculptor, or a King of Cyprus, one of the monarchs that boasted of the favors of Venus, and thus became a subject for speculation, as by folk-lorists, as by Frazer in his "Golden Bough."

That men of old fell in love with statues was well known to ancient writers. Pliny, the elder, and Athenaeus were not the only ones that told strange tales. Oscar Wilde represented his Charmides as infatuated with the statue of Athena; but the poet Alexis sang of Clisophes, who fell in love with a statue of marble in the temple of Samos. Theores dared to approach a statue at Delphi. Then there was the man that was enamored by Praxiteles's Venus at Cnidos. Nor should one forget the poor wretch that, putting in jest a ring on a finger of Venus, found her inconveniently jealous when he wedded a maid. Old Burton says this incident happened to a Roman gentleman, but Prosper Merimee tells another story. That statues of men or women occasionally left the pedestal and walked about, especially at night, was noted by Lucian in his "Lie-Fancier." Did not Talos, the man of brass, thus guard the island of Crete? No doubt the story of Coppelia came from the legend of Pygmalion.

In the more modern plays the statue is usually represented as sweet and affectionate, naive, not understanding the ways of our civilization; but in the comedy played in Paris 178 years ago, she was ungrateful, haughty, a coquette, possessed of all the faults attributed by misogynists to her sex. The Paultons treated her respectfully though in a farce.

Revived, and played as it was last night, "Niobe" is still joyous. The old-fashioned soliloquies and asides remind one pleasantly of the years that are no more. It is true that the dialogue creaks and totters until the statue comes to life, and one could easily spare Hattie and Beatrice with their foolish chatter, Hattie with her cheap impudence and the aggressive enthusiasm of a bottle of ginger-pop. But when Niobe becomes flesh and blood and Mr. Dunn begins his long crescendo of perplexity and confusion, the fun is real. Nor is it administered in small doses.

Of course there is natural curiosity concerning the physical fitness of the actress that represents the statue. Will she please the eye and at the same time be "noble and nude and antique"? Miss Newcombe was becomingly draped, not prudishly, not defiantly exposed, for this statue was of marble, not of brass. She was a striking, an imposing figure; not too heroic, for Niobe was a weeping sister; so womanly that Mr. Dunn's recoil from her innocent embraces was hardly intelligible. She played with the seriousness that true farce demands, declaiming her stately lines as a Grecian dame might have spoken them. Truly an excellent performance.

Mr. Wingfield was amusing in a frankly and necessarily farcical manner, showing a wide range of facial expression, comical in his distress, desperate and now hilarious in his ingenious lies. Mr. Craske, like Mr. Clive, has the gift ...

of versatile characterization. However small the parts the two take, they stand out boldly. Hamilton Tompkins, played by Mr. Craske, is a real person. He has talked here, the artistic poseur, in clubs and in drawing rooms, impressing women, however, more than men. One of the most delightful features of the performance was Mr. Craske's rhapsody over the statue with his conversation with the practical Mr. Dunn about the glories of ancient sculpture. And how admirable was Mr. Craske's make-up! Mr Joy gave a jaunty impersonation of the young man that disliked to be worried. Miss Roach again disfigured herself as the sour old maid with a past, and acted a conventionally farcical part in a convincing manner. Nor should Miss Ellis, who took the part of the genuine governess, be overlooked

A guide to deportment, discussing table manners, informs a palpitating questioner that a book should not be read at a meal, but a newspaper is permissible at breakfast. The statement is too sweeping. May not a bachelor, widower or grass widower read at table so that he will not "wolf" his food and impair digestion? That is, of course, if he breakfasts, lunches, dines alone. Leigh Hunt rhapsodized over the pleasure of lifting into hot-buttered toast and at the same time turning a page of some delightful book. There is a memorable sentence in Hazlitt's essay "On Going a Journey":

"It was on the tenth of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the New Eloise, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken."

It was at Llangollen that George Borrow had for his dinner salmon and leg of mutton. He had eaten better salmon, for to his taste the best in the world was caught in the river Suir that flows past the beautiful town of Clonmel in Ireland; but the leg of mutton was wonderful, for "the leg of mutton of Wales beats the leg of mutton of any other country." This leg was "rich but delicate, replete with juices derived from the aromatic herbs of the noble Berwyn, cooked to a turn and weighing just four pounds."

O, its savor smell was great,
Such as might well tempt, I trow,
One that's dead to lift his brow.'"

With the salmon Borrow drank water; with the mutton, ale, very fair ale but not the best ale of Llangollen. Borrow unlike Hazlitt did not in this Welsh village read a book at table, not even a volume of his dearly loved Welsh triads.

It is not given everyone to treat a book carefully or even decently when there is food before one. Wordsworth was a sad offender in this respect. Read De Quincey's account of the poet's visit at tea time to his cottage in Grasmere. Wordsworth picked up a volume of the complete works of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke, an edition that distressed De Quincey, for the lettering on the back was "Burke's Works," a cacophony that reminded him of John Dory, a name that he fantastically thought accounted for that poet's defect of ear. There was dry toast on the table; dry toast required butter; knives as well as the toast were buttered. The volume of Burke's works was uncut. Wordsworth used a buttered knife as a paper cutter.

A lonely man may be pardoned for taking a book to table. Think of the wretch forced to eat at a restaurant in summer, when his family is disporting itself at some mountain or seaside cottage. There are men that for a time find pleasure in listening to a garrulous waiter, but they soon tire of hearing about the character, sayings, exploits of her "common friend," complaints about the chef, the head waiter and the sister-waitresses, criticisms of leading actors and actresses in the world of the filmed play. A book is, after all, a better companion. One can shut it up without giving offence. A book thus treated cannot take its revenge by dilatory or contemptuous serving.

What a relief it would be to read a little between the pompous courses of a formal dinner, when a man is sandwiched between an inane, giggling chatterer and a woman, coldly indifferent or suspicious, disconcertingly mute. Why at dinners of this nature should not the hostess engage a professional reader with a clear, bell-like voice to read from some book of the day while there is gobbling with guzzling, as in the refectory of a monastery a brother reads from a book of devotion during the frugal meal of vegetables and herbs?

The Big Sweetheart

As the World Wags:

Seeing Mr. Shaw's comedy not long ago at the Copley Theatre and observing the passion of Marchbanks for the

[illegible] editor of [illegible] addressed [illegible] Mr Sparrow [illegible] verses [illegible] to his big sweetheart. [illegible] quote from memory, for I have not seen this poem, published in [illegible] Putnam's Magazine of the fifties, that [illegible] to the fine taste of the editor, George William Curtis—for many years.

Clementine, dove of my heart,
I dare not breathe thy name.
Like a peppermint stick, I stand apart
In a sweet though secret flame.
And when you look down on me
And the button atop of my cap
I feel as if something had got in my throat
And was choking against the strap.

I passed your garden and there
On the clothesline hung a few
Pantalettes, and one tall pair
Reminded me love of you.
And I thought as I swung on the gate
In the cold by myself alone
How soon the sweetness of hoarhound dies
But the bitter keeps on and on.

Boston. PERCY BEAUREGARD.

"Rinktum"

The word "rinktum" has been used by contributors to this column, contributors from several New England states. They use it to denote a joyous party, a "blow out." One that described a certain fish as a "rinktum" stands alone. Now in our little village in the western part of this commonwealth the word, was current in the sixties, but with another meaning. A father would say to his son, "What rinktum have you been up to now?" implying that the boy had been "cutting up," was in some scrape, putting buckshot by a sling through schoolhouse windows, tearing pickets off a fence, stretching a cord across a sidewalk at dusk, or playing the amusing game of tick-tack on a neighbor's door or window. Where did this word come from? Was it brought over from England? We do not find it in the Oxford dictionary, Wright's great dialect dictionary, or in "Slang and its Analogues."

"The Unpardonable Sin" Screen Version of Story by Maj. Rupert Hughes

"The Unpardonable Sin," adapted for the screen from the story of the same name by Maj. Rupert Hughes, had its first production in Boston last evening at the Majestic Theatre. The picture was directed by Marshall A. Neilan.

The action takes place during the European war, and is laid largely in Belgium. An American girl—Alice Parcot—having been taken by her mother to Belgium for the completion of her art education, is caught in the maelstrom which devastates that country and outrages its women and children, and both mother and daughter suffer martyrdom in the convent where they have taken refuge.

Alice writes to her sister, Dimmy, who has remained in their California home, disclosing the fact of the sin which has been committed and begging that no attempt be made to find them. But this has no restraining effect upon Dimmy and she starts at once for Washington to secure a passport. While passing through a small town in the Middle West the train is stalled and in making her way to another part of the town where a train is about to leave Dimmy is terrified by an attempted assault and loses consciousness.

The transaction has been seen by Noll Winsor, a young collegian of the town, and he takes Dimmy to his home. After she recovers from the shock which she has experienced she again continues her journey, only to find that passports are not issued to unmarried women. As Noll is going to Belgium also, to serve with a relief commission, he persuades Dimmy to marry him, in name only, and he unites his efforts with hers to find her mother and sister.

The dual role of Alice and Dimmy Parcot is played by Blanche Sweet, her first re-appearance after a two years' vacation. She is ably assisted by Matt Moore, who plays the part of Noll.

Harrowing scenes of suffering and brutality are relieved by the amusing escapades of a Belgian Boy Scout, played by Bobby Connelly, and a young Kan as refugee, admirably portrayed by Wesley Beery. A clear insight into the ways and means of German efficiency and kultur is shown by Col. Klemm, played by Wallace Beery, and who was the instigator of the assault upon the convent where Alice and her mother suffered at his hands. He mistakes Dimmy for Alice, and makes every effort to gain possession of her. When success seems to be within his grasp he loses, and Dimmy wins.

The Parcots are reunited and return home. Rolls's efforts in their behalf are well repaid by Dimmy.

The production is a vital, gripping picturization of human nature. It is a story which lays bare the strongest passions of which the human soul is capable. If viewed in the light of a moral lesson the benefit to be obtained is open to question, but if as an incentive to keep awake the hatred and abhorrence of Germany, and its "unpardonable sin," it is well worth seeing.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: The Gilbert & Sullivan Comic Opera Company of Fortune Gallo in "Pinafore." The cast:

The Admiral	William Danforth
The Captain	Bertram Peacock
Josephine	Mabel Day
Ralph Rackstraw	Warren Proctor
Dick Deadeye	Frank Moulan
Buttercup	Greta Risley
Hebe	Gladys Caldwell
The Boatswain	John Willard

It seemed as if all the opera lovers in Boston, with their sisters, their cousins and their aunts, were present at the Plymouth Theatre last evening to hear this famous comic opera sung, to laugh at the familiar lines and antics of Dick Deadeye, to sympathize with the youthful Rackstraw and the captain's daughter, and to enjoy thoroughly and enthusiastically the singing of the unusual company which is on its final week at this playhouse.

None of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas present such opportunities for ensemble work as does "Pinafore," and in none of them does the so-called popular air have such an exemplification. It is filled with lilting measures, replete with the airs one likes to whistle or hum, and in the case of the present company, they are sung with such perfect harmony and with such enthusiasm and pleasure that the audience demands encore after encore and applauds with as much fervor as if a famed prima donna were singing.

With such capable singers as William Danforth, who played the admiral, and Frank Moulan as Dick Deadeye, flanked by the wonderfully sweet and clear soprano of Mabel Day and the pleasing tenor of Warren Proctor as Rackstraw, with Greta Risley as Buttercup and a remarkably youthful and capable chorus, this company made one forget the old-fashioned theme and words and feel that "Pinafore" was of 1919 vintage.

Aside from slight hesitancies, because it was apparently the first production by this company, the work last evening was perfect. It is one of the best singing companies Boston has heard for many years. "Pinafore" will be repeated tonight and Wednesday evening, with matinees on Thursday and Saturday. "The Mikado" will be the bill for Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings.

Arlington Theatre. "The Rosary." Comedy drama in four acts by Edward E. Rose. The cast.

Rev. Father Brian Kelly	Mark Kent
Bruce Wilton	Dudley Ayres
Kenward Wright	Mark Elliston
Charley Harrow	Aubrey Bosworth
Leo "Skeeters" Martin	Morton L. Stevens
Kathleen O'Connor	Bella Cairns
Vera Wilton / Alice Marsh } Twin Sisters	Ruth Robinson
Leaura Watkins of Bellows Falls, Vt.	Eleanor Brent

Among modern plays of American life, few have exceeded "The Rosary" in popularity. The plot centres around happenings in a family not far from New York city. Trouble comes to them, they separate, and are brought together at last, and find peace and happiness through the good works of an humble parish priest. Comedy mingles with the more serious parts of the play, which throughout is a realistic picture of American life as it is lived today in many communities.

The scenery of the Arlington Theatre production reveals the charm of the locale of the play. The scene in the last act, a chapel, is novel and beautiful. The song, "The Rosary," is sung during the play by Laura C. Thompson, daughter-in-law of Denman Thompson. An excellent interpretation is given by Mr. Ayres and Miss Robinson in the leading roles.

"The Colleen Bawn," Dion Boucicault's Irish comedy, will be revived at the Arlington Theatre next week for the first time in Boston in many seasons.

IRENE BORDONI IS KEITH'S HEADLINER

Irene Bordoni, French artiste, and Lt. Gitz-Rice, in a repertory of songs, is the headline attraction of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was deeply interested.

Miss Bordoni is not only a singer with an agreeable voice and the possessor of rare physical charm, but she is interesting as well in a dramatic sense. The singer divides her program and sings in both French and English, and there is a different gown, which she wears becomingly, for each song. Thus after appearing in several costumes that made milady sit up and take notice, the comedienne affected the simple attire of the French peasant, and, barelegged, sang a song of the soil with much warmth. Lt. Gitz-Rice, who has several songs with a war motif to his credit as a composer, sang these and many others. Not a singer within the real meaning of the word, he can put a song of the light type "over," and there is a fine personality. At the conclusion of this act Miss Bordoni sang the "Marseillaise" in a ragged service uniform and clung tenaciously to the tricolor. The song brought the audience to its feet.

A unique [illegible] was the performance of [illegible] [illegible] nis [illegible] a parody of [illegible] its a poem in prose, di[illegible] very. He never makes the mistake of pounding home his jokes, nor is there any need, for they are both new to Boston audiences and given with the authority of one who knows his business.

Other acts on the bill were James Dutton and Company in an equestrienne act; Burns and Frabito, in laughable chatter, Franker Wood and Bunnee Wyde, in a satire of Greenwich Village that amused more by the charm and buoyancy of the comedians rather than as an exaggerated picture of New York Bohemians; Billie Reeves, in his "drunk" act; McMahon and Diamond, in an exceptionally good dancing act; Shaw and Campbell, in a musical act, and the Flying Mayos, trapeze performers.

The following verses from "The Scribleriad: an Heroic Poem" by Richard Owen Cambridge, published in 1751, are of peculiar interest today:

Let brisker youths their active nerves prepare,
Fit their light silken wings and skim the buxom air.
* * * * *
Mov'd by my words, two youths of equal fire
Spring from the crowd and to the prize aspire;
The one, a German, of distinguished fame;
His rival from projecting Britain came
They spread their wings, and with a rising bound
Swift at the word, together quit the ground.
The Briton's rapid flight outstrips the wind
The lab'ring German urges close behind,
As some slight bark pursu'd by ships of force
Stretches each sail to swell her swifter course.
The nimble Briton from his rival flies,
And soars on bolder pinions to the skies
Sudden the string, which bound his plumage, broke;
His naked arms in yielding air he shook,
His naked arms no more support his weight,
But fail him; sinking from his airy height,
Yet as he falls—so chance, or fate, decreed—
His rival near urg'd his wing'd speed
Not unobserv'd (despair suggests [illegible] thought):
Fast by the foot the heedless youth he caught,
And drew the insulting victor to the ground
While rocks and woods with loud applause resound.

Franklin and Balloons

The adventurer Casanova in a letter wrote that at a meeting of the Academie des Sciences at Paris in 1783 he sat next to Benjamin Franklin and was surprised at hearing Condorcet ask the American "if he thought that a balloon could go in various directions according to the will of the aeronaut"; that Franklin answered: "The thing is still in its infancy; it is necessary to wait." Was Casanova present on this occasion when the Marquis d'Arlandes, who had ascended with Pilatre du Rozier in the balloon of the Montgolfier brothers, read a report? It is true that Franklin spoke at this meeting, of which the Mecure de France gave an account. "M. Franklin made an excellent reply to those who constantly asked: 'What's the good of it? What useful purpose will it serve?' 'Gentlemen,' answered the profound thinker, 'It's a child just born; perhaps it will be an imbecile, perhaps a man of marked ability. Let us wait, to judge it, until its education is completed.'"

Truly a sage answer. How different was the Franklin that spoke through a "Trans-Mejim" in London when Artemus Ward heard him! Franklin was talking about the Atlantic Cable. "He said the Cable was really a merrytorious affair, and that messiges could be sent to America, and there was no doubt about their gettin there in the course of a week or two, which he said was a beautiful idear, and much quicker than by steamer or canal boat. It struck me that if this was Franklin, a spiritual life hadn't improved the old gentleman's intelleck particly."

An Advance Notice

The manager of Mme. Julia Culp announces that the singer has been divorced from her husband, a German who "is said to have been employed by the Kaiser during the war." Mme. Culp's new husband is a "wealthy Bohemian manufacturer," a Mr. Ginsky. Nevertheless, she will revisit the United States next season to sing in concert. Now that she has shaken off the old man and all his works we may confidently expect Mme. Culp to sing in Bohemian instead of German. It was reported that in the course of the war she said hard things about this country. Let us hope that the report was false; that she was not ungrateful.

Dr. Guilmette

As the World Wags:

In the Herald of May 28 there was an article about the late Dr. Guilmette

... I would like to answer ... Gill, ... Scotchman, Dr ... Guilmette), first came into prominence as a singer about 1865, when he sang in English opera at the old Howard Athenaeum, with the Cooper-Milner combination. The opera in which I heard him was Donizetti's "Elisir d'Amore." Annie Milner was the soprano and the celebrated violinist, Cooper, conducted. In that same company was J. F. Rudolphsen, who later became famous in concert and oratorio.

After some years Dr. Guilmette inaugurated a series of "Parlor Operas" at the old Music Hall in Winter street: "Don Pasquale," "Lucia de Lammermoor" and "The Bohemian Girl." Fannie Riddell, one of his pupils, was the prima donna, and her performance was that of an experienced artist. Dr. Guilmette essayed the respective roles of Don Pasquale, Ashton and Count Arnheim. John Farley's Edgar was an ideal performance at the first production of "Lucia," but later on his voice was not dependable, frequently breaking while attacking the high notes. In the same cast was the late Allen A. Brown of Boston as Arturo.

Dr. Guilmette, or "the old doctor" as his closest friends called him, was one of the regular soloists at Gilmore's Sunday night concerts. He prided himself upon his elocution, on many occasions declaiming the words of a recitative in a most dramatic manner, then closing the book and singing the aria. His first wife, who was a pupil of Mme. Rosa Garcia de Ribas, once the leading soprano singer in Boston, attained great prominence in New York as a vocal teacher.

Another venture of the doctor was the production of Rossini's Messe Solennelle at the old Selwyn's Theatre with Mrs. J. W. Allinson (Eva Brent) as solo soprano. There were very few brighter men of that time. ELIZA HALL.

June 5 '19

Henry Fielding, a lover of digressions, even in his novels—and who would wish these little essays fewer?—asked in the account of his voyage to Lisbon: "What then ought in general to be so plentiful, what so cheap, as fish? What then so properly the food of the poor? So in many places they are, and so might they always be in great cities, which are always situated near the sea, or on the conflux of large rivers." He then asker why in London the case is so far otherwise. "That, except that of sprats, there is not one poor palate in a hundred that knows the taste of fish."

Fielding might be writing this today of Boston, where we are told to eat fish on account of the high cost of meat, where fish is so dear. He did not search deeply into the cause of the evil at London, but he proposed remedies. (He had been a fearless magistrate.) Possibly these remedies may seem drastic to some, especially to dealers, but the great majority of men and women will read with grim approval.

"I humbly submit the absolute necessity of immediately hanging all the fishmongers within the bills of mortality; and, however it might have been some time ago the opinion of mild and temporizing men that the evil complained of might be removed by gentler methods, I suppose at this day there are none who do not see the impossibility of using such with any effect. * * * For surely, if a few monopolizing fish-mongers could defeat the excellent scheme of the Westminster market, to the erecting which so many justices of peace, as well as other wise and learned men, did so vehemently apply themselves * * * it would be a vain endeavor for any other body of men to attempt to remove so stubborn a nuisance. If it should be doubted whether we can bring this case within the letter of any capital law now subsisting, I am ashamed to own it cannot; for surely no crime better deserves such punishment; but the remedy may, nevertheless, be immediate, and if a law was made at the begining of next session, to take place immediately, by which the starving thousands of poor was declared to be felony, without benefit of clergy, the fish-mongers would be hanged before the end of the session."

Shad Stories

As the World Wags:

I would like to tell you of the shad that were caught in the Quinnebaug river in eastern Connecticut.

On the 5th of May, 1802, there were caught in our fishway near Jewett city at one haul of the seine 1208 shad and one salmon. Immediately after at the second haul of the seine 94 shad were taken. These shad sold for 10 cents each and the salmon brought as much per pound as the shad apiece. These fishing records go back a good distance into the 18th century and end in 1835 when the Greenville dam was built. The water power company that built the dam was obliged to put 500 shad over the dam every year, but the fish were caught before they reached "the falls," where the Aspinook Company now has its dam. Shad were quite plentiful until the year 1810 and then the number seems to have grown less and less until in the year 1819, when at our fish way were taken less than 2000 shad and no salmon in the whole season

The down stream shad taken in June sold for 6¼ cents each. They were thin and of light weight, mostly bones. (If a man or woman was thin and scrawny, it was said of them that they looked like a down stream shad.) These fish were hard to eat, yet there was a man, living on the farm now owned by Norman White of Brookline—east of Black hill, Plainfield, Ct.—that could eat shad so fast, it is said, that the fish went into his mouth on one side, the bones went out on the other, and the meat went down his throat. Shad were so cheap that there was enacted a statute (still on the books) in Connecticut forbidding the feeding a bound-out boy shad more than so many times a week (I have forgotten how many). The Legislature used to meet at Hartford or New Haven the first Monday in April, and the legislators used to be called "the shad eaters." Brain food, no doubt, and the cheapest food boarding houses and hotels could buy.

From the fishway on our farm were sold, or rather traded, nearly all the shad. The salmon were kept or sold for cash to the Huntingtons, Buckinghams, Tracys and others. We have cedar tubs in use now, made by a Lee of Hanover, a cooper, in our house on the old homestead. I have heard my grandfather say he "was glad when the Greenville dam was built," for the fish were getting scarce because the farms below us did not keep the law, which read "that no fishway on the river was to be fished except Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays."

Some farmers set nets and kept them in the river all the time. The fishway on the Sugar Brook farm (Norman White's) was noted for its large hauls of shad and salmon. This farm is above us on the river. At the falls where Aspinook is now the Indians used to spear salmon as they were near the surface when running the rapids. There must have been a great Indian encampment under the ledges at the falls. Within my memory Emmons, the artist, had 20 acres ploughed on the Haskell farm, following the furrow looking for Indian arrows and spearheads of which he found a great many hundreds. We have some of the old seines in our attick at the homestead; white pine floats weighted with lead at lower edge, the mesh about two inches. This would let alewives ("buckeys") and porgies (scup) through, as they were not worth the taking out of the water. The meaning of Quinnebaug is beautiful valley or water. Aspinook means clear, pure, fine, pertaining to water. G. A. R.

Wellesley.

June 6 1919

G. S. B. contributed these verses to the Tribune of New York:

NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDY.

In a long black frock
  And a high black stock,
Deacon Northrop went to meeting
  Just as steady as a clock.

With an air of solemn state
  And a very solemn gait,
Just as regular as taxes
  Deacon Northrop passed the plate;

And the congregation's hoard
  Of coppers for the Lord
In the Deacon's knotted kerchief
  Every Sabbath-day was stored.

None questioned where it went,
  Nor how it might be spent,
For once yearly Deacon Northrop
  Made report of every cent.

Those inclined to be severe
  Called the Deacon "awful near";
But the manner of his passing
  Claims the tribute of a tear.

He was sawing wood, alone,
  And he somehow tumbled prone,
Broke his sternum on the saw-buck
  And was found as cold as stone.

Deacon Hooker took his place—
  A man of oily face,
Who consults his watch in prayer-time
  And snaps the hunting-case.

For Bright-Eyed Boys

As the World Wags:

When the curtain shall have fallen upon the thrilling drama of "Alcohol" and the matter become one of purely academic interest, there will be no reason whatever in taste or propriety why such an "example" as the following may not appear in the arithmetics of the future: When any old kind of gin is selling at $2.75 per flagon as an irreducible minimum and vermouth at $1.50 for the same quantity, how in blazes can a quart of Martini cocktails, cunningly compounded from a mixture of these ingredients, be sold for $1.75, as advertised by one of our esteemed purveyors? This problem was offered to Sam Loyd, but was rejected by him as too indigestible a form of "Brain Food."

Boston. GAYLORD QUEX.

Public Library Readers

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent signing "Bibliophile" records his conviction that if there are pensions to be granted they should go, not to the attendants in the Public Library of Boston, but to the readers, as some compensation for the "trials and tribulations" they endure in process of their learned labors. Of course we quite realize that "Bibliophile" does not intend his humorous criticism to be taken too literally, and when a booklover is in a state of impassioned fervor for a given volume, and every copy is "out," one can fully realize his personal conviction that the universe in general is very badly managed. You are simply perishing, for instance, to read "The Education of Henry Adams," and to every application is returned the same legend of its absence. If this is not a "trial" and a "tribulation," what indeed could be? But as for these unfortunate conditions of mind being directly due to any fault of the library attendants, that is quite another matter. Taking the library service day by day, year by year, and the unfamiliar observer, the habitue, can hardly fail to admit the practically unvarying courtesy, the unwearied personal kindness, and the intelligent and helpful aid freely given by the heads of the various departments, and almost as invariably by all the attendants. The staff of the Public Library is composed of highly educated men and women. Without this education and wide culture they could not be there. It is the fundamental requisite for the positions. Added to these, and hardly of secondary importance, is the tact, the insight, the sympathy, essential for harmonious relations with the mass of readers and students. Dr. William T. Harris used to define as almost the first essential of conduct "the art of living well with people." In this art one may take many lessons during his hours passed in the library. There are, perhaps, few habitues of this institution who are not daily impressed by the patience, the unselfish aid, the exceeding kindness of the men and women in attendance. Many foreigners come to the library for books, or for information which they are illy able to specify or to make clear; and the ingenious manner in which their scanty and imperfect idea of what they want is interpreted by the official to whom they apply is not infrequently something interesting to observe. The bystander could hardly imagine just what the applicant is seeking; but the library attendant will suggest if it is not so-and-so; a list of books is sent for; the applicant is made happy, and though too unfamiliar with language and methods to know how to clearly prefer his request, he is assisted to the matter he desires. The same illustration is true regarding a vast number of applicants who are not foreigners. Neither libraries or librarians are exempt from human defects; but the fact that there are a constant tide of visitors in Boston, students and writers, much in evidence in the group of hotels adjacent to Copley square, who are here largely, or solely, for the privilege and resources of the library, which offers them greater facilities for their work than can be enjoyed elsewhere in the country, this fact is a commentary on our splendid Public Library and its courteous and faithful attendants, of which Boston may well be proud.

Boston. LILIAN WHITING.

Mr. Jasbo Brown

The Morning Telegraph of New York inquires into the origin of the word "jazz." New Orleans has claimed the honor, but a writer in Chicago says: "Good or bad, fad or institution, jazz was born in this city, developed in New Orleans, exploited in New York and glorified in Paris." "And Chicago presents as Exhibit A," says the Morning Telegraph, "Jasbo Brown, a Negro musician, who doubled with the cornet and piccolo. When he was sober, continues the special pleader, he played orthodox music, but when he imbibed freely of gin, which was a favorite pastime, he had a way of screaming above the melody with a strange barbaric abandon. One evening a young woman frequenter of the cafe where he held forth, tired of the conventional manner in which the music was being played, called out, 'A little more Jasbo in that piece.' The cry was taken up, 'Jazz! Jazz!' and jazz music was christened."

June 7. 1919

Divinists are sometimes unconscious as well as professional prophets. In 1873 Edmond de Goncourt noted that he had made a hit at a dinner by saying: "France will come to an end through the pronunciamento of academicians."

It was on June 7, 1873, that he looked years ahead. "I do not believe that the world will end because a society perishes. I do not believe in the end of the world after the destruction of the society now existing. However, I should like to know what sort of a physiognomy the world would have with libraries and museums destroyed by fire, a world striving to chose the most officially notorious unfit for its governors."

Mr. Jancai Rigo

Mr. Rigo, the fiddler with whom the Princess de Chimay, the American Clara Ward, ran away, is now going as a ... about the streets of New York, not necessarily mourning the princess, but the bejewelled bracelet she once put on his arm. There is a peculiarly tender association; the bracelet was made from a pair of bejewelled garters which King Leopold of Belgium had given to the princess. The present Mrs. Rigo, a generous soul, also mourns the loss, for she knows that her spouse looked on the bracelet as a charm. The gorgeous Clara has been consoled by the grave. Rigo is again a husband. Death put an end in 1909 to Leopold's liberal patronage of fair dames on or off the stage. Rigo still has his fiddle; he has a wife. If he finds the bracelet he will go on his way rejoicing.

When the elopement of the princess with Rigo amused Paris, one writer, Remy de Gourmont, found "this vulgar story of repugnant sentimentalism" not even new. It was traditional, he said: it is in folk lore, codified in old ballads. He quoted the old Scottish ballad of the lady that ran away with the gypsy laddie of seven.

The gypsies came to our lord's gate
And wow but they sang sweetly.
They sang sae sweet and sae very compleat
That down came the faire lady.

In this ballad the gypsies were hanged while the count smilingly looked at them out of a chamber window. The wife, perishing in the road, answered her reproachful lord: "What matter to me my houses and lands, what matters to me my gold. As I have brewed, I will drink. Farewell, my honey-boy. O!" (We re-translate from Gourmont's version.) The Prince de Chimay was of a different mettle. Perhaps he was relieved by Rigo of a burden.

Remy de Gourmont might also have quoted the ballad about the raggle-taggle gypsies sung here in a delightfully simple manner by the Fuller sisters. Then there are the variants, "The Gypsy Laddie," heard by adventurous folklorists in North Carolina, Virginia and Tennessee.

It was late in the night when the squire
  came home
Enquiring for his lady;
His servant made a sure reply:
She's gone with the gypsen Davy.
Rattle tum a-gypsen, gypsen,
Rattle tum a-gypsen Davy.

In this ballad the squire, known in another version as Lord Thomas, follows the eloping couple; the lady resists all entreaties to return; a kiss from the gypsy's lips is more to her than land and money. In one version the squire was as philosophical as the Prince de Chimay. After the lady, pursued by her husband, flaunts her love for Davy, the husband thus addresses her:

Go pull off them high-heeled pumps
  That's made of Spanish leather,
And give me your lily-white hand,
  We'll bid farewell forever.

It's a pity that Gourmont did not know these variants. He, a hardened cynic, until the present war broke out in the course of which he died, was shocked by the impudence of Clara in dictating the story of her escapade which filled three columns of a journal. "Let us read anecdotes of passion in the old ballads. They are much more beautiful, O!"

Yet there are gypsy women, in fiction at least, that might well lead men to leave home and mother. Harry Richmond in Meredith's novel should have married the gypsy girl. Lavengro, instead of talking about the Armenian language to Isopel Berners, should have wedded Ursula, with whom he had the remarkable conversation under the thorn bush to the amazement of eavesdropping Jasper Petulengro.

As for Clara, her passionate revelation was less pitiable than that made by Hazlitt of his foolish affair with Sarah Walker in "Liber Amoris." Other amorists have not been shy in public confession—witness Casanova, Goethe, Rousseau.

Sinners in Turn

It was on June 3, 1643, that Mr. James Howell, writing to a friend that God was angry, not with England, but with Englishmen, and finding his own heart "swell'd often with tympanies of vanity and tumors of wrath," himself "nought else but a cargazon of malignant humors, a rabble of unruly passions," remembered the saying of a noble English captain, "who, when the town of Calais was lost (which was the last footing we had in France), being jeer'd by a Frenchman, and ask'd, 'Now, Englishman, when will you come back to France?' answered, 'Oh, sir, mock not; when the sins of France are greater than the sins of England, the Englishman will come again to France.'"

As the World Wags:

Dr Guilmette sang a good deal in oratorios in Boston in the late 60's and early 70's, and had a regular engagement in the choir of King's Chapel—a fact which was said to add to the numbers of the congregation. He was in the habit of eating peanuts through the service and generally went out to get a drink during the sermon. It was common report that ...

... d ... ... e, ... and ...

... rly in ... who ... than was ... him ... Knight. He ... to ... children's ... in ... houses better than ... ant and a ... in- ... dance.

S. T. ... X.

June 8 1919

Sacha Guitry's play in five acts, produced last January at the Theatre du Vaudeville, Paris, with Lucien Guitry as Pasteur, has been published as a supplement to L'Illustration. What would a Boston audience say to this play? Would it sit it through? Yet the play is interesting reading.

There is no woman in it. The characters are Pasteur, his pupils, some physicians, a little boy and his grandfather, and the President of the Republic. The first act shows the Pasteur of 1870 in his office, talking with his pupils, deploring the fact that France neglects the work of the thinker. In the second act Pasteur and physicians dispute at the Academy of Medecine. In Act II. (1885) he tries his remedy on a boy bitten by a mad dog. In 1888 (Act IV.) the boy returns, a grateful patient, and promises to do him credit. In 1892 (Act V.) is the apotheosis of Pasteur at the Sorbonne. The dramatist has introduced in his dialogue passages from the lectures and addresses of Pasteur.

Truly a curious play. The idea of it came to Sacha Guitry when he read Vallery-Radot's book about Pasteur. "I thought of it often, but the theatrical interpretation of a personage like this seemed to me impossible, and I was on the point of abandoning the project when my father honored me by asking me to write a play for him. The idea of 'Pasteur' again came into my mind. . . . I do not think that at any moment I have been false to the memory of a man whose life I passionately admire, whose memory I venerate. It would be sweet for me to have served his immortal glory according to the feeble extent, alas, of my means."

Mr. W. L. Courtney of the London Daily Telegraph notes in an article on the "Episodical Drama" that Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," which will be seen in this country next season, and "Pasteur"—"two pieces which challenge some of the recognized laws of orthodox drama," were produced almost simultaneously in London and Paris with great success. And then he preaches a sermon on the text: "The fact seems to be that once again criticism is a halting process, and lags somewhat painfully behind the actual evolution of the drama. The history of criticism is a significant record of the various triumphs which dramatic authors have won over the critics. . . . All the great artists have serenely gone on their way in their own fashion, notwithstanding critical rebuke, knowing that just as language precedes the analysis which resolves it into grammar, so drama goes on increasing its realm long before the breathless critics have been able to make up their minds whether boundaries have been transgressed and sacred rules and ordinances disregarded. So in this case. You disbelieve in a possibility until it becomes a reality. . . . Of course it is a dangerous road to travel. Artists with original ideas have to take their own risks, but the only test is whether they reach their destination or wander in by-paths. Perhaps there is no such thing as a 'fault' in the evolution of art. What we call a fault, owing to conservative prejudice, is just an experiment, an experiment in which an artist believes—though whether he is justified in his belief is another matter. If he is justified we no longer talk of a fault. . . . The truth would seem to be that we must never apply a priori rules to the practice of artists, who on their part must be equally submissive if it is discovered that their new experiment is valueless."

Does any one of the thousands that have seen "Sinbad" at the Boston Opera House remember "Sinbad the Sailor and the Wonderful Voyages, or Harlequin of the Diamond Valley," brought out at the Howard Athenaeum on Dec. 27, 1869? W. B. Cavanagh was the ingenious author. The chief parts were thus allotted: Sinbad, Jennie Engle; Capt. Cash, A. J. Leavitt, Widow Dolloldemum, Harry Bloodgood; King Diamond Star, Laura Le Clair. Emily Rigl was billed on the program of the opening night as Pearl, but she and the character were apparently dropped soon afterward. Did she take part the opening night? Programs are not always trustworthy. In the harlequinade, Maffitt, Bartholomew, Carle and Mlle. Emma were, respectively, Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin and Columbine.

There was no Al Jolson in those days to draw crowds to the Howard, but the piece was successful, and it was revived there. We are sorry for those that never saw Harry Bloodgood, whose real name was Carlos Moran, amazingly funny in farce, extravaganza, burlesque or a Negro minstrel show, for he was versatile. We see him now in "I'll Get to Come," an act that would win favor now that the air is full of moving things; for the story was of a balloon ascension. He died too soon at North Conway, N. H., in 1886. Even Mr. Jolson would have laughed at Bloodgood's jokes and pranks.

A famous old play will be revived at the Arlington Theatre this week. Boucicault's "Colleen Bawn." It is based, as old theatregoers know, on certain episodes in Gerald Griffin's novel "The Collegians."

We are indebted to Mr. E. F. Edgett for the following sketch:

"Boucicault, however, was anticipated by another dramatist, J. Egerton Wilks, whose 'Eily O'Connor, or the Foster Brother,' was produced at the City Theatre in London on July 23, 1831. Ellen Tree appeared as the Widow Cregan; James Vining as Hardress Cregan, and J. B. Buckstone as Lowry Lobby, the prototype of Boucicault's Myles-na-Coppaleen. This play, however, failed to attract the populace, and it soon disappeared from view.

"Dion Boucicault's version, the full title of which is 'The Colleen Bawn, or The Brides of Garryowen,' was acted for the first time on any stage at Laura Keene's theatre in New York, on March 27, 1860, with Boucicault himself as Myles; H. F. Daly as Hardress Cregan; Charles Wheatleigh, as Danny Mann, Charles Fisher as Kyrle Daly; Milnes Levick as Hyland Creagh; Agnes Robertson (Mrs. Dion Boucicault) as Eily O'Connor; Laura Keene as Anne Chute; Madame Ponisi as Mrs. Cregan, and Mary Wells as Shelah. Its popularity was immediate, and it opened in London at the Adelphi Theatre on Sept. 10, 1860, with Mr. Boucicault and Miss Robertson in the roles they played in New York, John Billington as Hardress Cregan, David Fisher as Kyrle Daly, Edmund Falconer as Danny Mann; Mrs. Billington as Mrs. Cregan, and Mrs. Alfred Mellon as Anne Chute. Thirty-six years later, in 1896, at the Princess Theatre, London, Agnes Robertson acted the role of Mrs. Cregan.

"There have been many performances in Boston of 'The Colleen Bawn.' Boucicault himself acted Myles-na-Coppaleen, several times at the Boston Museum, and once at the Hollis Street Theatre in November, 1887. Mr. and Mrs. Florence also presented it here, first in May, 1863, at the Boston Theatre, and for the last time at the same house in the spring of 1875. It has been seen at the Grand Opera House, the Bowdoin Square, the Majestic and the Castle Square, the last performance at that house being in March, 1905, when Mark Kent, who will play the same character this week, appeared as Myles. Howell Hansel was then the Kyrle Daly, Edward Wade the Father Tom, De Witt C. Jenning the Danny Mann, A. H. Van Buren the Hardress Cregan, Frances Starr (now famous the country over) as Eily O'Connor, Lilian Kemble as Anne Chute, and Kate Ryan as Shelah, the role she will also to be seen in again during the coming revival.

"The story of 'The Colleen Bawn' is said to have been founded on fact, but as the novel, 'The Collegians,' was written about a dozen years after the murder, the author was compelled to alter the facts so as not to offend the living members of the culprit's family, who held high position in the city and country of Limerick. The story may be found in the 'Recollections of an Irish Police Magistrate.'

"'The Colleen Bawn' was one of the first of sensational dramas in which a striking mechanical effect was a principal atraction, and an early example of the play in which the actor becomes of secondary importance to the mechanician and scene painter. Transparent stage water had never before been seen, and a few yards of light blue gauze pleased the audience as much as the acting. The invention of the gauze water, and the idea of Myles taking the 'header' were not due to Boucicault. The latter notion occurred to an old stage carpenter at Laura Keene's Theatre the first day he was building the scene, and he suggested it to Boucicault, saying: 'A dive would go better than an ordinary jump.' Boucicault caught the idea at once and made the incident a part of his play."

Let us add a little to Mr. Edgett's notes.

The last performance in Boston, as far as we can ascertain, was at the Majestic Theatre, June 20, 1910, by Charlotte Hunt's Stock Company. Charlotte Hunt took the part of Eily; Eleanor Brownell, that of Mrs. Cregan; Richard Buhler played Myles; Florence Hale, Shelah; the Danny Man, H. Brooks; Cregan, J. S. Barrett; Ann Chute, Olive Templo. J. Dunton, W. Balfour and C. Stevens took other parts.

Eily O'Connor was the real name of a poor girl who lived in Garryowen, a suburb of Limerick. Scanlan, a gentleman of family and fortune, married her secretly, then tired of her and wooed Miss Chute. To be free he killed Eily, throwing her into the river Shannon. He was tried and convicted in 1820. The populace was so bitter against him that no conveyance could be procured to take him to the gallows. At last two turf carts belonging to his tenants came along. The horses were transferred, but at the foot of [illegible] the horses [illegible] would not be [illegible] on. Scanlan was obliged to get out and walk. The crowd thought the action of the horses a manifestation of the abhorrence of heaven at the crime." Scanlan protested his innocence. Gerald Griffin softened the character of Scanlan and many of the incidents.

Boucicault said that after the failure of his "Vanity Fair"—it had nothing to do with Thackeray's novel—Laura Keene asked him for a play, or at least a subject. That night he picked up Griffin's novel with others in a little cellar second-hand book shop. Laura Keene received the next morning this note: "I have it! I send you seven steel engravings of scenes around Killarney. Get your scene painter to work on them at once. I also send a book of Irish melodies, with those marked I desire scored for the orchestra. I will have the first act of a new play finished soon. We will rehearse it while I work on the second. We can get the play out in a fortnight."

A good story, but Boucicault was of a romantic nature. Mrs. Barney Williams told another story. Boucicault had agreed to furnish her and Barney a new Irish play, to be ready in the fall of 1860. In January or February he read them the first two acts. They were delighted. Boucicault was then house dramatist for Miss Keene. Imagine the surprise of the Williams couple when "The Colleen Bawn" was brought out at her theatre. Mrs. Williams told Mr. Townsend Walsh, the author of an admirably written life of Boucicault, that he was profusely apologetic. "Vanity Fair" had failed and he had nothing else to offer Miss Keene but this Irish play.

Agnes Robertson once told Emily Soldene that she herself had suggested the play to her husband and that he completed it within a few days after he began it.

The play, adapted by Adolphe d'Ennery and entitled "Le Lac de Glenaston," was produced in Paris at the Ambigu-Comique Oct. 17, 1861.

"The Colleen Bawn" was parodied in London soon after the production at the Adelphi. One parody was written by H. J. Byron, "The Cooleen Drawn," at the Surrey in 1862.

The burlesque "Eily O'Connor" was performed for the first time in America at Wallack's Theatre, Aug. 6, 1862. Mr. and Mrs. Florence, William Davidge, Emma Skerrett were among the players.

Mr. Edgett also contributes a note about "Niobe," the farce that amused audiences at the Copley Theatre last week.

"The production of 'Niobe' in Boston antedated that in New York by two months, its first performance here coming at the Boston Museum on June 29, 1891, with William F. Owen as Peter Amos Dunn, Carrie Turner as Niobe, B. R. Graham as Jefferson Tompkins, Mrs. E. A. Eberle as Helen Griffin, Beatrice Lieb as Caroline Dunn, Charles Coote as Cornelius Griffin and Theo M Brown as Phineas Innings. In other casts, including that at the Copley during the past week, Tompkins and Innings are given, respectively, the Christian names of Hamilton and Philip."

Were not the names "Jefferson" and "Phineas" given for the sake of American "atmosphere"? In the play as printed in England the action takes place in this country, and there are allusions to American cities.

Mr. Jewett will revive "Are You a Mason?" for the pleasure of his faithful flock. This farce that excited the indignation of the late William Winter in his most prudish mood, was adapted by Leo Ditrichstein from a German farce, "Die Logenbrueder," by Laufs and Kratz, which was produced at the Residenz Theatre in Berlin on Dec. 4, 1897. The farce was played in German at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, on Feb. 17, 1898. Mr. Ditrichstein's adaptation was brought out at Wallack's, New York, on April 1, 1901. Mr. Ditrichstein took the part of George Fisher. Frank Perry, John C. Rice; Amos Bloodgood, Thomas A. Wise; Hamilton Travers, Arnold Daly; Mrs. Bloodgood, May Robson; Lottie, Sally Cohen; Eva, Esther Tittell; Annie Bloodgood, Nellie Butler; Lulu Bloodgood, Jeannette Northern; Mrs. Halton, Charlotte Lambert; John Halton, George Richards, Cecil de Mille, Charles Greene, Thereso Renold, Amy Muller were also in the cast. When the farce was brought to Boston (Boston Museum, April 14, 1902), Arnold Daly was replaced by Charles J. Greene; May Robson, by Gertrude Whitty; Miss Butler, by Miss Hadsell; Miss Northern, by Miss Chappell. Miss Muller played Mrs. Halton, and Miss Travers succeeded Miss Muller as Fanchon. Yet the cast was then advertised as the original New York cast. The farce has been played at the Castle Square Theatre several times; also in other houses in this city.

"A Voice in the Dark," the new play that comes to the Park Square Theatre, was originally entitled "Look and Listen." The play was written by Ralph E. Dyar, who is said to be a journalist in Spokane. It has been revised by Mr. Mack. The play has been described as "cinemaphonic," which is a word undoubtedly coined by some ingenious press agent. There are certainly new [illegible] ... a ... r ... e ... heard. It is therefore ... A production at Atlantic City was announced in April for May 1. The subject of the play is a mysterious murder.

A revival of "Oh! Boy" by the industrious Messrs. Bolton and Wodehouse, music by Jerome Kern, will open the summer season of musical comedies at the Plymouth Theatre. Produced at Schenectady, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1917, the Princess Theatre, New York, Feb. 19, 1917, the comedy came to the Wilbur Theatre, Boston, Aug. 1 of that year and pleased many. It had the honor of being the first theatrical performance at Camp Devens (Sept. 30, 1917). When the comedy was produced at the Kingsway, London, on Jan. 27, 1919—it was described as "a new musical peace pieces"—the title was changed to "Oh! Joy." Brought out in England at Manchester, Dec. 16, 1918, the piece was changed somewhat for London. The father-in-law of George Budd was turned from being Judge Daniel Carter into Sir John Carter. Tom Powers played Budd in London as in New York. In Boston the part was taken by Charles Compton.

Notes About Opera, Concerts, Music in General and Musicians

The musical library of John S. Shedlock, the London music critic, brought at auction about £186.

The London Times thus spoke of Ravel's piano trio as recently performed: "We think he conceived his four movements as water colors, as soft washes and filmy atmosphere, whereas the colors were made to stand out, notably by the piano, almost as crudely as in an oleograph. His whispered secrets were told on the housetops; his sighs of happiness became formal climaxes, his tentative suggestions solid arguments, and his malicious irony scolded us as if we had been doing something wrong. There was some clear and skilful playing, but it is possible to make things too clear." The same writer spoke of "the two points in which the violoncello excels the violin—its power of grave and tender statement of noble sentiment, and its capacity for dry, humorous comment." Miss Beatrice Harrison brought out on May 3 Stanford's "Ballata and Ballabile"—dance with and without a song for violoncello and orchestra (arranged for piano by the composer). "The two movements are respectively pensive and merry; they are easy to play and thoroughly effective; they contain neither surprises nor dull tracts, and they do what they set out to do—make one want to sing and dance.

Verdi's "Falstaff" was performed in English at Drury Lane on May 3 by Sir Thomas Beecham's Company. The Times had this to say about the ... opera itself: "In discussing ... very different work of Verdi's, his 'Stabat Mater,' we wrote of his power of putting everything he felt or had to say on any subject into a single pregnant melody or phrase. This aspect of his genius was brought to a fine point in his long theatrical experience and illuminates the brilliant comedy of his old age. It outlines every character, sharpens episode to its context. Falstaff chuckling over the thought of his conquest 'from eleven till two,' swaggering off in brave attire to the wooing, and subsequently ruminating in the same garments waterlogged by his ducking is always the same Falstaff and needs no leit motiv to declare him. It is the different mood, absurd in the violence of its contrast, that the music gloats over. Sometimes it is an orchestral quip showing 'honor' vanishing into 'invisible ether,' or the brazen-tongued trills on the trumpets sweeping Bardolph and Pistol out of the house. Then again, if there is nothing on the stage for the music to outline, Verdi can always go on humming a tune for his own and his hearers' enjoyment. There is a moment at the end of the last scene but one, with Anne at the window and Fenton in the street, with old Dame Quickly toddling about and hatching the great plot, where elaborateness would have spoilt all. But Verdi never fusses; he just makes music; and it becomes one of the loveliest moments in the opera."

The enormous personal success achieved on Tuesday afternoon in the Queen's Hall by Mr. Albert Coates, in conjunction with the London Symphony orchestra, was of so extraordinary a kind, more especially for an English conductor, that many correspondents have been moved to write to me as to the nature of the programs of the concerts he is down to conduct. With one accord they urge that as Mr. Coates probably knows his Scriabin and other Russian composers who were just beginning to be known here when the war began better than our conductors can have known them, why can he not be heard in their works instead of in those which have been played usque ad nauseam year in, year out, for countless years? "We want more modern music than Saint-Saens or even 'Tannhauser.'" That is their cry, and I repeat it that they who run may read. I have no idea who selected Mr. Coates's programs, but I must say I agree with my correspondents that we do not, or ought not, to ask him to show his paces, as it were, in programs which are the last word in

what one correspondent calls "conductorial mediocrity stuff"!—London Daily Telegraph, May 3.

A correspondent writes: What, would you suppose, is the sort of music that children are most likely to enjoy—that is to say, just ordinary children who have not been brought up in an exceptionally musical environment? One could give quite a long list of compositions, such as Schumann's "Children's Scenes," for instance, which might be cited as particularly suitable for a juvenile audience. But experience has shown that it is not by any means invariably music primarily designed for youthful consumption that really satisfies the requirements of very young folk. Individual tastes differ in the young, as in their elders, and anybody framing a program intended to interest the former must needs take that consideration into account. These reflections were prompted by the "holiday concert"—a wholly delightful little affair—which was given at Steinway Hall. The program was arranged with the view to its proving acceptable to boys and girls of school age—from 9, say, to 18—though most of the children present appeared to represent ages a good deal below that maximum. And there was nothing in that program which could be characterized as unworthy, and hardly anything that the older folk present could not and did not enjoy.—London Daily Telegraph.

And what were the selections that pleased these young hearers, music by Rameau for piano, violin, 'cello; Chopin's Ballade in A flat, which pleased so greatly that the young ones asked for more of Chopin's music; Cyril Scott's "Water Wagtail" for piano; songs by Schubert, Stanford and others sung by Plunket Greene.

Has Coleridge-Taylor's suite "Othello" been played in this country? Performed recently in London, it was described as little known.

Arthur Somervell has written a clarinet quintet. In Boston he is known chiefly, if not solely, by his songs. We knew him in Berlin in the early eighties when he was studying composition with Kiel. A charming youth, he did not expect to live long, as he was thought to have a serious affection of the heart. One of his best songs, "Once at the Angelus," was first sung in Boston by Gardner Lamson, who brought out at the same recital Cesar Franck's "Emir of Bengador."

The Daily Telegraph of London speaks again of Bryceson Treharne:

"Some six weeks ago mention was made in these columns of a number of songs by an American composer, Bryceson Treharne, of whom we gladly spoke in terms of high praise. A set of six more songs by the same composer (published by Messrs. J. Fisher and Brother, New York and Birmingham) is now to hand; and in not one of them is there anything that calls for a revision of the previous estimate of Mr. Treharne's powers. As a composer he has acquired a habit of modulating enharmonically with a rather unnecessary freedom. But for all that, he writes with genuine sincerity, with a real desire to illustrate the verses he chooses with no indiscriminating eye, and with no lack of inventive power. As to the separate merits of the six songs under notice, individual tastes are sure to differ. It is certain, however, that few will resist the plaintive beauty of 'O men from the fields' (words by Padraic Colum), or the rugged force of 'Ye that have faith.' The lyric of this latter song was found in the pocket of a young Australian soldier who died, unidentified, in the trenches at Gallipoli."

For a special week of opera at the "Old Vic," London, these operas were demanded by ballot: "Mignon," "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Carmen," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "Lohengrin," "Faust." It is noteworthy that the audience did not ask for one of Puccini's operas.

A Frenchman, writing about Camille Erlanger, who died recently, said: "He was a very distinguished musician with a very marked sense of the picturesque and the power to envelope a poem in an atmosphere of poetry and charm." Figaro said he was the best pupil of Delibes. Erlanger's intimate friends called him "the Massenet of tomorrow." A cooler judge found that his music lacks originality and inspiration in melody and distinction in character. Erlanger was frequently confounded with the Baron Frederic d'Erlanger, who has also written operas.

I do hope we are not going to encourage too many colored jazz band performers in this country. The colored man is all right in his place, but, at a time like this, when young girls have so much freedom, it is just as well that the line of racial distinction should be tightly drawn so that the colored man may not get false ideas about our women folk.—The Stage (London).

On June 2 Sir Thomas Beecham and Sir Alfred Butt opened a season of opera of lighter texture than "grand" at Drury Lane. The idea is to put Covent Garden in the position of the Grand Opera in Paris, Drury Lane in that of the Opera Comique. "Sir Thomas stated that opera in the vernacular was now permanently fixed in the hearts of the people all over England, that the future of music lay in the theatre on account of its comparative newness in England in contrast with orchestral music, of which many, many examples are forthcoming but do not amount to much. A correspondent of the Daily Telegraph applauds the purpose of giving light opera.

"This I regard as a priceless idea because, if we English have created in the past a few "grand" operas of a high order of operatic merit, they have remained but few, while it seems much more in the nature of the English to create even masterpieces in the other genre. Now that we are to have a theatre which is to exist for this kind of opera, it is not difficult to believe that in the course of years we may possess a complete school of native opera. And it will not, or at any rate need not, interfere in the least with that vast cosmopolitan crowd in London which yearns for cosmopolitan opera and its prima donna or primo tenore, and prefers 'Caro nome' to the opera in which it occurs, 'Salve dimora' to 'Faust.' It is certain that at Covent Garden in the coming season the attempt will be made to satisfy as far as possible both kinds of audience, the prima donna admirers and those who love the opera and its ensemble."

Apropos of the new season of Russian ballet at the Alhambra, London, which will last till nearly the end of July, the Times remarks: "We do not feel certain that the management will be able to continue giving music without dancing in their programs. Nothing on earth can persuade a London audience, however well dressed and 'artistic,' that music in a theatre is meant to be listened to. Continued chatter during music can just be endured; but when it comes to shrill cackles of laughter in one of the boxes during a peculiarly interesting pianissimo passage, one feels that it is no good offering music unless the management offers at the same time a cinema show, or something of the kind, to occupy the attention of the audience. Be that as it may, it was possible to some extent to enjoy Rimsky-Korsakoff's 'Overture on Russian Themes' and Glazounoff's 'Stenka Razin' (a symphonic poem built on an old Russian legend and old Russian airs), both admirably conducted by Ernest Ansermet (of the Geneva Symphony concerts), who also conducted 'Petroushka.'"

Seeing that art is an undeniable fact in life, and is destined to become a still greater factor in human progress, is it not time that we awoke as a nation to the realization of our duty to contribute our best toward the world's music, and our equal duty to behave fairly to our native musicians? Music is a vocation rather than a profession, and since suffering, torture and privation will not stamp the artistic instinct out of the human breast once it is planted there, it would be far finer for us to face the problem boldly than to continue to flout our native composers and musicians. It is a dog's life, but, curiously enough, it is the one life worth living to some.—A. Eaglefield Hull in the Herald (London).

The English Folk Dance Society has emerged from the war stronger than ever; this is partly due to the fact that the army authorities have discovered the value of folk dancing as a method of physical training, and as a form of recreation it has become popular with men both in the training camps at home and abroad. At present 15 teachers are giving lessons to troops. Several local education authorities have also encouraged members of their teaching staff to qualify for the society's certificate, and at the Easter vacation school last week at York there were among the students many teachers from Newcastle, Bradford and Manchester.—London Times.

The Boston Music Company has published six songs by Sergei Rachmaninoff—"Lilacs," "At Night," "Into My Open Window," "Morning," "The Island," "The Coming of Spring." Carl Engel, an accomplished musician of fine musical taste, has supplied the English text, and the music has been edited by Mr. Clough-Leiter. These songs, published for high and for low voice, will be a valuable addition to a singer's repertory. The accompanist must be a skilled pianist.

The White-Smith Music Publishing Company publishes four songs for a high voice by H. N. Redman. The text of "Day Break" is by Victor Hugo, that of "On the Wild Rose Tree" by Richard Watson Gilder, that of "Adieu" by Thomas Carlyle. The author of "The Red Leaf" is not named. The same firm publishes "Dream Tryst," a simple melody by Charles Wakefield Cadman, dedicated to Mme. Alda. It is published in three keys.

The London Times said of Mme. Melba, now known as Dame Melba, who took the part of Mimi on the opening night (May 12) of the opera season at Covent Garden, that she "just went on being herself and giving us that pure thread of silver sound which makes its presence felt above all obstacles."

Random Notes About Plays, Old And New, and Stage Folk

Edward Martyn's symbolical drama, "Regina Eyre," produced at the Irish Theatre, Dublin, April 28, with Maire Nic Shiubhlaigh as Regina, should have been reviewed by his friend George Moore, who in his autobiographical trilogy is never weary of discussing "Edward." The Stage said that Martyn's thesis overpowers his sense of the theatre. This thesis is that materialism must forever seek to destroy idealism and can only end in destroying itself. The play is described as "cloudy in its symbolism and with no glints of humor piercing its pervasive gloom." The play had been imperfectly rehearsed.

"Flat-Iron Flynn," by Thomas King Moylan, produced at the Empire, Dublin, on the same night, seems more attractive. Fred O'Donovan took the part of Flynn, real estate agent and company promoter.

The Paris correspondent of The Stage says that "The Devil in the Belfry" (Poe's tale), with music by Debussy, has been found "with one or two other operas" among his papers. Is this true? The report was that Debussy had not even begun work on this opera.

Wright Symons, baritone, who has sung in Boston, has been engaged as understudy for Marion Green in "Monsieur Beaucaire," Messager's opera, which is having great success in London.

While the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre was filling on Monday to see "La Dame aux Camelias," Mme. Blanche Dufrene, the well known actress, who was to play the part of Marguerite Gautier, committed suicide in her dressing room. Mme. Dufrene had come to the theatre early in the afternoon for the rehearsing of a new play. Towards 6 o'clock she retired to her room, saying to her dresser that she wanted to take a rest. The dresser returned towards 8 o'clock for the evening performance. She went to her mistress' room, looked through a small pane of glass at the top of the door, and to her horror saw the actress hanging at the window handle. Scene-shifters opened the door of the room and cut the string which was round the actress' neck. The unfortunate artist had been dead for some time. The manager of the theatre informed the public that owing to a terrible accident which had befallen Mme. Dufrene, the performance would not take place. Mme. Dufrene, who was a small, nervous woman, was said to have been suffering from neurasthenia during the last few months, resulting from overwork. Mme. Dufrene, who was 44, was the best pupil of Sarah Bernhardt. She was first noticed by Sardou, who gave her a part in one of his plays. For many years past she had been appearing in the parts in which Sarah Bernhardt made her reputation, including that of the Duke of Reichstadt in "L'Aiglon."—The Stage, May 15.

That there is a very considerable public waiting eagerly for the establishment of repertory theatres with a high standard in the choice of plays is no longer questionable. In the theatre, as in any other undertaking, it is the determined idea, and that alone, that can prevail. But with it, and fair opportunity, success is certain.—John Drinkwater in the Daily Mail.

The present craze for pleasure is undoubtedly the result of reaction. The nation can be likened to a man who has been very ill for four years, and is now in the convalescent stage. Instead of going to the seaside or abroad to recuperate, he is staying in London, and taking dancing and the theatre as a tonic. Why not? I think we all deserve as much harmless pleasure as we can get, now that the strain caused by the war is over. The rush for all kinds of enjoyment is quite natural, and, as far as I can see, is having no ill effect on the nation.—Prebendary Carlisle, D. D., in the Sunday Express.

The kinema has made such great strides in the short years of its existence that the enthusiasts are already predicting an untimely end to the stage, as we know it at present, its place being wholly taken by moving pictures. There seems no reason why this should not happen—in time. It all depends on three points, which are: (1) Color, (2) sound, (3) substance. When these three things are settled there is no reason why a play should not be produced by film even more effectually than on the stage owing to the greater scenic scope. Instead of the "first night" in London there would be a "first night" of a popular actor and actress simultaneously all over England—possibly all over the world.—A Film Producer, in the Daily Mail.

I am inclined to think that the unbusinesslike character of the average theatre manager (a babe unborn in business matters) is responsible to some extent for the fact that many potential capable dramatists have turned their attention away from the stage and concentrated their energies on other forms of literary activity.—St. John Ervine in the Weekly Dispatch.

The answer to the question as to why such a large number of American plays are being produced at so many of our theatres is perfectly simple. The English authors are entirely to blame. I do not mean to say that they are not writing plays these days. Far from it. Scores are submitted to me, and I read five, sometimes as many as ten, a day. But the manuscripts are of no use to our audiences. They might make good fires, but never successful plays!—Arthur Bourchier in the Sunday Express.

The theatrical tourist, like the racegoer, is for the moment at the mercy of provincial profiteers. Rooms which used to be hireable for 15s. and 18s. a week are now 28s. and 30s., and many of the landladies refuse to cook puddings or to keep water hot for baths. The leading lady of a musical comedy traveling the best towns quotes her chorus as saying that they cannot live decently on £3 a week. "Most of them," she adds, "look as if a square meal wouldn't do them any harm."—Daily Chronicle.

Charles Hawtree applied for orders of discharge from bankruptcy proceedings last month. The proceedings were instituted in 1894 and 1916. The official receiver said, with regard to the negotiations referred to, that they were in respect of a claim amounting to about £10,000 under the bankruptcy of 1894. In respect to the latter the creditor was secured by rights in the piece entitled "The Private Secretary."

"The Maid of the Mountains" will be played in London for the 1000th time on June 27. "It will be the fifth play running during the war to reach that landmark, the others having been 'Chu Chin Chow,' 'Romance,' 'A Little Bit of Fluff' and 'Peg o' My Heart.'"

In a revue at the new little theatre in Paris, La Portiniere, opened May 2, there were many satirical scenes, among them the high cost of living, the Victory Festival and the marriage of Sacha Guitry. "No one could countenance the song about a certain manager and a young and charming actress who happened to be there. There may be a snobbish set who will revel in this sort of public tittle tattle, but every decent man and woman shared the feelings of her escort, who was only prevented from going and thrashing the authors by the coolness of the young lady herself."

Henry Bernstein has abandoned the management of the Gymnase in Paris. The theatre reverts to M. Frank who has an option on all of Bernstein's works.

Sacha Guitry will appear in his new play "Beranger" next fall at the Ambigu.

A. de Courville has obtained the Theatre des Champs Elysees. Let us hope that he will not confine exclusively to spectacular revues this most beautiful theatre in Paris, which was the home of the Boston Opera Company during an unforgetable season before the war.—The Stage, May 8.

Nobody who regards the theatre seriously can fail to be deeply and painfully impressed by the low artistic standard of the modern productions. From the spectacular point of view they are gorgeous. But in reality, alas! our theatre of today is at a very low ebb. Our plays are like nothing on earth except a series of music hall turns loosely strung together. It is, however, very difficult to see how the tone of the drama is to be raised. The theatre has a great mission to perform in the life of the nation—a great and beneficent influence to exercise.—Henry Arthur Jones, in the National News.

George R. Sims and Louis N. Parker are writing a drama for Drury Lane to be produced in the fall. Mr. Sims will be 72 in September; Mr. Parker 67 in October.

Henry Bataille's new play for next season in Paris is entitled "L'Homme a la Rose."

Dr. John Roach Straton, so far as we know, is the first American clergyman to come out in favor of a subsidized theatre. There may have been others of his calling who promulgated the same idea, but if so we have overlooked them. In a sermon the subject of which was "Give a Thought to Broadway," Dr. Straton said "it would be just as regrettable to have the public schools under public management. In other words, he goes a little farther than the average advocate of subvention, as we understand it. He would make the theatre strictly a municipal institution, and let a supervisor of morals determine the public taste by instinct. The people could pay taxes and provide for the upkeep of playhouses, but the people would not have anything to say as to the character of plays presented for their entertainment. That would be left to a bureau chief at City Hall, or mayhap to a Baptist preacher on Fifth avenue. The good doctor has delivered himself of much touching on and appertaining to Broadway in recent months, much that has revealed a paucity of information as to conditions there, but he outdoes himself in the plea that the theatre be made a municipal institution, while at the same time intimating that after their transformation the people themselves would have nothing to say, as they have all to say now, as to what plays should be produced and made successes.—Morning Telegraph (N. Y.), June 3.

We need, all over the country, independent and local efforts to organize so much of the public as already feels the need of a better drama than it gets. That public is fairly large, but it finds no chance of expressing a desire which, under the pressure of circumstance, becomes dulled. It is very easy in England to go to the theatre and be amused, or at least to imagine yourself amused, in the presence of hundreds of people who appear to be so. But if a lead were given to those who like something better than the ordinary dramatic fare, the desire would increase and would attract and influence others.—The Times Literary Supplement.

SUK'S SERENADE

A concert of Czeckoslovak and miscellaneous music, under the direction of Emanuel Ondricek, will take place in Jordan Hall next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Josef Suk's Serenade op. 6 for strings will be played by an orchestra composed of Mr. Ondricek's students, assisted by members of the Boston Symphony, McDowell Club and New England Conservatory orchestras. Mr. Ondricek says this serenade has not been played in America, and he regrets the neglect of Czech composers. Surely Smetana and Dvorak are familiar names in Boston. Music by Fibich has been played here, and orchestral and chamber music by other Czech musicians. Mr Ondricek also writes: "I wanted to give an orchestral concert this year for the benefit of the Czechoslovak armies fighting in Siberia and intended to hire the Boston Symphony players to carry out the plan, but it did not materialize on account of technical difficulties. I could not get a soloist in the whole country who knew a single Bohemian aria or instrumental composition except Mr. Elman, who plays Dvorak's Concerto, but he could not come."

STRUBE TO LEAD POPS ANOTHER WEEK

The Pops concerts are becoming ever more popular with the hot weather, because Symphony Hall remains as cool as a cathedral; also because of the iced refreshments. Mr. Strube, guest conductor last week, will continue during this. He is no newcomer to the Pops and remains a favorite. He was a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra for 23 years and the Pops conductor of a dozen seasons. He has since launched and raised to a position of importance the Civic Symphony orchestra of Baltimore.

MONDAY, JUNE 9

March, "Black Bess"....................Strube
Overture to "Masaniello"..............Auber
Waltz, "Tres Jolie"...................Waldteufel
Scenes Pittoresques....................Massenet
a, Angelus. b, Fete Boheme.
Overture to "Mignon"....................Thomas
Suite "Children's Corner"..............Debussy
a, Shepherd's Song. b, Golliwog's Cake-Walk.
Fantasia, "Pagliacci"..................Leoncavallo
Hungarian Dance No 5....................Brahms
Selection, "The Fortune Teller"........Herbert
Ave Maria (strings and organ).Schubert-Strube
violoncello solo, Mr. Miquelle.
Waltz, "Enjoy Life".....................Strauss
Finlandia ....Sibelius

TUESDAY, JUNE 10,

Boston Athletic Association Night
Hungarian March........................Berlioz
Waltz, "Vienna Blood"...................Strauss
Salut d'Amour ....Elgar
Overture Solennelle "1812," with organ, Tschaikowsky
Fantasia "Faust".......................Gounod
Violoncello solo, "Caprice Hongrois"..Dunkler
Mr. Miquelle
Intermezzo, Act III., "The Jewels of the Madonna" ....Wolf-Ferrari
Overture to "Tannhaeuser"..............Wagner
Selection, "Fiddlers Three"...........Johnstone
Largo ....Handel
Violin, Mr. Theodorowicz; harp, Mr. Cella; organ, Mr. Snow
Souvenir ....Drdla
March, "101st Infantry"...............Maquarre

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11

March, "Father of Victory"............Ganne
Overture, "If I Were King".............Adam
Waltz, "Showers of Gold"..........Waldteufel
Fantasia, "La Boheme"..................Puccini
Cortege de Bacchus, from "Sylvia"....Delibes
Flute Solo, Mr. DeMailly.
Two Slavic Dances.......................Dvorak
Overture to "Sakuntala"..............Goldmark
Suite, "Peer Gynt"......................Grieg
a, Morning Mood. b, In the Hall of the Mountain King.
Valse Caprice...........................Nagel
Selection, "Mademoiselle Modiste"....Herbert
Polonaise from "Eugen Oniegin".Tschaikowsky

THURSDAY, JUNE 12

Euclid Lodge Night.
March, "Massachusetts State Guard"..Harlow
Overture to "William Tell"............Rossini
Waltz, "Artist's Life"..................Strauss
Fantasia, "Il Trovatore"..................Verdi
Prelude to "Lohengrin"..................Wagner
A Malaslu ....Sequelra
Harp Solo, Mr. Holy.
Rhapsody, "Espana"....................Chabrier
Selection, "The Defender"..............Dennea
Madrigal ....Jacchia
Oboe solo, Mr. Stanislaus
Waltz, "Girls of Baden"...............Komzak
Pomp and Circumstance...................Elgar
With organ.

FRIDAY, JUNE 13,

Insurance Association of Mass. Night.
March, "The Comet"......................Strube
Overture to "Mignon"...................Thomas
Waltz from "The Bat"....................Strauss
Fantasia, "Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni
Suite, "Nutcracker"................Tschaikowsky
a, Danse des Mirlitons. b, Trepak. c, Valse des Fleurs.
Violin solo, "Gypsy Airs"............Sarasate
Mr. Theodorowicz
Entrance of the Boyards..............Halvorsen
Overture to "Rienzi"..................Wagner
Selection, "Sometime".....................Friml
Kammenoi Ostrow.......................Rubinstein
Waltz, "Jolly Fellows"...................Vollstedt
March, "Stars and Stripes"..............Sousa

SATURDAY, JUNE 14

March from "The Queen of Sheba"...Gounod
Overture to "Pique-Dame"......Tschaikowsky
Waltz, "Thousand and One Nights"...Strauss
Fantasia, "Tosca".......................Puccini
Suite, "L'Arlesienne" No. 2..............Bizet
a, Pastorale. b, Minuet. c, Farandole.
Ave Maria.........................Bach-Gounod
Norwegian Dance...........................Grieg
Overture Solennelle, "1812"......Tschaikowsky
With organ.
Selection, "The Mikado" ....Sullivan
Valse Triste.............................Sibelius
Ride of the Valkyries....................Wagner
Amaryllis Patrol ....Meacham

June 9 1919

To C. F. F.: You are quite right, the use of the word "diviner" is apparently confined to the composing room. We rubbed our eyes in wild surprise when we saw the word in this column last Saturday associated with Edmond de Goncourt. He was not even a professional "diviner" or, to use a Chaucerian term "divinistre." We endeavored to say that he was a diarist but were over-ruled.

The Hobble Skirt

Some years ago we aped the Kangaroo,
And that was when we had the Grecian bend,
With our spines thrown out, our chests thrown in,
And necks and elbows all askew.
We walked like something on a string.
Just arrived from Kalamazoo.

It took medical massage and osteopathy
To straighten us up and put us in trim,
But now we have a wibbetty, wobbloity
Hobble skirt to make us feel slim.
And we tread up and down like Oriental ladies,
Half on our feet and half on the wing.

Would you think Dame Fashion such a hen
As to have us walk like chickens on a hot brick?
The men stop and stare, and at us scowl,
Considering whether we are fair or "fowl"!
We hobble along. But some sophisty
We'll have "Spinster" on our tombstone when we die!
JANE CROIX.
Boston.

Bananas, Byron and Mr. Johnson

As the World Wags:

The writer read in this column some days ago a rhapsody on the bliss of eating the strawberry crushed and subsequently treated in a variety of kind ways by placing it in the congenial companionship of sugar, of brandy and of several other agreeable articles, some of which we cannot at the moment recall. Without fear the writer would submit in competition for the edification of gourmets an article of food easily accessible to all: the banana. "The banana!" he hears a scornful reader cry: "Give us something new." The contributor was about to do so if allowed.

Cut the banana in cross sections, and then mash thoroughly with a fork, so that instead of being the dry, choky article generally eaten with more or less fancied pleasure, it becomes a juicy, gelatinous mass, all the concealed moisture of the fruit set free. Then pour some good cream upon it, and——! words fail. The experimenter will eschew all other food, and will not, moreover, be obliged to chew this.

Lenox. F. S. S.

We have eaten bananas in this manner and found them good. Mr. Herkimer Johnson showed us the trick at his humble shingled cottage. If we are not mistaken he mashed the slices with a spoon, not fork, for which he was reproved by his sister Vashti, an elderly lady of undoubted virtue, who has kept house for him in the summer since the death of his wife, Eustacia Chimes, a loss he still mourns; nor has he been tempted to replace her, though fair women have manifested in more ways than one their willingness to become the second Mrs. Johnson. Once he was nearly snared; discovered in time that she sported China teeth. But this is a digression. Mr. Johnson in the country is partial to cream, when it does not taste of the separator. He eats cream on sliced raw tomatoes. The "mess is not half bad," as our English cousins say when they are moved to lively admiration. We have even seen Mr. Johnson pouring cream on a dish of currants, but there we drew the line and begged to be excused. We have vainly consulted books of folk lore in search of superstitions associated with the bananas. The poets have neglected the fruit, though Byron in "The Island" includes it in the meal spread by Neuha for her Torquil:

For food the cocoa-nut, the yam, the bread
Borne of the fruit; for board the plantain spread
With its broad leaf, or turtle-shell which bore
A banquet in the flesh it cover'd o'er;
The gourd with water recent from the rill,
The ripe banana from the mellow hill.

Does any one read "The Island" today? If certain fanatics persuade timid and time-serving legislatures that tobacco is a poison, also an immoral plant; that there must be no praise of it in prose, poetry or daily speech; that it must share the fate of strong waters, wines and malt liquors, then Byron will be expurgated, not his "Don Juan" or "Beppo," but "The Island," which contains the eulogy beginning

Sublime tobacco, which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest.

Tomatoes with cream! One likes to read the definition of the word found in a cyclopaedia of 1753: "The Portuguese name for the fruit of the lycopersicon or love-apple; a fruit * * * eaten either stewed or raw by the Spaniards and Italians and by the Jew families in England." But the Portuguese word is "tomate," not "tomato." Here is a pleasant note in the Oxford Dictionary: "The Solanum anthropophagorum, which the Feejeans eat at their feasts of human flesh is hence called the 'Cannibal's tomato.'" Mr. Johnson differs from Ralph Waldo Emerson in one respect: the latter wrote: "I find the sea life an acquired taste, like that for tomatoes and olives."—Ed.

The Whang-Doodle

As the World Wags:

Is not the quotation cited in a recent reference Mr. Mahon in your column regarding the Whang-doodle to be found in George D. Prentice's famous camp meeting sermon on "The Spirits of Just Men Made Perfect"? I have not the references at hand, but I think you will find it there. S. H.
Westminster.

For the Statisticians

The World not long ago published an appalling list of deaths in New York due to reckless or drunken chauffeurs. The total number of accidents in England known to have been caused by all types of vehicles in streets last year was 32,825. The Metropolitan Police District counted of these accidents 15,588. Liverpool had only 1661; Birmingham, 1161; Manchester, 648. How many were killed and injured in Greater Boston by automobiles in 1918?

June 10 1919

There was only the imperturbable countenance of the heath, which, having defied the cataclysmal onsets of centuries, reduced to insignificance by its seamed and antique features the wildest turmoil of a single man.

For Highbrows Only

As the World Wags:

Have you asked yourself where in the world one is to find peace these days when every possible division of humanity seems to have hurled its grievances into a witches' cauldron of fat, and gone mad as it watched the world catch fire? Then take a twilight off and watch the sun set and the moon rise from the top of some New England hill.

Still old eyes look upon tonight's sunset. You, hills, what changes have you beheld! With what vigor must you have held wide your eyes! Over what various contours you watched the trembling buds of spring and the agued leaves of fall! What peaks cleaved the high heavens, only to be worn away by the ceaseless working of your most insignificant seeming enemies—heat and cold, flood and drought! To what a weary age you are worn when you thought to creep comfortably again to sleep beneath the mother sea, here and there a lonely sentinel on guard; only to be rudely stirred, and once more roused to face the drift of ages and the shifting poles!

Were you frightened when you beheld those vast, majestic, slow-moving torrents of ice bear down upon you? Did you alternately hope and despair that this year would yet permit the tiny violet and the soothing pine upon your breast? How puzzling it must have been! Old rivers, whose ways you knew, suddenly gone mad and turning savagely from the familiar courses; pert brooks gabbling over the calm of your quiet heart; deep holes gouged out of your sisters, and long, torturing icebound sledges dragged by the Horses of Time upon your northern slopes, left smooth as plains but for the bouldered mementoes of their passing. Did they crash, thundering, over your southern precipices, or did they hang suspended, drip by drip giving way while the sun shone hot and hotter through the eons.

Yet to behold your suavely even skyline, rose, purple and gray in the setting sun, who would suspect your tumultuous past? to whom yesterday's struggle with tanks and 75's and Berthas must be as children's quarrels? Are we as contemptible to you as worms in apples? Or are you as near as the stars are distant? Or have you learned a philosophy that teaches a Nothingness of Space and Time, and a Oneness of the Universe. M. B. W.
Worcester.

"Wraith"ful

All the heated rhetoric is not on the side of the Prohibitionists. We quote from the protest made by the Association Opposed to National Prohibition.

"If Congress refuses to repeal the present legislation, then that Congress is bidding to write all over this land the black wraiths of famine, the red wraiths of discontent and the pale wraiths of death." How does one "write" a wraith? Should "write" here stand for "invite"?

So the sale or possession of Jamaica ginger in Maine is unlawful. What will poor little Tommy do there when he has pains in his stomach? Unfortunately Jamaica ginger has for some years been a favorite beverage of honest Cape Codders in the dry towns and villages. Mr. Herkimer Johnson once told us that he picked up weekly at least a dozen empty bottles thrown on his ground at Clamport by thirsty icemen, expressmen and drivers of fish and meat carts.

Our Public Library

As the World Wags:

Miss Lillian Whiting, whose rhapsody over the service at "our splendid Public Library," was published in the Herald last Friday, has been more fortunate in [illegible] It is true that the attendants of the special libraries on the third floor are intelligent and courteous, willing to help anyone in quest of information. But there is no excuse for the delay in serving readers in Bates Hall. I have more than once been informed that this or that book I needed was misplaced and could not be found; nor was there any marked effort made to find the misplaced volumes. I need hardly refer to the capricious system of "starring" volumes that in the opinion of the authorities are unfit reading for the general public. I have been told—I do not speak from personal knowledge—that certain novels of Zola have been put in the "inferno," not on account of indecency, but because they were supposed to reflect on a certain sect. I hope that I was misinformed. Miss Whiting's enthusiasm was evidently not dampened by the report of experts, who, called on to express an opinion, denied our library a place among those first in the land. I do not believe that the faults in management are due to the librarian or to his chief assistants. Having read carefully the report of the experts, I should put the blame on the trustees, of whom some were surely not selected on account of marked literary or business qualifications. W. T. R.
Boston.

The Smokers' Circle

As the World Wags:

On May 17, W. E. K. stated that a clipping which he has from a newspaper which bears date of May 17, 1856, but whose name, not being in the clipping, he is unable to give, contains picture of the Smokers' Circle on Boston Common and also contains an article on that Smokers' Circle, and he quoted 125 words from the article. Gleason's Pictorial of September 20, 1851, contained a picture of the Smokers' Circle on Boston Common and also contained an article on that Smokers' Circle, the title of the picture being "Smokers' Circle on Boston Common, with a Group of Afternoon Loungers," and the title of the article being "Smokers' Circle, Boston Common." That article contains 1?7 words. The 125 words which W. E. K. quoted from his clipping from a newspaper of the alleged date of May 17, 1856, are verbatim the same as the first 125 words of Gleason's Pictorial's article. Was not W. E. K. in error in giving May 17, 1856, as the date of his newspaper, and is not his newspaper Gleason's Pictorial of September 20, 1851? If not, it would seem that his newspaper must be one in which Gleason's Pictorial's picture of an article on the Smokers' Circle were reproduced. In the Pictorial article on the Circle, the word "fine" is in italic. OBSERVER.
Brookline.

The Employes of the B. P. L.

As the World Wags:

In this morning's Herald "Bibliophile" makes a savage attack on the employes of the Boston Public Library. Without expressing an opinion on the matter of pensions for the employes, or on the question of what (if anything) is wrong with the management of the library, I yet wish to declare that in an experience of more than 40 years I have found the employes uniformly courteous and exceedingly obliging.
ALBERT MATTHEWS.
May 31, 1919.

"A Voice in the Dark" Holds Attention of House from Start to Finish

By PHILIP HALE

PARK SQUARE THEATRE — First performance in Boston of "A Voice in the Dark" a Melodramatic Novelty," in three acts and nine scenes, by Ralph E. Dyar and Willard Mack. Produced by A. H. Woods.

Miss Gridley......................Dorris Kelly
Harlan Day......................Willard Mack
Robert Farrell....................W. L. Thorne
Tom Hemmway...............Stewart E. Wilson
Blanche Warren................Olive Wyndham
Adele Warren.................Georgia Lee Hall
Mrs. Maria Lydiard..............Florine Arnold
Miss Meredith...................Harriet Ross
Amelia Ellingham..............Arleen Hackett
Hugh Saintsbury...............Richard Gordon
Joel Crampton................William B. Mack
Cloyd.............................Frank Monroe
Malone...........................John Sharkey

It was hardly necessary for the playbill, in its praise of this melodrama, to assert that it parallels "with singular timeliness the recent Barre murder which threw all New England into a state of amazement."

Here is a melodrama that holds the attention from start to finish. Who killed Hugh Saintsbury? This question will be asked by the spectator between the acts as a question of a like nature was asked when "The Thirteenth Chair" was played here. A murder, a mystery, a lawyer firm in the belief that his sweetheart is innocent, although the evidence seems strong against her; a hysterical young man whose words and behavior excite the curiosity and the suspicion of those on the stage and in the audience, a peppery deaf woman, whose account of what she saw is ac-

ed out in a beautiful forest setting so that the spectator thinks he sees the murderer, a blind old seller of newspapers, who turns out to be the deus ex machina, the rescuer of the innocent and the revealer of the guilty, having heard a man and a woman talking in the dark about the killing as he stood near the railway station—a remarkable scene surprising in its realism; add to all this a concise dialogue, not without the element of humor, and admirable acting—"My darling, what wouldst thou have more?" to quote a line from the poet whose mockery was equalled only by his sentiment.

Who killed Hugh Saintsbury? Wild horses could not drag the answer from us. Let the spectator work out his own solution of the problem as he sits engrossed by the mystery and the acting, as the audience that completely filled the theatre sat perplexed and questioning last night. The answer is ingeniously concealed until the very end. Even the traditional bone-headed, cocksure detective—it is enough to say that the part was played by Mr. Frank Monroe—was finally convinced when the murderer confessed, although he poohpoohed the newsman's story. By the way, on his second visit to the lawyer's office he failed to see a woman's wrap on a chair, while shades pulled down in an adjoining room seemed to him damning evidence.

The deaf woman, an amusing and a natural old lady, was truthful in her description of what she saw. The newspaper seller was truthful in the relation of what he heard. Yet their stories were inconsistent. How were they to be reconciled? That was the task of the dramatists. It is not necessary to inquire minutely into the probability of the succession of incidents or the motive of the murder and the solution of the mystery. This may be said: There have been more incredible stories brought into court; and for once it is not necessary to use the good old stock phrase, "the long arm of coincidence."

We have said that the melodrama is well acted. This remark can be applied to the whole company. It is true that Cloyd, the detective, is not at all subtle in his ways, that his talk with Day, the lawyer, is hardly in keeping with the sleuth that is to be feared, but perhaps there are detectives fashioned in this manner. Mr. Monroe evidently drew his conception of the part from the dramatists' dialogue. They did not put on the stage one of the gum-shoe variety. Cloyd is a detective for a play in which Mr William Collier lies magnificently.

Fortunately the performance of the company was pitched in a comparatively low and agreeable key. There was no ranting, no screaming. Even the hysterical young man was quieter at the end than his first appearance promised. Fortunately the typewriter, a pretty girl, had occasion only once to invoke the Delty apropos of nothing. She said "My God!" carelessly only once. Thus she aroused laughter, as is now always the case on the stage, whether the typewriter is comely or like one of Pharoah's lean kine. Here is a question concerning the psychology of an audience: Why is there loud laughter or general sniickering when any one on the stage not mastered by emotion exclaims: "My God!"

Willard Mack played the part of Day, the lawyer-lover, easily, quietly, effectively. William B. Mack, excellent in character parts—he was miscast in "Adam and Eva"—gave a capital performance of the blind man. Miss Arnold's Mrs. Lydiard, the deaf woman, was a genuine characterization, not overdone. Miss Wyndham's impersonation of the sweet and suffering heroine was also praiseworthy for its "emphasis of under-statement." And one of the features of the performance was the tale told by Miss Ross, it was so quietly, so simply told, the quiet narration of a resolute woman.

Willard Mack made a speech after the second act. After the conventional and expected remarks he told a good story.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Carl Hunt presents "Oh, Boy!" a musical comedy in two acts; book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse; music by Jerome Kern. Cast:

Briggs.....George Gorman
Jim Marvin.....Irving Beebe
George Budd.....Charles Compton
Lou Ellen Carter.....Laura Hamilton
Jackie Sampson.....Dorothy Maynard
Constable Sims.....John Norton
Judge Daniel Carter....William C. Holden
Mrs. Carter.....Flavia Arcaro
Miss Penelope Budd...Lenore Chippendale

That a March flare-back had blown June off the weather map was forgotten at the Plymouth theatre last night, when the curtain rose on "Oh, Boy!" and it was not thought of again, while the interrupted elopement of George and Lulu Ellen took its complicated and blithesome way on the stage.

That the house was filled despite the disaster to the weather map and that those present gave abundant evidence of their enjoyment of the piece proved that Mr. Hunt had chosen wisely in his selection for opening his summer season of musical comedies.

Pleasant memories of "Oh, Boy's!" former visit here were revived and all the favorite songs, particularly "You Never Knew About Me," "An Old-Fashioned Wife" and "The Letter Song" were joyfully received. "Nesting Time" especially, [illegible] given by Miss Maynard and Mr. Beebe, was uproariously welcomed and one would think Flatbush was as well known to Boston as Dorchester or Chelsea by the reception the song had.

Miss Maynard, who was the Jackie Sampson of the original production of the piece, was heartily greeted and her singing and dancing justified her popularity.

Laura Hamilton was a winsome and demure bride and her ambition to be an old-fashioned wife was charmingly portrayed in voice and manner.

Charles Compton was appropriately abashed and confused by the troubles that fell on him and pleasingly blended through the lies he had to tell.

John Norton was a comic success as Constable Sims. William C. Holden made an excellent Judge Carter, alias "Toodles." Irving Beebe was a tower of strength both in George's apartments and at the country club, as well as during "nesting time in Flatbush."

Lenore Chippendale was just Quakerish enough as Aunt Penelope.

All the dancing was good, but a specialty dance by Ann Linn and Floyd English won particular favor.

"Are You a Mason?" by Jewett Players as Full of Laughs as Ever

Full of laughs as a pudding is of plums is the farce, "Are You a Mason?" as presented by the Jewett Players at the Copley Theatre last night. It is not new but will never be old. While Leo Ditrichstein wrote it years ago it is perfectly adapted to the present time.

The story is that of an elderly Englishman with a censorious wife, who pretends to be a Mason that he may escape from home on frequent evenings. Prompted by her mother, the married daughter of the family urged her husband to join the order. He promises to do so, neglects his promise, and to avoid trouble pretends to have become a Mason.

There is one real Mason among the characters, and after many ludicrous incidents both the pretenders confess to him, and as he desires to marry one of the daughters he helps them out of their dilemma.

The farcical situations are complicated by a friend of the son-in-law masquerading in female costume in his effort to relieve the pretender from some of his troubles.

H. Conway Wingfield was at his best as the "Worshipful Master." Nicholas Joy was the son-in-law and E. E. Clive helped on the hilarity both as George Fisher and while masquerading as Fanchon.

The other parts were taken by Marc Dale as Ernest Morrison, Leonard Craske as Hamilton Travers, Cameron Matthews as John Halton, Annabel Montagu as Lottie, Jessamine Newcomb as Mrs. Perry, Viola Roach as Mrs. Bloodgood, May Ediss as Annie, Catherine Lexow as Lulu, and Mary Hamilton as Mrs. Halton, and the production was in the usual fine style of this company.

EMMA CARUS TOPS BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Emma Carus, prominent in many musical comedy successes, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, in a repertory of songs, stories and dances. Last evening there was a large audience that laughed uproariously.

Miss Carus is one of the few entertainers who have been before the public for a long time who does not trade on her past successes when appearing in vaudeville; and it is not too much to say that her present act is one of the best of her career. Essentially a comedian, she never overdoes her work. In her monologue she took her fling at impending prohibition and matters of contemporaneous interest. The surprise of her act was her dancing. She showed surprising agility and an amazing kick. J. Walter Leopold, at the piano, shared in the success of the act, both in song and as a pianist.

Other acts were Al Herman, in a blackface monologue with an agreeable affectation of spontaneity; the Breen family, in a dancing act; Buster Santos and Jacques Hays, the physical opposites, in chatter and song; Ernestine Myers and Paisley Noon, in a dancing act that was chiefly interesting for their unflagging work and the vigorous rhythm of their dances; Officer Vokes and Don, the inebriated canine; Erwin and Jane Connelly in "The Tale of a Shirt," a comedy with a real human touch and much merit and a splendid vehicle for real emotional work by Miss Connelly; Kharum, a Persian pianist without a bag of tricks; a sincere musician, in a remarkable display of technical proficiency and musicianship, and the Rossires, in a slack and tight wire performance.

'OPEN YOUR EYES'

Yesterday marked an epoch in life in Boston, when, by means of the film entitled "Open Your Eyes" at the Shubert Theatre two large mixed audiences were given advice about social diseases with as much freedom and frankness as one would expect from a family physician.

The advice was given weight by a gripping story of innocence which suffers from the contact of others with these diseases, and by their failure to consult reputable physicians in the curing of them. The folly of trusting to quacks, the criminal silence on the part of parents when their children become of susceptible age, and the waste of human life and energy by neglecting treatment are depicted with unusual realism.

Produced under the auspices of the United States public health service, its purpose is to show the far reaching results of lack of frankness about something of which most persons know the material facts. It is a campaign against false modesty. It "calls a spade a spade," and it was significant last evening that the audience applauded a declaration that "It is time for the moralist to subside while the health officer rolls up his sleeves."

The story in which the powerful lesson is driven home is acted with consummate art. It is effective because it is not overdrawn. It is as fascinating to an audience as a William Hart film.

The presence of the Fadette woman's orchestra added much to the interest of the film. Under its veteran conductor it brought back many memories of its long engagements in Boston in previous years. The orchestra was seated on the stage amid a profusion of flowers.

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"The Colleen Bawn." Drama in three acts and 14 scenes by Dion Boucicault. The cast:

Myles-Na-Coppaleen.....Mark Kent
Hardress Cregan.....Aubrey Bosworth
Kyrle Daly.....Dudley Ayres
Danny Mann.....Mark Elliston
Father Tom.....Frederick Murray
Mr. Corrigan.....Morton L. Stevens
Bertie O'Moore.....Walter Coupe
Hyland Creach....Frederick R. Shoobridge
William Thompson.....William Harvey
Barney.....Joseph Guthrie
Eily O'Connor.....Bella Cairns
Anne Chute.....Ruth Robinson
Mrs. Cregan.....Leah Belle D'Arcy
Sheelah.....Kate Ryan
Ducie Blennerhasset.....Jessie Alison
Kathleen Creach.....Grace Luck

"The Colleen Bawn," like "The Shaughraun," is a play of perennial popularity. Play, scenic production and the performance by the company each contributed its share to the success of this revival yesterday. "The Colleen Bawn" is in Boucicault's characteristic vein, which means that it is a mingling of comedy and emotion, that its Irish scenes and characters are admirably drawn, and that it tells a story of thrills and laughter that alternate throughout the play. Its plot is a dramatic one, and it involves many diversified characters.

Mr. Kent plays Myles-na-Coppaleen with dash and effervescent humor. Miss Cairns is a charming Eily O'Connor. Miss Robinson is at her best as Anne Chute, and Mr. Ayres a wholly youthful Kyrle Daly, while Mr. Bosworth as Hardress Cregan, Mr. Elliston as Danny Mann, and Miss Ryan as Shelah add not a little dramatic strength to the performance.

The scenic display of this production of "The Colleen Bawn" adds to its dramatic effect. This is the last week of the season at the Arlington Theatre, which will reopen after a summer vacation on or about Sept. 1.

June 12 1919

Our old friend Edmond de Goncourt noted on June 11, 1881 that Merton, a financier, was so nervous from overwork that he slept in a chamber where there were two beds "walking a sleeplessness from one bed to the other," a sleeplessness that opium could not subdue.

Merton, a financier; and only two beds! In his novel, "A Woman Hater," Charles Reade gives a description of an ideal suite for a male guest in a country house. In the sleeping-room are several beds so that a restless man, an insomniac, can go from one to another in a night. Mr. Herkimer Johnson informs us that, pursuing his sociological researches, he has from time to time slept in the summer, also the winter, palaces of the rich. Seldom has he found in them a really comfortable bed. But Mr. Johnson is a fussy person, not recompensed for a little discomfort by the thought that he was sleeping under the roof of Croesus or Midas, Jr., nor will the most luxurious bed necessarily induce sleep. Our private opinion is that Mr. Johnson could not sleep because he was troubled by the debt he owes the subscribers to his colossal work—for even the first volume of "Man as a Social and Political Beast" has not yet been published. No, the fault was not always in the bed. It is true that Mrs. Croesus never bothers herself about household details, but Mrs. Midas, Jr.—a charming woman—we hope that she will see this paragraph—keeps her house in admirable order.

Of course, the books are full of men that went very well without sleep. Seneca states that Mecaenas lived three years wholly without sleep. George Castriot, commonly called Scanderbeg, from the time he entered Epirus to the day of his death at 63, never slept above two hours a night. Marius Nizolius, a learned man of the Renaissance, lived to be 78 years old, yet he passed 10 years wholly without sleep. J. G. Schenck tells of a noble lady who for 35 years lived in good health, "as both her husband and whole family could and did witness," without sleep. These chroniclers were surely deceived, or at least were guilty of exaggeration.

Let us all now read James Thomson's poem, "Insomnia," with the two ironical mottoes. If any one has not read it, here is a sample verse:

But I with infinite weariness outworn,
Haggard with endless nights unblessed by sleep,
Ravaged by thoughts unutterably forlorn,
Plunged in despairs unfathomably deep,
Went cold and pale, and trembling with affright
Into the desert vastitude of Night,
Arid and wild and black;
Foreboding no oasis of sweet slumber,
Counting beforehand all the countless number
Of sands that are its minutes on my desolate track.

A Toad Story

As the World Wags:

The article about snakes and toads that was published in this column recalled an experience of my own when a young man, one that I have always considered a remarkable toad story, but one of absolute fact nevertheless. It occurred in 1870.

Two men on the farm were loading a cart from a sand and gravel knoll. They were digging in on a level of some 10 or 12 feet from the top of the knoll when a section of it broke away and exposed about six feet from the top what appeared at first glance to be an old leather purse or wallet, but which on examination proved to be a good sized toad, and, naturally, well flattened out.

I dug him carefully out from his long-time home, carrying him to a building. After an hour or two there were very slight signs of respiration, which increased, however, so that in 24 hours after his liberation more normal, though still labored, respiration was maintained. Meanwhile his body gradually expanded, so at the end of a week he really looked like an old-time toad. He lived for 10 days, when he stopped breathing and gradually shrivelled up. There was nothing different in his appearance from the ordinary toad of today, with the exception of the eyes, which opened but little.

W. S. L.

A Better One

Here is a still more remarkable story about a toad. We found it in Edward Topsell's "History of Serpents, or the Second Book of Living Creatures: Wherein Is Contained Their Divine, Natural and Moral Descriptions" (London, 1658).

"There was a Monk who had in his chambers divers bundles of green rushes, wherewithal he used to strow his chamber at his pleasure, it hapned on a day after dinner, that he fell asleep upon one of those bundles of rushes with his face upward, and while he there slept a great toad came and sate upon his lips, bestriding him in such a manner as his whole mouth was covered. Now when his fellows saw it, they were at their wits end, for to pull away the Toad was an unavoidable death, but to suffer her to stand still upon his mouth was a thing more cruel than death: and therefore one of them espying a Spyders web in the window, wherein was a great Spyder, he did advise that the Monk should be carryed to that window and laid with his face upward right underneath the Spyders web, which was presently accomplished. And assoon as the Spyder saw her adversary the Toad, she presently wove her thred, and descended down upon the Toad, at the first meeting whereof the Spyder Wounded the Toad, so that it swelled, and at the second meeting it swelled more, but at the third time the Spyder Kild the Toad and so became grateful to her Host which did nourish her in his Chamber; for at the third time the Toad leaped off from the mans mouth, and swelled to death: but the man was preserved whole and alive."

June 13 1919

The fact that a prince of the Esterhazy family is working for a small salary on his estates now possessed by one formerly in his employ has excited comment, seldom sympathetic, generally ironical. In England the Duke of Marlborough is grieved by a tax that sequestrates nearly half of his whole estate. This tax is a death duty. The duke thinks it will make it impossible

[illegible] es to c[illegible] on the [illegible] by el[illegible]ric houses. The Legion [illegible] Chronicle is mildly ironical on the [illegible] "He (the Duke of Marlborough) [illegible] that, when stripped of their d[illegible] responsibilities, the heirs to th[illegible] [illegible]ated inheritances may be tempted to join the mere pleasure seeking class. Worse still, they may even have to work for a living; but the duke refuses to contemplate that horrid possibility."

The picturing of the great and famous engaged in humble, even lowly employment in the next world has been an amusement of wits through the centuries. Lucian, Rabelais, Fielding were not the only ones that found delight in thus reversing worldly fame and prosperity. Today it is not necessary to picture what has taken place beyond. Candide in 1919 might sit down at table d'hote with several uncrowned kings, but not at Venice. Princes, dukes, [illegible], all sorts of persons of high degree are doing odd jobs and are lucky [illegible] they are alive. "Desposuit potentes de sede." Robert of Sicily has not been the only one to feel the force of this verse from the "Magnificat."

In an Omnibus

"Thou dust give me flatt'ring busses," [illegible] Falstaff to Mistress Dall Tearsheet.

We have received a circular which begins: "Members of some of the Back Bay clubs have been notified by their secretaries of a new means of reaching the club houses by a recently established motor bus service between the Back Bay and down town districts."

It is easy enough to find one's way to a Back Bay club. "Facilis descensus Averni." But for some it has not been easy to find the way home at a late hour. We say "has been," for on and after July 1 there will be little need of ambulances or busses.

Many years ago a Boston[illegible] prominent [illegible] railroad man, received a bitter and scurrilous letter. He did not consult a lawyer. He did not leap and [illegible] paw the air. He sat down and wrote this letter: "Dear Sir—Your letter of the 1[illegible]th received. I observe that you spell 'which' with a 't.'"

Reading the circular mentioned above, we note that the author spells "busses." Well, he has English authority for this spelling, yet it was not always [illegible]. It was early in 1829 that one S[illegible] [illegible] announced in London that he was engaged in building "2 vehicles after the manner of the recently [illegible] French Omnibus." On July 4, 18[illegible], [illegible]ders's Newsletter stated that the [illegible] vehicle, called the omnibus, be[illegible] [illegible] running from Paddington to [illegible]. It is said that the first French [illegible] was a failure, "the five sous c[illegible]" in Paris that began running in 1[illegible] and after becoming a fashionable [illegible] with duchesses waiting i[illegible] a queue [illegible] failed totally in its appeal to those for whom it was really intended." [illegible] the first London busses pe[illegible] [illegible] were provided for the use of passengers [illegible] the journey.

"Bus." Yet Harriet Martineau in 1832 wrote "buss." Fraser's Magazine in [illegible] mentioned a "buss"; Delgrav[illegible] in [illegible] wrote in the line: "Whilst to and [illegible] [illegible] Hundreds of busses s[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] town." Dickens in "Black [illegible]" wrote "buss." Thackeray in "Adventures of Philip" preferred [illegible].

The French have pleasing slang terms for the omnibus: one of them is [illegible] [illegible]" and another "face to [illegible]" [illegible] "the p[illegible] knocket's bon [illegible]" a [illegible] he ce[illegible]on ov[illegible]." [illegible] the word "omnibus" is used [illegible] in French slang: [illegible]

[illegible]

E. S. M. sends the following verses and asks the name of the author. He has been informed that they were published in the New York Sun about 1893.

THE LITTLE GREEN CAR

Oh! to be born in Boston
In the chill of a winter's day,
To the family tree of a Social Grandee
And the top of a pop frappe;
With a cousin at every corner
And on every street an aunt,
To be known "Who you are"
"On the little green car"
And your family seat—Nahant;
With your "old man" strong in the market,
You in mourning, "Mamma so missed,"
A "hunter or two," and a Trinity pew,
And a vanishing visiting list.
Yes, oh! to be born in Boston,
Introduced by a spectacled stork,
In that great social spawn,
'Tis the place to be born—
But, ye gods, let me live in New York!

A Study in Color

We read that in Tennessee whiskey is known as "red liquor."

In Virginia on the plantation Grassdale in Louisa county old Uncle Ben, who had been a family servant for 70 years and more, about high noon used to leave the quarters, make his way to the porch and ask Missus "Vic" for "a drop of the old yaller."

False Guides

As the World Wags:

As to tree squeaks, they are a fact. When a boy, I often heard them. If a few white pine trees blow down and are left lying, they will be attacked by some sort of fly whose eggs produce a yellowish white grub nearly two inches long when full grown, and these grubs make a very perceptible noise in cutting their way through the soft pine wood. They seldom attack live pines, but I once saw one who was working near the top of a live tree under great disvantage, for the sap of live pine soon becomes turpentine.

I do not know who is responsible for the stories that appear in the Boston Herald about "sidewinders," etc., but I regret that most papers will publish known falsehoods about such matters, not caring that many people read little but newspapers and can be easily misinformed.

The amount of mischief that unprincipled printers are constantly doing is almost past belief. J. A. YOUNG.

Williamsville, Vt.

A Strange Story

The story of the Parisian gentleman who decorated a pet tortoise has often been told in newspapers, but never with the gusto displayed by Goncourt on June 14, 1882, the day he met him.

"He found a depressing fixity in the pattern of his carpet. He longed for wandering color and reflection on its surface, so he went to the Palais Royal, where he purchased a tortoise. When he saw this living, glittering thing walking about on the carpet he was happy, but after a few days he found the luminosity of the chelonian wretched, of no value at all. And so he took his tortoise to a gilder and had it gilded. The animal—a gewgaw, at the same time golden and moving—greatly lightened his heart until the moment when suddenly the idea came to him of having precious stones set in the tortoise by a jeweler, and he had the carapace encrusted with topazes; but in his full enjoyment of imagination, the tortoise died from the incrustation."

Goncourt described this original person as very charming, very intelligent, very refined and elegant."

The "original person" is supposed to be Robert de Montesquiou, who once visited this country in order to teach us the finer, more exquisite civilization. At the terrible tragedy of the Bazaar in Paris he was accused of having beaten women with his cane in his mad rush to escape the flames. It is also said that he suggested to Huysmans, the sorry hero of "A Rebours," the half-crazed Jean des Esseintes. This, at least, is true. The story of the gemmed tortoise is told at great length and with infinite elaboration in the fourth chapter of that strange romance, which is at the same time fascinating and repulsive.

Our Wise Ancestors

Are we wiser and better than our father? In 1669 the town of Newbury in this commonwealth was ordered by the paternal government to provide an ordinary with a license to sell beer, or beer and wine, with a penalty of five pounds. For, as Prof. Kittredge says in his delightful volume about the "Farmer's Almanack," it never occurred to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a good [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ordinary [illegible] [illegible] be re[illegible] to [illegible] a well-ordered community as a school and that not merely for the accommodation of travelers, but also to serve the people of the neighborhood. Accordingly, the early records abound in licenses to draw beer, or beer and wine, and inn-holding was recognized as one of the most reputable of occupations."

For Oarsmen

Cambridge, which gave the first home to applied science, and has a mechanical tripos, naturally leads the way in improving the technique of rowing, and has devised for the present revived races oars of a novel type. They are hollow, very light, have handles that give a good grip, and buttons which "work like clockwork," and greatly help young oarsmen to get those two turns on and off the feather that govern the whole stroke.

The bend or whip of these new oars is much greater than in the common oar, from which they also differ in shape and size of blade. Hostile critics object to the extreme lightness of these oars, on the ground that weight is wanted outboard to balance the boat. They also contend that weight is needed to drive the boat, for the same reason that weight is necessary in a hammer for driving a nail.—London Daily Chronicle, May 30.

For some years theatre playbills have displayed the names of the players in the order of their first coming on the stage, so that a servant girl, a stenographer, a butler, or some other minor character heads the list. When and where did this custom originate? In the old days the names were usually arranged according to the importance of the characters; or the men were grouped together, likewise the women. Kings and queens often had the leading position thus, in "Hamlet," Claudius preceded the Prince; Gertrude, Ophelia. In "King Lear," the King of France came before Kent, Gloster and Edmund.

The practice of today is sometimes confusing, especially when the players, in spite of the assurance, are not named in the order of their appearance. Take, for example, the playbill of the engrossing melodrama now seen at the Park Square Theatre. The order is as follows: Miss Gridley, Harlan Day, Robert Ferrell, characters played by Miss Kelly, Messrs. Mack and Thorne. As a matter of fact is not Farrell, the lawyer, on the stage before Day rushes in?

The Herald last Tuesday praised the actress that took the part of Mrs. Lydiard's companion; praised her for the simple manner in which she told her story. Relying on the playbill, the reviewer named this actress Miss Ross, for surely "Miss Meredith" came on the stage wheeling the chair of the deaf woman, before "Amelia Ellingham" appeared in the second scene. We have been told that Miss Ellingham, played by Miss Arleen Hackett, was Mrs. Lydiard's companion. All this is perplexing. If Miss Hackett took the part of the companion, the praise must go to her.

This confusion could have been avoided by greater accuracy in printing the playbill; or if the old custom of describing the character in a few lines had been followed. The early playbills are still good reading: the long single sheet, with bold, staring type at the top, a description of the characters, and then a synopsis of the play scene by scene, all intended to inform and excite the spectator, that he might dilate with the proper emotion. When years ago we read the bill of "My Partner" we were informed that Josiah Scraggs never forgot and never forgave; we then knew what to expect of him.

"Very Good, Eddie" will be revived at the Plymouth Theatre this week. Brought out at the Princess Theatre, New York, just before Christmas, 1915, it came to the Wilbur Theatre in Boston on Aug. 14, 1916, when the chief parts were taken by Miss Dovey, Miss Orr, Miss Paxton, Miss Earle, Ada Lewis, and Messrs. Truex, Linkey, Maley, de Briac, Shaw. The pedigree of the play has thus been given: "Chin-Chin"—"Over Night," for in "Chin-Chin" the dummy in the ventriloquial scene was rewarded by Fred Stone for his brightness by the phrase "Very good, Eddie." So much for the title; the play itself is founded on Philip Bartholomae's farce "Over Night." "Very Good, Eddie" pleased London where it was brought out at the Palace Theatre, May 18, 1918. Nelson Keys then took the part of Eddie Kettle.

A Tragedy by Swinburne Brought Out in London

Swinburne's "Duke of Gandia" has been produced in London by the Stage [illegible]

[illegible] to [illegible] Tod[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Borgia. We know [illegible] [illegible] too well. He begins to [illegible] he [illegible] cannot have been so bl[illegible]k as he is painted, it is time for a new theory. But new theories are for the historians, not for the theatre, where, as Flaubert observes, Richelieu must be always cruel and Louis XI always kneeling to the leaden figures in his hat.

"In the theatre, then, we must be resigned to the old view of Caesar Borgia as devil incarnate, but, even so, we are entitled to a theatrical devil, a devil to the naked eye, a devil caught in the act. Swinburne's Caesar merely talks in sonorous verse. His inhuman sentiments shock his father and mother, but they do not shock us because we know beforehand what they are going to be. We expect him to smile and smile and be a villain, and Mr. Franklin Dyall duly smiled and smiled at the Stage Society's performance yesterday afternoon; and Mr. Archibald Welland, playing the Pope at short notice, was duly horrified. In short, the expected duly happened—inter alia the expected, the apparently inevitable, reluctance of the players to mark the rhythm of the verse.

"Perhaps it was because Mr. W. B. Yeats was aware of this reluctance, and decided to be even with his actors beforehand, that he wrote his comedy 'The Player Queen' in prose. Or rather, he has written it in more proses than one, some of it in modern prose, some of it in the prose of Shakespeare the mock Euphuist or 'impeticos-thy-gratillity' prose. This latter prose is appropriately talked by a strolling player (very drunk) v[illegible] [illegible]umbles unwittingly into a state i[illegible] [illegible] like Don Cesar in the fourth act o[illegible] 'Ruy Blas,' incidentally harangues a revolutionary populace on the chastity of the unicorn—a theme which they reject as academic—and finds himself banished from the kingdom just as the player queen his wife (and serve him right, for he has been sadly unfaithful to her) changes places with the real Queen and is wedded to the Prime Minister. All in the fantastic key, as you see, and revealing a new gift in Mr. Yeats, the gift of writing thoroughly enjoyable nonsense. There was some most excellent fooling between Mr. Nicholas Hannen, Miss Edith Evans, Miss Maire O'Neill, and now and then the prompter."

Vincent d'Indy's New Symphony Produced Last Month in Paris

Excelsior (Paris) of May 19 published a review by Fernand Le Borne of Vincent d' Indy's third Symphony produced at a concert of the Societe Nationale. Le Borne, who has written a half dozen operas besides orchestral and chamber music, songs etc., a man in sympathy with d'Indy, finds the new symphony inferior to the two preceding ones; that is ot say, he finds the general conception more literary than musical. It is first of all a patriotic composition inspired by the war and our victory."

The introduction pictures in an admirable manner the calm of nature before the cataclysm. This stormy allegro, following drum rolls, is built on two themes, one representing the enemy and exposed by pipes and drums, the other the French. There is a slight development. Then comes a very long andante. "I understand dramatically its significant supplication but musically I [illegible] to see that it is in its proper place. The allegro returns with interesting episodes, and ends with cannon shots, which we hear again not only in the finale, but also at the end of the scherzo. The scherzo has rhythmic spirit, with its middle section in five-time and picturesque [illegible], trumpets sounding, but I greatly prefer the lento, the best portion of the work, the one that is nearest to the Second Symphony.

In spite of certain proceedings a little too Wagnerian, it is charged with deep emotion. Unfortunately the effect of this movement is lessened by the middle section with its theme in quaternary rhythm, a near relation of the Jewish motive in 'Saint Christopher.' The finale, after a warlike beginning, takes the form of a triumphal march, before the arrival of a theme in three-time and a stormy entrance of the xylophone. The horn proclaims the victorious motive of Saint Michael, which in the last pages of the Symphony, bursts forth in triumph from the little trumpet in D, while, by a proceeding dear to Saint-Saens, the melodic phrase is accompanied in counter-rhythm by broad consonant chords of strings, wind and percussion instruments. With these joyous salvos of Nov. 11 ends this new score of one of the greatest living musicians of France, the creator of 'Fervaal' and 'L'Etranger.'"

M. Le Borne wrote about other works. He did not not care for Alberic Magnard's Overture, and he said so, "at the risk of making all those leap with rage who find that everything left by him is worthy of a place among the finest musical productions of all time and of all lands." He would have enjoyed Debussy's Rhapsody, "if it had not been written for the most disagreeable [illegible]

of all instruments which it is [illegible] for a [illegible] the instrument called a saxaphone." He was enthusiastic over some songs of Andre Caplet sung by Miss Croizs, and he liked the new Fantaisie by Gabriel Faure for piano and orchestra. Of Saint-Saens's new string quartet completed when the composer was 84 years old M. Le Borne had pleasant things to say, prsising the mastery, the vigor and the fancy displayed.

Tribute Paid Mr. Arthur P. Schmidt, Music Publisher in Boston

Mr Arthur P. Schmidt of Boston received on June 10 a telegram from Mr. George A. Grant-Schaefer:

"I have been instructed by the president of the Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia Fraternity of America to notify you of your unanimous election to national honorary membership in the fraternity. This is done in recognition of your encouragement to the American composer and to the cause of American music generally."

Mr. Schmidt richly deserves this honor, for he has since the establishment of his publishing house recognized the importance of encouraging American composers worthy of encouragement. His catalogue shows his genuine interest in the music of Americans, the catholicity of his taste and generosity in publishing orchestral and chamber music from which he could not expect immediate pecuniary return.

Mr. Howard Writes About the Passing of the One Night Stands

To the Editor of the Herald:

Have the "Fly-by-nights"—flown? Has the evolution of the moving pictures, through the talents of such men as D. W. Griffith, brought about the passing of the one-night stands? A half-dozen reels, neatly expressed in a compact bundle, now enters a small town where formerly six theatrical troops, each with its carload of scenery, 20 or 30 egotistical actors and a ton or two of execrable lithographs, streamed through the principal thoroughfares, to populate various hotels, decorate numerous back fences and occupy the one and only "Op'ra House"!

The antiquated horse car expired in New York city. Where, oh, where, will the last "one-nighter" shuffle off its mortal coil? The small boy of today contemplates that ancient tram car in the pages of his history; but there are many of us still in the prime of life who were participants in that mad stampede of "night-mares" when (metaphorically speaking) the woods were full of them, and every little "burg" was on the hunt for shows. Of course, each traveling combination in those days of real sport that played the night-stands did not carry a carload of scenery. There were many of them that could have placed their whole outfit on a small Ford truck, and whose scenery was neatly folded in a "Taylor trunk."

Let us enter a thriving little town with one of these modest New York attractions of the past. The company of eight or nine (advertised as 20, and truly, doing the work of such) hastens to the temple of Thespis. Here the "stage-carpenter-property-boy-utility-man" opens the one trunk; shakes out the "aniline-dye" drops and hastily erects, woods, villages and cities galore! The other members of the "troop" get their mail and their bearings and seek refuge at the "Farmers Tavern": "Mother Hubbard's Boarding House" or hostelries of moderate charge: while the "star-producing-manager" takes a room at the "Astor" or the "Shakespeare" and slips into the village drug-store or hardware shop to look over the advance sale and chat with the "Op'ra House" proprietor, who sells medicines and hatchets as well as show-tickets.

"Nothing doing!" may be the cheerful greeting of the star that evening, when some of us are craning our necks at the "peep-hole" in the curtain and counting up the dozen boisterous youngsters in the gallery or the three staid couples on the floor. This slang remark may mean that no ghost walks on Saturday night and another hungry, haunting week, without pay, faces the unfortunate performers.

"Joe Jefferson was here last week!" mumbles the important proprietor of the "op're house" who has chanced behind scenes to know if we intend to show or not. In truth, he doesn't care. Maud Adams is billed to follow us, and if we sink or swim he stands on terra firma. We play, however—not for profit, but reputation. We are also billed in other towns, and hope springs eternal in the human breast.

Now the scene changes, for life is but a play—a moving panorama. We visit the same little village again, but not with the same little group of struggling players. This time we are with the famous Jefferson. We steam into the town by special train. We remain upon the private car to enjoy that sweet repast (so sweet to memory still) with the world-renowned "Rip Van Winkle" at the table's head. Ah, those well-remembered, deeply-treasured dinners—crowded together at a tiny, unsteady board—where food for the brain counted as much as food for the stomach.

Joseph Jefferson was not only a superb actor, he was a supreme man, and the words that issued from his lips as a layman were of even greater value than those that resounded across the footlights as an actor. His interesting anecdotes were ever redolent with the deepest philosophy. This was his period of prosperity, but he was not ashamed to refer to his days of adversity. Forty years before he had entered this very town riding on top of a load of theatrical properties—all his worldly possession—yet a plutocrat in the rich and joyous days of youth! He would smile merrily from the car window at the recollection of his early struggles, while a few of us would sigh inwardly, remembering, not 40 years, but a few moons, back, leaving the same town penniless because Jefferson and Maud Adams had "sandwiched" us.

"Burke, Blake, Mitchell, Burton, George Fox, all great actors," he would remark, "all gone and all forgotten. The painter leaves his canvas: the author, the poet and the musician leave their manuscripts, while, alas, the poor player leaves but a lot of old wigs that are not of much commercial value when he has finished with them." At the theatre Mr. Jefferson would be one of the company. No star: no superiority: all were equal. He would enter upon the dimly lighted stage dressed in his first act costume of "Rip," to look about. A pleasant word for the "grips" waiting in the wings, a laugh at the children frolicking at the back; an eye at the lights: the set; and the "peep-hole" in the curtain.

"Wonderful house!" he would proudly exclaim, and so it would invariably prove. No corporal's guard, but packed from pit to dome! How these little towns adored their Rip Van Winkle, vagabond that he appeared. Yet there was always an honest welcome for him. "Here's your good health and your families and may they all live long and prosper!" Ah, those telling lines—that charm from the spoken word—the magnetic voice. The flashing fire of eyes that burned with genius. The flickering reel can only print such words and dimly reproduce the life's expression that made us laugh or cry.

Joseph Jefferson has long since answered the last call. Rip Van Winkle has pathetically crawled back into the covers of Washington Irving's sketch book, forsaken by his old friend. Many of those theatres they visited together are rapidly becoming dark—save for the pallid light upon the magic screens. The moving picture animates the scene. Are the one night stands passing, as the horse car passed? The trips are fewer. The troupes are less. Will they, too, expire in the city that gave them birth—New York? And the little towns, with their "op'ra houses," find consolation in the silent drama?

WALTER SCOTT HOWARD.

Buzzard's Bay.

Personal Notes About Certain Actors, Actresses and Managers

A woman looking over year before last's magazine in the outer office of her dentist was surprised to recognize a well-known movie actor waiting among others. He was evidently one of those irregularly regular appointments, for, summoned to the inner office out of turn, he remained but for a moment and then departed altogether. "Didn't I see Mr. —— here?" asked the woman, as she took her seat in the uneasy chair. "Yes, that was he," said the dentist; "I'm repairing his smile for him. Somehow or other it got a trifle out of gear, and being merely a question of jaw and teeth, I'm putting it to rights again for him. Of course, as is the case with an even better-known movie actor, his smile's insured, just as are Paderewski's hands and Chaplin's feet, but a reputation has something more to it than the mere money value and that's why Mr. —— comes to me."—New York Evening Post.

Sir John Hare was 74 on May 16; Sir Squire Bancroft was 78 on May 14. The latter "has only to look at the number recorded on the cover of Punch to see that he has lived 4062 weeks, the first number of that journal being published just after his birth."

The London Times of May 19 described Frances White as "four feet six inches of personality." She is prominent in the second edition of "Hullo America" (Palace Theatre). "One has heard a good deal of the work Miss White has done in New York, but success in the United States does not always involve success here. Miss White, however, need have little fear on this score. With her hair brushed straight back, wearing the simplest of costumes, and looking little older than the school child she seems to delight in portraying, her performance is quaintly attractive. She has a way of sidling up to the footlights and taking the audience into her confidence, and we liked her best in her confidential numbers, such as those sung in front of a monster slate. But as a piece of character acting, there was nothing to beat the scene played by Mr. William Rock as a venerable Chinaman and Miss White as his little daughter, who has learned to speak the American language."

Olga Nethersole at a meeting in London of the Medical Council of the People's League of Health stated that it was proposed to use every endeavor to bring home to the public the need for a wide view in health matters, and among other schemes to this end was the production of plays with a health interest. This proposal was accepted by the council.

As spectacular in his fortunes as the marvels he staged at Luna Park and the Hippodrome, Frederic Thompson had a truly American career. To the rapid and brilliant success of the promoter he added the touch of the unreal that so keen an observer as Mark Twain identified as one of the cardinal realities of the inhabitant of the new world. In his life there was the same mingling of the solid and the fantastic that blended to create the fairyland or the inferno that brought shivers of delight to millions. We admire the man who, in a few short years, piles up more money than Croesus ever saw, but our hearts, as well as our dollars, go out to the man whose dreams are realized in unsubstantial structures that take us far away from the actualities of existence. The true American is always on the lookout for a miracle, and he is duly grateful to the man who provides him with the semblance of one. Miracles in their way Thompson's creations were, miracles both in size and in surprising effects. He went Barnum one better, for, whether he knew it or not, he made it possible for us to be humbugged in a way that, without deceiving us as to the facts of nature, added to our total of happiness. Not the least of our titles of honor is that of Showman.—New York Evening Post, June 7.

Marie Loehr, manager, producer, actress, says she receives hundreds of plays, but she has not been able to accept even one coming from an unknown author. Some of the plays show promise in the matters of ideas and dialogue; they fail in respect to technic. She wants a return to the old system of a stock company. She talks of a revival of "L'Aiglon." "My firm belief is that theatregoers are growing more and more disposed to favor plays of a really dramatic character. Obviously there will always be a large public for farce, musical comedy and the like. Nor would any reasonable being complain of the fact. But even the few months that have elapsed since the signing of the armistice serve to show that we are returning to the old order of things, and I for one am anxious to do what I can to forward the movement. Among the pieces I have ear-marked for speedy production are, consequently, Sardou's 'Fedora' and Mr. Robert Hichens's 'A Voice from the Minaret.' When occasion offers I want also to do a most attractive Mime play I have acquired from Miss Dora Bright." Miss Loehr earnestly desires to appear as Rosalind, Beatrice, Portia, and when she is a little older as Katherine.

T. McDonald Rendle in his "Swings and Roundabouts" (Chapman and Hall, London) in his chapter "The Lion Comique Imposture" deals more or less bitterly with Arthur Lloyd, George Leybourne, the Great Vance, Jolly John Nash and others: "Regarding him, candidly and impartially, I consider the 'lion comique' a very much over-valued and over-discussed person—certainly not worth the fuss made about him."

Operas, Singers and Conductors at Covent Garden

Sir Thomas Beecham, conductor at Covent Garden, has appointed Albert Coates his alter ego. The Herald recently published an account of Mr. Coates's adventures in Petrograd, where until last February he was the chief conductor at the Maryinski Theatre, having entire charge of the productions. He studied the piano with Mme. Carreno, and the art of conducting with Nikisch. He has composed two operas, one of which was accepted for performance at Moscow, but the war broke out and prevented. His wife is the librettist of the two operas. In a sanatorium last month he composed a suite of English dances for piano. "He is a masterful and masterly conductor, who believes more in moral suasion than in bad temper." The Daily Telegraph rejoices in the fact that three of the four conductors at Covent Garden are English—Beecham, Coates and Percy Pitt. Many of the singers are English, and it turns out that the first dancer, Ninette de Valois, is Irish from Wicklow.

The new tenor, who is greatly liked, Tom Burke, is a Lancastrian. He objected some time ago at being billed for a concert as "Signor Tommaso Burke."

"I am Tom Burke," he said, "and I don't want any fancy titles." Now about 29 years old, he studied with Amy Sherwin, later with Colli at Milan; but he had studied the theory of music at Leigh, where he was born. Seven years ago he was refused admittance to the chorus of the Halle concerts. He gained operatic experience at Milan, Naples and Palermo.

Dame Melba, for so she is now called, celebrated part of her birthday, May 19, by attending a reception at the Guildhall School of Music in London, where she was presented with an address and heard music by the Melba scholars. The Daily Telegraph said: "Though the name of Dame Melba is associated here chiefly with the operatic stage, it was in the concertroom that she made her first public appearance in a year made famous by this fact, and that almost exactly simultaneously Liszt was paying his last visit to England. In the same year, 1886, Liszt died; in the same year Melba's star began that rise which even now shows no sign of waning. And that debut was made, where think you? In the room where now folk do meet for the pleasures of the flesh-pots, where formerly they met for the beauties of art, Prince's Hall, which is now Prince's Restaurant! I wonder how many people of those who flocked to Covent Garden on Monday can recall Melba's Nedda in 'Pagliacci,' which I seem to recollect she created here, or her Elsa in 'Lohengrin'! By the way, most of the reference books are in error as to the year of Dame Melba's birth. She is a bright and a shining example of the benefit of thorough training of the voice, and of the necessity for even the most highly gifted to work hard and in the right direction." She was born in 1861, but the date 1859 is given in some of the biographical dictionaries.

There is talk of producing an opera by Cyril Scott.

The repertoire of the first week was. "Lt Boheme," "La Traviata," "Thais" (Mme Edvira), "Rigoletto," "Tosca," "La Boheme." That of the second: "La Traviata," "Thais," "Rigoletto," "Therese" (first time in London) and "Pagliacci," "Manon," "Madama Butterfly."

Mme. Ayres Borghi-Zerni sang for the first time in London. "She is not one of the mechanical coloratura sopranos to whom the part of Violetta is dear for its obvious opportunities. Hers is a voice with color in the more modern sense. It can not only warble, but thrill and tremble. Sometimes there is too much of the latter quality to be quite to our liking. But there can be no doubt of the genuine emotional powers of her singing, nor of the fact that all she did had the assurance of thorough stage experience." The tenor, Agostino Capuzzo, used "a finely resonant voice in a finished style." Mr. Muguenat, who visited Boston with the Chicago Opera Company, replacing in London Dohn Gilly—at last free from internment—was warmly praised for his performance of Germont and Rigoletto.

It is too soon yet to speak, as Mr. Tom Burke speaks, of the English way at the theatre of reserving applause till the end of the act, as the latest experience of Covent Garden shows. The audience observed this rule with much self-restraint on Monday night, but on Tuesday rapturously broke it, and Tuesday's example is certain to be frequently followed. After all, English audiences are only human and cannot resist the impulse to give at once the applause which brilliant acting or singing or a dramatic situation demands. To greet the first appearance on the stage, however, of a popular favorite with rounds of cheers and clapping which interrupt the action of the play is a practice which should be stopped.—London Daily Chronicle.

Apropos of "La Boheme": Puccini is very wonderful stuff. It is the most heart-searching or the most repulsive music, as you like to take it. When you listen to his mannerisms, his inevitable soaring up to a note which gets a leverage on the tune, his cloying unisons and octaves, his delight in a trivial phrase, you are exasperated. And in the middle of the exasperation comes the reflection that this music is never at a loss to express the situation, that it is full of incident, and that every now and then it sweeps you off your balance. Sincere or frivolous as you may think it, Mme. Buckman and Mr. Burke filled it with life, she with her strong hold on pathos, however it may offer itself; he with the response that a vibrating voice and a well proportioned delivery always awakens. And they were by no means alone. M. Cotreuil made Schaunard into a real musician, and M. Huberdeau's Colline was no lay figure. Mlle. Destournel was as charmingly vulgar and warm-hearted as Musetta ought to be, and as she only too seldom is. Mr. Percy Pitt allowed the orchestra to get a little too hilarious at times, but never failed to bring out the vital moments with the utmost point. —London Times, May 19.

Random Notes About Music, Performers and Composers

Mrs. Amy Woodforde—Finden of London, who is known here as a composer of songs, died last March. She left property of the gross value of £1[illegible]022.

Wright Symons, a baritone who has sung in Boston, has been engaged as an understudy for Marion Green now taking the part of Monsieur Beaucaire in Messager's successful opera.

Mr. Arbos, who was for one season concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, has written to a friend in London about his musical activity in Spain. Last year he gave chamber concerts with Vienna de Motta, but in March, 1918, he conducted orchestral concerts in Madrid, playing in or conducting about 180 concerts. He organized Red Cross concerts at the British embassy. Not long ago he conducted a performance of "Carmen" at Leville. The Carmen was a Pole named Lakowska, who was interned. She had been coached and dressed by the painter Zulaga. "We had on the stage the best Bohemian dancer there is in Spain, Pastora Imperio, and orchestra was the Madrid Symphony Orchestra. You can-

[illegible] what Seville is like at this [illegible]. The amount of art, animation, processions, pretty women in [illegible] dress, profusion of flowers, [illegible] and wine—it is really gorgeous."

No discerning singer needs to be told [illegible] the merits enshrined in Mme. Poldowski's songs, least of all when the songs are set to lyrics by Paul Verlaine. Of such settings Messrs J. and W. [illegible] have recently published four, of which one "Le Faune," is quite new. This is a marvellously clever song, quite simple in design, but astonishingly vivid and fantastic. It has the feature which is common to all Mme. Poldowski's work as a song-writer. It is inevitable. So, too, is her setting of Albert Samain's "Pannyre aux talons d'or." This is a far more elaborate number than its rival, but its greater complexity does not hamper in uncanny effectiveness. The song is not pleasant—it was never meant to be. But it progresses from a vivid recitative, through a sinuous and frenzied dance measure, to a highly dramatic effective climax. Other new songs from the same firm are contained in an album of seven representative compositions by Arnold Bax. These cover a very wide emotional range. The simplest and the most readily intelligible is a setting of a 15th century Christmas carol:

> There is no rise of such virtue
> As is the rose that bare Jesu,
> Res Miranda, Alleluia.

The music is a compromise between the modal and the modern. The modern effects may, indeed, be slightly overdone. All the same the song cannot fail to please and stimulate the imagination. In three of these numbers Mr. Bax has happily and successfully sought his inspiration in the verse of Fiona Macleod, whose mysticism and melancholy he reflects with great fidelity. It were an easy task to lavish praise on every number in this album. But a brief summary will suffice. The book, to put it plainly, is one to buy, to study, and to keep.—London Daily Telegraph.

Sir Thomas Beecham was questioned by a London reporter about the "sempiternal language question" with regard to operatic performances.

"Is it right and proper that operas be performed in the original languages, or would you have them sung in English?" "Both systems are defensible. The ideal of cosmopolitan opera is quite different from that of opera in English. The principal justification for the former is that it enables us to [illegible] the best singers of all nations, and we enjoy hearing the sound of their voices. For that great privilege we are willing to forego certain advantages. On the other hand, native opera is better in so far as it is possible to organize a company more highly from a stage point of view; furthermore, it gives pleasure to a larger if less well-informed public than opera in foreign tongues. English singers have to learn more languages than foreigners, which is perhaps as well, for to hear Latins struggling with such words as 'thee' and 'thou' is painful." At this point the interrogator called Sir Thomas's attention to the fact that it had been suggested that foreign singers should be compelled to sing in English. Certain famous artists were mentioned, and he was asked if he would like to hear them in our own tongue. "I should be sorry to hear them try," was the prompt answer.

The London Times (May 19) said of Mark Hambourg's playing Chopin's Etude in G flat twice: "It would be difficult to say which of the two readings sounded least like Chopin. Both sounded just like Mark Hambourg, and as it was he whom the audience had come to hear, what Chopin meant by the piece could not matter very much. Among the modern works of the program was a piece called Barlumi, by Francesco Malipiero, one of the enterprising group of new Italians who are said to be preparing the next sensation to follow the Franco-Russian one of which Stravinsky is typical. It will be time enough to worry about this when we have a fuller view of the music of Malipiero and his fellows than we have at present. Besides, remembering the case of Chopin, Mr. Mark Hambourg is not the artist we should desire to introduce us to the mind of a new composer."

Once more from the Times (May 14): "Mr. Maurice Reeve, who reappeared at the Aeolian Hall yesterday, plays the piano as Ferrars said his scripture lessons to Dr. Dunston. His knowledge is encyclopaedic and exact. You look to see if the piebald rat is not peeping out of a pocket. But his knowledge of the famous chapter in the Second Book of Kings—or of Franck's Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue—is like Ferrars's. Jezebel and Jehu have no purpose in life beyond offering themselves for examination, and they fulfil this purpose admirably s[illegible] nobody but Dr. Dunston—and the rest of the class, who are therefore dispensed from further exertion. Again, a poet, like Schumann, comes off rather badly. The lines are all scanned; there are no false quantities. It is all abundantly right and pat, but [illegible] only like a newspaper article [illegible] ... [illegible] will not be reliable [illegible] the interest [illegible] his hearers."

The little dispute as to what constitutes a good hymn tune has had at least one useful result. It has shown us how risky it would be if we decided to eliminate from our hymn-books all the "bad" tunes, to leave the weeding-out entirely to trained experts whose ideas of a good tune appear to differ fundamentally from those of the average worshipper. If there are three hymn tunes that have helped to draw sinners to repentance more than any other they are "Abide with Me," "Lead, Kindly Light," and possibly the lively valse setting to "Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above." Yet these old favorites are among those specially singled out by some of our experts as being either "tawdry" or "extremely poor."—London Daily Chronicle.

I have just received the list of works performed by the municipal orchestra at Bournemouth under Mr. Dan Godfrey during the past season. It is, as usual, a tremendous affair. No less than 214 orchestral compositions were played, of which 54 were British, and of the 25 which were given for the first time 17 were of native origin. The names of the native composers are: Boughton, Burton, Butterworth, Sylvia Carmine, Howard Carr, Coningsby Clarke, Corder, Cowen, Walford Davies, Elgar, Farjen, Finden, Fletcher, Fogg, Folville, Foulds, Gardiner, German, Grainger, Harty, Hervey, Higgs, Holbrooke Howells, King-Hall, Lehmann, Mackenzie, O'Brien, Perry, Powell, Quilter, Reed, Rootham, Stanford, Sullivan, Taylor, Thomas, Hutchison, Trowell, Haydn Wood, A. H. Wood. The orchestra is 50 strong, and altogether 31 symphony and 29 Monday special concerts were given between October and May! By the way, Stanford's Planoforte Concerto, which arrived in a London concert-room last week for the first time, was played under Mr. Dan Godfrey two years ago! —London Daily Telegraph.

At an organ recital in London the organist played extracts from "Patience," the "Poet and Peasant" overture and extracts from "Coppelia." Truly a "very cheery selection," as was remarked at the time in commendation.

The Daily Telegraph apropos of the Russian Ballet now at the Alhambra, London, says of Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird": "It is a ballet that seems to epitomize everything that is most wonderful in their art—grace, fancy, imagination and barbaric splendor all reach in this their very apotheosis. The scene set upon the stage is a joy to the eye; Stravinsky's marvellous music is a constant delight to the ear." The ballet "Children's Tales" was added to the repertory last month. The play is put together by Massine from Russian fairy tales. The music is by Liadoff, part of which is orchestrated by Arnold Bax.

Here is fancy in a review of Beethoven's op. 131 performed in London by the Catterall Quartet. We quote from the Times: "In that work we seem sometimes to be present at the second part of 'Faust,' where legend and history and the present day all jostle one another as if they were contemporaries, where the superficial spectator is merely dazed, but where to the observing mind 'one thread knits up a thousand connexions.' Sometimes, again, to be an invisible guest at one of Macaulay's breakfast parties, where a chance word fires a train of anecdote and quotation and reflection to which all contribute and listen."

Mr. Arthur Croxton, chairman of the committee which was arranging a public dinner in honor of the Russian ballet, has received a letter from M. Diaghileff in which he says: "While our country is in its present tragic condition, we Russians naturally feel, unfortunately, unable to accept the offer of a public festivity even on artistic grounds. Especially now, when the Dowager Empress has arrived in England a fugitive, and when we hear daily that people are dying of hunger in Petrograd, we feel that it behooves us to abstain from public functions of this kind, however flattering they may be to us as betokening the cordiality with which the public has received us."

The committee recognizing that this expression of his views does infinite honor to M. Diaghileff and his colleagues, hopes that those interested in the proposal will allow their subscriptions to be forwarded to one of the Russian funds now at work in this country. At the same time they hope that the dinner is merely postponed until conditions in Russia are in a happier state.—London Times, May 14.

Miss Gertrude Kingston Discusses Freely that Shakespeare Voice

If a man from Mars—cabled for by a hustling theatrical "enterpriser" athirst for sensation—came to ask me how to speak blank verse on the stage I should give him this short recipe:

"Fill your lungs before speaking. Breathe quietly before you have exhausted your reserve of breath. The sense of the lines will tell you where respiration will be of service. If this does not come naturally to you, score your part while you are studying where a breathing space may be of value. [illegible] let the [illegible] of the [illegible] the spring-board. [illegible] rhythm and you cannot fail to convey both sense and sound."

But if he came to see the day after his first appearance and upbraided me, saying, "I carried out your instructions and look at my press notices—they tell me to go back to Mars" then I should very humbly apologize. I should say to him:

"My friend, I forgot that you were on a London stage and that a bad press is a thousand times worse than a bad piece. Forgive me! To repair the evil I have done you must reverse all that I taught you. You must begin by emptying your lungs of air—you must hunch your shoulders; this will produce a hollowness of sound that may pass for a fine organ (until the throat tires). You must tremble on the first notes, accentuate every fourth syllable, by which means you will outrun or catch up the metre (either will serve to show your audience that you are conscious of speaking blank verse). Do this, and not a critic will deny that you know how to 'deliver your lines,' not a pittite will fail to recognize you as a British-born Shakespearean actor."

In a darkened theatre, the other afternoon, I stumbled into my stall to hear a series of recitations in costume. These varied from the stage classic to the stage Elizabethan.

Without a program I was in the dark. Neither gestures nor words gave me the clue; both were unintelligible. But the voice, the rise and fall of the rhythm, the meaningless cadence bearing no relation whatever to the text, the evident zest with which the actors listened to the sounds they themselves were producing without the slightest indication of facial expression to convey to me what they were speaking, so exactly represented the elocution that we here associate with Shakespeare that at least I knew I was not listening to Sheridan or Swinburne.

So desperately are we steeped in this form of "elocution," so viciously are we addicted to this formless tradition, that, if we find an actor or actress playing a Shakespearean part with a sense of character, [illegible] with an individual or personal [illegible] of speech, the whole [illegible] vehemently, "This cannot be Shakespeare, for we do not [illegible] the Shakespeare voice."

Why have we never quarrelled with Ellen Terry for her indifference to demarcation, her disregard of metre? When, the materialization of the genius of charm—Ellen, with her delicious staccato, that upward lilt at the end of the word that hangs in her sentence like the note of a bird in mid-air, leaving us breathless in waiting for the continuation of her melody? Because Ellen Terry came on to the stage when mind and heart were part of the equipment of an actress and not mere prettiness and perversity pandering to popularity. Ellen Terry became in herself a tradition before the present race of playgoers found wit in buffoonery, beauty in bare-breasted suggestiveness, and pleasure in meaningless sounds mouthed in Elizabethan costumes.

Precisely because Doris Keane appeared to have quite naively come to the study of Juliet as to any other new part, untutored in our shibboleths of the play, precisely because I felt she had never read it with controversial foot-notes by Hazlitt and annotations by Sidney Lee, her performance came as freshly to my jaded sense of the drama as if she had been telling me the story of Jessie or of Jenny instead of Juliet! For, after all, what was Juliet but a romantic hoyden, tuned to heroism by the tragedy of circumstance, in the same way that any little schoolgirl of Belgium or occupied France became sanctified by her martyrdom at the hands of the Germans, and I thanked my little American Juliet for playing her "balcony scene" with all the gush of a girl's first love affair.

A hundred times rather would I watch the play with a naive, spontaneous, expansive interpretation than lose the "story" in a mass of intellectual detail that focuses the eye on the scholarliness of the star part and leaves the rest of the drama in obscurity.

No, no! I must have my Elizabethean drama played in all simplicity, in all sincerity. No mouthings or elocution, no rounded inflexions or caesural pauses if you please! I want to see the play, not you, Mr. ——, as Hamlet, nor you, Miss ——, as Beatrice.

Or, short of that, let me lock my study door and read to my heart's content so far away from the sound of the "Shakespeare voice" that I may hear in the silence of my solitude the voice of Shakespeare!—London Daily Mail.

JACCHIA WITH POPS AGAIN

Agide Jacchia, long hindered from conducting the Pop concerts at Symphony Hall, will lead the orchestra once more, beginning next Tuesday, which post he has every intention of holding through the four remaining weeks, showing the vim with which he opened the concerts in May.

The [illegible] of the [illegible]:

MONDAY, JUNE 16

New England Conservatory of Music Night
Mr. Lenom will conduct.

March from "Aida" ... Verdi
Waltz ... Langley
Hymn to St. Cecilia ... Gounod
Violin, Mr. Theodorowicz, organ, Mr. Snow; harp, Mr. Holy.
Fantasia, "Lohengrin" ... Wagner
Overture, "Rip Van Winkle" ... Chadwick
English Horn Solos:
Berceuse en Carillon ... Stuart Mason
Serenade Gale ... Stuart Mason
Mr Speyer, accompaniment by the composer
Aurora (for organ and orchestra) ... H. Dunham
Organ, Mr. Snow.
Rhapsody, "Espana" ... Chabrier
Overture Solennelle "1812" ... Tschaikowsky
Invocation from "Les Erinnyes" ... Massenet
'Cello solo, Mr. Georges Miquelle.
Selection, "Jack O'Lantern" ... Caryll
March, "Stars and Stripes" ... Sousa

TUESDAY, JUNE 17

Entrance of the Gladiators ... Fucik
Overture to "Il Guarany" ... Gomes
En Sourdine ... Tellam
Fantasia, "Othello" ... Verdi
Suite, "Nutcracker" ... Tschaikowsky
a, Overture Miniature; b, Danse de la Fee Dragee; c, Trepak.
Organ Solo, Mr. Snow.
Enfantillage ("Children at Play") ... Van Westerhout
Roumanian Rhapsody ... Enesco
Dance of the Hours, from "La Gioconda" ... Ponchielli
Intermezzo, "L'Amico Fritz" ... Mascagni
Entr'acte Valse ... Helmesberger
The Toreador, from "Carmen" ... Bizet

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18

Entrance of Anthony, from "A Night in Egypt" ... Arensky
Overture to "The Bronze Horse" ... Auber
"Love's Dream After the Ball" ... Czibulka
Fantasia, "Samson and Delilah" ... Saint-Saens
Alsatian Scenes ... Massenet
a, Sunday Morning; b, Sunday Evening.
Harp Solo, Mr. Colla.
Traumerei ... Schumann
Overture to "William Tell" ... Rossini
Fantasia, "The Jewels of the Madonna" ... Wolf-Ferrari
Intermezzo from "William Ratcliff" ... Mascagni
Waltz, "Eternelle Ivresse" ... Ganne
March, "Cruiser Harvard" ... Strube

THURSDAY, JUNE 19

Tufts' Night

Prelude to "Carmen" ... Bizet
Overture to "William Tell" ... Rossini
Fantasia "Rigoletto" ... Verdi
Tuftonia's Days ... Hayes, '16
Aren't You Glad You're a Tufts Man? ... Newton, '90
Fight, Tufts, Fight ... Hayes, '16
Loyalty Song of Jackson ... Lewis, '87
We Stand ... Lewis '87
Solo for English Horn ... Barrett
Mr. Stanislaus.
Rhapsody, "Espana" ... Chabrier
Win for the Brown and Blue ... Savage '07
Dear Alma Mater ... Lewis, '87
Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 2 ... Bizet
Waltz, "Jolly Fellows" ... Vollstedt
Intermezzo, Act III., "The Jewels of the Madonna" ... Wolf-Ferrari
Coronation March "The Prophet" ... Meyerbeer

FRIDAY, JUNE 20

Boston University Night

Marche Militaire ... Schubert
Waltz, "Tales from the Vienna Woods" ... Strauss
Meditation from "Thais" ... Massenet
Violin solo, Mr. Theodorowicz.
Fantasia, "The Jewels of the Madonna" ... Wolf-Ferrari
Suite, "Nutcracker" ... Tschaikowsky
The Lost Chord ... Sullivan
Solo trumpet, Mr. Heim.
En Sourdine ... Tellam
Overture Solennelle "1812" ... Tschaikowsky
Clarissima ... Patterson
Ave Maria ... Bach-Gounod
Kammenoi Ostrow ... Rubinstein
Hungarian Dance in D major ... Brahms

SATURDAY, JUNE 21

Triumphal March from "Aida" ... Verdi
Overture to "Mignon" ... Thomas
Waltz, "The Whispering of the Flowers" ... Blon
Fantasia, "Madama Butterfly" ... Puccini
Rhapsody, "Italia" ... Casella
Turkish March ... Mozart
Serenade ... Schubert-Jacchia
Largo (with organ) ... Handel
Slavic March ... Tschaikowsky
Introduction to Act III, of "Lohengrin" ... Wagner
Reve Angelique (with organ) ... Rubinstein
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube" ... Strauss

June 16 1919

What would William Cullen Bryant say, if he were editor of the New York Evening Post today, about [illegible] on the "bone-dry vocabulary" that was recently published in the journal [illegible] which he provided a list of words that should never be used? What would [illegible] say to these words that as "members of the up-to-date wet vocabulary" will disappear after July 1—pickled, stewed, pie-eyed, plastered, half-seas over, jingled, soshed, soused, paralyzed, half shot, loaded? "Pickled, stewed, paralyzed and plastered may survive in their more primitive meanings . . . the rest are done for." This list may be extended. The writer forgot "muzzy," "over the bay," "ossified," not to mention other picturesque terms. Bryant would no doubt have objected to "up-to-date."

"Just what to do with saloon is agitating some of the best minds in the vocabulary reform business today. There are, of course, ice-cream saloons—which are understood to be still within the law."

Here comes up a question that is not easily answered. The great Oxford dictionary, admitting the word "saloon" meaning "a place where intoxicating liquors are sold and consumed; a drinking bar," says it is an Americanism and gives the date of the first illustrative quotation as 1884. Yet it admits the hideous word "saloonist," a saloon keeper, and the first quotation is from the Chicago Advance 1882. Just when did the word "saloon," meaning a drunkery come into the American language? Surely before 1884 or 1882.

The history of the word is otherwise interesting. At first the word was "salon" meaning a large and lofty apartment serving as a reception room in a palace or great house, also a room more or less elegantly [illegible] the reception of guests. An [illegible] [illegible] described [illegible]

[illegible] it [illegible] and sometimes [illegible] [illegible] two stories or [illegible] of windows.

"S[illegible]" from being the reception room of a fashionable Parisian woman, came to mean a reunion of notabilities in Paris, also a similar gathering in other capitals. It was mockingly said of a woman in Boston 30 years ago that she attempted to have a salon and succeeded in keeping a saloon. Yet saloon in England and America was synonymous with salon for many years. Emerson wrote: "How mean to go blazing, a gaudy butterfly, in fashionable or political saloons."

Cooper made a sour remark in 1828: "A young American . . . is just as happy in the saloon, as she was a few years before in the nursery."

There is one quotation in the Oxford Dictionary that includes a phrase heard today, a phrase that falls from the lips of young women that might be labelled "the gum-chewing"; it occurs in "Clarissa Harlowe," by the priggish Richardson: "What Mr. Lovelace saw of the house (which was the saloon and two parlors) was perfectly elegant."

The Two Johnsons

As the World Wags:

Your suggestion that Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the earnest student of sociology, "could not sleep because he was troubled by the debt he owed the subscribers to his colossal work," prompts the query whether our erudite contemporary is a descendant (on the sinister side) of the great Cham of literature, Dr. Samuel Johnson. The good man took subscriptions to the "Lives of the Poets," but was so dilatory in completing the work that several subscribers died before the volumes were off the press. While it is not known that the lexicographer left progeny, the conclusion to be drawn from certain candid remarks of James Boswell is that he may have left the makings of a considerable foundling asylum. W. E. K.

Boston.

There is nothing "sinister" about Mr. Herkimer Johnson, nor has he a "canister expression in his eye." He once told us that he was of the eighth generation in this country; that the first of his family coming to New England settled in Newbury. He gave a date long before that of Dr. Johnson's birth. Furthermore we resent "W. E. K.'s" damaging enlargement of Boswell's chatter. As for the "Lives of the Poets," the work was advertised in 1777; the first four volumes were published in 1779; the remaining six volumes in 1781. For a defence of Dr. Johnson against the charge of indolence, see De Quincey's essay, "Gilfillan's Literary Portraits: Keats." Mr. Herkimer Johnson is not indolent. It is true that the advertisement of his colossal work (elephant folio) was published in the early nineties, and the first volume has not yet appeared—but it is in the printer's hands. He, a mercenary soul, has a firm grip on it and the world suffers thereby. It may be said of Mr. Johnson as of others: "Slow rises worth by poverty depressed." He, as well as Dr. Johnson, who wrote the line, knows this bitter truth.—Ed.

Should Be Open on Holidays

As the World Wags:

As criticisms of Boston's Public Library are in order, please allow me to enter a complaint of the library's being closed on so many holidays and near-holidays. On every day of that kind the library's overworked, pension-seeking employes lock the building up for the entire day, or for a portion of the day, and take a rest from their arduous and exhausting labors. Even on Good Friday the building is closed for several hours. Washington is a very much smaller city than Boston, and yet its public library is kept open on every holiday except July 4 and December 25—not kept open, as Boston's public library is semi-occasionally is, for only a portion of a holiday, but for the same hours as on other secular days. To close Boston's public library on so many holidays and near-holidays shows a narrowness and provincialism which is utterly incompatible with so large and cosmopolitan a city. Instead of being so far behind Washington, a city of only half of Boston's population, which keeps its library open for the full use of the public on all holidays with the above-mentioned two exceptions of the Fourth of July and Christmas, it should be ahead of Washington and keep its library open on all holidays.

Brookline. OBSERVER.

Another Toad Story

As the World Wags:

I read the two improving anecdotes about toads with great pleasure. Let me add to the anthology a story published in the sixth book of Thomas Lupton's "A Thousand Notable Things of Sundrie Sortes" (London 1627):

"A Tode being on the ground, hard by a wall, a Spider did suddenly strike the said Tode on the backe: Which when the Tode felt, beginning to swell, did eat of Planten nye unto the place. Whereof, being well, the Spider againe did poyson the Tode with her venome as before. Which done, the Tode preserved her selfe with the said Planten as before, but one that chanst to behold the same, did then cut up the said Planten and tooke it away from that place. Which Tode the third time being stricken or rather poysoned of the Spider, as before, immediately searched for the said Planten, (for as it should seeme) there was no more Planten nye to that place, which when shee did not finde, did swell so sore, that soone after shee did burst withall. The party that did take away the same Planten, & did see this strange and marvelous matter, did tell me this for a very truth. Whose credit I know to be such, that I am bold here to place the same, having such good occasion. And I heard that a noble man of this Realme, did see the like."

Truly this is a world of wonders and we ought to be thankful that we are crawling on this whizzing ball.

Beverly. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

June 17 1919

Scriptural text for July 1: "Awake ye drunkards, and weep, and howl all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine, for it is cut off from your mouth."—Joel.

"Star-Spangled"

The Boston Herald in an editorial article, "A New Constellation," asked: "Who can say how much of the popularity of Key's song has depended upon the compound adjective which he used to describe our flag—the 'star-spangled' banner? If one has doubts about this, let him try to substitute any other adjective which he can find in the dictionary, and see what the result will be."

This is not too fanciful. Greater poets than Key knew the value of the word "spangled" in connection with the stars. Shakespeare, Milton, Coleridge, not to mention lesser ones, Sylvester, Drummond, Bailey, Francis.

What weakness, what power lurks in the choice of a word! A Frenchman named Albalat wrote that Chateaubriand, using the phrase, "the palpitation of the stars," only imitated a former expression, "the sparkling (or scintillation) of the stars." For saying this M. Albalat was attacked by Remy de Gourmont. Millions of human beings have spoken of the stars. The common sensation awakened by the sight of them is that of light. Dictionaries of commonplace phrases and synonyms inform one that the stars shine, twinkle, glow, blaze, laugh, redden, pale; that they shed their rays: that they are like diamonds; that they even tremble; but the idea is always one of light. With Chateaubriand the idea is of life. The stars shine and tremble, "but like a diamond necklace on a bare neck; the world comes to life; the night is a woman asleep on the surface of the earth."

And in like manner how free from commonplaces is Walt Whitman's apostrophe to a summer night which ends:

Night of south winds—night of the large few stars!
Still nodding night—mad naked summer night.

How tame, how ordinary the first line would be if Whitman had written "night of the few large stars."

And so Key builded better than he knew when, acknowledging rhythmic exigence, he hit upon "star-spangled."

France in 1867

M. Berthelot on June 17, 1867, talked with guests at Magny's in Paris about the state of France, the pitiable condition, for France was not only the country which had the fewest children in proportion to the number of its inhabitants; it also had the greatest number of old men, 100 to every 58 of Prussians. And M. Berthelot thus accounted for the prevailing foolish chatter, the general levity of opinion and speech in that year of the pinch-beck second empire.

Superstitious Warriors and Others

General Bataille, at luncheon on June 17, 1869, talked freely about Magenta and Solferino; how the bravest soldier, nervously susceptible, in the variable atmosphere of war, might suddenly be panic-stricken. He talked of the superstitions inevitable, perhaps, in this game of life and death. Thus cavalry officers and soldiers believed that certain horses were fatal to those that rode them. He had been vexed because in the Italian war Gen. Patrat had taken from him a chestnut; but riding this horse, Patrat was killed at Palestro, cut in two by the last cannon shot fired by the Austrians, while no one else in his force was even wounded. And Bataille learned that an officer of artillery, the owner of this horse before he, Bataille, rode it, had been killed in mounting it.

The general said nothing about mascots. We all read last Sunday that the aviators Capt. Alcock and Lt. Brown carried as mascots two cats, a little silver "Kewpie" and the yarn dolls, Ran-Tan-Tan and Olivette.

Mascots, however, should not be mixed. Take, for example, the case of the English aviator Maj. Wood, who came to grief. Before his machine took the air a short service was conducted by the Church of England chaplain. The major carried with him in his flight two mascots: a Chinese carving hundreds of years old and a silver medallion representing St. Christopher. The mistake was in mixing Christian and non-Christian amulets.

There are some who would not accept the Hope diamond as a gift on account of its bringing disaster or death to the possessor, yet Mr. Edgar Willson, late editor of the Jeweller's Circular, traced the diamond back to 1830, when its "authentic history" began, and was unable to verify any one of the tragic tales associated with the stone. He says these stories were never heard of until a "sensational article" was published soon after the diamond was brought to America in 1901.

A Triumph of Faith

(On the rescue of Mr. Hawker and Commander Grieve by a Danish boat.)

God probes your secrets, Sea and Sky,
His angels hold their watch, unseen;
Plot as ye may, no man shall die
When heaven's sentries intervene.

Man counts his life a little stake
To throw, for one achievement fine;
But lives that keep Earth's soul awake
God treasures, as of stuff divine.

Go, Sky and Sea, your tasks fulfil,
Your rage attending his decree
Whose gently whispered "Peace, be still."
Rebuked the wrath of Galilee.

Facing your elemental rage,
Impelled by instincts nature brings,
Man breaks the wind-bars of his cage
And soars on ever stronger wings.

—A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.

"Very Good Eddie," a musical comedy, opened the week at the Plymouth Theatre last night with this cast:

Steward....................Joseph Carbon
Monsieur de Rougement...George Gorman
Purser........................Walter Coupe
Dick Rivers..............Barrett Greenwood
Mme. Matroppa........Lenore Chippendale
Elsie Lily..........................Laura Hamilton
Eddie Kettle........................Allen Kearns
Georgina Kettle....................Flavia Arcaro
Magazine Girl.........................Rene Brown
Percy Darling.........................Irving Beebe
Elsie Darling.................Dorothy Maynard
Al Cleveland............................John Norton
Victoria Lake....................Christie Malcolm
Chrystal Poole.........................Gladys Clifton
Lily Pond......................Virginia Birmingham
Belle Fontaine.....................Hope Hamilton
Flo Tide...............................Betty Drumond
Virginia Spring........................Daisy Lambert
Miss Always Innit.....................Ann Gardner
Miss Carrie Closewell..............Louise Mallory
Miss Funnie Rekkod.......................Billie Wilcox
Miss Munnie Duzzyt.............Frances Romana
Miss Gay Ann Giddy.............Blanche Fleming
Miss E. Z. Morrels.........................Ann Linn
Miss U. Knome............................Betty Linn
Mr. Fullern A. Goat.................William Mack
Mr. Dyer Thurst......................Floyd English
Mr. Rollo Munn..................Arnold Northway
Mr. Watt Pumpkyns..........Stanley Ferguson

There is enough of a plot to make one wonder why it was not made a real comedy until one reads on the program that Philip Bartholomae has adapted it from his own farce, "Over Night."

The story is that of two newly married couples who become separated on their wedding tour. The husband in one case is carried away with the wife of the other man and they land at the Rip Van Winkle inn. Some complications ensue, and these are further mussed up by the appearance of the abandoned husband and wife at the inn.

The stage settings are fine, the costumes attractive, the chorus is well selected, the dancing artistic.

The performance is staged under the personal direction of Carl Hunt and the dialogue is clever and stimulating.

The lyrics by Schuyler Greene, music by Jerome Kern and ensembles by George Gorman and Joseph Carbon add to a very amusing evening.

"Daddy Long Legs"

Mary Pickford in the film version of Jean Webster's story, "Daddy Long Legs," drew a throng to the Tremont Theatre last night that filled the house in every part. It was a genial and pleasing entertainment, an enlivening mixture of humor and not too deep pathos and probably all present went away from it at 10:30 o'clock with a brighter outlook on the world than they had at 8:15, when the preliminary news pictures began.

The story is well arranged for screen production and the pictures are of the best. It takes Mary Pickford as Judy Abbott, the ash can foundling, through her thorny, but happy life at the orphan asylum, her college course and her love romance with her benefactor, Daddy Long Legs, and gives her abundant variety of opportunity to show the wide scope of her film-making art. She leads a "prune strike," performs wonderful antics with a boy companion after they experiment with a jug of hard cider, makes endless trouble for the flint-hearted matron, upsets the dignity of the trustees and tenderly mothers the other orphans.

That Daddy Long Legs should fall in love with the whimsical, yet golden-natured foundling he sent to college seemed inevitable and the picturing of the romance's development and happy ending is done charmingly.

A most excellent company aids Miss Pickford in telling the picture story. There are the funniest possible asylum "kids"; a dog that portrays a hard-cider "jag" with a realism superior to most human actors; a band of astonishing flesh and blood cupids, one of whom makes a miscue in starting the romance and begins "one of those darned triangles," according to the boss cupid.

In the supporting company Mahlon Hamilton is Daddy Long Legs, Marshall A. Neilan is the would-be rival and Miss Percy Haswell is Miss Pritchard of the trustees, who is responsible for the whole affair by suggesting to Daddy Long Legs that he befriend the bright orphan, Judy.

HEADS KEITH BILL

The United States jazz band, Ensign Alfred J. Moore, conductor, in a repertory popular pieces, heads the bill at B. F. Keith's theatre this week. Last evening there was a crowded house and tho band received nothing less than an ovation.

There is a decided improvement in the band since its first appearance in this city. There is now a more perfect musical unity. With the exception of the first number the program was devoted to music of the jazz rhythm and at times the performance was nothing short of a bedlam. This does not mean that the performance was not at all times musical. The activity of the musicians was contagious and found its way into the audience. There were many specialties introduced.

The laughing hit of the bill is the act of El Brendel and Flo Bert in "Waiting for Her." Mr. Brendel's style is unique both in dress and method. His "shedding" dress suit, just at the conclusion of the act, is one of the laughing features. The drop descended just in time.

Other acts were Miss Robbie Gordone, in character studies in posing; La Zar and Dale, in a good musical act; Billy Halligan and Dama Sykes, in their playlet, "Somewhere in Jersey," introducing the breezy flippancies of Mr. Halligan and the physical charm and enchanting chatter of Miss Sykes; Florence Tempest as the lovable boy and the dainty girl; Howard, McGuire and Racey, in a clever playlet with an ingenious twist, well acted; Miller and Bradford, in chatter and song; and Roy Harrah and company, in a skating act.

June 18 1919

Yet these may ye eat, of every flying creeping thing that goeth upon all four, which have legs above their feet to leap withal upon the earth. Even these of them ye may eat: the Locust, after his kind, and the Bald-locust after his kind, and the Beettle after his kind, and the Grasshopper after his kind. But all other flying creeping things which have four feet shall be an abomination unto you.

Concerning Locusts

Not long ago Dr. Ethan Allen Andrews of Johns Hopkins University recommended locusts as good eating. He was reported as saying: "It is important to pick the locusts just after they have come out of their shell, while they are still white and tender. After a few days they become hard and unsatisfactory as food." Now comes Miss or Mrs. Julia Wheelock, who in a letter to the N. Y. Sun accuses Dr. Andrews of lacking intimate knowledge of locusts of being only on speaking terms with them. She ends her letter as follows: "Fried in butter, the big green locust is exquisite; dried in the sun and pounded to a powder the locusts make good biscuit."

Now, only the locusts that are migratory are mentioned in the Scriptures. They were reckoned clean eating in Palestine, but, according to some, they were eaten only by the poorest. Michaelis and Roesel, learned men, thought that locusts are not fit for food. Perhaps they relied on the testimony of Agatharcides, who described locust-eaters as a slender make and extremely swarthy; they did not live beyond 40, being cut off by a sort of tick (ricinus) which formed in their bodies; but Moffat, a missionary, who labored in South Africa, wrote that locusts on the whole are "not bad food. . . . When well fed, they are almost as good as shrimps." In Arabia they were sold in the markets and "one sort of them" was considered wholesome and nutritious food. "The natives of Borneou eat locusts with avidity."

Let us consult "The Theatre of Insects," by Tho. Mouffet, Doctor in Physick (London, 1658): "As his (the Lord's) justice is admirable, so in his greatest severity mercy is not wanting; for being that locusts have brought sundry nations to want and hunger, and they have no thing to eat, these locusts have died suddenly, and became meat for the peoples they afflicted before: the people of hot Countreys (whom especially they spoil of their increase of fruits) as the Aethiopeans, Tagetenses, Parthians, Arabians, Lybians, Mellenses, Zemenses, Darienenses, Africans, and those that live about Lepris, the Azanaghi, Senegenses, people of Mauritania and others, live chiefly upon locusts, and account their eggs to be dainties; others prepare them thus: First in a low large place they make a great smoak, by which the locusts in flying are hindred and forced to fall; than when they have taken them they dry them with salt, the sun and smoke, and cutting them in pieces, they keep them for their yearly

...lon, as we do fish, not only those ... have large legs, but the Attela... ..., Asirael, and almost all kindes ... . . . whence they were called ...phagei,' locust eaters. Yet though ... accounted them among their choice meats, yet the Greecians estemed ... but for meaner fare; if we beleeve Aristophanes and Plutarch in Sympos, where he cals them the Sustainer of the ... ymans table . . . and God appointed four sorts of them to be clean, and suffered the people of Israel to feed upon them . . . They have no venome in them; yet they that feed on them are not long lived, and seldome live to 40 years, and frequently die young."

Let us have something definite about the manner in which locusts should be prepared for the table. Sir Richard F. Burton is our man. "They are prepared for eating by boiling in salt water and drying four or five days in the sun; a 'wet' locust to an Arab is as a snail to a Briton. The head is plucked off, the stomach drawn, the wings and the prickly parts of the legs are plucked, and the insect is ready for the table. Locusts are never eaten with sweet things, which would be nauseous; the dish is always 'hot,' with salt and pepper, or onions fried in clarified butter, when it tastes nearly as well as a plate of stale shrimps."

The important question now arises is the homopterous insect, Cicada septendecim, familiarly known as the 17-year locust, now ravaging Bristol county as we read, as good eating as the orthopterous saltatorial insect, the Oedipoda migratoria, or pachytylus migratorius of Asia and Africa?

The wise man Agur in Proverbs states that the locusts have no king. The Moors of Morocco contradict this statement: the locusts have a king to lead their innumerable armies, and his title is Sultan Jereed.

Did Iago, when he said: "The food that to him (Othello) now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida," refer to the insect or the locust-bean?

Let us not forget that the locust has admirable medicinal properties. Bread ... with the flesh of locusts is good for those who are troubled with the stone, fried locusts take away the roughness of the nails; the legs bruised with goat's tallow cures leprosy; powdered in wine, locusts are a remedy against the scorpion's sting, also the stinging of bees, wasps, hornets. Take their feet and wings away and they are excellent food for geese, ducks, hens, hogs, sheep and young peacocks.

Some years ago a man of scientific pursuits in Paris gave a dinner at which all the dishes were of insects. The first course was cockroach soup, which the guests, hardy men, pronounced delicious. It was stated at the time that the host was preparing a cookbook treating only of insects, or he had already published it. We clipped the reports of the feast in the newspapers, but unfortunately they are not now at hand. Perhaps we gave them to Mr. Herkimer Johnson for the seventh volume of his colossal work. If so, will he kindly return them?

In a Choir Loft

As the World Wags:

As Dr. Guilmette's Boston musical career seems at present a timely topic, the writer would add one further item. If a memory dating back to old Roxbury days of the Sixties be not at fault, a celebrated choir at the First Church in Eliot square, Roxbury, the Rev. George Putnam's parish, was Sarah (?) Barton, Mathilde Phillipps (a sister of Adelaide) William McDonald and Dr. Guilmette.

Lenox. F. S. S.

Adam the Bachelor

Was Adam a vegetarian? A passage in the Talmud says he was, but in another place (Sanhedrin) we read that he was created late on Friday, so that he might immediately sit down to a sumptuous Sabbath feast. There is a tradition preserved in the Talmud that Adam was a gay blade before Eve was formed from his rib; that winged Peris fed him on the daintiest victuals and filled his goblet with the choicest wines. Then Eve came along and spoiled it all. It is a pity that important questions, like this one, were not definitely settled long ago.

June 10, 1919

The Pine Tree

(A Sunday Service Advertisement)

Come ye and worship!
... ye the All-Comforter!
Every seat is to be had for the sitting.
... radiating from the central column
They rise, that each may behold the pastor
to his heart's content.
Cover thy head if ye will or worship unbound
By shackles of convention.

Behold the most delicately woven patterns of tapestry
The most exquisite of age-old carvings,
Cool with sweet breathings in summer,
Warm with brooding fragrance in winter.

[illegible] cathedral
... dusty dampness.
Our ... is swept and garnished by the most advanced of sanitary experts
Without being left in the naked state of the ... mi-seance.

Our Pastor is omni-present, to comfort, to ..., and to heal the sick and the heart-...

Our organist, the oldest in the world plays with infinite skill upon the most exquisitely attuned of instruments. The pipes are fired with such sweet incense that the faintest note bears with it the healing balm of a benediction.

Come ye and listen!
Come ye and worship!
Come and sing a new song unto the Lord!

Come, evil-doers, and learn of the sweetness of God.
Come ye smug self-righteous ones, and learn of free, Unconscious Goodness.

Lie down and rest in my shadows,
Be blessed and be refreshed.
Come ye and let the benediction of the Universe still your unquiet heart.

Worcester. M. B. W.

In the Music Halls

It is pleasant to learn what songs are now popular in the music halls of Great Britain, after the fury of the war and the anguish of the people. Here are some of them, which sung, "reap a rich harvest of applause."

"The Worse You Are the More the Ladies Like You," "I Kept a-Jazzing," "You Used to Want Me When I Didnt Want You," "Thtop Your Thuttering Thammy," "That's What God Made Mothers For," "Where Did You Find the Lady?" "Goodby, Wild Women, Goodby," "Don't All Speak at Once, Litlte Girls," "A Great Big Plonking Kiss."

Mr. James Heard, essaying a higher lyric flight, makes "Clammy Seas" rhyme with "Rameses," and is the author of this distich:

Cleopatra, Socrates,
Marie Lloyd and Nelson Keys

We learn from the Times that Marie Lloyd's latest song pictures the troubles of a wife who has lost touch with the removal van during a "flitting." She is probably not so Rabelaisian as in the days when she sang the rhubarb song and other ditties that excited Mr. W. R. Titterton to glowing praise in his excellent book, "From Theatre to Music Hall," published in London seven years ago. Mr. George Moore proclaimed in brass band tones the aesthetic and civilizing glory of the music hall: Mr. Arthur Symons, before he began to write knowingly about the seven arts, likened his life to one: but no one has approached Mr. Titterton in keenness and warmth of appreciation. Miss Vesta Tilley, becoming Lady de Frece, has excited again the attention of those who admired her when she first visited America on the invitation of Mr. Tony Pastor—it was in the spring of 1893. Returning to this country in the spring of 1895 she sang "The Man Who Broke the Brokers Down in Wall Street," "Some Dance the Lancers," "Captain Wallop 'Em," "French Mamzelle," "Down Rotten Row," and "The Sad Sea Waves." No one has written so well of Miss Vesta Mr. Titterton, who consecrated nearly seven pages to her. He first saw her when she was "informing her enraptured audience how very well known was Algy to the ladies of the theatrical profession." He concludes his panegyric: "And all the while, for all her truth to masculine type, you get a sense of the feminine—not as with those cluey imitators of hers who are giggling women in thin disguise, but just so much that the truth of the male gesture is made the more piquant by that hint of curving shape. And yet her soul is the soul of a boy—or perhaps (shall I say?) of a girl at the age when girls and boys were very much alike. She, like Marie Lloyd, is and always will be a naive child."

Peace Pens

How many have spoken for the pens with which the peace treaty will be signed? or do the honorable gentlemen use fountain pens, warranted not to leak, nevertheless generous waistcoat decorators? Mr. Lloyd George has promised the Girl Guides to use their presentation gold pen if possible, for one of the documents. He had already agreed to use another pen for the main signature. When Bismarck signed the peace preliminaries in 1871 he used a gold pen given to him for the purpose by the women of Pforzheim. Acknowledging the gift, he said: "I may promise you that in my hands, so help me God, it will sign nothing unworthy of German sentiments and the German sword."

When William Hohenzollern signed his abdication, he signed the document at the foot. We are informed that it is the royal and imperial custom to sign at the top of a paper.

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"Every expression that we employ apart from those that are connected with the most rudimentary objects and actions, is a metaphor, though the original meaning is dulled by constant use. Thus, in the above sentence, "expression" means what is 'squeezed out,' to "employ" is to "twine in" like a basket maker. . . .

"Employe" or "Employee"?

A. M. writes to the Herald objecting to the use of the word "employe" without an acute accent on the final "e." He prefers the form "employee," as an English word without the idea of sex being present.

"I find that the Oxford Dictionary has the following: 'ee, suffix, used in technical terms of English law, was originally an adaptation of the e' "—this "e" has the acute accent—"of certain Anglo-French past participles, which were used as substantives. And under 'employee' it states that the word is from 'employ' plus 'ee.' There must be hundreds, very likely thousands, of English words in —ee, but the only ones that occur to me offhand are the following, against each of which I have put the date of its earliest known use:

Absentee, 1537.	(Endorsee, 1767).
Assignee, 1419.	Legatee, 1679.
Biographee, 1841.	Lessee, 1481.
Donee, 1435.	Patentee, 1442.
Feoffee, 1411.	Payee, 1758.
Grantee, 1491.	Referee, 1621.
Indorsee, 1754.	Trustee, 1647.

"It thus appears that the formation of words in 'ee' has been going on for over 500 years. The English took over 'employe' "—with the acute accent—"from the French, and with them it is still purely a French word. But, even so, when used in the plural, 'employes' "—the second "e" accented—"must at times include females as well as males. On the other hand, we in this country deliberately formed the word 'employee' after the long-established English practice with words in 'ee.' "

Fowler and White

H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler have this to say about "employe"—final "e" accented—in "The King's English" (Oxford, 1906): "The word 'employe' is often a long, ugly, and unnatural substitute for 'men,' 'workmen' or 'hands' . . . But it has a value where clerks or higher degrees are to be included. . . . It should be used as seldom as possible, that is all."

Much more amusing is Richard Grant White's answer to some one asking in 1873 about "the French word 'employee,' which has come so much in vogue here of late years." Mr. White replied as follows:

"I confess at the outset that I am prejudiced by a strong feeling against this word. The introduction of 'employee' is the sign and fruit of a foolish and 'snobbish' dislike to the word 'servant', a simple and honest word, which, with all that it implies, I like. Peter avows himself the servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; a British officer is proud to say that he serves her majesty; companies of actors, of whom William Shakespeare and John Philip Kemble were members, were his Majesty's servants. The servants of a household seem to me to hold a place in it which is perfectly respectable, and which only their own conduct can degrade; I myself was for many years a servant of the United States, and I hope that no one will ever call me an 'employee.' I cannot see why those who serve a railway company, or a hospital, or any corporate body, mercantile firm, or individual, should not be called its or his servants. But it is to be said that 'employee' has a claim to a place among a goodly family of words; 'nominee,' one who is nominated; 'payee,' one who is paid, 'mortgagee,' 'grantee,' 'trustee,' 'referee,' 'patentee,' 'devotee,' etc.; and so 'employee,' one who is employed. Then let those who prefer, and who use it, recognize it boldly as an English word, which they may do with perfect propriety, and call their servants or themselves (if being servants, they do not wish to be so called) 'employees,' and not vex their souls and their vocal organs, together with the ears of their hearers, by writing 'employes' "—here Mr. White accented the second "e"—"and talking of 'omploy-yays.' "

"Servant" and "Help"

Charles Reade spoke of Artemus Ward as "Artemus the Delicious." In the first of Artemus Ward's books, published in London by John Camden Hotten, is this delicious footnote contributed by the English editor: "The terms 'master' and 'servant' grate upon the ears of all Americans. With them the employer is a 'boss' and the servant a 'help'."

"Blimp"

[illegible] ... that the wise men of the ... stammer when they try to give the derivation of the word "blimp." One man says the word is a bit of English naval slang "and would have been described by Dr Johnson as a cant word without etymology." It is suggested that "blimp" is an "undesigned compound" of "blot" and "pimple" suggested by the appearance of the airship in the sky. Mr. G. R. Radmore, writing to the New York Times, is cocksure. He boldly starts off: " 'Blimp' is an old English word meaning 'blister.' " Please state your authority, Mr. Radmore. The word is not in the great Oxford dictionary, it is not in Wright's huge dictionary of English dialect: it is not in the old dictionaries of Bailey (1736), Sherwood (1672) or Blount's "Glossographia" (1681). Perhaps we should be content with describing the "blimp" as a "remarkable aeronautic development of the war."

June 21 1

Friendship's Tests

(The greatest test of friendship is the knowledge that one may tell the truth to a friend with the certainty that no offence will be taken.—Referee.)

Whate'er Brown writes, I ought to state,
Is theme of my stern strictures;
Jones paints, and oft I indicate
The faults in all his pictures
For long I've been their friend, you see,
And yet they are not friends with me.

Smith's baldness is on every tongue,
I tell him, as report is,
I tell his wife she looks quite young
For one who's past the forties.
And yet these twain by many a sign
Make plain they are no friends of mine.

To Celia on her moral slips
I often preach a sermon
I cry, "Yvette, those ruby lips
The rouge should be more firm on!"
Yet I am deemed, to my regret,
No friend by Celia and Yvette.

But who can stand true friendship's tests?
Ah, me! the wrath and railings,
As, striving still to do my best
I show my friends their failings!
Indeed, my sorrow never ends
For somehow now I have no friends.

—M. S., in the London Daily Chronicle.

They Love America

Now that there is prospect of peace German musicians are expressing their undying devotion to America. Mrs. Richard Strauss says she and Richard were always in favor of the allies, and thought the war a wicked shame. Mr. Weingartner, who signed the famous manifesto, now says that he was ignorant of its contents and was grossly deceived. He, too, now thinks the war was a dreadful mistake. He is the same Mr. Weingartner that early in the war composed and conducted in Vienna an overture in which the "Marseillaise" was treated with musical buffoonery and the glory of Germany and Austria trumpeted. To all these German singers, fiddlers, pianists, composers, America is now a beloved land, a rich land, where dollars are to be gained. These musicians will even lie and crawl for them.

The Public Library on Holidays

As the World Wags:

Perhaps the most valuable suggestion that has been made of late in regard to the Public Library is that of "Observer" that it should be open on holidays, with the exceptions of Christmas and the Fourth of July. The opening on holidays does not necessarily mean that the same force need be in attendance any more than at the evening and the Sunday openings. On these, the attendants are, largely, those who are not on duty in regular hours. One item in this "count" is that Boston has, at least, two more holidays a year than any other city, our Bunker Hill day (June 17th), and the Patriots' day (or Evacuation day?) of early spring being entirely local. But does not the closing or a part of Good Friday imply the public recognition of the sacredness of the day, irrespective of creed or sect, that is inherent in the higher civilization? Is it not morally impressive?

In the several general holidays there are a large number of people to whom the open library would be a very great privilege—to a great number whose employments on other days debar them from more than fragmentary use of the library. It is for them that the evening and Sunday opening is largely designed, but as many live at a distance which makes the evening in the library impracticable, the convenience of a holiday would greatly be appreciated.

Boston. LILIAN WHITING

Good Friday is a legal holiday in Alabama, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Louisiana, Maryland, Minnesota, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Tennessee ...

Twenty-Three Years Ago

As the World Wags:

Somebody sent me while I was away from home for ... Nov. 12 ... 13 of "Time and the Hour" ... 29 and Sept ... 6 ...

... fany failed "to run through" as ... "roughest day." Now 1896 does not seem very far back to me, but I was not then a resident of these parts, and "Timo and the Hour" failed to find me "in partibus barbarorum." What interests me most in this cleverly written little publication is the number of "old forgotten far off things" that were current interests of the time. Edward Atkinson's "cooker" is referred to, and along with the reference is a rather savage hit at Mr. Brooks Adams. A novelist of Boston, still living and writing, I think, is advertised as having just sent forth a new novel, twice characterized by reviewers as "epoch-making," and conjecturally mentioned as perhaps the expected "great American novel." A theatre announces the "first exhibition in New England of the Lumiere Cinematographe." Somebody calls for suitable theatre dress intended for bicyclists. "The late" Prof. Josiah Dwight Whitney's classical dinner with a chained slave at the door is mentioned as a characteristic piece of hospitality. Thrift and economy are praised in a way to delight Mr. Hoover. Volumes of verse by Bliss Carman are advertised. There is praise for the Sound Money Democrats, and there is a sharp little paragraph about Miss Gilder's biographical sketch of Lady Henry Somerset. "Paper pillows" are mentioned as the latest health fad in Boston. "How soon we are forgot." SENEX.

Brookline.

Ichabod!

As the World Wags:

How is the city of Boston becoming limmed! No more does a poor fellow come up and assail you while you are standing on the sidewalk conversing with a friend about the scarcity of tulips and other flowers in the Public Garden and the seemingly absence of horticulturists to put that place in order so that we may abide there during the noon recess and talk over the signs of the times. No longer does the wayfarer tell you that he has three cents and that he needs two more to pay his way home or to buy a cup of coffee. No longer does one see the policeman tapping the soles of men who forget to wake up mornings from the benches on the Common, in fact you can walk through the Common these salubrious mornings and there is an utter absence of these things. You can stand on Boylston or Tremont street and not notice an inebriate if you were to stand there for a whole day. Verily, all such are the signs of the times in Boston. There is plenty of music and some of the leading theatres are still in session, and the Pop concerts are still holding forth, although I could not tell a visitor if there is anything to pop this season as I have not attended any of the concerts, and knowing that prohibition is on the way everyone seems to be holding his breath waiting for the final decision. To tell the truth, I would like to take a trip to the Indies for a change if I could afford it. Where there are mountains of sugar and rivers of rum; where the pretty moonlight still shines until daybreak, and where the tuberoses are still in bloom; where the midnight dew bathes you in its profound calmness; and during the daytime if the sun is too hot you can creep under a tree and smoke up a cent's worth of pig-tail tobacco. And then when I should return to Boston I would feel that my caprices have been satisfied and I wouldn't care a sprigadee what has happened during my sojourn in such a sweet, sunny clime.

Boston. L. CUTHBERT ODIAN.

It was eminently proper that the filmplay "Daddy Long-Legs," with Mary Pickford, the heroine, should be shown at the Tremont Theatre, for at this theatre the comedy by Jean Webster was first seen in Boston on Jan. 10, 1916, when Henry Miller, Ruth Chatterton, Margaret Sayres and Mrs. Jacques Martin took respectively the parts of Pendleton, Judy, Mrs. Lippett and Mrs. Semple. The engagement at this theatre was interrupted by fire, and the play was seen at the Hollis Street Theatre on Feb. 7 of that year.

The history of the comedy is one of long, continuous success. Jean Webster's story was originally published in the form of letters in a magazine, the Ladies' Home Journal, if we are not mistaken. It appeared later in book form. The comedy was produced at Atlantic City on Feb. 20, 1914. It did not go to New York until Sept. 28, 1914, when Charles Waldron took the part of Pendleton. Mr. H. Conway Wingfield, now at the Copley Repertory Theatre in Boston, then played Griggs. The comedy has been remarkably successful. Mr. Miller and Miss Chatterton payed in the Middle and Far West. One or two more companies have appeared in it every season in this country for the last five years. The play has been seen in Australia, China, India, South America. It was brought out in London at the Duke of York's Theatre on May 29, 1916, with Mr. Waldron as Pendleton and Renee Kelly as Judy. Fay Davis took the part of Miss Pritchard.

In New York, on April 3, 1915, there was a performance by children at the Gaiety, with "Boots" Wooster as Judy and Robert Smith as Pendleton. These children came from Miss Chatterton's company, appearing there as orphans, from "Chin Chin," "Fads and Fancies" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" played by Granville Barker's company. The performance, a matinee for the benefit of the Stage Children's School, brought in about $4000.

In some respects, one might say in many respects, the comedy is more interesting filmed than spoken. There is little or no skill shown in construction: one act is nothing but an inconclusive love-scene: there is nothing strikingly original about the flimsy plot or the characters; there is a string of episodes. But the play is pleasant on the stage, especially, as a critic put it long ago, "if you do believe in fairies and all the delightful things that belong with them —in Cinderella and the Marchioness and so forth—in short, if romance glows for you and warms the cockles of a still youthful heart within you. Critics were caught smiling simply and sentimentally; elderly ladies beamed; if anybody came with a carping spirit he soon had it bewitched out of him."

The film has this great advantage over the spoken play: Judy's letters with the quaint drawings sent to her unknown god-father can be read on the screen. Furthermore, the pranks of the rebellious and mischievous in the orphan asylum are presented in greater variety and in a more realistic manner. The scenes in the country at the farmhouse and those at the college with the theatrical performance and the graduation exercises are much more effective on the screen than they could be in an ordinary production of the comedy on the stage.

Mr. Gordon's production at the Tremont would be well worth seeing even if Miss Pickford were not the heroine. The photoplay throughout is finely planned and carried out. The scenes at the cheerless orphanage; the views of the college—with the rather luxurious rooms for the girls, the vivid pictures of the "Romeo and Juliet" performance and graduation exercises—above all, the beautiful views of the farmhouse, forest, stream, with daylight and moonlight effects—these are unusually good even in these days of kinematograph.

It should also be remarked that the explanatory texts, introducing characters or situations, are ingeniously contrived with illustrations now humorous, now pathetic, that show genuine fancy on the part of the designer.

Add to all this the sight of Miss Mary Pickford, supported by an excellent company of young and old comedians. "Our Mary" was for many years the endearing title given by Americans to Miss Mary Anderson, an actress who was often overpraised. Miss Pickford has indisputably succeeded to the title. Thousands delighting in film-plays have taken her to their hearts. In the first scenes at the Tremont one hears on every side, "Isn't she cute!"—too often, in this city of "Culchaw," "Ain't she cute!" When Judy appears, more mature and impressionable, the chorus of admiration is voiced: "Ain's she sweet!" These tributes are wholly spontaneous and sincere. As Miss Chatterton triumphed in the eyes of the public as Judy, as Miss Kelly was extolled in London for her grace and "deliciously sympathetic" playing, so Miss Pickford, long a favorite in film plays, will no doubt be dearer to even her warmest admirers as Judy of the screen. Irresponsible and elfish in her mischievous tricks at the orphanage, in her love of practical jokes and her daring, she is a feminine Charley Chaplin. By the way, how did the mean, spying girl finally get out of the well into which Judy and her demoniacal little boy left her? As an orphan Miss Pickford gives constantly the illusion of childhood. There is no thought of a woman masquerading as a child or laboriously endeavoring to be girlish. In the later scenes her task is easier. Her chief task is to be pretty, sweet and sentimental.

Miss Pickford is well supported. Mr. Hamilton successfully lives up to the part of the handsome, generous benefactor. We had no play bill and are therefore unable to name the women that were excellent as the matron of thes orphanage, the nurse of the farmhouse, and the spoiled rich child; nor for the same reason can we name in praise the children, especially the impish boy and Cupid. All the children had been well trained. This may be said of the remarkable dog sadly overcome by indulgence in hard cider. Will this laughable scene be cut out on July 1? Perish the thought!

A Note About the New Farce at the Copley Theatre This Week

"Two Pairs," the new farce which the Henry Jewett Players will act at the Copley Theatre this week, is by Donald MacLaren, an English actor known on tho American stage as well as in the playhouses of his own country. His story is about two men and two women. The couples are young; the men are master and valet; the women mistress and maid. At the beginning of the play they are all unknown to one and to the other, although there is an understanding between their fathers that Vincent Stirling and Sylvia Esmond are some day to be married. A visit is planned by Vincent to Sylvia's home with himself posing as his valet and his valet as himself. Sylvia is up to the same trick, with herself as her maid Lucy, and Lucy as her mistress. Out of this simple scheme arise many complications.

It is said that "Two Pairs" was at one time almost ready for production by Charles Dillingham, who after he had paid for an option on it, was forced to abandon the project. "Why? Because of actors' jealousy and rivalry. He secured Charles Cherry and Ralph Herz respectively for the roles of master and valet, and Marie Doro and May Vokes for mistress and maid. At rehearsals it soon developed that the parts of the valet and the maid were too conspicuous and mirth-provoking to suit either Mr. Cherry or Miss Doro, and inasmuch as they supposed they were engaged as leading man and leading woman of the company, they threw down their parts. This left Mr. Dillingham and the rest of his company in the lurch, and although he had great faith in the play, he gave it up, for he foresaw a similar difficulty no matter who were the members of his company. Later, Charles Frohman took the bull by the horns, cast the play and met with the same fate."

"Two Pairs," therefore, is just the sort of play for a repertory company such as the Henry Jewett Players. Mr. Joy is satisfied to play the master to Mr. Clive's valet, and Miss Newcombe to play the mistress to Miss Roach's maid. There are good parts for the other members. As for the title, there could not be a better selection than "Two Pairs," with the example of "A Pair of Sixes" before it.

A Belated War Drama in London and Other British Plays

In spite of the armistice new war plays have been brought out in Great Britain. "Save the Children," by Charles Darrell, a melodrama in three acts (Brighton, May 12), might from its title be a film play treating of what are euphemistically and prudishly known as "social" diseases, but it is nothing of the kind. The villain is Dr. Manfred Bain, a Berlin physician, naturalized in England as a Swiss. His mission is to inoculate English children, males preferred, with a deadly virus of his invention; so in league with the German widow of an English knight he carries on a children's nursing home. The play is built on the murder of a boy scout who, hurt in an accident, is taken to the home. The boy's mother, entering the home as a nurse, finally unmasks the villain.

"The Belle of New York," revived at the Lyceum last month, has the old familiar melodies "now harnessed with certain ragtime and jazz interpolated items." Edith Drayton is the Salvation Lassie.

"The Girl Behind the Gun," a musical play founded on "Madame et Son Filleul by Hennequin and Weber, and produced in New York in September, 1918, is at the Winter Garden Theatre, London, entitled "Kissing Time."

"The Natural Law," a very frank "sex play," by Capt. Charles Sumner, brought out at Hartford, Ct., on March 15, 1915, was produced at Rochdale (England) on the 19th of last month.

Loie Fuller produced her fairy dream spectacle, "The Shepherd's Dream," at the London Coliseum last month. Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was used. The spectacle had been seen at the Chatelet, Paris. At the Coliseum there was also a curious exhibition of living statuary, "Makers of History." Fourteen of these "makers" were shown, including the Belgian King, Sir Douglas Haig, Admiral Beatty, Marshal Foch, Lloyd George. "It is in the irony of things that the least popular figure, that of the ex-Kaiser, is one of the most successful as a work of art." Each exhibit was preceded by a suitable speech. Norman O'Neill wrote music for this exhibition.

Henry Arthur Jones's one-act play, "The Goal," was acted for the first time in England at the Palace, London, May 20. It was produced at the Princess, New York, on Oct. 17, 1914. The chief part, that of an old engineer, was intended originally for Henry Irving. Maj. Leslie Faber, who took the chief part in London, had already produced the play in France.

"Revues make one hopeful. They began as a revolt. They are full of observation and freshness. They give the mind of the actor an opportunity of stretching itself. They break away from conformity and tradition. They say there's no particular way; and of course there isn't. For the highbrow to scoff at revues is to disown the beginning of what he is looking forward to, a general wake-up of the stage. We want freedom, and no fetters. The revue has abolished outworn orthodoxy." —Bridges Adams in the Daily Chronicle.

"Not one of the persons who have made such a fuss about 'Commercialism in the Theatre,' and 'The American Invasion,' has ever been guilty of an original idea in his life—a coterie of 'adaptors' who have battened on the work of other men's brains. The recooking of old-time farces, both English and French, with an added 'pinch' of music, and you have musical comedy, or 'drama' unworthy of a number five 'Fit-Up.' "—Harry M. Vernon in the Star.

"The Better 'Ole" met with great success in Australia, although there was doubt beforehand, for it was thought that Australians were "fed up" with plays that had anything to do with the war.

"She Strips to Conquer" was suggested as a more attractive title for a recent play than the one under which it was advertised.

The war play is not "old hat" in London. A naval drama by Clifford Rean, "Wireless," was produced at the Elephant and Castle on May 26. There is a "silly ass" in it, as there is in "The Man Who Stayed at Home."

"Fair and Warmer" was withdrawn from the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London, ... after a run lasting a little over a year.

... all-round impersonation ... a drawback to an actor, instead of being a recommendation. He is compelled to stew in recurring characters, each marked by the sign of his own personality—himself the one human being he cannot get away from. He is the antithesis of Proteanism, for he is constantly repeating the same part, and if he dares to become anybody else, audiences imagine they are being defrauded of their money. The old actor was poorly paid for playing everything—the modern is overpaid for playing one thing. Specializing is a virtue; formerly it would have been a reproach.—From "Swings and Roundabouts," by T. McDonald Rendle.

I do not see why we should yield to the natural instinct for accusing somebody else and clamor about the weakness of the playwrights and the low ideals of the managers. The demand for frivolity was no creation of commercial managers, but quite real and quite rational. But while providing merry shows for men away for a few hours from the trenches and women living under the perpetual threat of bombs, the theatre did contrive to give us some work which was not merely frivolous. It is no hyperbole, but a bare statement of fact, that better English plays were written between 1914 and 1918 than in the whole course of the Napoleonic wars.—H. G. Bailey in the Daily Telegraph.

Notes of a Personal Nature About English Theatres and Concert Halls

Fred Terry with a friend was passing a theatre run by a syndicate in London. The friend remembered that the play there must be very successful, for there was a long queue waiting. "That's not the audience," said Mr. Terry, "that's the syndicate waiting for its dividends."

Gladys Cooper, in the Weekly Dispatch, says that newspaper criticism is not the slightest test of a play's value. "That has been proved over and over again by the success of plays which critics have condemned. I think the critics have no influence with the public nowadays, though I am told that once Mr. Clement Scott could kill a play in a few words. The real test is the audience."

I always thought William Brady, the American manager, possessed a sense of humor till I read his interview in the Sunday Express. He has no use for most of the stuff twined out in this country. Speaking of the Yankee invasion in the film business, he remarks: "I say, it's cruel and unfair for Englishmen to believe such a thing," and then goes on, "I state quite frankly that I am at the moment trying to organize a producing company in Great Britain that will start manufacturing pictures, with English artists and English backgrounds." There, now, what a concession not to import American backgrounds. Shortage of tonnage, I suppose.—The Stage.

In John Ferguson's little volume of poems "Thyrea," which has reached a fifth edition in London, there are many allusions to the theatre. Witness these titles: "On a Chorus Girl," "On a Representation of 'Othello,'—Act Three, Scene Three"; "On a Low Comedian," "Resting," "On a Gymnastic Contortionist," "The Wardrobe Mistress." The "Chorus Girl" begins "twice nightly thus, for thirty bob a week!" and ends

Yet hope burns where those spangly sequins shine;
Hope that to her may come the chance to speak—
The envied chance to speak the envied line.

"Resting" tells of the "pale-faced girl in her pathetic best," of whom Mr. Ferguson says:

And she was "resting," sore dismayed and lone—
The resting that has not the gift of rest.

"The Wardrobe Mistress" is described as "a little woman, pinched and gray," who, though "echoes of by-gone triumphs wake her breast," is doomed, "with a needle in her work-worn hand" to "potter round the wings, all drably drest, stitching the trappings of some thoughtless girl."

I pin my faith to all societies and movements for the reconstruction of the drama—or rather, I should say, "improvement," for there has been no drama since the Elizabethan days to reconstruct.—E. A. Baughan in the Daily News.

Graham Moffatt, the author of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," has written a new play, also a noval with "Bunty" as the heroine.

G. P. Huntley is about to write a book covering his "fearful past."

Mme. Donalda, the Canadian soprano, after an absence from London of six years, sang in London on May 22 with her husband, Mr. Mischa-Leon, a Dane. "She showed a light, nimble management of the voice, some power of char-

[illegible] and [illegible] Her husband, a tenor, was not [illegible] praised.

The Reign of Laughter

[illegible] and Tree have passed, and [illegible] Chaplin reigns in their place."—[illegible] Harold Spender.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] are tragic [illegible]
'Tis the [illegible]
Life is reel [illegible]
Charles the Jester reigns as prince.

Shakespeare, turning in his grave,
Silent, grim [illegible] is,
When the gods and pities crave
Ceaseless Alfred Lester-ies,
Fallen lies the classic star
Robey reigns the [illegible] G. R.
—A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.

Katharine Kendall, who fiddled in London on May 22, "had nothing very startling on her program, but it was pleasant to listen to for those, the majority, who wish to enjoy with great effort. Her fiddle sings, and though it can do gymnastics, it does them without enthusiasm." Two songs by W. B. Marson, killed at the Somme, sung by Gertrude Higgs, "were remarkable for a boy of 15."

At an "enchanting" recital of songs of Montmartre by M. Gareau in London, May 16, he showed his great art "by the simplest possible means, gestures and voice." His pupil, Brenda Read, sang. She has adopted possibly the unmistakable and distinctive type of music-hall comedy singer, who sings occasionally, occasionally speaks through the music. Where the teacher relies on extreme simplicity, allowing the folk-songs to tell their own tale, the pupil dots the i's and crosses the t's, and makes the songs sophisticated thereby. And the difference of effect is not to be easily described.

Megan Foster, a daughter of Ivor Foster, gave her first recital in London on May 15. "Her voice possesses the prettiest, daintiest quality one could possibly hope for, and she has learnt not only to use it with unfailing judgment, but also—and this is a much more important matter—to avoid misusing it in the vain endeavor to interpret songs much too big for her."

Arnold Dolmetsch, well remembered here, has lost one of his most valuable old instruments, a recorder, which was in a bag, "left inadvertently on the ground" near the entrance to Waterloo station.

New Plays and Spectacles Seen by a Paris Correspondent

Rip's "Aladdin" has met with great success at the Marigny in Paris. "It is so refreshing that one's critical sense is left behind." The play is a combination of musical comedy and revue "over which the fantastic wand of pantomime has been waved, and as M. Rip is a witty satirist he has mingled the latest Parisian gossip with the fantastic settings of a dream." The correspondent of the Stage (May 24) adds: "It is this satire and its philosophy that will be the most difficult thing to translate—for 'Aladdin' will undoubtedly cross the Channel and may even reach America." A gay old business man, Barbizon, having spent his fortune on women, wishes his daughter, Susy, to marry Aladdin, an Egyptian financier. An old servant learns that Aladdin has a wonderful lamp. He steals it, but is obliged to leave it at Barbizon's house. Aladdin gets a Bolshevist, who has started a strike in Barbizon's factory, to help him. Disguised as Jews they offer Barbizon 20,000 francs for one that he bought for 20 francs. They think this lamp the real one. Barbizon learns that all his women friends from a duchess to a music hall girl are after his money, so when he discovers the real lamp and its power he wishes that all the women should fall in love with him; that he may have a palace and a harem and his friends for ser[illegible]

[illegible] H[illegible] ve[illegible] a splendid entertainment at which Parisian celebrities are seen. The Bolshevist, disguised as a Japanese actor, secures the lamp and [illegible]es it to rebuild the world on Bolshevist [illegible]. Barbizon is reduced to the rank of a plumber. Finally the young secretary destroys the lamp, restores everyone and everything to former state and weds Susy. Bakst designed the scenery, with a more subdued color [illegible] than is his wont. Barbizon, [illegible] the Bolshevist, Signoret; Susy, [illegible] Reynolds. "The music of Willy [illegible]edstone has unusual qualities."

Two plays by Henry Kistermaeckers were seen last month in Paris. "Le Roi [illegible] Palaces," at the Theatre de Paris, [illegible] to be the wittiest farce seen in [illegible] since the beginning of the war, [illegible] soon to be adopted for the American and English stage, and the drama [illegible] at the Ambigu." As a play, [illegible] Paris correspondent of the Stage [illegible] 'L'Embuscade easily remains the [illegible] of M. Kistermaeckers's work in [illegible] particular line. L'Occident is too [illegible] aimed at the heads of the [illegible] people who admire naval officers' uniforms and the strange costumes and customs of the East, and who sit back and murmur, "How true; how real," at the easy and superficial [illegible] of ideas between the Arab dance[illegible] girl and her European lover. The [illegible] that profound knowledge of

[illegible] would have gone [illegible] importance, and it remains merely a well-written and theatrically effective melodrama. Mme. Rejane Badet is a dancer before anything. MM. Pierre Renoir, Varny, and Joffre act with vigor and conviction.

Gaby Deslys and Harry Pilcer were seen in "The Quaker Girl."

Pierre Wolff has a play for next season.

Georges Feydeau's "Dame de chez Maxime" was revised last month. "There is a good deal of vulgarity and even grossness in his play, and he lacks the human sympathy of a Courteline, or the wit of a Tristan Bernard. With all his faults, it is a pity that Mr. Feydeau did not unite a farce or two during the war to amuse soldiers on leave, for he is unquestionably funny, and that which is vulgar and objectionable in his work passes, without leaving the unpleasant taste of many so-called comedies."

A new theatre, the Salle Marivaux, to be devoted to Kinema and variety, has been opened on the Grand Boulevards where the Cafe Anglais once stood. Griffith's "Intolerance" is shown.

"Little theatres seem to be springing up on every side with growing success. The prices at these fashionable boudoir theatres are exorbitantly high." The correspondent quoted above noted (May 29) the type of entertainments predominating in Paris. "Of the 32 theatres, 14 are devoted to plays, principally farce and comedy, of which only 10 can be said to be first class theatre fare; and 17 are devoted to musical comedy and revues. Added to this there are two, the Alhambra and Olympia, given over to variety entertainment. Thus there is a total of 39 spectacular shows against 11 dramatic."

Gemier revived "La Rabouilleuse" on May 26. This is the play from which "The Honor of the Family," in which Otis Skinner triumphed, was derived and not bettered by the happy ending "to suit American taste."

A dramatization of Gyp's novel "Napoleonette" was produced at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt.

A revival of Marcel Prevost's "Demi-Vierges" was scheduled for May 28 at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. The Daily Telegraph said: "At the invitation of the editor of the Figaro, M. Prevost has embodied some of his impressions in an article contributed to that paper. The moment has come, he holds, when he can regard the piece with absolute impartiality, as if, indeed, it were the work of one of his confreres. Any soreness the attacks upon his play might originally have produced has, he declares, disappeared. There remains the reflection—and none could be more precious to a writer—that 'by means of my books I have helped human beings to scrutinize with a penetrating and understanding eye their own lives, and so, saving them from many mistakes, ensured them greater happiness and the ability to play a more useful part in the world.'"

Unknown Music of Rossini for a Russian Ballet

When it was announced in London that the Russian Ballet would bring out "La Boutique Fantasque" with music by Rossini, readers rubbed their eyes. It is true that Rossini wrote for the ballet in "William Tell," but that music did not seem suitable or sufficient for the Russian purpose.

Mr. Diagileff gave the answer which was published in the Daily Telegraph of May 24. He first spoke of Rossini's entertainments at Passy, his Sunday luncheon parties for which he prepared the macaroni.

"At these banquets there was also music. The works of young musicians were performed, and sometimes one by the maestro himself, who prepared for these occasions merry compositions, full of irony, most of which have unfortunately remained unpublished. The titles of these works alone suffice to show the disposition of their author. We find among them piano pieces, entitled 'Four Hors d'Oeuvre; Radishes, Anchovies, Gherkins and Butter, themes variations.' We discover preludes headed 'Dried Figs,' 'Here I Am, Good Morning, Madame,' 'Almonds,' 'It is Striking Twelve, Good Night, Madame.' From the Albums we may take an Anti-dance-ing Valse, a Funeral during Carnival, an Asthmatic Study, an Abortive Polka, a piece entitled 'Ugh! Peas' a Convulsive Prelude, and even a Petite Valse 'Castor Oil.' In the Russian vein, Rossini composed a Siberian Dance, a Slav March (which serves as a prelude to 'La Boutique Fantasque'), and even a 'Tartar Bolero, dedicated to the celebrated Russian painter Ivanoff, who lived at Rome, and to whom he sends 'un bacio,' in his letter of June 17, 1848.

"Of these delightful pages, which sparkle with gaiety and are so little expected from the composer of the Barber, having more in common with Chopin, Delibes, or Glinka, the music of 'La Boutique Fantasque' is composed. The central number of the Ballet is dedicated by Rossini to the composer whom he admired 'beyond all' others at this period of his life, 'Offenbach.' The piece is entitled 'Capriccio Offenbachique.' The delightful Parisian Bacchanal, this 'Can-Can with its amusing false note, dominates all the music of 'La Boutique Fantasque.' It is a work full of laugh-

[illegible]

cate.

"The old-fashioned subject of [illegible] ed dolls; Derain's bustles and [illegible] against the background of a paddle-steamer, recalling the period of Edouard Manet, Seurat and the earlier paintings of Renoir; Respighi's clever orchestration, and Massine's choreography in the manner of Lautrec—these are the elements which have been collected with love and admiration round the delightfully ingenious music of the gems which Rossini modestly named 'Les Riens,' and which until now have remained entirely unknown even to amateurs.

"I hold myself to be right in doing honor to this composer of genius, and in revealing this absolutely new aspect of his inexhaustible and radiant inspiration."

Lionel Dauriac, a biographer of Rossini, describes these piano pieces as "jeux d'esprit" rather than musical "works."

Operas by Massenet and Alfred de Keyser Heard in London

Massenet's "Therese," first heard at Monte Carlo in 1907, was performed for the first time in England at Covent Garden, May 22. This story of the French Revolution is in two acts. "Every one seemed intensely relieved when 'Therese' was over, and the audience could prepare to enjoy 'Pagliacci.'" The Times continued: "Massenet had to set a very poor book, and we all know how poor Massenet could be when he had nothing in either dramatic situation or the words to stimulate him. Imagine a story of the French Revolution (1792 is the date), in which nothing happens until, just before the final curtain, the heroine denounces herself by shouting 'vive le roi!' on which the mob suddenly rushes in to carry her off to instant death!" The two acts are occupied by Therese wavering between Thorel, her husband, 'a noble minded revolutionary, and Armand, her royalist lover, whom Thorel protects. There are tepid love scenes with tepid music; a pretty minuet with a harpsichord in the orchestra; scraps of soldier songs and crowd songs behind the scenes, but such things are insignificant attempts at relief from the long periods when the three characters or two of them, stand and sing drearily about their unconvincing emotions." The Daily Telegraph said that nothing happened and that all the languorousness of which Massenet was so capable and so fond persponates the opera, but it also said that "a very warm reception was accorded to it by a large audience." The two critics agreed in praising Lella Megane (Therese), a newcomer, who, having studied for five years or so in Paris, has sung at the opera houses of Marseilles, Nantes, Lyons and so on. The Times said: "She has a beautiful voice, one of those voices which ring true in all circumstances, except when on low tones she is anxious to prove that she really is a contralto. Then one begins to wonder whether she is or not. Through most of the opera one could only feel that she was making the best of a trying situation."

A new opera, "Stella Maris," is a prelude and three acts, by the late Belgian composer, Alfred de Keyser, was produced in London for the first time at the King's, Hammersmith, on May 23. It had been produced a few weeks before at Liverpool. During the prelude not a word is spoken or sung. Marga (Beatrice Miranda) is seen standing, looking out to sea, for Yanik (Wm. Boland) had sailed long ago and not returned. There are three acts. The first opens three years after Yanik departed. It is generally thought he is dead. Marga is on the point of marrying Silvain (Kingsley Lark). As the ceremony is about to be performed, a storm breaks out, a ship is wrecked on the rocky coast, and Yanik is washed ashore. He claims Marga's hand. She complains of his absence, questions his love and refuses to leave Silvain. Yanik flings a bag of gold at her feet, cries "Thus do I keep my faith" and left alone vows that Marga, wife or no wife, shall be his. Act II. Marga, married to Silvain consults a palmist who makes her unhappy. Yanik enters her house and entreats her to yield to him. She refuses. Then Yanik threatens to kill her husband. To save him, Marga gives herself under Yanik's promise that he will leave the village and never return. Act III. Yanik does not keep his word. Silvain suspects his wife, and, overhearing a conversation, learns of her infidelity and the reason for it. "He confront them, and Yanik then decides to go away forever, while, Marga, conscious of her husband's knowledge of her infidelity, is about to wander off alone, when Silvain takes her in his arms and forgives her." The only account of the opera we have seen was published in the Stage, and all that it says in way of criticism is that an old story, well told, is "cleverly set to music, though perhaps it is not a masterpiece. There is much in it that pleases, and must unquestionably appeal to lovers of music."

Mme. Destinnova reappeared in opera at Covent Garden on May 28 as Aida. Mme. Kirkby-Lunn was Amneris; Lappas, Radames; and our old friend Dinh Gilly, Amonasro.

Margaret Sheridan, a native of Ireland, who made her mark operatically

[illegible] [illegible] from that [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] the third and fourth [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] refreshing simplicity. Her upper notes ring [illegible] and bright and are by no means deficient in power while those in the lower register have a quality that is peculiarly sympathetic. In variety and expressiveness of gesture Miss Sheridan has still something to learn."

The Carl Rosa Company announced for June 6 the production of a new opera, "Antoine," by Reginald Somerville, at the King's, Hammersmith.

Richard A. Northcott wrote a little history of Covent Garden to mark the reopening after close on five years. "It does not profess to give anything more than a brief resume of historic events in the annals of that theatre, or to set forth more than salient incidents that have occurred within its walls."

Pianists, Known and Beginners, Heard by the London Times Critic

Miyadera Unwin. Her playing "betokened industry superinduced upon a good conscience, and there were indications of taste and good judgment. She would probably do herself more justice in a more intimate circle, for with the embarrassment of playing in public her touch became hard and mechanical; the commas and semi-colons were ignored, and the foot forgot to release the pedal. She gets, however, a nice singing tone, and it never exceeds the legitimate limits of the piano."

Isabel Gray. "Miss Gray was not able to infuse the personal note into her interpretations, and for this reason they hung fire."

Adela Hamaton played two concertos, Liszt's in E flat and Schumann's to show the capacity of the mechanically-played organ to accompany to piano in concerts. "If the organ had been less grievously out of tune certain parts, the plain-sailing ones, could have been quite effective. The more intricate ones made one realize in a vivid way how much the hundredth part of a second counts in the precision of a musical rhythm, and how very subtle the art of a conductor and an orchestra really is. Some of the displacements, due to the mechanism, small as they were, in actual time value had an amusingly disintegrating effect. The 'roll' as a means of accompaniment does not seem a very hopeful one, but if the experiment is to be continued, let us hope the instrument will be tuned."

Joy Smith. "The fingers at present have little strength, and the arm is called upon to compensate for this. Then it is not much use trying by means of the damper pedal to veil the fact that a passage has not been mastered; this seems to call for a little self-abnegation and a good deal of perseverance. Again, a funeral march is no march at all if it is so played that the hurrying party would get out of step. But behind these defects there is a fire of enthusiasm we would much rather listen to than the yards of cold oratory to which more immaculate complacency is sometimes known to treat us. On the other hand, enthusiasm will not reach the goal either, unless it is disciplined."

Sylvia Knudsen, a young Norwegian pianist, played in London for the first time on May 20, and showed good qualities. Her program included Brahms's Rhapsody in B minor. "The latter is a piece which only a great pianist can make quite satisfactory. One wonders why so few great pianists care to play it, when so many lesser ones try and fail."

Mr. Lamond played with Sir Henry Wood's orchestra Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, and Tschaikowsky's in B flat minor. "It was the latter which carried all before it. It is possible for an artist who feels himself to be identified with the mind of one composer to become a little oppressed by the weight of the responsibility, when the composer is Beethoven. In [illegible] sentimentality he may suppress sentiment, in seeking the thought forget the rhapsody. With Tschaikowsky, on the other hand, Mr. Lamond is a free man. The concerto is nothing if not rhapsodic, a bravura piece of the first magnitude. He and the orchestra revelled together in its broad tones, its brilliant colors and flamboyant ornaments. The torrential octave passages had a force rare to hear because the force was completely controlled and directed. The slow movement was frankly sentimental, but saved from wallowing in sentiment by the frivolity of the rapid waltz in the middle, and the finale whirled its way to a climax which left one breathless."

Mr. A. Rosenthal played Chopin and Debussy at the Wigmore Hall on Saturday much as he has played to us before with a hard accuracy that leaves no glimmer of a doubt, no room for wonder. There are all the notes, mustered like the uprights of a park railing, not like the spearheads of an army. The music stands still. It has no momentum. It is true that with him the difficulties of the piece have vanished, but that is not enough; an audience is glad to find that they have been defeated, but it must not be allowed to know where they once existed. Without meaning to, Mr. Rosenthal lets his victories come between us and the life and flow of the music, which therefore becomes a [illegible] of statistics instead of a c[illegible]

... the ... product ... of pot-reading or of rock climbing, and then back again to the ... with a new mind. May ...

Why pianists, even though they be the most conservative of musicians and the most imitative of each other, do not seek out some of the pianoforte music of Smetana and Fibich I cannot say. Much of the latter has a rarely peculiar charm and if the former's does savor a little of that of his master Liszt, it need not be the worse for that.—Robin H. Legg.

Sundry Notes About New Music and Musical Events in England

The London Daily Chronicle of May ..s "Music in London is—with one obvious reservation—as international as ever. Nearly every European nation is represented at Covent Garden; this week we have a festival of Czecho-Slovak music by Czecho-Slovak artists at Queen's Hall; there are apparently more French and Belgian players and singers in London than ever before, and there is an interesting series of concerts of early Italian music. A special feature of this is that all the pieces in the programs are taken from the national collection which has been made during the war under the guidance of a small committee headed by Gabriele D'Annunzio. The programs contain an occasionally quaint translation of the preface he has written, which is a fine specimen of his fervent rhetoric and picturesque imagery. There is in it a typical purple patch when the poet speaks of the magical effect on him of a Sicilian folk-tune eloquent of the seas and summer skies, sung by a sentry leaning on his rifle beneath gray skies in the arid wastė of the Carso."

"Four Conceits" by Eugene Goossens was performed for the first time in London by the Russian Ballet orchestra at the Alhambra, May 26.

Glastonbury, having well survived the war, is to hold high festival in August with three series, each of four performances, of the following works: "Cupid and Death," with music by Mathew Locke and Christopher Gibbons (in E. J. Dent's edition); "The Immortal Hour," by Rutland Boughton; Dramatic and Choral Dances, some with music by Adela Maddison and Napier Miles; "The Round Table," a music drama, by R. R. Buckley, whose recent death is so deplored, and Rutland Boughton. The festival begins on Aug. 18. Boughton's "Immortal Hour" is one of the works crowned by the Carnegie Trust. It was produced at Glastonbury in the first year of the war.—London Daily Telegraph.

Nothing but innate snobbishness made English people run after German conductors and German pianists to the neglect of native talent—the same snobbishness that makes people buy old masters and starve the living artist.—Sunday Chronicle

The Herald published recently Albert Coate's account of his trials and tribulations in Petrograd where he was conductor of the opera. The Herald then stated that Mr. Coates would conduct the London Symphony Orchestra. As there was some talk in Boston of Mr. Coates being the successor of Dr. Muck, the review of his performance in London on April 29 published in the Times is of more than local interest. On the evening of that day Maj. Geoffrey Toye conducted the concert of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

"The contrast was a striking one. Mr. Coates chose a program of works so well known as to be surprising by that fact. It contained the overture to 'Die Meistersinger,' the Siegfried Idyll, Tschaikowsky's symphonic poem 'Romeo and Juliet' and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Maj. Toye, on the other hand, had to direct a varied scheme of events, including such important new works as Stanford's piano concerto and two pieces by Eugene Goossens, with Dvorak's Fourth Symphony, which has not been constantly in the orchestral repertory. Their tasks were therefore entirely different. The one had to make us hear with fresh ears music in which every detail was well known; the other, to make what was comparatively unfamiliar carry conviction. It is by the latter that most young conductors and, indeed, other interpreters, too, build up their reputations. The attempt at the former has been the ruin of reputations which seemed secure. Its dangers are sensationalism, the exaggeration of subsidiary details of orchestration, the emphasis of one passage at the expense of another, which, obscuring the plain meaning of the classics, substitute conductor's 'readings' for honest performances. A conductor producing such a program as that of the Royal Philharmonic Society has plenty of difficulties, but no temptations. He knows that the nearer he can get to what the score says or implies, or, in some cases, to what the composer, standing at his elbow, whispers during rehearsal, the more complete will be the success of his performance. He can go straight to the point, as Maj. Toye in fact did with singular directness.

"The conductor of the Wagner-Tschaikowsky Beethoven program has really to do the same thing, substituting for the momentary aid of the composer the ... chain of tradition which ... of performances has produced ... if tradition helps with one hand it hinders with the other. It makes both players and listeners complacent and insensitive. The attempt to rouse them is apt to turn the conductor into a demagogue instead of an artist.

"It was Mr. Coate's avoidance of this temptation which makes his coming to London at this moment an event of real good fortune for our music. His armour against temptation, as can be seen both in rehearsal and performance (and we have followed both), is simply that the music is the all-important consideration to him all the time. If at rehearsal he spends endless pains in polishing a single phrase, it is that it may take its place in the whole with complete fitness. His performances yesterday also showed his extraordinarily sure instinct for what is important. When he emphasized a melody it was because that was the thing which mattered most at the moment. The result was that the tunes in the 'Meistersinger' overture sang themselves as they only do in the few outstanding performances that one remembers among the hundreds one has heard, and that the interweaved themes which make the plot of Tschaikowsky's drama had extraordinary vividness. His playing of Beethoven was ruled by the same conditions. He was very faithful to the inner rhythm and the ruling melody. One was little inclined to question details, though some of his tempi were open to question, because the whole was so evidently sincere and the result of infinite care and thought.

"It is no disrespect to the London Symphony Orchestra to say that he gave them just what they need, a thorough restudy of familiar things, and on the whole they responded to him finely. He may succeed in getting still greater flexibility from them at the subsequent concerts. It is what audiences need too, and though yesterday's, being largely an audience of musicians, was exceedingly responsive, a wider public should benefit by these concerts.

"There is really no great mystery about conducting. It is merely the man who finds most in the music and has the power to pass it through his players to his hearers who is the master. Mr. Coates is a shining example. The Royal Philharmonic Society has brought to the fore this season two younger men, Mr. Adrian Boult and Major Toye, who with equal experience may go as far."

The Propaganda of Czecho-Slovak Music in London

The following letter from Alice Masarykova was published in the London Times of May 26:

"How I wish that our choir would bring to you—our music, Smetana, Dvorak, and all the others—our message of faith and beauty. Smetana was the well of faith to us during the war; the houses were always full, and the melodies, strong and sweet, just filled the hearts with the conviction that our honest struggle must lead to victory. I just think of a dark spring day when a young Czech sculptor came to say good-by before he went to the battlefield, sent by the Austrian government to one of the most exposed places to fight against the allies. He knew he was led to death, and as he lingered on the threshold before turning away abruptly he said, pale and serious: 'I shall fall in a few days, but I shall never use this gun against the allies.' The news of his death came a few days after. This feeling of a young artistic heart you will find expressed in our music—soft, yet firm and faithful. This was the speech of our hearts when we had to be silent, and I hope you will come to hear these unsaid words, and Emmy Destinn expresses the feeling with her voice beautifully. I hope when you hear our music you will feel that our nation, merry and happy by disposition, is and will be true to her dear graves in France and Italy, and far distant Siberia. I hope many of you will spend Monday evening with us at Queen's Hall."

On Sunday afternoon, May 25, there was a private hearing of chamber music by Suk and Dvorak played by the Bohemian quartet. "The singing of the two male-voiced choirs of 50 voices each was an event which took away the breath." The Prague Choral Society, led by F. Spilka, amazed through an extraordinary control of nuances. Krizkovsky's "Drowned Girl," an elaborate scene, was one of the selections. The Moravian Choral Society, led by F. Vach, "appealed in a different way, yet equally strongly. The whole aim of Czecho-Slovak singing is a distinct tradition from anything in western Europe." Piano pieces by Smetana and others were played.

At the public concert on May 26, Smetana's "Vltava" and "Sarka" and Dvorak's Slavonic Dances were played by the orchestra of the National Theatre, Prague, led by Karel Kovarovic. The Times said of this concert: "The instant impression made by the orchestra was that of great virility and an exceptionally sensitive unity. The first of these qualities made the hearer gratefully alert, the second established a most happy compact as between conductor and audience. M. Kovaravic ... inclined to say, come and love our country and Smetana with us; and the hearer the more readily agreed because Smetana is humanly musical first and nationally musical afterward. The brass of the orchestra is euphonious, though forceful almost to a fault; the strings are many and, on the whole, rich; the individual wood wind players are delightful, and the clarinet work recalls the tender intimacy of Muhlfeld. But details are forgotten in the long run, for the orchestra speaks with one mind the language of its masterly conductor, which is theirs as it is his, because it is apparently completely natural both in passages of simple pathos and in those of bustling fervor and delightfully reckless rhythm. The Moravian choir sang three Moravian pieces, the first an amazing example of choral diction with consonants which almost startled the listener and vowels which gave him all the colors of the rainbow in tone. The second was a solo with a mystical vocal accompaniment which recalled the drowsy beauty of some of Elgar's later part songs, and seemed to suggest an unconscious alliance in art already attained, which may well be developed without leading to any confusion of tongues as between the nations which have found new friendship in the grim work of the past four years."

Mme. Destinn, now known as Destinnova, sang songs from the operas of her own country. "She then settled down to the tenderest singing of two cradle songs from Smetana's 'The Kiss'; so lovely a wayside gift to the audience on her part made the vast bouquet of hothouse flowers which were showered upon her look rather aggressive."

The Kinsey quartet and others announced a performance from May 30 of Turina's "Scene Andalouse" "Crepuscule du Soir" (Serenata) and "A la Fenetre." "Turina, like his compatriots Albeniz, Granados and De Falla, is a fine pianist. He began his career by composing a good deal of quasi-sacred music, but his real training took place under Vincent d'Indy at the Schola Cantorum. In England he is best known by his "Processio del Rocio," which Sir Henry Wood has played. Mr. Copeland has played piano pieces by Turina in Boston at the Promenade Concerts.

Sydney Rosenbloom gave a concert of his own compositions in London on May 14. "His instrumental writing is so remarkably efficient, so direct and well planned that his work repays a thoroughly good performance." The program included a violin sonata, piano pieces and songs. "The style of Mr. Rosenbloom's piano writing is very much founded on Chopin and his earlier pieces seem to take more than their foundation from that quarry. The variations are exceedingly ingenious, as are those for two pianos, Op. 16, which are already familiar and were given at the end of this program. There does not seem to be much more in them, however, than this ingenuity combined with a sure instinct for effect. As a song writer Mr. Rosenbloom is less well equipped."

"Next came an Idyllic Phantasy for voice, oboe and violoncello, words and music by Cyril Scott. One thought of 'The Faun,' but there was none of Mallarme's wizardry, and of Tristan's shepherd, but he piped in a distinct key, and in the end one decided that it was just Cyril Scott, and that there was no reason to be given why one should like it, except that an oboe most delicately and a violoncello most sympathetically played (behind a door) and a voice perfectly in tune, in spite of temptations not to be, was a wonderfully beautiful combination. It was repeated. There were two songs for which the possession of sanity was rather a disadvantage. Verlaine's words generally, but especially in 'Crepuscule du Soir Mystique,' seem as if they could only properly be sung by a priestess over a smoking tripod. And in 'Lotusland' we had no notion what the words (Cyril Scott) or the music (Goossens) may mean, and yet they cannot be—perish the thought!—nonsense. Is it an Indian serenade to Mrs. Besant?" The London Times is speaking of Astra Desmond, whose singing had "the crowning merit of sanity—crowning, because there are many other virtues in it, and because after them all we come back to this one as the thing that pleases most. There is, what many people would put first, plenty of stuff in the voice, as we heard in 'Mad Bess'—but, not so mad as she is painted, Miss Desmond assured us. Then there is flexibility, which 'Non piu mesta' was fetched up from the shades to prove. The proof was complete after a page of it, and we would then and there have confessed a willing do manus scientiae and gone on to the next, but it would have been unholy to interfere with Canidia's incantation."

A quartet in C major by Norman O'Neill was played in London on May 24. "It is played on strings, but one wonders why it is called a quartet, since it aims at nothing more than the sonata for a string and pianoforte does. The threads of melody—some of of the later ones very acceptable music—are tossed about, it is true, from one instrument to the other, but as each takes them up successively, the others stand still and look on. Its interest is therefore as mild as that we take in watching the high jump, and not of the breathless kind with which we follow the quarter-mile. Considered as a piece for pianoforte written out for strings, the Scherzo which ended the work had merit."

A permanent orchestra for Birmingham (Eng.) is forming. There will be 70 players. The season will be from October to May. There will be Saturday and Sunday evening concerts; 12 symphony concerts on Wednesday, and in the parks a series of evenings devoted to light music, followed by dancing. The annual cost is estimated at about $42,500; the revenue at $30,000. Half the deficit has been guaranteed by individual citizens for five years. It is proposed to provide the balance from the rates.

One interesting outcome of the war, or rather of the peace, will be that more attention is paid to church bells and bell-ringing. Everywhere signs of this are cropping up. The bells of St. Clement's are being put in order, and now the rector and church-wardens of St. Lawrence Jewry - next - Guildhall have petitioned the lord mayor to intercede with the corporation to restore the bells in this church, which for centuries has been considered "the chapel of the corporation." These famous bells are only rung at the request of the corporation, or when important functions are being held at Guildhall. To put them in order would cost about £1500.—London Daily Telegraph.

The story of the popular Advent hymn "Lo, He comes with clouds descending" is worth recalling in any discussion on our hymn tunes. Apparently it began life as a drawing-room ballad about 1770, and shortly after was being danced as a hornpipe at Sadler's Wells. Authorities differ as to whether the hymn came between the ballad and the hornpipe, or last of all, but at any rate the tune proved itself suitable for both.—London Daily Chronicle.

GLORIFIES THE POPS

Having conducted the Pop concerts of the past week at Symphony Hall, Mr. Jacchia has demonstrated his ability to make the remaining three weeks of the Pops season the liveliest of all. If his unprecedented popularity as a Pop leader may be explained by his electric and tireless energy, his buoyant spirits and his musicianly authority, then the present strength of these qualities mark him as in the fullest power of his career.

Next Wednesday, June 25th, will be operatic night, the only one of the season, although Mr. Jacchia is an operatic conductor par excellence. The operas of five nations will be heard.

Tomorrow night the Massachusetts State Nurses' Association have taken a number of seats under the direction of Anna L. Gibson, R. N.

For Thursday, June 26, the Boston City Club has made the night its own by taking the entire floor and many balcony seats.

The programs of the week follow:

MONDAY, JUNE 23.

Graduate Nurses' Night.

March, "Semper Fidelis" .... Sousa
Overture to "Martha" .... Flotow
Reverie .... Redway-Rissland
Fantasia, "Carmen" .... Bizet
Ballet Suite, "Sylvia" .... Delibes
(a) Les Chasseresses. (b) Pizzicato.
Song Without Words .... Tschaikowsky
Intermezzo, "Pagliacci" .... Leoncavallo
Second Hungarian Rhapsody .... Liszt
Selection, "Eileen" .... Herbert
Waltz, "Espana" .... Waldteufel
Manon's Letter .... Gillet
Quartet from "Rigoletto" .... Verdi

TUESDAY, JUNE 24.

Entrance of the Gladiators .... Fucik
Overture to "Masaniello" .... Auber
Interlude .... Tirindelli
Fantasia, "Aida .... Verdi
Ballet Music from "The Cid" .... Massenet
(a) Castillane. (b) Aragonaise.
Violin solos. (a) Nocturne, Op. 27, No. 2, Chopin. (b) Scherzetto .... Wittman
Mr. Theodorowicz.
Entr'acte "Mignon" .... Thomas
Third Hungarian Rhapsody .... Liszt
Fantasia, "Carmen" .... Bizet
Turkish Patrol .... Michaelis
Intermezzo, "L'Amico Fritz" .... Mascagni
The Ride of the Valkyries .... Wagner

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25.

Operatic Night.

Coronation March from "The Prophet" .... Meyerbeer
Polonaise from "Eugen Onegin" .... Tschaikowsky
Prelude to Act III, "Natoma" .... Herbert
Fantasia, "La Boheme" .... Puccini
Overture to "Tannhaeuser" .... Wagner
Ave Maria from "Othello" .... Verdi
Gypsy Dance from "Carmen" .... Bizet
Sextet from "Lucia" .... Donizetti
Bacchanale from "Samson and Delilah" .... Saint-Saens
Meditation from "Thais" .... Massenet
Intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana" .... Mascagni
Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda" .... Ponchielli

THURSDAY, June 26.

City Club Night.

March, "Bocaccio" .... Suppe
Overture to "Mignon" .... Thomas
Waltz, "Tales from the Vienna Woods" .... Straus
Fantasia, "Madame Butterfly" .... Puccini
Suite, "Sylvia" .... Delibes
(a) Les Chasseresses. (b) Valse lente
(c) Cortege de Bacchus.
Ave Maria (for strings and organ) .... Schubert-Wilhelmj
Prelude .... Rachmaninoff
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman" .... Wagner
Selection, "Fiddlers Three" .... Johns ...
"La Paloma" .... Yradier
Waltz, "Violets" .... Waldteufel
March, "Entrance of the Gladiators" .... Fucik

[illegible]DAY, JUNE 27.

[illegible] "Queen of Sheba"	Gounod
[illegible] "Oberon"	Weber
[illegible]	Boccherini
[illegible] "A Masked Ball"	Verdi
[illegible] "[illegible]a." (a) Valse. (b) Czar	Delibes
[illegible] Act II "The Jewels of the Madonna"	Wolf-Ferrari
[illegible] [illegible]maniere	Lacombe
[illegible] [illegible]garian Rhapsody	Liszt
[illegible]tion, "Sinbad"	Romberg
[illegible] Act IV "Carmen"	Bizet
[illegible]omone," Waltz	Waldteufel
[illegible] p and Circumstance"	Elgar

SATURDAY, JUNE 28.

[illegible]ce of the Boyards	Halvorsen
Overture, "Jeanne d'Arc"	Verdi
[illegible]euse	Godard
[illegible]sia, "Pagliacci"	Leoncavallo
Suite "Peer Gynt"	Grieg
(a) Death of Aase. (b) In the Hall of the Mountain King.	
Intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana"	Mascagni
[illegible] Pas	Sudessi
[illegible] Hungarian Rhapsody	Liszt
Selection, "Her Regiment"	Herbert
V[illegible] Bargeman's Song (Orchestrated by Jacchia)	
"Estudiantina" Waltz	Waldteufel
American Patrol	Meacham

Jun 23

Fanatical and even mild prohibitionists, if there are any, should ponder these sad cases, recorded in a newspaper in 1825, probably published in some town on the Merrimack river: "Died. In North-Hampton, by drinking cold water, Mr. William Johnson." "Died. Mr. John Odiorne (by drinking cold water), aged 42."

Peace Pens

Two pens for signing the treaty of Amiens were sold in 1825 for £250 each. The peace treaty pens of 1856 are in the possession of ex-Empress Eugenie. We can see Senator Lodge and Senator Borah bidding against each other for President Wilson's pen—a scene for our old friend, the Historical Painter.

In a Bathtub

It is a curious fact that persons wishing to rent a summer cottage by the sea look for those that have at least two or three bathrooms. Mr. Herkimer Johnson assures us that this is the case at Clamport. "When I first went there, all the cottagers lived the simple life. Few, if any, of the shingled cottages had a bathtub. Men and women bathed in the ocean. When the architect of the Squissicheesit Hotel showed his plans, the wonder was that one room was marked 'bathroom.' Now it is all changed. One small cottage has five. I am told that servants are now demanding, each one, a separate room that they may wash and be clean. What are we coming to? I like to think of the old story about the plain man up-state in New York, who was fascinated in a metropolitan hotel by the porcelain bath, glittering pipes of hot and cold water, the shower, the douches, the sprays, etc. Relating his adventure at the store to gaping villagers, he ended. 'By heck, it was great. I wish it had been Saturday night.' It's an old story, however, but the old stories are better than the new, which are only variants or dilutions."

Is it true that in England "the gay carolling which issues every morning from the bathrooms of the male species" is a sign of spring, as the Daily Chronicle suggests? How many Englishmen rejoice in a bathroom? Do not the great majority still "tub" it? "For the rest of the day," says the Daily Chronicle, "he may be dourly songless; he may resist with vigor any drawing-room suggestion that he can sing, but as sure as he enters the bath room his vocal cords are loosened, and he sings as cheerfully, if not as harmoniously as any morning lark." The writer suggests that the Englishman sings to nerve himself to the plunge into cold water. "Songless men have sung on the eve of battle."

The singing of the male in a tub is not encouraged by the females in many households. For some reason it irritates them, as the early crowing of the cock is obnoxious to some in the neighborhood. (Cock-crowing did sad damage to the nerves of Herbert Spencer, and yet he is called a philosopher.) The quality of the vocal performance has nothing to do with it. Jones and Robinson may sing tunefully or in a manner to put the plumbing out of order, it matters not; Mrs. Jones and Mrs Robinson cannot endure it. Has this habit of a husband ever been cited as 'extreme cruelty" in divorce proceedings?

We have read that if a man on the wrong side of 50, getting out of cold water, finds the bathroom looking-glass fogged, he may continue his practice safely, knowing that it is beneficial; that there are some who when the water is only a little above freezing point find it necessary "to towel only their head and their heels, natural evaporation doing the rest."

Bolshevik Boston

As the World Wags:

"The librarian of the Boston Library was Vladimir Slavarsky who qualified for his position because he had once been a glue mixer in a Boston bookbindery."

That [illegible] statements recently reprinted in the Boston Herald from the Saturday Evening Post under title, "Boston Under Bolshevik Rule."

It is an imminent catastrophe the imaginative Evening Post writer suggests, for he depicts some not youthful contemporaries as victims. He portrays ex-Gov. McCall as a dishwasher in the Parker House kitchen and Thomas W. Lawson as a gravedigger.

This is an extreme view. We cannot believe that either imminently or remotely Boston will come under Bolshevik rule, but the prophecy affords a foundation for interesting speculation.

If Bolsheviks (or, for that matter, Republicans or Democrats) were to appoint a glue mixer librarian, they would very likely only be adding to their present list of mistakes, but let us consider any bright aspect of the matter we can discover.

The Russians, we are told, are a naturally happy people; simple-hearted; singularly direct in their expression of feeling, and less subject than many other peoples to affected poses and disdainful behavior. They are fond of flowers, music and beautiful pictures.

Is it not conceivable that a Slavarsky in control might imbue the, fortunately small but still painfully evident, disdainful minority of Boston Library attendants with a cheerful attitude toward the public which (in a manner of speaking) they serve?

In that way could that afflictive minority's faces become, like the winsome majority's, even more inspiriting and decorative (no mean use for human faces, either) than the beautiful mural paintings. J. P. G.

Well?

As the World Wags:

In "Boston Turned Inside Out," by Henry Morgan, publisher's imprint 1880, I find the following at page 113:

"Dick Forceps knew that he would have to drink many times before his companions left the saloon."

Also on page 72: "Then shall her (Boston's) liquor saloons be closed."

And elsewhere in the book, which is not without interest even today.

WILLIAM DE WAMPUM.

Wrentham.

Jun [illegible] '19

A Russian Anti-Christ

It is not surprising that a religious movement of a somewhat mystical character is spreading among Russian peasants. There have been strange sects among these people for centuries. Ignorance combined with a child-like nature does not preclude a curious spirituality or a mystical outlook. This mysticism finds expression by the side of relentless realism in the romances of the epileptic Dostoievsky; even in tales of peasant life by the Turgenieff of the earlier period. Then there is Tolstoi to be reckoned with, not to mention the writers of the present school. That the peasants believe Lenine is the Anti-Christ, the Man of Sin, who should appear before the second coming of our Saviour, is natural. He certainly is a man of sin. But there have been many Anti-Christs in the world's history. The early Christians called him Nero, and this gave rise to Renan's fascinating book. The number 666 spoken of in the Apocalypse has been discovered in the names of many—Diocletian, Julian the Apostate, Luther, to name only the most conspicuous.

The Rev. W. Webb Pebloe, Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, who predicts that the world will soon come to an end, certainly at the end of this year, does not mention Levine as the forerunner. Learned men have in the past confidently given dates for the appearance of Anti-Christ and the consequent ending of all worldly things. Pico of Mirandola put the event in 1994, so there are still 75 years of grace, and many of us will not live to see it. These prophets of today should remember that the council of Florence in 1105 condemned Fluentius, bishop of that city, for maintaining that Anti-Christ was then born. The Prebendary of St. Paul's was more cautious. He did not even mention the old tradition that Anti-Christ should be born of a Jewish family and of the tribe of Dan. Of what tribe is Levine? The good Prebendary urged his hearers not to be frightened. Nor should Bostonians be unduly alarmed. They should

[illegible] [illegible] rob[illegible] the Second A[illegible] [illegible]n Tabernacle on the site of which the Howard Athenaeum now stand[illegible]

Arriving at the age of 60, the great poet Po-Chil-i (772-846 A. D.) wrote these verses

Between thirty and forty one is distracted by the Five Lusts
Between seventy and eighty one is a prey to a hundred diseases.
But from fifty to sixty one is free from all ills
Calm and still—the heart enjoys rest
I have put behind me Love and Greed; I have done with Profit and Fame.
I am still short of illness and decay and far from decrepit age.
Strength of limb I still possess to seek the rivers and hills.
Still my heart has spirit enough to listen to flutes and strings.
At leisure I open new wine and taste several cups.
Drunken, I recall old poems and sing a whole volume.
Meng-te has asked for a poem and herewith I exhort him
Not to complain of threescore, "the time of obedient ears."

Fortunate, happy Po Chii-i! "At leisure I open new wine." He lived in a truly civilized country, in years of sweetness, light and reasonableness.

"The time of obedient years." Here he quoted from Confucius, who many years before Po Chil-i "tasted several cups," said that it was not until he was 60 that his ears obeyed him.

Searching Criticism

The following review of a theatrical performance in Stroudsburg, Pa., shows that the local critic did not follow slavishly in the footsteps of Hazlitt, Lamb, Hunt, Clement Scott, Mr. Walkley or even the late William Winter. He blazed boldly a new path. The play he saw was "The Merchant of Venice."

"This performance was interesting throughout. There is a clever love story running throughout the play. Three men are making efforts to secure the hand of the very famous Portia, daughter of a very rich Grecian merchant, Shylock. She is a clever character; so is her father. Some trouble arises, and finally, in order to choose her lover, the lots of the caskets is resorted to. She schemes to defeat two of the least loved lovers, which scheme is clever. Finally, the play ends in a most amusing manner. The casket scheme is one of the most famous scenes written by Shakespeare."

Locusts Again.

We call the attention of those about to bag locusts, or buy them at the meatman's by the pound or the bushel for the table, to read a story, published in the Gentleman's Magazine of 1748, page 362, the story told Sir Hans Sloane by Col. Needham, who had lived some time on the island of Teneriffe. In 1649 locusts destroyed the whole product of the island. "Cattle ate them and died, and so did several men, and others struck out in blotches."

See also Beauplin's History of the Ukraine. "The swine feed upon them (locusts) as a dainty and grow fat; but nobody will eat of them so fattened, only because they abhor that sort of vermin."

Several old writers contradict the saying in Proverbs that the locusts have no king. First of all, see the Revelation of St. John the Divine, Chap. ix., verses 3-11: "And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth . . . And they had had a king over them, which is the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon, but in the Greek tongue hath his name Apollyon."

A gentleman, living in Breslau in 1748, describing the ravages of locusts, wrote: "Some people pretend to say that each of these bands has a captain of a most enormous size." The locusts at Breslau were about the length of one's finger. The elder Pliny said that in India some were three feet long. If any of this length are now to be found among the 17-year locusts in Bristol county we should recommend roasting instead of frying. By the way, does any one today support the belief of Ludolphus in his comment on the History of Ethiopia that the quails sent by the Lord for the sustenance of Israel were in reality locusts?

For ingenious and amusing explanation of the passage in Ecclesiastes, "the grasshopper shall be a burden." translated by some, "The locust shall burden itself," and of the strange verses in Revelation quoted above, see "Fragments Illustrating Scripture," an appendix to Calmet's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, vol. III., pp. 55-57 (Charlestown, 1813). A gem in the Florentine Gallery, pictured in this book, gives the true import. "A dry, shrunk, shrivelled, crumpling, craggy old man, his backbone sticking out, his knees projecting forward, and the apophyses, or bunching parts of the bones, in general enlarged," is represented under the emaciated figure of a locust, who has loaded "his shrunk stature, his drooping wings, and his spindle shanks with a supplicatory sacrifice to Venus."

As for the locusts in Revelation, they are supposed by some to prophesy the ravages of the Mamelukes; by others, the destroying Tartars under the great Cham

Mr. Ziegfeld's H[illegible]

Mr. [illegible] Ziegfeld, Jr., [illegible] the public [illegible] all [illegible] the dancers, singers and comedians [illegible] for his Nine-o'Clock Revue and [illegible] night [illegible] on the top of the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York. [illegible] the magazine The Moon, is at the same time genealogical, romantic and epigrammatic. Thus Miss Fontaine's mother was, or we hope, is the daughter of a prominent jurist of Tenn[illegible]. The father was "a descendant of a long line of Virginian aristocracy, being a great-grandson of Patrick Henry, and boasting such names as Gen. Robert E. Lee, Gov. Spottiswoode, Martha Dandridge (later Mrs. George Washington), the Winstons and Ayletts, as his friends." No wonder Miss Fontaine, who in one of her dances "wears the original buckle of one of Patrick Henry's shoes," "is as buoyant and fresh as a zephyr wafted off a garden full of flowers." Turn a page, and you learn that Miss Lillian Lorraine "lives fully, zest[illegible] at racing speed; she puts paprika [illegible] mustard." Hot stuff! to use the [illegible] language of the street.

As the real summer begins, the management of the Copley Theatre presents light entertainment for its patrons. A really light farce, which would be well received at any time, is "Two Pairs" which was given last night

The entire company of the Jewett Players was not required, and this was the cast:

Servant	Mar[illegible]
Boult	E. E. C[illegible]
Vincent Stirling	Nicholas Joy
Mr. Stirling	Cameron Matthews
Mr. Esmond	H. Conway Wingfield
Hawkins	Donald C[illegible]
Lucy	Viola Roach
Sylvia	Jessamine Newcombe
John Esmond	Leonard Craske

It is an old English story—always good when well told—of two fathers who plan to unite their son and daughter in marriage. The proposed victims are informed, so the son changes places with his valet and the daughter with her maid, and they fall in love as was intended, in the most natural way in the world, to their own delight and that of their parents who feared the outcome.

The farce had troublesome times when first prepared for the stage because the star in the company declined to play the part of the maid, while the male star was doubtful about playing valet to his underling. There was [illegible] sion for professional jealousy [illegible] farce was presented at the Copley. Nicholas Joy as Vincent Stirling [illegible] the honors of the male parts with E. E. Clive as Boult, and the [illegible] Jessamine Newcombe surpassed only in slight degree Viola Roach, who played the part of her maid and impersonated the heiress. H. Conway Wingfield [illegible] one of the fathers and Cameron Matthews as the other added to the [illegible] of the performance, and while Leonard Craske had few opportunities as [illegible] of the proposed bride, he made the most of what was given him.

The play was written by Donald M[illegible] Laren, known on the stage in England and this country. It is a credit to the author and its presentation is creditable to the company who produced it [illegible] Copley.

MARX BROTHERS HEAD KEITH BILL

Andrew Mack Also on Week's Program

The four Marx Brothers, [illegible] instrumentalists, singers and dancers in "'N Everything," a farce by Al [illegible] head the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a crowded house and there were [illegible] obliged to stand. The bill is one of the best of the season.

The act is one of the [illegible] presented in vaudeville, and the four [illegible] [illegible] with one another in an [illegible] [illegible]tion of astonishing versatility. [illegible] the two scenes. The final one [illegible] Villa on the Hudson, is [illegible] The chief feature of the performance is the work of Art Marx, who [illegible] style peculiarly his own.

Other acts were Fenton and [illegible] blackface comedians and dancers, in an act that excelled in eccentric dancing and parodies; Marvyn [illegible] and Ota Gygi, fiddler, in a [illegible] performance of classical dancing and instrumentation; Sinclair and [illegible] singers and comedians; Creole [illegible] and company in a swiftly moving [illegible] well [illegible]; Kranz and La Salle, [illegible] and comedians, with [illegible] style that caught the fancy of the audience; the Gliding O'Mearas in a [illegible] dancing act that amazed in its length [illegible] appeal; Black and White, in a [illegible] diversion, and Andrew Mack, in songs and stories.

[illegible] MOUTH THEATRE "The Fire-[illegible] revival of the comedy opera by [illegible] Harbach and Rudolf Friml, pro[illegible] by Carl Hunt. The cast:

[illegible] Van Dare .....Louise Mallory
[illegible] .....Laura Hamilton
[illegible] .....Walter Coupe
[illegible] Van Dare .....Flavia Arcaro
[illegible] .....John Norton
[illegible] .....Rene Brown
[illegible] Travers .....Burton Lenihan
[illegible] Thurston .....Irving Beebe
[illegible] Frank .....William Wolff
[illegible] Columbo .....Betty Drumond
[illegible] .....George Gorman
[illegible] .....Dorothy Maynard

The performance last evening lacked the final touches that give convincing smoothness, several members of the cast falling short of perfect familiarity with their lines, but the general merit of the production and the reception accorded it by the audience offered promise of better things.

William Wolff as the venerable choir master was delightful and might have proved himself lovable if the role offered more scope for his talents. John Norton drew many a laugh with his professorial-secretarial-medical make-up and his phial of tonic pills. Miss Arcaro was equally amusing in her part. Mr. Thurston was well cast as the youthful bachelor uncle, and Miss Brown displayed a like fitness for the role of a rather doleful but very marriageable maiden.

Miss Maynard not only measured up to the exactions of her important part, but sang pleasingly. Miss Hamilton and all the others gave creditable performances. One point of excellence was noteworthy—the attention given by members of cast and chorus to business on the stage. Too often one sees the eyes of participants in the action and of the onlookers roaming about the audience. "Sympathy" and the other well known musical numbers of "The Firefly" are not the least of the good features of this revival.

June 25 1915

'Tell me, now, what should a man want
But to sit alone, sipping his cup of wine?"
I should like to have visitors come and discuss philosophy.
And not to have the tax collector coming to collect taxes;
My three sons married into good families
And my five daughters wedded to steady husbands.
Then I could jog through a happy five-score years
And, at the end, need no Paradise.

Mr. Johnson, Butter and Hats

For once Mr. Herkimer Johnson led us to think that he had his unphilosophical moments, that he no longer looked on the round world—that is, slightly flattened, etc.—and the things on it as an observer and not as a participant, certainly not as one of "the complaining millions of men." He was in our office reading a letter from his estimable and indisputably virtuous sister Vashti. Mr. Johnson suddenly ejaculated: "Tub butter at Clamport is 72 cents a pound."

The very phrase "tub butter" grates on our ears. We are not unduly sensitive, but butter is delicate in itself and must have delicate associations. We still remember with a shudder the sight of somebody's Uncle Amos at a table in a Vermont village back in the sixties helping himself to butter—it was a hot day, there was no ice in the house, and the butter dish was a saucer—helping himself, we say, with a teaspoon. Now that the years have somewhat hardened us, for many were spent in boarding houses and pensions, we do not like to think of butter in a tub. It was the price, however, that staggered Mr. Johnson. "Seventy-two cents," he murmured and his head sank on his breast.

"Why so upset?" we remarked, "everything will be dear in the seashore towns and villages this summer. Mr. Golightly told us that at Gonquit ice is now $1.25 a hundredweight and there will be little or none after the middle of August. Any man that can afford to sport a straw hat like yours, Herkimer, should not worry about the price of tub butter."

Mr. Johnson's face glowed with pride, but only for a moment. "You see, it was like this. I went into the shop where I have my hats built and asked them if I couldn't have my straw one cleaned. This is its third season, and I read in an English newspaper of a man in Manor Park that was wearing a straw hat 27 years old, which was in good condition except the color. My hat was firm and stiff. The clerk smiled in a disagreeable manner. 'You can have it cleaned, Mr. Johnson, but that won't help. Your hat is sunburnt.' Why did I not have the courage to go on wearing it? Young fellows and girls sit on the beach exposing a great deal of skin merely to be sunburnt. Like Adam and Eve before the fall, they are naked and not ashamed. Why should I be ashamed of a sound, healthy hat that is comparatively young? But I played the coward and purchased this one at a price far beyond my means. The clerk said one thing that comforted me. 'In England,' he said, 'where this hat came from, they are now wearing straws with dress suits. Our best people are doing it here.'" And then Mr. Johnson informed us that there was a revival of the silk hat in England; that most of them were manufactured at Stockport; that the derby, or bowler, is coming again into fashion and is worn by Englishmen with a cutaway coat at the Paris conference—a hideous combination—we refer to hat and coat, not necessarily to the conference; that the Englishman's plug hat, stovepipe, silker, is of the same form year after year, so that the English at the conference when they were in formal dress were uniformly hatted, while the Americans gave a curious exhibition of "hats through the ages"; in fact, Mr. Johnson poured out a flow of information that should serve as an appendix to George Augustus Sala's treatise on hats, but he will use these notes undoubtedly for his colossal work—Vol. XIV.—Part III.—"Human Domes and Head Coverings," with an entertaining dissertation on the kind of hat that best suits a man whose head runs up to a peak.

Mr. Johnson left abruptly, saying something about going to the market for the purpose of pricing butter, tub and print.

Mr. Jacchia

As the World Wags:

I am only a poor press agent. The Pop concerts at Symphony Hall being my business I am beset by anxious inquirers who cannot pronounce the name of our maestro. Therefore I submit to your readers this simple device—as simple as sneezing. Do it this way, exploding on the last syllable:

Yah-KEE-Ah! J. N. BURK.
Boston.

Against Daylight Saving

The Hon. Azariah Graftberry voted against the daylight saving bill for this reason: Two summers ago he placed an ornate sun dial with a Latin motto in his Italian garden so that he could point it out with pride to his guests and expatiate on the advantages of a dial, "fragrant zodiac," or a triumph of stone and metal, over a wrist watch.

Incidentally he had something to say about the irreverence of attempting to better the chronometer of God. He had evidently forgotten or he had never read Mark Twain's story.

The Taoist Creed

You had better go where fate leads—
Drift on the Stream of Infinite Flux,
Without joy, without fear.

Not a Bostonian

The London Daily Chronicle remarks: "Perhaps not the least of the fame of Walt Whitman . . . lies in the fact that he was not a Bostonian or a native of that state of which it has been said that Boston is, or was, the final expression. Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes and Dana—when you have mentioned these names you have plunged deep into the list of American writers who are widely read out of America, at least in belles lettres, and all had Boston associations. Walt Whitman was not Boston—he was himself, unique and inimitable."

Walt Whitman, indeed, was not a Bostonian, by birth, residence, thought or expression.

"Starting from fish-shape-Paumanok where I was born,
Well—begotten, and raised by a perfect mother."

Nor was Poe a Bostonian, although he was born here and his mother charged him on the back of a painting from her own hand to "love Boston, the place of his birth, and where his mother found her best and most sympathetic friends."

Concrete Saturation

It was a contributor to the Evening Post of New York, who described Macaulay as a writer whose "mind was saturated with concrete images."

June 2

There heard we him with broken and hollow plaint
Rew with himself his end approaching fast;
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delights of lusty youth for waste,
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseek.

Root Beer at the Toll-Gate

The chronically or sporadically thirsty are urged, if Congressman Fitzgerald's agreeable prophesy proves to be false, to drink large quantities, barrels, hogsheads, puncheons, of root beer, not necessarily the brew to which an unpleasant and shrieking child pictured on billboards calls attention, but a beverage compounded thoughtfully at home. (Perhaps we should not say "puncheons," for the word may awaken memories of the free and joyous past, and it will not be easy to put a "punch" into root beer.)

There was a time—it was in our little village on the Connecticut river—that root beer was to us boys the veritable "necktie of the gods." This beer was made by the keeper of the toll bridge across the river, the bridge through which one went to a historic, broad-streeted town. The beer was in stone jugs, with the stopper tightly secured by string. We can hear now, above the din of street cars—Boston is probably the noisiest city in the United States, and needlessly so—the explosion, as the bung shot into the air. We can hear the gurgling of the liquor poured into a glass.

This beer was to our taste far more palatable than the "lager" which later, striving to be men, we drank furtively in Kaiser's back yard, his garden as he called it, a rubbishy place with a little arbor. Beer brewed according to the German manner was then known only as "lager" in our little village and in eastern cities. The taste for it was acquired. There was a rumor that the peculiar tang came from an old leather boot put in the keg, pronounced "kag," to give the liquor body. There were darker rumors concerning certain ingredients. This Mr. Kaiser was a baker, a good-natured soul, an honest fellow, although the selectmen looked at him askance. He was one of the very few Germans in the county. Whatever may have been thought about the quality of his beer, his fresh-baked crackers were justly celebrated. A barrel of them, conveniently near a chair and a cut cheese, in the store of any village in these degenerate days, would excite Uncle Zeke to frenzy. There are no such crackers to be found today. The oyster cracker of our boyhood, when oysters came to the village in little kegs, is also gone, to be found only in the land where the dodo thrives and does not startle the wayfaring man as an unaccountable, incredible sight.

The root beer that we have praised as incomparable was also sold by the glass at the toll-gate. The bridge was a long one. "As dry as a covered bridge" was not then a vain, unmeaning thirst. The dust stirred by the horse's hoofs made its way into the driver's and the driven's throats and noses. How welcome the cooling draught!

We remember a freshman, a classmate, visiting us. He was a Missourian, a romanticist, a devourer of Scott's novels and old ballads. He sighed for the days of chivalry. When he saw a chicken pie on our table, he beheld a venison pasty. Root beer, or sweet cider, was to him a draught of Rhenish. The glass goblet—for it was the period of goblets, the period when a silver-plated ice-water pitcher stood on the sideboard and an ornate castor on the centre of the table—"Will you have anything from the castor?"—the goblet, we say, was to him a flagon. He could hardly be restrained from trolling a merry stave with fork in hand. How little did he foresee his fate! Honored years later in a northwestern state, a leader at the bar, a judge of the highest court, one day he put an end to his life. Let no one say, not even the wildest-eyed prohibitionist, that immoderate indulgence in root beer was his first downward step; that he then purchased a ticket for the Death Valley Railroad.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

At a Temperance Meeting

A temperance orator was in the habit of holding forth in a workman's hall and was constantly being interrupted.

The next time he lectured in that hall he engaged a prize-fighter to sit in the gallery and keep order. He was contrasting the clean content of home life with the squalor of drunkenness.

"What do we want when we return home from our daily toil?" he asked. "What do we desire to ease our burdens, to gladden our hearts, to bring smiles to our lips and joy to our eyes?"

As the orator paused for breath the prize-fighter shook his fist at the unruly members of the gallery and whispered in a loud undertone:

"Mind, the first bloke what says 'beer' I'll throw outside."—London Tit-Bits.

June 27 1915

But who had seen him, sobbing how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forpast, as though it wrote him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone:
He would have mused, and marvelled much, whereon
This wretched age should life desire so fain,
And knows full well life doth but length his pain.

In Evening Dress

We spoke a day or two ago of derby hats worn with cutaway coats by Englishmen at the Paris conference. The combination has long been regarded as a shocking solecism. The war has shaken many old ideas from the brains of Englishmen. We read that returning officers and soldiers will probably give up the umbrella habit to which as civilians they were wedded; that the cigarette habit has grown to such an extent that the "nut" in a railway compartment lights up regardless of women, children, and men that do not smoke, so there will be non-smoking compartments; that men have lost the habit of taking off the hat to ladies.

Furthermore, there is an attempt to reconstruct the Englishman's dress; there will be experimenting with colored dress suits, with dazzle shirts for morning wear. For many years there has been a protest against sombre black for balls, ceremonial dinners, all solemn evening functions. We remember a fair youth in a box at the Metropolitan Opera House when "Salome" was performed. He was clad in colored coat and trousers of faultless fit, a youth precious to the eye and no doubt to his admiring family. A stranger, he turned to us after the performance and said in a clear, bell-like voice: "Don't you think that the potentiality of the music is superior to the realization of the performance?"

It has been said that before Bulwer-Lytton's "Pelham" was published Englishmen wore coats of different colors, chiefly brown, green or blue for evening dress. In "Pelham," that entertaining novel in which melodrama, satire, romance, criticism, are curiously blended, a novel that at the time was misunderstood and roundly abused, a novel that excited the sarcasm of Thackeray and Carlyle against the author, Frances Pelham, the mother of Henry, the hero, writes to her son urging him to wear flannel waistcoats good for his health and his complexion, and adds: "Apropos of the complexion: I did not like that blue coat you wore when I last saw you—you look best in black—which is a great compliment, for people must be very distingue in appearance in order to do so." One of Henry Pelham's maxims reads: "Avoid many colors; and seek by some one prevalent and quiet tint to sober down the others." So black gives one a "distinguished" appearance. We believe this to be true, for we have seen waiters looking more imposing and intellectual than the host and many of the guests they served. But did the prevailing black dress coat come after the publication of "Pelham"? A. W. was moved to contribute these lines to the London Daily Chronicle, reading about the proposed innovation:

THE COLORED DRESS SUIT

To ladies' eyes around,
How gay our dress would seem
If gentlemen were bound
In orange, blue and cream;
Quick, Sartor, quick,
With patterns chic,
I want a perfect dream.

When man is rainbow-dight
In yellow, green, and rose
With shoon of pink and white
And tartan "overhose";
When Strephon has
A suit of Jazz,
Then Chloe will propose!

A Barkeeper's Lament

As the World Wags:

A barkeeper handed me the inclosed slip with the request that I read it. I did so. When I had finished:

"I wrote that," he said. "Isn't it a fine poem?"

"It rhymes," said I. "But have you ever looked into metres?"

"Say, don't mention metres to me. I've got three in my cellar that I'd like to look into with a hammer. They work overtime, all right. Then the Gas company sends me a bill on the 15th of the month, when they know I have no money, and give me hell because I didn't pay on the 1st. The Electric company's bill says so much for light and then they tack on so much more for coal cost, never mind about my coal costing more. Then the Water department sends me a bill in advance for the water I am going to use that year—"

I perceived I had unwittingly changed the subject. But I kept the verses, and here they are: F. EDWARDS.
Boston.

OWNING A HOUSE

I don't know what the Mayor and Council is thinking about.
They treat us taxpayers worse than a mouse.
They raised the taxes but they don't collect the ashes.
I tell you it's no snap to own a house.

[illegible] voted to take their own [illegible]
[illegible] out of my pocket, that's what the [illegible] is.
[illegible] about the veterans getting a [illegible]
They say that's going on to everybody's poll taxes.

They socked Boston to pay for metropolitan parks
In Somerville, etc., or out of town a ways;
And the other day a fellow wrote in from Brookline
Kicking because we don't keep our library open holidays.

Now the city will raise taxes again to make up for liquor licenses—
More expense on the house owner, the poor slob—
And I'll get as raw a deal as any man in the city,
I'll have to pay for being out of a job.

*A slight change has been made in the original Ms. at this point.—F. E.

Swastika and Other Mascots

An advertisement in a London journal informs the world that an English officer returns thanks to the unknown donor of a compass charm that brought him good luck since November, 1914, in France. We also read of an officer who was guarded by a little bronze swastika and a four-leaved shamrock. A bullet got into his arm after two years of fighting, but his luck held, for a pocketbook over his heart stopped a second bullet. (This time it was not a New Testament.) He carried the mascots in his purse, which finally disappeared on the hospital train. His luck went with the mascots. "The simple wound became complex. Operation followed operation, and finally—amputation."

Swastika? Fortunately, a dictionary is at hand. "Swastika, Fylfot. (Skr., lucky—fortunate)." Of course we all know what a "fylfot" is. Again the little dictionary—an invaluable book, especially for university graduates, who may there learn how to spell "separate." A "fylfot," young ladies and gentlemen, is an "equal armed cross, of which each arm is continued rectangularly, all clockwise or all counter-clockwise." Also, name based on ancient direction for design of painted window.

ATURDAY, JUNE 28,

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

The Rev. W. Webb Pebloe, prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, now says that he did not predict the end of the world late in 1919; he merely repeated a remark that he had heard. At the same time he advises his followers to be ready to jump, at least, if they cannot fly.

Sir Thomas Browne, considering death and the judgment, could not "dream that there should be at the last day any such judicial proceeding, or calling to the bar, as indeed the Scriptures seem to imply, and the literal commentators do conceive: for unspeakable mysteries in the Scriptures are often delivered in a vulgar and illustrative way, and being written unto man, are delivered, not as they truly are, but as they may be understood." Thus, it will be observed, Sir Thomas in this respect differs from the Rev. William Sunday.

As to the alarming prophets, let us again consult Sir Thomas: "Now, to determine the day and year of this inevitable time, is not only convincible and statuto madness, but also manifest impiety. How shall we interpret Elias' 6000 years or imagine the secret communicated to a rabbi which God hath denied unto His angels? . . . It hath not only mocked the predictions of sundry astrologers in ages past, but the prophecies of many melancholy heads in these present; who neither understanding reasonably things past nor present, pretend a knowledge of things to come."

Defiantly Vestless

As the World Wags:

I detest the vest in summer. But one must conceal the "gallowses," for not all men can wear these constricting belts. To me they are "causa belli." I become at once in any company "persona non grata." Arrived at an age when the extremes of heat and cold are more sorely felt, I suffer in summer from over clothing, under clothing and excess baggage as to all apparel. We can't utterly forego coats in the streets—fancy shirts or no fancy shirts. It is simply intolerable to have men appear at lunch tables sans sacks of some sort. Fancy silks in shirts are no mitigation. Was it Epicurus who drank from the palm of the hand to show how few and simple were his wants? Vested interests or no vested interests, I [illegible] to all be up against me!

Boston. W. B. WRIGHT.

No, it was not the refined Epicurus who, seeing a child drinking out of its hands, threw away the cup that belonged to his wallet, and said: "That child has beaten me in simplicity." It was that blackguard, Diogenes. There is an unwritten but strictly enforced rule at the Porphyry Club that a member may in hot weather sit coatless and without a waistcoat at table if he wears a belt; not if he wears suspenders, even those of the presidential range. And why does Mr. Wright shudder at the sight of a man lunching without a coat? Did not Mr. Lincoln say to Lord Lyons or some other Englishman of rank that an American's coat of arms was his shirt sleeves?—Ed.

Pearls and Diamonds

As the World Wags:

Inserting jewels into the shell of a tortoise (as by "Strange Story" of June 14th in this column) is said to have a parallel in inlaying teeth of a horse with brilliants; does anyono remember that occurrence? Of more human interest was the insertion of diamonds into the teeth of an actress (probably Della Fox, about 15 years ago); who can give exact details as to this? The matter of the "decoration" of teeth has been gone into recently by a Dutch scientist (Dr. Van Rippen) then in Cambridge. His first atrticle, on Central and South America, was in Dental Cosmos, Sept., 1917, 861-873; his next, on Africa, was in Journal of the Allied Dental Societies, March, 1918, 1-22. Whether his further articles, covering the rest of the world, have yet been published, I know not. CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

The actress was not Della Fox. We once saw in Boston an actress, or chorus girl, who had won notoriety by having a diamond inserted in a front upper tooth. She was not so alluring that young Golightly left home and mother. French essayists of the 17th and 18th centuries inform us about gemmed teeth. Marco Polo saw the people of Kardandan (now Yun-nan). They had the custom of covering their teeth with thin plates of gold, "which are fitted with great nicety to the shape of the teeth and remain on them continually." An English reviewer, speaking of the invading chorus girls from New York, referred to the "thin long glittering line of American dentistry." On the other hand, the amiable Banyans held jet black teeth in such esteem that they called the white-teethed Europeans "bondra" or apes. Mr. Herkimer Johnson tells us that a fine set of porcelain or China teeth, upper and lower (vulgo-store teeth) is regarded as a choice wedding present to a bride on the Cape. As these sets are not wholly unknown in cities, why could not precious stones be inserted in the front teeth before the set is fitted? Of course, this ornamentation would necessitate greater care. The teeth at night should not be put in a washbowl, and the danger to life by swallowing the set would be enlarged.—Ed.

New London Slang

"Roast beef, veg., and bitters—twice," called the old waiter over the bar to the two maidens whose hands were filled with orders. . . . "Don't you hear—don't you know I'm waiting?" barked the waiter, and he rushed back to his tables and customers.

"Charles has got the 'wind up' this morning," commented one damsel. Replied the other:

"It isn't a minute since he gave that order. I don't know why he should get so aerated."—London Daily Chronicle.

June 29 19[illegible]

Murder Trial Reports

The question is often asked: "Why do respectable newspapers publish detailed accounts of murder trials?" One reason, and a sufficient one, for the publication is that eminently respectable persons, let alone those whose curiosity is erroneously described as "morbid," wish to read the reports. They form an opinion as to the guilt or the innocence of the accused; far from the court house they affirm or attack the credibility of witnesses; the rulings of the presiding justice do not escape criticism; and at last there is praise or blame for the jury. They read even every line of the testimony given by disagreeing medical experts; they silently applaud the cross-examination by this lawyer or that lawyer, according to their own prejudice. Add in some cases the element of mystery.

These trials furnish rich food for conversation. There have been murder trials in this commonwealth that have disturbed households by the fury of warring opinions, as years ago the Beecher case in more than [illegible] and family [illegible] husband against wife, shook pleasant relationships of neighbors, divided congregations. The greater the mystery, the more acute the readers. Every man is his own Sherlock Holmes. Every woman trusts her instinct.

It has been so through the centuries. Learned commentators and grave divines have inquired curiously into the precise nature of Cain's murderous weapon and the mark set by the Lord upon him. The gentlest men have been fascinated by atrocious crimes; witness Thomas De Quincey, his essay on "Murder as One of the Fine Arts," his blood-curdling recital of the murders committed by John Williams, who "asserted his own supremacy above all the children of Cain"; witness the interest felt by literary London in the case of Wainewright, the versatile journalist and sordid poisoner.

It is often said that the value of human life is much less than in the years gone by; that life is no longer held sacred. Yet the taking of it by poison or revolver shot, for pecuniary gain, for revenge, or in a fit of passion, still excites wonder and consternation in village or city of New England. A full and accurate account of the trial of one accused is not merely "sensational reading"; it is an act of justice toward all busy in the courtroom, especially the accused.